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## PREFACE

THIS book is the result of an invitation from the publishers to prepare for their well-known series of collected plays a volume to cover the period lying before that represented in Professor Neilson's *Chief Elizabethan Dramatists*. I have aimed to tell, as clearly as may be in selections, the story of the origin and development of the English drama, to render the plays as intelligible and as vivid to college students as I could, and to make the texts so accurate as to be of genuine service to scholars. In order clearly to illustrate the origin of the drama, I have necessarily had to include a few liturgical plays from the Continent, since the corresponding English plays, though known to have existed, have not survived; here my procedure is justified by the fact that the early drama, as a part of the service of the Roman Church, was international in its development. In order to render the plays intelligible to college students, I have furnished translations of the mediæval Latin texts, have modernized the punctuation, have added, in brackets, stage-directions, and have explained in footnotes all words that seemed to offer difficulty. Finally, in order to make the texts accurate and serviceable, I have tried to print from the most authoritative sources, and have spared no pains in collating the proofs with the originals. In general, the proofs have been compared at least twice with the indicated sources; and the result, I hope, will gain for the volume the confidence of scholars.

I wish to acknowledge, as of right due, my indebtedness to the excellent collection of a similar nature, *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*, issued by my former teacher, Professor John M. Manly, to whose instruction and abiding inspiration I owe more than I can well express. Without his earlier labors in charting the sea, the present volume would have been more difficult to prepare, and not nearly so effective. Some of my detailed indebtedness I have been able to indicate in the footnotes, but not all; and hence I here wish to make this general acknowledgment.

To various friends and colleagues I am also under obligation for assistance generously rendered. In translating the very bad Latin of some of the liturgical texts, I have had valuable aid from Professor George Lincoln Burr and Professor Charles Love Durham; in elucidating difficult words in the Middle

English texts, I have had no less valuable aid from Professor William Strunk, Jr.; and in collating the proofs with the originals, I have been assisted by Mr. Horace Mack. To all these I wish to express my sincere gratitude.

J. Q. A

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CHIEF PRE-SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMAS

I

SOURCES OF THE LITURGICAL DRAMA

•







HIC TIBI CANTORI SUNT SCRIPTA

SEQUENTIA PRESTO. CANTOR

ANNORUM MODULANT ORDINE PULCHRO.

ALLELUIA

BEATUS VIR STEPHANUS

ALLELUIA

IUSTUS IOHANNES

ALICE

ALICE

## THE QUEM-QUÆRITIS TROPE<sup>1</sup>

### DE RESURRECTIONE DOMINI

Int[errogatio]:

*Quem quæritis in sepulchro, [o] Christi-  
colæ?*

R[esponsio]:

*Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o cæli-  
colæ.*

[Angeli:]

*Non est hic; surrexit, sicut prædixerat.*

*Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit de sepulchro.*

### OF THE LORD'S RESURRECTION

Question [of the angels]:

*Whom seek ye in the sepulchre, O followers  
of Christ?*

Answer [of the Marys]:

*Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified, O  
celestial ones.*

[The angels:]

*He is not here; he is risen, just as he fore-  
told.*

*Go, announce that he is risen from the  
sepulchre.*

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<sup>1</sup> In the ninth century, words were set to the wordless sequences, thus making "tropes." The one printed above, commonly referred to as *Quem quæritis*, and belonging to the Introit of the Mass at Easter, is from the St. Gall MS. 484, of the ninth century (see the facsimile in Léon Gautier, *Histoire de la Poésie liturgique au Moyen Âge*, 1886, p. 216). The text is the earliest we have, and doubtless represents the original form of this particular trope. The lines were sung in the manner of dialogue between the angels and the three Marys at the sepulchre on Easter morning (see St. Mark, xvi, 1-8). From this simple dialogued song of the Easter Mass service the modern drama developed.

THE EASTER SEPULCHRE<sup>1</sup>

## I

## DEPOSITIO CRUCIS

[Good Friday.]

Within the Abbeye Church of Durham, uppon Good Friday, there was marvelous solemne service, in the which service time, after the Passion was sung, two of the eldest Monkes did take a goodly large CRUCIFIX, all of gold, of the picture of our Saviour Christ nailed uppon the crosse, lyinge uppon a velvett cushion, havinge St. Cuthbert's armes uppon it all imbroydered with gold, bringinge that betwixt them uppon the said cushion to the lowest greeces in the Quire; and there betwixt them did hold the said picture of our Saviour, sittinge of every side, on ther knees, of that, and then one of the said Monkes did rise and went a pretty way from it, sittinge downe uppon his knees, with his shooes put of, and verry reverently did creepe away uppon his knees unto the said Crosse, and most reverently did kisse it. And after him the other Monke did so likewise; and then they did sitt them downe on every side of the Crosse, and holdinge it betwixt them; and after that the Prior came forth of his stall, and did sitt him downe of his knees, with his shooes off, and in like sort did creepe also unto the said Crosse; and all the Monkes after him, one after another, in the same order; and in the mean time all the whole quire singinge an himne. The service beinge ended, the two Monkes did carrye it to the SEPULCHRE with great reverence, which Sepulchre was sett up in the morninge on the north side of the Quire, nigh to the High Altar, before the service time; and there lay it within the said SEPULCHRE with great devotion, with another picture of our Saviour Christ, in whose breast they did enclose, with great

reverence, the most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Altar, senceinge it, and prayinge unto it upon theire knees, a great space, settinge two tapers lighted before it, which tapers did burne unto Easter day in the morninge, that it was taken forth.

## II

## ELEVATIO CRUCIS

[Easter Day.]

There was in the Abbeye Church of Duresme<sup>1</sup> verry solemne service uppon Easter Day, betweene three and four of the clocke in the morninge, in honour of the RESURRECTION, where two of the oldest Monkes of the Quire came to the Sepulchre, being sett upp uppon Good Friday, after the Passion, all covered with red velvett and embrodered with gold, and then did sence it, either Monke with a pair of silver sencers sittinge on theire knees before the Sepulchre. Then they both rising came to the Sepulchre, out of which, with great devotion and reverence, they tooke a marvelous beautifull IMAGE of OUR SAVIOUR, representing the resurrection, with a crosse in his hand, in the breast wherof was enclosed in bright christall the holy Sacrament of the Altar, throughe the which christall the Blessed Host was conspicuous to the beholders. Then, after the elevation of the said picture, carried by the said two Monkes uppon a faire velvett cushion, all embrodered, singinge the anthem of *Christus resurgens*, they brought it to the High Altar, settinge that on the midst therof, whereon it stood, the two Monkes kneelinge on theire knees before the Altar, and senceinge it all the time that the rest of the whole quire was in singinge the foresaid

<sup>1</sup> Durham.

<sup>1</sup> From *A Description or Brief Declaration of all the Ancient Monuments, Rites and Customes belonginge or beinge within the Monastical Church of Durham before the Suppression*, edited by J. Raine, in the *Surtees Society*, xv. For a more primitive form of the *Deposito Crucis* and the *Elevatio Crucis*, see the Latin text from the *Regularis Concordia* of St. Ethelwold, printed by E. K. Chambers, *The Medieval Stage*, ii, 308.

anthem of *Christus resurgens*. The which anthem beinge ended, the two Monkes tooke up the cushions and the picture from the Altar, supportinge it betwixt them, proceeding, in procession, from the High Altar to the south Quire dore, where there was four antient Gentlemen, belonginge to the Prior, appointed to attend theire cominge, holdinge upp a most rich CANNOPYE of purple velvett, tached round about with redd silke and gold fringe; and at everye

corner did stand one of theise ancient Gentlemen, to beare it over the said image, with the Holy Sacrament, carried by two Monkes round about the church, the whole quire waitinge uppon it with goodly torches and great store of other lights, all singinge, rejoyceinge, and praising God most devoutly, till they came to the High Altar againe, whercon they did place the said image, there to remaine untill the Ascension day.

SEMI-DRAMATIC TROPE <sup>1</sup>

[Easter.]

Post hæc [tert. resp.] duo pueri in albis,  
unus ad dextram altaris, alius ad sinistram,  
cantant:

*Quem quæritis [in sepulchro, o Christicolle]?*

Tres capellani cum dalmaticis albis, co-  
opertis capitibus, ante altare respondent:

*Jesum Nazarenum [crucifixum, o celi-  
cole].*

Item pueri:

*Non est hic; [surrexit sicut predixerat.*

*Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit a mortuis].*

Deinde illi tres accedentes ad altare, et  
intro aspicientes, versi ad chorum dicunt  
alta voce:

*Alleluia, surrexit Dominus!*

Post hæc cantor incipit:

*Te Deum [laudamus].*

After this [the third responsory] let two  
boys, in albs,<sup>1</sup> one at the right of the altar,  
the other at the left, sing:

*Whom seek ye in the sepulchre, O followers  
of Christ?*

Let three chaplains, garbed in white dal-  
matics,<sup>2</sup> with covered heads,<sup>3</sup> standing be-  
fore the altar, reply:

*Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified, O  
celestial ones.*

Then the boys:

*He is not here; he is risen, just as he fore-  
told.*

*Go, announce that he is risen from the  
dead.*

Then those three, approaching the altar  
and looking within, turning towards the  
choir, say in a loud voice:

*Alleluia, the Lord is risen!*

After this the cantor <sup>4</sup> begins:

*We praise thee, O God.*

<sup>1</sup> A full-length vestment of white linen.

<sup>2</sup> A vestment resembling the alb, but with slits in  
the side.

<sup>3</sup> Probably in order that they might the better  
represent women.

<sup>4</sup> The leader of the choir, who regularly sang the  
*Te Deum* marking the end of the Matin service.

<sup>1</sup> Performed at Tours, in France. I have reproduced the text from Carl Lange's *Die lateinischen Oster-  
feiern*, 1887, p. 24. Under the influence of the "Easter Sepulchre" just described, as well as because of the  
more appropriate time, the *Quem quæritis* trope has been transferred from the Mass to the Matin service,  
and rendered partly dramatic by having the lines of the angels sung by two choir boys standing at the altar,  
and the lines of the Marys by three chaplains who advance up to the altar. Since the *Te Deum laudamus*  
closed the Matin, it is obvious that the song was inserted just before the conclusion of the service.

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II

LITURGICAL PLAYS DEALING WITH  
THE STORY OF CHRIST

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SEPULCHRUM <sup>1</sup>

[Easter.]

Dum tertia recitatur lectio, quatuor fratres induant se, quorum unus alba indutus ac si ad aliud agendum ingrediatur, atque latenter sepulchri locum adeat, ibique manu tenens palmam, quietus sedeat. Dumque tertium percelebratur responsorium, residui tres succedant, omnes quidem cappis induti, turribula cum incensu manibus gestantes ac pedetemptim ad similitudinem querentium quid, ueniant ante locum sepulchri. Aguntur enim hæc ad imitationem angeli sedentis in monumento atque mulierum cum aromatibus uenientium ut ungerent corpus Ihesu. Cum ergo ille residens tres uelut erraneos ac aliquid querentes uiderit sibi adproximare, incipiat mediocri uoce dulcisono cantare:

*Quem queritis [in sepulchro, o Christicole]?*

Quo decantato fine tenus, respondeant hi tres uno ore:

*Ihesum Nazarenum [crucifixum, o celi-cola].*

Quibus ille:

*Non est hic; surrexit, sicut prædixerat:*

*Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit a mortuis.*

Cujus iussionis uoce uertant se illi tres ad chorum dicentes:

*Alleluia! resurrexit Dominus [hodie,  
Leo fortis, Christus filius Dei. Deo gratias  
dicite, eia!]*

While the third lesson is being chanted, let four brethren vest themselves; of whom let one, vested in an alb, enter as if to take part in the service, and let him without being observed approach the place of the sepulchre, and there, holding a palm in his hand, let him sit down quietly. While the third responsory is being sung, let the remaining three follow, all of them vested in copes, and carrying in their hands censers filled with incense; and slowly, in the manner of seeking something, let them come before the place of the sepulchre. These things are done in imitation of the angel seated in the monument, and of the women coming with spices to anoint the body of Jesus. When therefore that one seated shall see the three, as if straying about and seeking something, approach him, let him begin in a dulcet voice of medium pitch to sing:

*Whom seek ye in the sepulchre, O followers of Christ?*

When he has sung this to the end, let the three respond in unison:

*Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified, O celestial one.*

To whom that one:

*He is not here; he is risen, just as he foretold.*

*Go, announce that he is risen from the dead.*

At the word of this command let those three turn themselves to the choir, saying:

*Alleluia! The Lord is risen to-day,  
The strong lion, the Christ, the Son of God.  
Give thanks to God, huzza!*

<sup>1</sup> From the *Regularis Concordia* of St. Ethelwold, written between 965 and 975. According to the *Proœmium* of the document, it was prepared by the bishops, abbots, and abbesses of England at the request of King Edgar at a Council of Winchester. I have reproduced the text from that printed by W. S. Logeman in *Anglia* (1891), xiii, 365 ff., and have followed Manly in expanding the songs from the cues given; the expansion of the second song of the Marys I have based on the text of the Winchester Troper, Bodleian MS. 775, dating from 979. Lines in italic type were intended to be sung. See St. Mark, xvi, 1-8.

Dieto hoc, rursus ille residens, uelut reuocans illos dicat antiphonam:

*Uenite, et uidete locum [ubi positus erat Dominus, alleluia! alleluia!]*

Hæc uero dicens surgat, et erigat uelum, ostendatque eis locum cruce nudatum, sed tantum linteamina posita quibus crux inuoluta erat. Quo uiso, deponant turribula quæ gestauerant in eodem sepulchro, sumantque linteum et extendant contra clerum, ac, ueluti ostendentes quod surrexerit Dominus et iam non sit illo inuolutus, hanc canant antiphonam:

*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro,  
[Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno].*

Superponantque linteum altari. Finita antiphona, Prior congaudens pro triumpho Regis nostri, quod, deuicta morte, surrexit, incipiat hymnum:

*Te, Deum, laudamus.*

Quo incepto, una pulsantur omnia signa.

This said, let the former, again seating himself, as if recalling them, sing the anthem:

*Come, and see the place where the Lord was laid. Alleluia! Alleluia!*

And saying this, let him rise, and let him lift the veil and show them the place bare of the cross, but only the cloths laid there with which the cross was wrapped. Seeing which, let them set down the censers which they carried into the same sepulchre, and let them take up the cloth and spread it out before the eyes of the clergy; and, as if making known that the Lord had risen and was not now therein wrapped, let them sing this anthem:

*The Lord is risen from the sepulchre,  
Who for us hung upon the cross.*

And let them place the cloth upon the altar. The anthem being ended, let the Prior, rejoicing with them at the triumph of our King, in that, having conquered death, he arose, begin the hymn:

*We praise thee, O God.*

This begun, all the bells chime out together.

SEPULCHRUM <sup>1</sup>

[Easter.]

Finito iij Responsorium cum suo *Ÿ* et Gloria Patri, uenient tres persone in superpelliceis et in capis serieis capitibus uelatis quasi tres Marie querentes Ihesum, singule portantes pixidem in manibus quasi aromatibus, quarum prima ad ingressum chori usque sepulcrum procedat per se quasi lamentando dicat:

*Heu! pius pastor occiditur,  
Quem nulla culpa infecti:  
O mors lugenda!*

Factoque modico interuallo, intret secunda Maria consimili modo et dicat:

*Heu! nequam gens Iudaica,  
Quam dira frenzel uesania,  
Plebs execranda!*

Deinde iij Maria consimili modo dicat:

*Heu! uerus doctor obiit,  
Qui uilam functis contulit:  
O res plangenda!*

Ad huc paululum procedendo prima Maria dicat:

*Heu! misere cur contigit  
Uidere mortem Saluatoris?*

Deinde secunda Maria dicat:

*Heu! Consolacio nostra,  
Ut quid mortem sustinuit?*

Tunc iij Maria:

*Heu! Redemptio nostra,  
Ut quid taliter agere uoluit?*

At the end of the third responsory with its verse and the *Gloria Patri*, let three persons enter, in surplices and with their heads covered with silk copes, as if they were the three Marys seeking Jesus, each one carrying in her hands a censer as if it were filled with spices; of whom let the first proceed alone from the entrance of the choir up to the sepulchre, and say as if lamenting:

*Alas! the good shepherd is killed,  
Whom no guilt stained.  
O lamentable death!*

After a short interval of time, let the second Mary enter in like manner and say:

*Alas! vile race of Jews,  
Whom a dire madness makes frenzied,  
Detestable people!*

Then let the third Mary in like manner say:

*Alas! the true teacher is dead  
Who gave life to the dead.  
O lamentable fact!*

At this let the first Mary, advancing a little, say:

*Alas! why has it pitiably befallen us  
To see the death of the Saviour?*

Then let the second Mary say:

*Alas! our Consolation,  
Why did he suffer death?*

Then the third Mary:

*Alas! our Redeemer,  
Why did he choose to pursue such a course?*

<sup>1</sup> Printed by E. K. Chambers, *The Mediæval Stage*, ii, 315, from Bodleian MS. 15,846, described as "a Sarum processional written in the fourteenth century, and belonging in the fifteenth century to the church of St. John the Evangelist, Dublin." Another, and somewhat inferior text, is reproduced in facsimile by W. H. Frere, *Winchester Troper*, 1894, from which it is printed by Manly, *Specimens*, i, xxii. The play is of interest as illustrating textual expansion by the introduction of new tropes, and dramatic expansion by the introduction of a new scene, the Race of Peter and John. Lines in italic type were chanted or sung; in the manuscript they are accompanied by musical notation. See St. Mark, xvi, 1-8, St. John, xx, 1-10.

Tunc se coniungant et procedant ad gradum chori ante altare simul dicentes:

*Iam, iam, ecce, iam properemus ad tumulum*

*Unguentes Delecti corpus sanctissimum!*

Deinde procedant similiter prope sepulchrum, et prima Maria dicat per se:

*Condumentis aromatum  
Ungamus corpus sanctissimum,  
Quo preciosa.*

Tunc secunda Maria dicat per se:

*Nardi uetet commixtio,  
Ne putrescat in tumulo  
Caro beata!*

Deinde iij Maria dicat per se:

*Sed nequimus hoc patrare sine adiutorio.  
Quis nam saxum reuoluet a monumenti ostio?*

Facto interuallo, angelus nixus sepulcrum apparuit eis et dicat hoc modo:

*Quem queritis ad sepulcrum, o Cristicole?*

Deinde respondeant tres Marie simul dicentes:

*Ihesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o celicola!*

Tunc angelus dicet:

*Surrexit, non est hic, sicut dixit;  
Venite et uidete locum ubi positus fuerat.*

Deinde predictae Marie sepulcrum intrent et inclinantes se et prospicientes undique intra sepulcrum, alta uoce quasi gaudentes et admirantes et parum a sepulcro recedentes simul dicant:

Then let them join together, and advance to the steps of the choir before the altar, saying in unison:

*Now, now, behold, now let us hasten to the tomb*

*To anoint the most sacred body of the Beloved One!*

Then let them advance in similar fashion almost up to the sepulchre, and let the first Mary say alone:

*With preservatives of spices  
Let us anoint the most sacred body, —  
With the most costly ones possible.*

Then let the second Mary say alone:

*Let a mixture of spikenard hinder  
Lest in the tomb putrefy  
The Blessed Flesh!*

Then let the third Mary say alone:

*But this we cannot accomplish without assistance.  
Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?*

After an interval, an angel, leaning on the tomb, appears to them; and let him speak in this manner:

*Whom seek ye at the sepulchre, O followers of Christ?*

Then let the three Marys answer, saying in unison:

*Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified, O celestial one!*

Then let the angel say:

*He is risen; he is not here, just as he said.  
Come and see the place where he was laid.*

Then let the aforesaid Marys enter the sepulchre; and, bowing themselves and looking on all sides within the sepulchre, in a loud voice as if rejoicing and wondering, and withdrawing a little distance from the sepulchre, let them say in unison:

*Alleluia! resurrexit Dominus!  
Alleluia! resurrexit Dominus hodie!  
Resurrexit potens, fortis, Christus, Filius  
Dei!*

Deinde angelus ad eas:

*Et euntes dicite discipulis eius et Petro  
quia surrexit.*

In quo reuertant ad angelum quasi mandatum suum ad implendum parate simul dicentes:

*Eya! pergamus propere  
Mandatum hoc perficere!*

Interim ueniant ad ingressum chori due persone nude pedes sub personis apostolorum Iohannis et Petri indute albis sine paruris cum tunicis, quorum Iohannes amictus tunica alba palmam in manu gestans, Petrus uero rubea tunica indutus clauces in manu ferens; et predictae mulieres de sepulcro reuertentes et quasi de choro simul exeuntes, dicat prima Maria per se sequentiam:

*Victime paschali laudes  
Immolant Christiani.  
Agnus redemit oues:  
Christus innocens Patri  
Reconsiliauit peccatores.  
Mors et uita duello  
Confluxere mirando:  
Dux uite mortuis  
Regnat uiuus.*

Tunc obuiantes eis in medio chori predicti discipuli, interrogantes simul dicant:

*Dic nobis, Maria,  
Quid uidisti in uia?*

Tunc prima Maria respondeat quasi monstrando:

*Sepulcrum Christi uiuentis,  
Et gloriam uidi resurgentis.*

*Alleluia! the Lord is risen!  
Alleluia! the Lord is risen to-day!  
He is risen, the powerful, the strong, the  
Christ, the Son of God!*

Then the angel to them:

*And, going, tell his disciples and Peter that  
he is risen.*

Whereupon, let them turn towards the angel as if ready to execute his command, saying in unison:

*Come on! Let us go quickly  
To perform this command!*

Meanwhile let there come to the entrance of the choir two persons barefooted, impersonating the apostles John and Peter, clad in albs without ornaments, with tunics, of whom John clothed in a white tunic, carrying a palm in his hand, Peter clad in a red tunic, carrying the keys in his hand;<sup>1</sup> and the above-mentioned women returning from the sepulchre, and as if going forth from the choir together, let the first Mary say alone the sequence:

*Let Christians offer the sacrifice of praises  
To the Paschal Victim.  
The Lamb has redeemed the sheep:  
The innocent Christ, to the Father  
Has reconciled the sinners.  
Death and Life have fought  
In a wonderful duel:  
The Prince of Life, having died,  
Reigns living.*

Then let the above-mentioned disciples, meeting them in the middle of the choir, questioning them, say in unison:

*Tell us, Mary,  
What hast thou seen on the way?*

Then let the first Mary answer as if pointing:

*The sepulchre of the living Christ,  
And the glory of the Resurrected One, I  
saw!*

<sup>1</sup> The keys to heaven and hell, symbolical of papal authority.

Tunc ij Maria responde[a]t similiter mon-  
strando:

*Angelicos testes,  
Sudarium et uestes.*

Tunc iij Maria respondeat:

*Surrexit Christus, spes nostrā,  
Precedet uos in Galileam.*

Et sic procedant simul ad ostium chori; interim currant duo ad monumentum; uerumptamen ille discipulus quem diligebat Ihesus uenit prior ad monumentum, iuxta euangelium: "Currebant autem duo simul et ille alius discipulus precurrit cicius Petro et uenit prior ad monumentum, non tamen introiuit." Uidentes discipuli predicti sepulcrum uacuum et uerbis Marie credentes reuertant se ad chorum dicentes:

*Credendum est magis soli Marie ueraci  
Quam Iudeorum turbe fallaci!*

Tunc audita Christi resurrectione, chorus prosequatur alta uoce quasi gaudentes et exultantes sic dicentes:

*Scimus Christum surrexisse  
A mortuis uere.  
Tu nobis, uictor Rex, miserere!*

Qua finita, executor officii incipiat:

*Te, Deum, laudamus.*

Tunc recedant sanctae Marie, apostoli, et angelus.

Then let the second Mary answer, likewise pointing:

*Angelic witnesses,  
The sudarium and the vestments!*

Then let the third Mary answer:

*Christ, our hope, is risen!  
He will go before you into Galilee.*

And so let them [i.e. the three Marys] proceed together to the door of the choir; meanwhile let the two [i.e. John and Peter] run to the tomb; but that disciple whom Jesus loved [i.e. John] comes first to the tomb, according to the evangelist: "Moreover they ran both of them together, and that other disciple outran Peter, and came first to the tomb; yet he did not enter." Let the above-mentioned disciples, seeing the sepulchre empty, and believing the words of the Marys, turn themselves toward the choir, saying:

*It is better to believe a single truthful Mary  
Than all the lying host of the Jews.*

Then, having heard of the resurrection of Christ, let the choir follow after, in a loud voice, as if rejoicing and exulting, saying thus:

*We know that Christ is risen  
From the dead in very truth!  
Do thou, O Victor King, have mercy on us!*

This having been finished, let the manager of the office begin:

*We praise thee, O God.*

Then let the holy Marys, the apostles, and the angel withdraw.

SEPULCHRUM <sup>1</sup>

[Easter.]

Ad faciendam similitudinem Domini sepulchri, primum procedant tres fratres præparati et vestiti in similitudinem trium Mariarum, pedetentim, et quasi tristes, alternantes hos versus cantantes:

PRIMA eorum dicat:

*Heu! pius pastor occidit,  
Quem culpa nulla infecit! <sup>1</sup>  
O res plangenda!*

SECUNDA.

*Heu! verus pastor obiit,  
Qui vitam sanctis contulit!  
O mors lugenda!*

TERTIA.

*Heu! nequam gens Judaica,  
Quam dira frendens vesania!  
Plebs execranda!*

PRIMA.

*Cur nece pium impia  
Dampnasti sava invida?  
O ira nefanda!*

SECUNDA.

*Quid justus hic promeruit  
Quod crucifigi debuit?  
O gens dampnanda!*

TERTIA.

*Heu! quid agemus misere  
Dulci magistro orbate?  
Heu! sors lacrymanda!*

<sup>1</sup> Lange prints *occidit*, apparently an error derived from the preceding line.

To make the representation of the Lord's sepulchre, first let three brothers, prepared beforehand and clothed in the likeness of the three Marys, advance slowly and as if sad, alternately singing these verses: the first of them shall say:

*Alas! the good shepherd is killed,  
Whom no guilt stained.  
O lamentable occurrence!*

The second:

*Alas! the true shepherd is dead  
Who gave life to the upright!  
O lamentable death!*

The third:

*Alas! vile race of Jews,  
Whom a dire madness makes frenzied!  
Detestable people!*

The first:

*Why condemned ye to an impious death  
The Holy One with savage hate?  
O direful rage!*

The second:

*How has this righteous man deserved  
To be crucified?  
O race accursed!*

The third:

*Alas! what are we wretched ones to do,  
Bereft of our sweet Master?  
Alas! lamentable chance!*

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript, of the thirteenth century, is from Orléans, France. It shows the development of the *Sepulchrum* into a play of three episodes, the Visit of the Three Marys, the Race of Peter and John, and the Appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalene. I have reproduced the text from Carl Lange, *Die lateinischen Osterfeiern*, 1887, p. 160. The lines in italic type were sung or chanted. See St. Mark, xvi, 1-8, St. John, xx, 1-18, St. Luke, xxiv, 1-12.



## PRIMA.

*Eamus ergo propere,  
Quod solum quimus facere,  
Mente devota.*

## SECUNDA.

*Condimentis aromatum  
Ungamus corpus sanctissimum,  
Quo preciosa.*

## TERTIA.

*Nardi vetet commixcio,  
Ne putrescat in tumultu  
Caro beata.*

Cum autem venerint in chorum, eant ad monumentum quasi quærentes, et cantantes omnes simul hunc versum:

*Sed nequimus hoc patere sine adiutorio.  
Quisnam saxum hoc revolvat ab monumenti hostio?*

Quibus respondeat Angelus sedens foris, ad caput sepulchri, vestitus alba deaurata, mitra tectus caput, etsi deinfulatus, palmam in sinistra, ramum candelarum plenam tenens in manu dextra, et dicat moderata et admodum gravi voce:

*Quem quæritis in sepulchro, O Christicolæ?*

## MULIERES.

*Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, O celi-  
cola.*

Quibus respondeat Angelus:

*Quid, Christicolæ, viventem quæritis cum mortuis?*

*Non est hic; surrexit, prædixit ut discipulis.*

*Mementote quid iam vobis locutus in Galilea,*

*Quod Christum oportebat pati, atque die tertia*

*Resurgere cum gloria.*

## The first:

*Let us therefore go quickly,  
To do the only thing we can do,  
With mind devout.*

## The second:

*With preservatives of spices  
Let us anoint the most sacred body, —  
With the most costly ones possible.*

## The third:

*Let a mixture of spikenard hinder  
Lest in the tomb putrefy  
The Blessed Flesh.*

When they have entered the choir, let them go towards the sepulchre as if seeking, and all singing together this verse:

*But we cannot open this without assistance.  
Who shall roll us away the stone from the  
door of the sepulchre?*

To whom let the angel respond, seated without at the head of the tomb, clothed in an alb gilded over, his head covered with a coif, yet unadorned with the *infula*, holding in his left hand a palm, in his right hand a candelabrum full of candles, and let him say in a modulated and very grave voice:

*Whom seek ye in the sepulchre, O followers  
of Christ?*

## The women:

*Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified, O  
celestial one.*

To whom let the angel respond:

*Why, O followers of Christ, seek ye the living  
among the dead?*

*He is not here; he is risen, as he foretold to  
his disciples.*

*Remember now what he said to you in  
Galilee,*

*That it behoved the Christ to suffer, and on  
the third day*

*To rise with glory.*

Mulieres, conversæ ad populum, cantent:

*Ad monumentum Domini venimus  
Gementes; angelum Dei sedentem vidimus  
Et dicentem quia surrexit a morte.*

Post hæc Maria Magdalene, relictis duabus aliis, accedat ad sepulchrum, in quod sepe aspiciens, dicat:

*Heu dolor! heu! quam dira doloris angustia  
Quod dilecti sum orbata magistri præsencia!  
Heu! quis corpus tam dilectum sustulit e tumulto?*

Deinde pergat velociter ad illos qui in similitudine Petri et Johannis præstare debent erecti,<sup>1</sup> stansque ante eos quasi tristes, dicat:

*Tulerunt Dominum meum,  
Et nescio ubi posuerunt eum.  
Et monumentum vacuum est inventum,  
Et sudarium cum sindone intus est repositum.*

Illi autem hoc audientes velociter pergant ad sepulchrum ac si currentes; sed junior, S. Johannes, perveniens stet extra sepulchrum, senior vero, S. Petrus, sequens eum, statim intret; postquam et Johannes intret; cum inde exierint, Johannes quasi mirans dicat:

*Miranda sunt quæ vidimus!  
An furtim sublatus est Dominus?*

Cui<sup>2</sup> Petrus:

*Imo, ut prædixit vivus,  
Surrexit, credo, Dominus.*

JOHANNES.

*Sed cur liquit in sepulchro  
Sudarium cum lintheo?*

<sup>1</sup> Erecti is omitted by Lange, but appears in Milchsack.

<sup>2</sup> Omitted by Lange; supplied from Milchsack.

Let the women, turned about towards the people, say:

*To the sepulchre of the Lord we have come  
Lamenting; we have seen the angel of God  
seated  
And saying that he is risen from the dead.*

After this let Mary Magdalene, having left the other two, draw near to the sepulchre, into which looking many times, let her say:

*Alas the grief! alas! how dire the anguish  
of grief  
That I am bereft of the presence of my beloved Master!  
Alas! who bore away the body, so dear,  
from the tomb?*

Then let her go swiftly to those who in the likeness of Peter and John should present themselves with heads erect; and standing before them as if sad, let her say:

*They have taken away my Lord,  
And I know not where they have laid him;  
And the tomb is found empty,  
And the sudarium with the muslin cloth lying within.*

Then let these, upon hearing this, proceed swiftly to the sepulchre as if running; but let the younger, Saint John, upon arriving, stand without the sepulchre, but let the elder, Saint Peter, following him, immediately enter in; after which John also enters; when they have come out, let John, as if wondering, say:

*Marvelous are the things we have seen!  
Hath the Lord been taken away by stealth?*

To whom Peter:

*Nay, as he predicted while alive,  
The Lord, I believe, is risen.*

John:

*But why did he leave in the sepulchre  
The sudarium with the linen cloth?*

PETRUS.

*Ista quia resurgenti[s]  
Non erant necessaria,  
Imo resurrectionis  
Restant hæc indicia.*

Illis autem abeuntibus, accedat Maria ad sepulchrum, et prius dicat:

*Heu dolor! heu! quam dira doloris angustia!  
Quod dilecti sum orbata magistri præsencia.  
Heu! quis corpus tam dilectum sustulit e tumulo?*

Quam alloquantur duo angeli sedentes infra sepulchrum dicentes:

*Mulier, quid ploras?*

MARIA.

*Quia tulerunt Dominum meum,  
Et nescio ubi posuerunt eum.*

ANGELUS.

*Noli flere, Maria; resurrexit Dominus.  
Alleluia!*

MARIA.

*Ardens est cor meum desiderio  
Videre Dominum meum;  
Quæro et non invenio  
Ubi posuerunt eum.  
Alleluia!*

Interim veniat quidam præparatus in similitudinem hortolani, stansque ad caput sepulchri, dicat:

*Mulier, quid ploras? quem quæris?*

MARIA.

*Domine, si tu sustulisti eum, dicito mihi  
ubi posuisti eum, et ego eum tollam.*

Peter:

*Because to one rising from the dead  
These things were not necessary;  
Nay, they remain here  
As tokens of his resurrection.*

Then, as they are going out, let Mary approach the sepulchre, and let her first say:

*Alas the grief! alas! how dire the anguish of grief,  
That I am bereft of the presence of my beloved Master!  
Alas! who bore away the body, so dear, from the tomb?*

To whom let two angels sitting inside the sepulchre speak, saying:

*Woman, why weepest thou?*

Mary:

*Because they have taken away my Lord,  
And I know not where they have laid him.*

Angel:

*Weep not, Mary; the Lord is risen.  
Alleluia!*

Mary:

*My heart is burning with desire  
To see my Lord;  
I seek, and I do not find  
Where they have laid him.  
Alleluia!*

In the meanwhile let one come, prepared beforehand in the likeness of a gardner; and standing at the head of the sepulchre, let him say:

*Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?*

Mary:

*Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.*

ET ILLE.

*Maria!*

Atque procidens ad pedes ejus, Maria dicat:

*Rabboni!*

At ille subtrahat se, et quasi tactum ejus devitans, dicat:

*Noli me tangere, nondum enim ascendi ad Patrem meum et Patrem vestrum, Dominum meum et Dominum vestrum.*

Sic discedat Hortolanus, Maria vero, conversa ad populum, dicat:

*Congratulamini mihi omnes qui diligitis Dominum, quia quem querebam apparuit mihi, et dum flerem ad monumentum vidi Dominum meum. Alleluia!*

Tunc duo angeli exeant ad ostium sepulchri, ita ut appareant foris, et dicant:

*Venite et videte locum ubi positus erat Dominus.*

*Alleluia!*

*Nolite timere vos:*

*Vultum tristem jam mutate:*

*Jesum vivum nuntiate.*

*Galileam jam adite:*

*Si placet videre, festinate:*

*Cito euntes dicite discipulis quia surrexit Dominus.*

*Alleluia!*

Tunc mulieres discedentes a sepulchro dicant ad plebem:

*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro,  
Qui pro nobis pendit in ligno.*

*Alleluia!*

Hoc facto, expandeant sindonem, dicentes ad plebem:

*Cernite vos, socii, sunt corporis ista beati Linthea, quæ vacuo iacuerunt relicta sepulchro.*

And he:

*Mary!*

And falling prostrate at his feet, let Mary say:

*Rabboni!*

And let him draw himself back; and as if avoiding her touch, let him say:

*Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father and your Father, to my Lord and your Lord.*

Thus let the Gardner go out; but let Mary, having turned toward the people, say:

*Rejoice with me, all ye who love the Lord, for he whom I sought has appeared to me, and while I was weeping at the tomb I saw my Lord. Alleluia!*

Then let the two angels come to the door of the sepulchre in such a way that they are visible without, and let them say:

*Come and see the place where the Lord was laid.*

*Alleluia!*

*Be not affrighted:*

*Change now your sad countenance!*

*Proclaim Jesus living!*

*Go now into Galilee.*

*If it please you to see, hasten!*

*Go quickly, and tell his disciples that the Lord is risen from the dead.*

*Alleluia!*

Then let the women, going away from the sepulchre, say to the people:

*The Lord is risen from the sepulchre,  
Who for us hung upon the cross!*

*Alleluia!*

Having done this, let them unfold the muslin cloth, saying to the people:

*Look you, friends, these are the cloths of the blessed body  
Which lay abandoned in the empty tomb.*

Postea ponant sindonem super altare, atque revertentes alternent hos versus:

PRIMA dicat:

*Resurrexit hodie Deus Deorum!*

SECUNDA.

*Frustra signas lapidem, plebs Judeorum!*

TERTIA.

*Jungere jam populo Christianorum!*

Item PRIMA dicat:

*Resurrexit hodie Rex angelorum!*

SECUNDA.

*Ducitur de tenebris turba piorum!*

TERTIA.

*Reseratur aditus regni celorum!*

Interea is qui ante fuit Hortulanus, in similitudinem Domini veniat, dalmaticatus candida dalmatica, candida infula infultus, phylacteria pretiosa in capite, crucem cum labaro in dextra, textum auro paratorium in sinistra habens, et dicat mulieribus:

*Nolite timere vos; ite, nuntiate fratribus meis ut eant in Galileam, ibi me videbunt sicut prædixi eis.*

CHORUS.

*Alleluia! Resurrexit hodie Dominus!*

Qui finito, dicant omnes insimul:

*Leo fortis, Christus, filius Dei!*

Et Chorus dicat:

*Te Deum laudamus, etc.*

Then let them place the cloth upon the altar; and turning themselves about, let them sing alternately these verses: let the first say:

*The God of Gods has arisen to-day!*

The second:

*In vain do ye seal the stone, O race of Jews!*

The third:

*Join now with the people of Christ!*

Likewise let the first say:

*The King of the angels has arisen to-day!*

The second:

*The throng of the righteous is led out of hell!*

The third:

*The door of the kingdom of heaven is opened!*

In the meantime let him who had previously been the Gardner come in the likeness of the Lord, clothed in a dazzling-white robe, adorned with a white *infula*, with a precious *phylacterium* on his head, holding in his right hand a cross with the *labarum*, in his left hand a *paratorium*<sup>1</sup> woven of gold, and let him say to the women:

*Be not affrighted: go, tell my brethren that they shall go into Galilee; there they shall see me, just as I foretold to them.*

The choir:

*Alleluia! The Lord is risen to-day!*

Which being ended, let all say in unison:

*The strong Lion, the Christ, the Son of God!*

And let the choir say:

*We praise thee, O God! etc.*

<sup>1</sup> The pall used to cover the sacramental chalice before and after the celebration of Mass.

PEREGRINI<sup>1</sup>

[Monday of Passion Week.]

Nota, fili: Officium Peregrinorum debet hic fieri hoc modo.

Duo de ij sede, qui sint scripti in tabula ad placitum scriptoris, induti tunicis et desuper cappis transversum [eant], portantes baculos et peras in similitudinem Peregrinorum, et habeant capellos super capita et sint barbati. Exeant a vestiario, cantantes hymnum:

*Jhesu, nostra redemptio,  
[Amor et desiderium,  
Deus creator omnium,  
Homo in fine temporum,*

*Quæ te vicit clementia  
Ut ferres nostra crimina,  
Crudelem mortem patiens  
Ut nos a morte tollerens,*

*Inferni claustra penetrans,  
Tuos captivos redimens,  
Victor triumpho nobili  
Ad dextram Patris residens.*

*Ipsa te cogat pietas  
Ut mala nostra superes  
Parcendo, et voti compotes  
Nos tuo vultu saties.*

*Tu esto nostrum gaudium,  
Qui es futurus præmium;*

Observe, son: The office of the Wayfarers [to Emmaus]<sup>1</sup> should at this point be performed in the following manner.

Let two of the lower row,<sup>2</sup> whose names may be written on the bulletin-board at the pleasure of the scribe, clothed in tunics and copes, go across, carrying staffs and wallets in the likeness of travelers; and let them have caps upon their heads and be bearded. Let them advance from the vestry singing the hymn:

*Jesus, our Redeemer,  
Love and Ardent Desire,  
God, Creator of all things,  
Man in these final times,*

*What mercy has o'erwhelmed thee  
That thou shouldst bear our sins,  
Enduring a cruel death  
In order to free us from death,*

*Entering the gates of Hell,  
Releasing thy captives,  
Conqueror in a glorious triumph,  
Sitting at the right hand of the Father!*

*Let sheer compassion impel thee  
To overcome our wrong-doing  
With forbearance, and to satisfy us,  
Our desire thereby fulfilled, with thy countenance.*

*Be thou our joy,  
Who will be our reward!*

<sup>1</sup> See St. Luke, xxiv, 13-35; cf. St. Mark, xvi, 12-13. I have retained, in so far as possible, the language of the King James' version.

<sup>2</sup> Who sat in the lower stalls of the choir; of the lower rank, here petty-canon.

<sup>1</sup> The *Peregrini*, in existence by the twelfth century, was performed, we know, in England; but no English text has come down to us save the late and transitional fragment reproduced on page 73 to illustrate the introduction of the vernacular. I have selected the Rouen text (printed from A. Gasté, *Les Drame liturgiques de la Cathédrale de Rouen*, 1893, p. 65) as being the most interesting one available. The *Saintes* text (see *Bibliothèque de l'École des Chartes*, 1873, xxiv, 314) is more primitive in form, but is almost entirely devoid of descriptive matter relating to its method of performance. It contains only the single scene of the appearance of Christ to the two disciples, and ends with the supper at Emmaus. The Rouen text, it will be observed, adds the interview with Mary Magdalene. The Benedictbeuern text, from Germany, introduces all three Marys; and the Beauvais and Fleury texts, as well as the Benedictbeuern text, are expanded by an additional scene, the incredulity of Thomas, a suggestion of which appears in the English fragment mentioned above. The lines in italic type were sung. See St. Luke, xxiv, 13-35.

*Sit nostra in te gloria  
Per cuncta semper secula!]*

venientes lento pede per dextram alam ecclesie usque ad portas occidentales, et subsistentes in capite processionis. Et cum cantaverint hymnum usque ad eum locum *Nos tuo voltu sacies*, tunc quidam sacerdos de majori sede, scriptus in tabula, indutus alba et amictu, nudus pedes, ferens crucem super dextrum humerum, voltu demisso, veniens usque ad eos per dextram alam ecclesie, et subito stet inter illos et dicat:

*Qui sunt hii sermones [quos confertis ad invicem ambulantes, et estis tristes?]*

Peregrini quasi admirantes, et eum respicientes, dicant:

*Tu solus peregrinus [es in Jerusalem, et non cognovisti quæ facta sunt in illa his diebus?]*

Sacerdos interroget:

*Quæ?*

Peregrini respondeant:

*De Jhesu Nazareno [qui fuit vir propheta, potens in opere coram Deo et omni populo, quomodo tradiderunt eum summi Sacerdotes et Principes nostri in damnationem mortis et crucifixerunt eum; et super omnia, tertia dies est quod hec facta sunt.]*

Sacerdos, utrimque respiciens, dicat:

*O stulti! et tardi corde [ad credendum omnibus quæ locuti sunt Propheta! Nonne sic oportuit pati Christum et intrare in gloriam suam?]*

Quibus dictis, statim recedens Sacerdos, fingens se longius ire, et Peregrini, festinantes, prosequentes, eum detineant quasi ad

*In thee be our glory  
Through all ages, forever!*

coming at a slow pace, through the right aisle of the church, as far as the western doors, and taking their stand at the head of the procession. And when they shall have sung the [above-quoted] hymn to the line "Our desire thereby fulfilled, with thy countenance," then let a priest from the upper row, whose name has been written on the bulletin-board, clothed in an alb and an amice, barefooted, bearing the cross upon his right shoulder, with a downcast countenance, come up to them through the right aisle of the church, and let him suddenly stand with them and say:

*What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another as ye walk and are sad?*

Let the wayfarers, as if in wonder, and gazing at him, say:

*Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?*

Let the priest inquire:

*What things?*

Let the wayfarers reply:

*Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet, mighty in deed before God and all the people, how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him up to be condemned to death, and have crucified him; and beside all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done.*

Let the priest, looking fixedly at both, say:

*O fools! and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?*

With these words, immediately let the priest walk away, making as though he would go further, and let the wayfarers, hastening, following after him, detain him

hospiciū invitantes et trahentes, baculis ostendentes castellum, et dicentes:

*Mane nobiscum [quoniam advesperascit, et inclinata est jam dies. Sol vergens ad occasum suadet ut nostrum velis hospitium; placet enim nobis sermones tuos, quos confers de resurrectione magistri nostri.]*

Et ita cantantes, ducant eum usque ad tabernaculum, in medio navis ecclesie, in similitudinem castelli Emaux preparatum. Quo cum ascenderint, et ad mensam ibi paratam sederint, et Dominus inter eos sedens panem eis fregerit, [et] fractione panis agnitus ab illis, subito recedens ab oculis eorum evanescat. Illi autem, quasi stupefacti surgentes, versis vultibus inter ipsos, cantent lamentabiliter:

/ Alleluia!

cum versu:

*Nonne cor nostrum [ardens erat in nobis, dom loqueretur in via, et aperiret nobis scripturas? Heu! miseri! ubi erat sensus noster quando intellectus abierat?]*

Quo reiterato, vertent se versus pulpitu[m], et cantent hunc versum:

*Dic nobis, Maria,  
[Quid vidisti in via?]*

Tunc quidam de majori sede, indutus dalmatica et amietu, in modum mulieris caput circumligatus, respondeat:

*Sepulchrum Christi [viventis  
Et gloriam vidi resurgentis;*

*Angelicos testes,  
Sudarium et vestes.]*

unc ostendat et explicet unam syn-

as if inviting and urging him to be their guest, pointing to the village with their staffs, and saying:

*Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent. The sun declining towards the west urges that thou accept our hospitality; for we are pleased with what thou sayest to us concerning the resurrection of our Master.*

And thus singing, let them lead him to the structure in the middle of the nave of the church, prepared in the likeness of the village of Emmaus. When they have ascended into it, and are seated at the table ready there, and the Lord, sitting between them, has broken bread unto them, and has been recognized by them through his breaking of the bread, then let him suddenly vanish out of their sight. Moreover, let them, rising up as if dumfounded, with faces turned towards each other, mournfully sing:

*Alleluia!*

with the verse:

*Was not our heart burning within us while he was talking by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures? Alas! wretched we! where were our senses when we did not comprehend?*

Having repeated this, let them turn themselves toward the pulpit and sing this verse:

*Tell us, Mary,  
What hast thou seen on the way?*

Then let one from the upper row, clothed in a dalmatic and an amice, his head bound about after the fashion of a woman, answer:

*The sepulchre of the living Christ,  
And the glory of the Resurrected One, I  
saw!*

*Angelic witnesses,  
The sudarium and the vestments!*

Then let him hold up to view and unfold a



donem ex una parte, loco sudarii, et aliam ex alia parte, loco vestium, et projiciat ante magnum hostium chori. Deinde dicat:

*Surrexit Christus [spes mea!  
Præcedit suos in Galilæam.]*

Chorus cantet duos versus sequentes residuos:

*[Credendum est magis soli Mariæ veraci  
Quam Judæorum turbæ fallaci.]*

*Scimus Christum surrexisse  
A mortuis vere.  
Tu nobis, victor Rex, miserere!]*

Et interim recedant Maria et Peregrini.

muslin cloth from one side, to represent the sudarium, and another muslin cloth from the other side, to represent the vestments; and let him cast them before the main entrance to the choir. Then let him say:

*Christ is risen, my hope!  
He goes before his disciples into Galilee!*

Then let the choir sing the remaining two verses, which follow:

*It is better to believe a single truthful Mary  
Than all the lying host of the Jews!*

*We know that Christ is risen  
From the dead in very truth!  
Do thou, O Victor King, have mercy on us!*

And, in the meanwhile, let Mary and the Wayfarers withdraw.

PASTORES<sup>1</sup>

[Christmas.]

Finito *Te Deum laudamus*, peragatur Officium Pastorum hoc modo secundum Rothomagensem usum.

Presepe sit paratum retro altare et ymago sancte Marie sit in eo posita. In primis quidam puer ante chorum in excelso in similitudinem angeli nativitatem Domini annuncians ad quinque canonicos quindecim marcharum et librarum vel ad eorum vicarios de ij sede, pastores intrantes per magnum hostium chori per medium chorum transeuntes, tunicis et amictis indutos, hunc versum ita dicens:<sup>1</sup>

*Nolite timere: ecce enim evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum quod erit omni populo: quia natus est vobis hodie Salvator, qui est Christus Dominus, in civitate David. Et hoc vobis signum: Invenietis infantem pannis involutum, et positum in præsepio.*

Sint plures pueri in voltis ecclesie quasi angeli qui alta voce incipiant:

*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bone voluntatis.*

Hoc audientes, pastores ad locum in quo paratum est præsepe accedant, cantantes hunc versum:

The *Te Deum laudamus* being ended, let the Office of the Shepherds be performed in this manner, according to the usage of Rouen.

Let a manger be prepared at the back of the altar, and let a figure representing the Holy Mary be placed in it. First let a boy, dressed like an angel, from a lofty place in front of the choir announce the birth of the Lord to the five canons of fifteen marks and pounds,<sup>1</sup> or to their proxies of the second row;<sup>2</sup> and let the shepherds, entering through the main door of the choir, and crossing through the middle of the choir, vested in tunics and amices, say this verse:<sup>3</sup>

*Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.*

Let there be many boys, as if they were angels, in the roof of the church, who in a loud voice shall begin:

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!*

Hearing this, let the shepherds draw near to the place in which the manger has been prepared, singing this verse:

<sup>1</sup> The MS. reads: "*Nolite timere, ecce enim, usque in præsepio.*" I have replaced this with the full text; and have followed the same procedure throughout the play.

<sup>1</sup> So called because they received annual stipends from two special endowments; four canons received fifteen marks annually, others shared in a bequest yielding £15 annually.

<sup>2</sup> The second row of choir stalls, occupied by canons of inferior rank.

<sup>3</sup> St. Luke, ii, 10-11. I have retained, in so far as possible, the language of the King James' version.

<sup>1</sup> Printed from A. Gasté, *Les Drames liturgiques de la Cathédrale de Rouen*, 1893, p. 25. The text is found in two manuscripts (Rouen MSS. y.110 and y.108) of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries respectively. The play, which probably came into existence not later than the eleventh century, existed in England (there are allusions to it in the twelfth-century Statutes of Lichfield), but no English text, so far as we know, has been preserved. The lines here printed in italic type are set to music in the manuscript. See St. Luke, ii, 1-20.

*Pax in terris nuntiatur,  
In excelsis gloria!  
Cælo<sup>1</sup> terra federatur,  
Mediante gratia.*

*Mediator homo Deus  
Descendit in propria,  
Ut ascendat homo reus  
Ad admissa gaudia. Eya! Eya!*

*Transeamus, videamus  
Verbum hoc quod factum est;  
Transeamus ut sciamus  
Quod hic<sup>2</sup> nuntiatur est.*

*In Judea puer vagit,  
Puer salus populi,  
Quo bellandum se presagit  
Vetus hospes seculi.*

*Accedamus, accedamus  
Ad presepe Domini,  
Et congratulantes<sup>2</sup> dicamus:  
Laus fecundæ Virgini!*

Quod dum intraverint, duo presbyteri dalmaticati, de majori sede, quasi obstetrices quid ad præsepe fecerint, dicant:

*Quem queritis in præsepe, pastores, dicite.*

Pastores respondeant:

*Salvatorem Christum Dominum infantem,  
pannis involutum, secundum sermonem  
angelicum.*

Item obstetrices, cortinam aperientes, puerum demonstrent, dicentes:

*Adest hic parvulus cum Maria matre sua,  
de qua dudum, vaticinando, Isayas  
dixerat propheta:*

hic ostendant matrem pueri dicentes:

*Let peace be proclaimed on earth,  
Glory in the highest!  
Earth is leagued with heaven,  
By means of grace.*

*The God-Man as mediator  
Comes down to his own,  
That condemned man may ascend  
To the admitted joys. Huzza! Huzza!*

*Let us go, let us see  
This thing which is come to pass.  
Let us go that we may know  
What has here been announced.*

*In Judea a boy is crying,  
A boy-saviour of the people,  
For whom that he would wage war  
The ancient heathen stranger foretold.*

*Let us draw nigh, let us draw nigh  
To the manger of the Lord,  
And rejoicing together, let us say:  
"Glory to the fecund Virgin!"*

When they enter this [the place of the manger], let two clerics of the upper row, clothed in dalmatics, as if they were the midwives who had served at the manger, say:

*Whom seek ye in the manger, O shepherds?  
Tell us.*

Let the shepherds reply:

*The Saviour, the Christ, the infant Lord,  
wrapped in swaddling clothes, according  
to the words of the angel.*

Whereupon let the midwives, drawing aside the curtain, show the boy, saying:

*The little one is here with Mary his mother,  
of whom long ago in prophecy the  
prophet Isaiah spoke:*

here let them expose to view the mother of the boy, saying:

<sup>1</sup> Added by Tougard. Du Ménil proposes *Namque*.

<sup>2</sup> Added by Du Ménil.

*"Ecce virgo concipiet et pariet filium."  
Et nunc euntes dicite quia natus est.*

Tunc, eo viso, inclinatis cervicibus, adorent  
puerum et saluent, dicentes:

*Salve, virgo singularis;  
Virgo manens, Deus paries!  
Ante sæcla generatum  
Corde patris,  
Adoremus nunc creatum  
Carne matris.*

*Nos, Maria, tua prece  
A peccati purga face;  
Nostri cursum incolatus  
Sic dispone  
Ut det sua frui Natus  
Visione.*

Deinde vertant se ad chorum redeuntes et  
dicentes:

*Alleluia! Alleluia! Jam vere scimus  
Christum natum in terris; de quo canite  
omnes, cum propheta dicentes.*

Hoc finito, incipiat Missa, et Pastores  
regant chorum.

*"Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a  
son." And now, as ye go forth, an-  
nounce that he is born.*

And having seen him, with bowed heads let  
them worship the boy, and salute him,  
saying:

*Hail, virgin unparalleled!  
Remaining a virgin, the bride of God!  
Before the ages he was generated  
In the heart of the Father,  
Let us worship him now embodied  
In the flesh of his mother.*

*O Mary, with thy prayers  
Cleanse us from the impurities of sin;  
Our life of exile  
So fashion  
That thy son may allow us  
To see his face.*

Then let them turn themselves about, re-  
turning into the choir, and saying:

*Alleluia! Alleluia! Now we know in very  
truth that the Christ is born into the  
world; of whom let all sing, saying with  
the prophet: . . .<sup>1</sup>*

This ended, the Mass is begun, and the  
Shepherds rule the choir.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently a song, in which the choir was in-  
vited to join, is omitted.

MAGI<sup>1</sup>

[Twelfth Day.]

Officium regum trium secundum usum Rothomagensem. Die Epyphanie, tercia cantata, tres de majori sede more regum induti, — et debent esse scripti in tabula, — ex tribus partibus ante altare conveniant, cum suis famulis portantibus regum oblaciones, induti[s] tunicis et amictis, — et debent esse de secunda sede, scripti in tabula ad placitum scriptoris.

Ex tribus regibus medius ab Oriente veniens, Stellam cum baculo ostendens, dicat altè:

*Stella fulgore nimio [rutilat].*

Secundus rex a dextra parte respondeat:

*Que regem regum [natum demonstrat].*

Tertius rex a sinistra parte dicat:

*Quem venturum olim [prophetiæ signaverant].*

Tunc Magi ante altare sese osculentur, et simul cantent:

*Eamus ergo et inquiramus [eum, offerentes ei munera: aurum, thus, et myrrham].*

Hoc finito cantor incipiat R<sup>7</sup>:

*Magi veniunt [ab Oriente Jerosolimam, quærentes et dicentes: Ubi est qui natus est? Cujus stellam vidimus, et venimus adorare Dominum].*

The office of the Three Kings, according to the usage of Rouen. On the day of Epiphany, after Tierce, let three, of the upper row, clothed in the manner of kings — their names should be written on the bulletin-board — come from three parts of the church up before the altar, with their servants bearing the offerings of the kings, clothed in tunics and amices — and they should be from the second row, their names written on the bulletin-board at the pleasure of the scribe.

Let the middle one of the three kings, coming from the east, pointing with his staff at the star, say in a loud voice:

*This star blazes with an exceeding brightness.*

Let the second king, from the right side, reply:

*That shows that the King of Kings is born.*

Let the third king, from the left side, say:

*Whose coming long ago the prophets foretold.*

Then let the Magi greet each other with a kiss before the altar, and sing together:

*Let us go, then, and seek him, offering to him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh.*

This being ended, let the cantor begin the response:

*From the East the Magi are come to Jerusalem, seeking, and saying: "Where is he who is born? We see his star, and come to worship the Lord."*

<sup>1</sup> Acted at Rouen in France. The text comes from a manuscript of the fourteenth century entitled *Ordinarium seu liber ordinarius Ecclesie Rothomagensis* (reproduced by Armand Gasté, *Les Drame liturgiques de la Cathédrale de Rouen*, 1893, p. 49). The play of the Magi, which was developed before the end of the eleventh century, appears in its simplest form in the Limoges version (printed by E. Du Méril, *Origines latines du Théâtre moderne*, 1849, p. 151), but I have chosen to reproduce the Rouen version as being more interesting. The lines here printed in italic type were sung or chanted. See St. Matthew, ii, 1-18.

Et moveat processio.

*Ÿ: Cum natus [esset Jesus in Bethlehem Juda, in diebus Herodis regis, ecce Magi ab Oriente venerunt Jerosolimam, dicentes: Ubi est qui natus est rex? Cujus stellam vidimus, et venimus adorare Dominum].*

Sequatur aliud R̃, si necesse fuerit:

*Interrogat Magos [dicens ipsis: Quodnam vidistis signum de rege genito? Dicite mihi. Et dixerunt illi Magi: Stella ejus nata est magna et illuxit super stallas cæli].*

Processio in navi ecclesiæ constituta stationem faciat. Dum autem processio navem ecclesiæ intrare ceperit, corona ante crucem pendens in modum stelle accendatur, et Magi, stellam ostendentes, ad ymaginem sancte Marie super altare Crucis prius positam cantantes pergant:

*Ecce stella in Oriente [prævisa iterum præcedit nos lucida. Hæc inquam stella natum demonstrat, de quo Balaam cecinerat dicens: Oritur stella ex Jacob, et exsurgit homo de Israel, et confringet omnes duces alienigenarum, et erit omnis terra possessio ejus].*

Hoc finito, duo de majori sede cum dalmaticis, ex utraque altaris parte stantes, suaviter respondeant:

*Qui sunt hii qui, stella [duce], nos adeuntes, inaudita ferunt?*

Magi respondeant:

*Nos sumus, quos cernitis [reges Tharsis, et Arabum, et Saba, dona ferentes Christo,*

And let the procession move. Verse:

*When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, in the days of King Herod, behold the Magi came from the East to Jerusalem, saying: "Where is he who is born king? We see his star, and come to worship the Lord."*

Let there follow another response, if it shall be necessary:

*He inquires of the Magi, saying to them: "What sign do you see of the king who is born? Tell me." And those Magi said: "His great star has arisen, and shines above all the stars of heaven."*

Let the procession, having been drawn up in the nave of the church, make a stand. Moreover, when the procession begins to enter the nave of the church, let the *corona*<sup>1</sup> hanging before the cross be raised in the fashion of the star, and let the Magi, pointing to the star, proceed up to the image of the Holy Mary previously placed upon the altar of the cross, singing:

*Behold the star, already seen in the East, again leads us on, brightly shining. This star indicates the birth of him whom Balaam foretold, saying: "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a man shall arise out of Israel, and he shall break to pieces all the leaders of the gentiles, and all the earth shall be his possession."*

This being ended, let two of the upper row, vested in dalmatics, standing on either side of the altar [impersonating the midwives], reply in courteous tones:

*Who are these, who, star-led, approaching us, bear strange things?*

Let the Magi answer:

*We, whom ye see, are the Kings of Tharsis, and of Arabia, and of Saba, bearing gifts to the Christ, the new-born king,*

<sup>1</sup> A chandelier in the shape of a crown, illuminated with candles, and hanging from the ceiling above or slightly in front of the altar.

*regi nato, Domino, quem, stella deducente, adorare venimus].*

Tunc duo dalmaticati, aperientes cortinam, dicant:

*Ecce, puer adest [quem quaeritis. Jam properate adorare, quia ipse est redemptio mundi].*

Tunc procidentes reges ad terram, simul saluent puerum, ita dicentes:

*Salve, princeps seculorum!*

Tunc unus a suo famulo aurum accipiat et dicat:

*Suscipe, rex, aurum [regis signum].*

Et offerat. Secundus ita dicat, et offerat:

*Tolle thus, tu vere Deus.*

Tercius ita dicat et offerat:

*Mirram, signum sepulture.*

Interim fiant oblaciones a clero et populo, et dividatur oblacio predictis duobus canonicis.

Tunc, Magis orantibus et quasi sompno sopitis, quidam puer, alba indutus, quasi angelus, illis ante altare dicat:

*Impleta sunt omnia que propheticæ [dicta sunt: ite viam remeantes aliam, nec delatores tanti regis puniendi eritis].*

Hoc finito, cantor incipiat ad introitum chori. R:

*Tria sunt munera [pretiosa quæ obtulerunt Magi Domino in die illa, et habent in se divina mysteria. In auro, ut ostendatur Regis potentia; in thure sacerdotem magnum considera, et in myrrha dominicam sepulturam].*

*the Lord, whom we, led by a star, are come to worship.*

Then let the two in dalmatics, drawing aside the curtain, say:

*See, here is the boy whom ye seek. Now hasten to worship him, for he is the redeemer of the world.*

Then let the kings, falling prostrate on the ground, salute the boy together, saying thus:

*Hail, prince of the ages!*

Then let one take from his servant gold, and say:

*Receive, O King, gold, the sign of a king.*

And let him offer it. Let the second in like manner speak and offer:

*Accept frankincense, thou very God.*

Let the third in like manner speak and offer:

*Myrrh, the sign of thy sepulture.*

Meanwhile let offerings be made by the clergy and the people, and let the offering be divided by the two above-mentioned canons.

Then, after the Magi have prayed and, as it were, have fallen into slumber, let a boy, clothed in an alb, as if he were an angel, say to them before the altar:

*All things are fulfilled which were spoken of the prophets. Returning, go another way, and ye will not be informers to bring punishment on so great a king.*

This being ended, let the cantor, at the entrance to the choir, begin the response:

*Three are the precious gifts which the Magi brought to the Lord on that day, and they have in them divine mysteries: in the gold, that the power of a king shall be manifested; in the frankincense think of the High Priest; and in the myrrh, of the sepulture of the Lord.*

¶ *Salutis nostre autorem [Magi venerati  
sunt in cunabulis, et de thesauris suis  
mysticas ei munerum species obtulerunt.  
In auro, etc.].*

Ad missam tres reges chorum regant.

Verse:

*The Magi worshipped in the cradle the  
author of our salvation, and from their  
treasure offered him the mystic sort of  
gifts: in gold, etc.*

In the Mass [which immediately follows],  
let the three kings rule the choir.



HERODES <sup>1</sup>

[Twelfth Day.]

Tunc incipit ordo ad representandum Herodem.

Parato Herode et ceteris personis, tunc quidam Angelus cum multitudine in excelsis appareat. Quo viso, pastores perterriti; salutem annuntiet eis (Angelus) de ceteris adhuc tacentibus:

*Nolite timere vos, ecce enim evangelizo vobis gaudium magnum quod erit omni populo, quia natus vobis<sup>1</sup> hodie Salvator mundi in civitate David, et hoc vobis signum: Invenietis infantem panis involutum et positum in presepio, in medio duum animalium.*

Et subito omnis multitudo cum Angelo dicat:

*Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bone voluntatis. Alleluia! Alleluia!*

Tunc demum surgentes (Pastores) cantent intra se:

*Transeamus usque Bethleem, et videamus hoc verbum quod factum est, quod fecit Dominus et ostendit nobis.*

Et sic procedant usque ad presepe, quod ad januas monasterii paratum erit. Tunc due Mulieres custodientes presepe, interrogent pastores, dicentes:

*Quem queritis [in presepe], pastores, dicite?*

Respondcant Pastores:

<sup>1</sup> The MS. apparently reads *nobis*.

Then begins the order for the representing of Herod.

Herod and the other persons being ready, let an Angel appear aloft, accompanied by a multitude [of angels]. At the sight of this the shepherds are frightened; let the Angel, the other [angels] still remaining silent, proclaim to them safety:

*Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you there is born this day in the city of David a Saviour of the world. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes and lying in a manger between two beasts.*

And suddenly let all the multitude with the Angel say:

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men! Alleluia! Alleluia!*

Then let the shepherds, rising up, sing among themselves:

*Let us now go unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath done and hath made known unto us.*

And so let them advance up to the manger, which shall have been prepared at the doors of the monastery. Then let two women, the guardians of the manger, inquire of the shepherds, saying:

*Whom seek ye in the manger, O shepherds? Tell us.*

Let the shepherds answer:

<sup>1</sup> From a twelfth-century manuscript of the Abbey Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire, preserved in the library at Orléans. The play is of interest as showing the fusion of the *Pastores* and the *Magi*, and also the dramatic development of the rôle of Herod, who already gives promise of tearing a passion to tatters. I have reproduced the text from E. de Coussemaker, *Drames liturgiques du Moyen Age*, 1861, p. 143. The lines here printed in italics are set to music (the music is reproduced by Coussemaker). See St. Matthew, ii, 1-18.

*Salvatorem Christum Dominum infantem,  
pannis involutum secundum sermonem  
angelicum.*

Mulieres:

*Adest parvulus cum Maria matre ejus, de  
qua dudum vaticinando Isaias propheta  
dixerat: "Ecce virgo concipiet et pariet  
filium."*

Tunc Pastores procidentem, adorent infantem,  
dicentes:

*Salve, Rex seculorum!*

Postea surgentes, invitent populum circumstantem  
ad adorandum infantem, dicentes turbis vicinis:

*Venite, venite, venite, adoremus Deum,  
quia ipse est salvator noster.*

Interim Magi prodeuntes, quisque de angulo  
suo quasi de regione sua, convenient ante altare  
vel ad ortum stelle, et dum appropinquant,  
Primus dicat:

*Stella fulgore nimio rutilat.*

Secundus:

*Quem venturum olim propheta signaverat.*

Tunc stantes collaterales, dicat dexter ad  
medium:

*Pax tibi, frater!*

Et ille respondeat:

*Pax quoque tibi!*

Et osculentur sese; sic medius ad sinistram  
et sinister ad dextrum. Salutatio cuique.  
Tunc ostendant sibi mutuo et dicant:

*Ecce stella! Ecce stella! Ecce stella!*

*The Saviour, the Christ, the infant Lord,  
wrapped in swaddling clothes, according  
to the words of the angel.*

The women:

*The little one is here with Mary his mother,  
of whom long ago in prophecy the  
prophet Isaiah said: "Behold, a virgin  
shall conceive and bear a son."*

Then let the shepherds, falling prostrate,  
worship the babe, saying:

*Hail, King of the ages!*

Afterwards, rising up, let them invite the  
people standing about to worship the babe,  
saying to the adjacent throng:

*Come! Come! Come! Let us worship the  
God, since he alone is our Saviour.*

Meanwhile let the Magi, each coming  
forward from his corner as if from his own  
land, meet before the altar, or at the rising-  
place of the star; and while they are draw-  
ing near, let the first say:

*This star blazes with an exceeding bright-  
ness!*

The second:

*Whose coming long ago the prophet fore-  
told.*

Then, standing side by side, let the one at  
the right say to the one in the middle:

*Peace to you, brother!*

And let that one reply:

*Peace also to you!*

And let them greet each other with a kiss;  
in a similar way the one in the middle to  
the one at the left, and the one at the left to  
the one at the right — a greeting to each  
one. Then let them point out [the star] to  
each other in turn, and say:

*Behold the star! Behold the star! Behold  
the star!*

Procedente autem stella, sequuntur et ipsi  
precedentem stellam, dicentes:

*Eamus ergo et inquiramus eum, offerentes  
ei munera: aurum, thus et myrrham.  
Quia scriptum didicimus: Adorabunt  
eum omnes reges, omnes gentes servient  
ei.*

Venientes ad ostium chori, interrogant  
adstantes:

*Dicite nobis O Jerosolimitani cives: Ubi  
est expectatio gentium, ubi est qui natus  
est rex Judeorum, quem signis celestibus  
agnitum venimus adorare?*

Quibus visis, Herodes mittat ad eos Armi-  
gerum, dicens:

*Que rerum novitas, aut que causa vos sube-  
git, vos, ignotas temptare vias? Quo  
tenditis ergo? Quod genus? Unde  
demo? Pacem ne huc fertis an arma?*

Responsio Magorum:

*Chaldei sumus; pacem ferimus;  
Regem regum querimus,  
Quem natum esse stella indicat,  
Que fulgore ceteris clarior rutilat.*

Armiger reversus salutat Regem; flexo genu  
dicat:

*Vivat Rex in eternum!*

Herodes:

*Salvet te gratia mea!*

Armiger ad Regem:

*Adsunt nobis, Domine, tres viri ignoti, ab  
oriente venientes, noviter natum quem-  
dam regem queritantes.*

Tunc mittat Herodes oratores vel inter-  
pretes suos ad Magos, dicens:

Then, the star moving forward, let them  
follow after and the star leading them, say-  
ing:

*Let us go, then, and seek him, offering  
to him gifts: gold, frankincense, and  
myrrh. For we are familiar with that  
which is written: "All kings shall wor-  
ship him, all nations shall serve him."*

Coming to the entrance of the choir, let  
them ask of those standing by:

*Tell us, O citizens of Jerusalem: Where is  
the one expected of the peoples? Where  
is he who is born king of the Jews,  
whom, recognized by celestial signs, we  
have come to worship?*

Let Herod, having seen them, send a sol-  
dier, saying:

*What strange things, or what motive has  
impelled ye, ye, to try unknown roads?  
Whither, therefore, are ye going? Of  
what nation are ye? Where is your  
home? Do ye bring peace or war?*

The answer of the Magi:

*We are Chaldeans; we bring peace;  
We are seeking the King of Kings,  
Whose birth is shown by the star  
Which shines clearer than all others in  
brightness.*

Let the soldier, returning, salute the king;  
and on bended knee let him say:

*Live, O king, forever!*

Herod:

*Let my grace welcome thee!*

The soldier to the king:

*There are present among us, Lord, three  
unknown men, coming from the East  
in search of a certain newly-born king.*

Then let Herod send his envoys, or inter-  
preters, to the Magi, saying:

*Lecti quaestores,<sup>1</sup> qui sunt inquirete reges,  
affore quos nostris jam fama revolvit in  
oris.*

Interpres ad Magos:

*Principis edictu, reges, prescire venimus  
quo sit profectus hic vester et unde pro-  
fectus.*

Magi:

*Regem quesitum duce stella significatum;  
munere proviso, properamus eum ve-  
nerando.*

Oratores reversi ad Herodem:

*Reges sunt Arabum; cum trino munere  
natum querunt infantem, quem mon-  
strant sidera regem.*

Herodes mittens Armigerum pro Magis:

*Ante venire jube, quo possim singula scire:  
qui sunt, cur veniant, quo nos rumore  
requirant?*

Armiger:

*Quod mandas, citius, rex inclyte, profici-  
etur.*

Armiger ad Magos:

*Regia vos mandata vocant: non segniter ite!*

Armiger adducens Magos ad Herodem:

*En Magi veniunt, et regem natum stella  
duce requirunt.*

Herodes ad Magos:

*Que sit causa vie? Qui vos, vel unde veni-  
tis? dicite.*

Magi:

*Rex est causa vie; Reges sumus ex Arabitis.*

*Excellent quaestors, examine into who  
these kings are; accost those of whose  
presence rumor already is running on  
our shore.*

The interpreter to the Magi:

*By command of our sovereign, O kings, we  
come to learn for what purpose ye jour-  
ney hither, and whence ye come.*

The Magi:

*Star-led, in search of the betokened king;  
furnished with gifts, we hasten to wor-  
ship him.*

The envoys, returning to Herod:

*They are kings of the Arabs; with a triple  
gift they are seeking a babe new-born,  
whom the stars show to be a king.*

Herod, sending the soldier for the Magi:

*Bid them come before me that I may learn  
each of the following things: Who are  
they, Why do they come, Because of  
what rumor do they seek us?*

The soldier [to Herod]:

*What thou commandest, renowned king,  
shall speedily be performed.*

The Soldier to the Magi:

*Royal orders summon ye: come with speed!*

The soldier, leading the Magi to Herod:

*Behold, the Magi come, and, star-led, they  
seek a newly-born king.*

Herod to the Magi:

*What may be the cause of your journey?  
Who are ye? or whence come ye? Speak.*

The Magi:

*A king is the cause of our journey. We  
are kings from A Arabia. Coming hither,*

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript gives *Leti inquisitores*; but on the score of both metre and sense this reading seems to be corrupt. I have therefore adopted the emendation proposed by Du Ménil.

*Huc venientes querimus en regem regnantibus imperitantem, quem natum mundo lactat judaica virgo.*

Herodes ad Magos:

*Regem, quem queritis, natum esse quo signo didicistis?*

Magi:

*Illum natum esse didicimus in Oriente, stella monstrante.*

Herodes:

*Illum regnare creditis, dicite nobis?*

Magi:

*Illum regnare fatentes, cum mysticis muneribus de terra longinqua adorare venimus, ternum Deum venerantes tribus cum muneribus.*

Tunc ostendant munera. Primus dicat:

*Auro regem.*

Secundus:

*Thure Deum.*

Tertius:

*Myrrha mortalem.*

Tunc Herodes imperet Symistis qui cum eo sedent in habitu juvenili, ut adducant Scribas qui in diversorio parati sunt barbati:

*Vos, mei Symiste, legis-peritos ascite ut dicant in Prophetis quid sentiant ex his,*

Symiste ad Scribas, et adducant eos cum libris Prophetarum:

*Vos, legis-periti, ad regem vocati, cum Prophetarum libris properando venite.*

*we seek, lo, a king reigning over the rulers, whom, newly-born into the world, a Jewish virgin is suckling.*

Herod to the Magi:

*By what sign did you learn that the king whom ye seek was born?*

The Magi:

*We learned in the East that he was born, by the evidence of the star.*

Herod:

*Do ye believe that he reigns? Tell us.*

The Magi:

*Confessing that he reigns, we are come with mystic gifts from a far country to worship him, paying homage to the Triune God with three gifts.*

Then let them show the gifts. Let the first say:

*By gold a king [is meant].*

The second:

*By frankincense, a God.*

The third:

*By myrrh, a mortal.*

Then let Herod order the companions who are sitting with him in the garb of young gallants to bring the scribes, who, with beards on, are ready in a room.

*You, my companions, order the men learned in the law to tell us what they find in the Prophets concerning these things.*

The companions, to the scribes; and let them bring them with the books of the Prophets:

*Ye men learned in the law, summoned before the king, come in haste, with the books of the Prophets.*

Postea Herodes interroget Scribas, dicens:

*O vos, Scribe interrogati, dicite, si quid de  
hoc Puero scriptum videritis in libro.*

Tunc Scribe Duo revolvant librum, et tandem, inventa quasi prophetica, dicant:

*Vidimus, domine, in Prophetarum lineis,  
nasci Christum in Bethleem Jude,  
civitate David; Propheta sic vaticinante.*

Et ostendentes cum digito, Regi incredulo tradant librum.

Chorus:

*Bethleem non es minima, [etc.]*

Tunc Herodes, visa prophetica, furore accensus, projiciat librum; at Filius ejus, audito tumultu, procedat pacificaturus patrem, et stans salutet eum:

*Salve, pater inclyte;  
Salve, Rex egregie,  
Qui ubique imperas,  
Sceptra tenens regia.*

Herodes:

*Fili amantissime,  
Digne laudis munere,  
Laudis pompam regie  
Tuo gerens nomine,*

*Rex est natus fortior  
Nobis et potentior.  
Vereor ne solio  
Nos extrahet regio.*

Tunc Filius despective loquens de Christo, offerat se ad vindictam, dicens:

*Contra illum regulum,  
Contra natum parvulum,  
Jube, pater, filium  
Hoc inire prelium.*

Then let Herod inquire of the scribes, saying:

*O ye scribes, being asked, tell me if ye see  
anything concerning this boy written in  
the book.*

Then let two scribes turn over the leaves of the book, and at last, as if having found the prophecy, let them say:

*We see, lord, in the lines of the Prophets,  
that the Christ is born in Bethlehem of  
Judea, in the city of David; the Prophet  
foretells thus.*

And pointing with the finger, let them hand over the book to the incredulous king.

The choir:

*Thou, Bethlehem, art not the least, etc.<sup>1</sup>*

Then let Herod, having seen the prophecy, kindled with rage, hurl the book to the floor; but let his son, hearing the tumult, advance to calm his father, and, standing, salute him:

*Hail, renowned father!  
Hail, illustrious king,  
Who rulest everywhere,  
Holding the royal sceptre!*

Herod:

*Most beloved son,  
Worthy of the tribute of praise,  
Bearing in thy name  
The pomp of regal glory,*

*A king is born stronger  
Than we, and more powerful  
I fear lest he shall drag us  
From our royal throne.*

Then let the son, speaking contemptuously of Christ, offer himself as a champion, saying:

*Against that petty king,  
Against the new-born babe,  
Bid, O father, thy son  
To begin this combat.*

<sup>1</sup> See St. Matthew, ii, 6.

Tunc demum dimittat Herodes Magos ut inquirant de Puero, et coram eis spondeat regi nato, dicens:

*Itē, et de Puero diligenter investigate; et, invento, redeuntes michi renunciate, ut et ego veniens adorem eum.*

Magis egredientibus, precedat stella eos, que nondum in conspectu Herodis apparuit. Quam ipsi sibi mutuo ostendentes, procedant. Qua visa, Herodes et Filius minentur cum gladiis.

Magi:

*Ecce stella in Oriente previsa;  
Iterum precedit nos lucida.*

Interim Pastores, redeuntes a presepe, veniant gaudentes et cantantes in eundo:

*O Regem celi! [etc.]*

Ad quos Magi:

*Quem vidistis?*

Pastores:

*Secundum quod dictum est nobis ab Angelo de Puero isto, invenimus infantem panis involutum et positum in presepio, in medio duum animalium.*

Postea Pastoribus abeuntibus, Magi procedant post stellam usque ad presepe, cantantes:

*Quem non prevalent propria magnitudine  
Celum, terra atque maria lata capere*

*De virgineo natus utero,  
Ponitur in presepio.*

*Sermo cecinit quem vaticus,  
Stat simul bos et asinus.*

*Sed oritur stella lucida,  
Prebitum Domino obsequia*

*Quem Balaam ex judaica  
Nasciturum dixerat prosapia.*

*Hec nostrorum oculos fulguranti lumine  
prestinxit lucida,*

Then at last let Herod send forth the Magi that they may seek out the boy; and let him, before them, vow allegiance to the new-born king, saying:

*Go ye, and search out carefully concerning the boy; and when ye have found him, bring me word as ye return, that I also may come and worship him.*

As the Magi are departing, let the star go before them, which has not yet appeared in the sight of Herod. Let them proceed, pointing it out to each other in turn. Having seen this, let Herod and his son menace with their swords.

The Magi:

*Behold, the star already seen in the East  
Again leads us on, shining brightly.*

Meanwhile let the shepherds, returning from the manger, come rejoicing and singing on their way:

*O king of heaven! etc.*

To whom the Magi:

*Whom have ye seen?*

The shepherds:

*According to what was told us by the Angel concerning that boy, we found the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes and lying in a manger between two beasts.*

Then, the shepherds having gone out, let the Magi proceed on their way following the star up to the manger, singing:

*He whom heaven, earth, and the wide seas  
Could not contain in their own magnitude.*

*Born from the womb of a virgin,  
Is lying in a manger.*

*He whom prophetic speech foretold  
Stands together with an ox and an ass.*

*But the bright star arises  
To offer homage to the Lord,*

*Who, Balaam said,  
Would be born of Jewish stock.*

*This bright star has blinded our eyes with  
its dazzling light,*

*Et nos ipsos provide ducens ad cunabula  
resplendens fulgida.*

Tunc Obstetrices, videntes Magos, allo-  
quantur:

*Qui sunt hii qui, stella duce, nos adeuntes,  
inaudita ferunt?*

Magi:

*Nos sumus quos cernitis, reges Tharsis et  
Arabum et Saba, dona ferentes Christo  
nato, Regi, Domino, quem, stel'a ducente,  
adorare venimus.*

Obstetrices ostendentes Puerum:

*Ecce, puer adest quem queritis. Jam  
properate et adorete, quia ipse est re-  
demptio mundi.*

Magi:

*Salve, Rex seculorum!  
Salve, Deus deorum!  
Salve, salus mortuorum!*

Tunc procidentes Magi adorent Puerum et  
offerant. Primus dicat:

*Suscipe, Rex, aurum, regis signum.*

Secundus:

*Suscipe myrrham, signum sepulture.*

Tertius:

*Suscipe thus, tu vere Deus.*

Istis factis, Magi incipiant dormire ibi,  
ante prescepe, donec Angelus desuper ap-  
parens, moneat in somnis ut redeant in  
regionem suam per aliam viam. Angelus  
dicat:

*Impleta sunt omnia que prophetice scripta  
sunt. Ite, viam remeantes aliam, nec  
delatores tanti regis puniendi eritis.*

*The gleaming brilliance prudently leading  
us to the cradle.*

Then let the midwives, seeing the Magi,  
say:

*Who are these, who, star-led, approaching  
us, bear strange things?*

The Magi:

*We whom ye see are the Kings of Tharsis,  
and of Arabia, and of Saba, bearing  
gifts to the new-born Christ, the king,  
the Lord, whom we, led by a star, are  
come to worship.*

The midwives, showing the boy:

*See, here is the boy whom ye seek. Now  
hasten and adore him, for he is the re-  
deemer of the world.*

The Magi:

*Hail, king of the ages!  
Hail, God of gods!  
Hail, salvation of the dead!*

Then let the Magi, falling prostrate on the  
ground, worship the boy, and make their  
offerings. Let the first say:

*Receive, O king, gold, the sign of a king*

The second:

*Receive myrrh, the sign of thy sepulture.*

The third:

*Receive frankincense, thou very God.*

These things having been done, let the  
Magi fall asleep there before the manger  
while an angel, appearing from above, ad-  
vises them in dreams to return to their  
country by another way. Let the angel  
say:

*All things are fulfilled which were writ-  
ten by the prophets. Returning, go an-  
other way, and ye will not be inform-  
ers to bring punishment on so great a  
king.*



**Magi evigilantes:**

*Deo gratias! Surgamus ergo, visione  
moniti angelica, et, calle mutato, lateant  
Herodem que vidimus de Puero.*

**Tunc Magi abeuntes per aliam viam, non  
vidente Herode, cantent:**

*O admirabile commercium!  
Creator omnium.*

**Venientes choro dicentes:**

*Gaudete, fratres, Christus nobis natus est:  
Deus homo factus est.*

**Tunc Cantor incipiat:**

*Te Deum.*

**Sic finit.**

**The Magi, awakening:**

*Praise be to God! Let us arise, then,  
warned by the vision of the angel, and,  
by changing our road, let us keep hidden  
from Herod what we have seen concern-  
ing the boy.*

**Then let the Magi, departing by another  
way without being seen of Herod, sing:**

*O wonderful meeting!  
The creator of all things.*

**Coming to the choir, let them say:**

*Rejoice, brethren! Christ is born to us!  
God is made man!*

**Then let the cantor begin:**

*Te Deum.*<sup>1</sup>

**Thus it ends.**

<sup>1</sup> The presence of the *Te Deum* shows that the play was acted immediately before the conclusion of the Matin service.

PROPHETÆ<sup>1</sup>

[Christmas.]

ORDO PROPHETARUM:

*Ysaïas*, barbatus, dalmatica indutus,  
stola rubea per medium verticis ante  
et retro dependente.<sup>1</sup>

*Jheremias*, similiter absque stola.

*Daniel*, adolescens, veste splendida in-  
dutus.

*Moses*, cum dalmatica, barbatus, tabu-  
las legis ferens.

*David*, regio habitu.

*Abacuc*, barbatus, curvus, gibosus.

*Elisabeth*, femineo habitu, pregnans.

*Johannes Baptista*, pilosa veste et longis  
capillis, barbatus, palmam tenens.

*Virgilius*, cum cornu et calamo, edera  
coronatus, scriptorium tenens.

*Nabugodonosor*, regio habitu, superbo in-  
cessu.

*Sibilla*, veste feminea, decapillata, edera  
coronata, insanienti simillima.

*Symeon*, barbatus, capa serica indutus,  
palmam tenens.

*Balaam*, super asinam, curvus, barbatus,  
palmam tenens, calcaribus urgens.

[Tercia cantata, paratis Prophetis juxta  
suum ordinem . . . processio moveat de  
claustro, et duo clerici de secunda sede, in  
cappis, processionem regant, hos versus  
canentes:]<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. *dependens*.

<sup>2</sup> I have inserted this direction from the very simi-  
lar play at Rouen, which thus introduces the same  
hymn, *Gloriosi et famosi*.

THE ORDER OF THE PROPHETS:

*Isaiah*, bearded, clothed in a dalmatic,  
with a red stole hanging halfway down  
before and behind.

*Jeremiah*, in like fashion, except for the  
stole.

*Daniel*, a young man, wearing gorgeous  
clothes.

*Moses*, with a dalmatic, bearded, bearing  
the tables of the law.

*David*, in royal habit.

*Habakkuk*, bearded, stooping, hunch-  
backed.

*Elizabeth*, in female attire; pregnant.

*John the Baptist*, with a shaggy cloak and  
with long hair, bearded, holding a  
palm.

*Virgil*, with an ink-horn and a candle-  
stick, crowned with ivy, holding a  
quill pen.

*Nebuchadnezzar*, in royal habit, with a  
proud mien.

*Sibyl*, in female dress, shorn of hair,  
crowned with ivy, very much like one  
insane.

*Simeon*, bearded, wearing a silken cape,  
holding a palm.

*Balaam*, upon an ass, bent, bearded, hold-  
ing a palm, plying his spurs.

[After Tierce, the Prophets having been  
arranged in their order . . .<sup>1</sup> let the proces-  
sion advance from the door, and let two  
clerics of the lower row, in copes, lead the  
procession, singing these verses:]

<sup>1</sup> The words omitted from this stage direction of  
the Rouen text are: "a furnace having been set up  
in the middle of the nave of the church, with linen  
and flax." The furnace was used in connection with  
a little play which grew up about Nebuchadnezzar.  
The play does not appear in the present text, al-  
though a parallel may be found in the case of Simeon.

<sup>1</sup> Printed by U. Chevalier, *Ordinaires de l'Église Cathédrale de Laon*, 1897, p. 385, from a manuscript of the  
thirteenth century. A somewhat more dramatic, but longer, version may be found in the Rouen text, *Gasté*,  
*op. cit.*, p. 4; and a simpler and less dramatic version, in the Limoges text, printed by E. de Coussemaker,  
*Drames liturgiques du Moyen Âge*, 1861, p. 11, with the music. The *Propheta* is of interest in connection  
with the development of the Old Testament plays

*Gloriosi  
Et famosi  
Regis festum  
Celebrantes,  
Gaudeamus,  
Cujus ortum  
Vile portum  
Nobis datum  
Predicantes,  
Aveamus.<sup>1</sup>  
Ecce regem  
Novam legem  
Dantem orbis circuitu  
Predicamus.*

[Tunc processio in medio ecclesie stet, et sex Judei sint ibi parati, et ex altera parte sex Gentiles.]<sup>2</sup>

**Duo Cantores:**

*Omnes gentes  
Congaudentes  
Dent cantus letitiae!  
Deus homo  
Fuit de domo  
David, natus hodie.*

**Ad Judeos:**

*O Judei,  
Verbum Dei  
Qui negastis hominem,  
Vestre legis  
Testes regis  
Audite per ordinem.*

**Ad Paganos:**

*Et vos, Gentes,  
Non credentes  
Peperisse Virginem,  
Vestre legis  
Documentis  
Pellite caliginem.*

**[Duo] Appellatores:**

*Isaias, verum qui scis,  
Veritatem cur non dicis!*

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript as reproduced by Chevalier has *habeamus*; I have changed this to *aveamus* on the authority of another text of the hymn. The uses of the initial *h*, and of *b* for *v*, are common.

<sup>2</sup> Added from the Rouen text.

*Celebrating  
The festival  
Of the glorious  
And renowned king,  
Let us rejoice!  
Proclaiming his advent,  
As the port of life  
Given to us  
Let us hail him!  
Lo the king  
Giving to the whole world  
A new law,  
Let us tell forth!*

[Then let the procession stand in the middle of the church, and let six Jews be ready there, and on the other side six Gentiles.]

**The two singers:**

*Let all races,  
Rejoicing together,  
Sing songs of gladness!  
A God-man,  
Sprung from the house of David,  
Is born to-day.*

**To the Jews:**

*O Jews,  
Who denied the "Word" of God  
Become man,  
Hear in succession  
The testimonies of your law  
And of your king.*

**To the Gentiles:**

*And you, O Gentiles,  
Not believing  
That the Virgin had given birth,  
Banish the darkness  
On the evidences  
Of your own law.*

**The two summoners:**

*Isaiah, thou who knowest the truth,  
Why dost thou not declare truth?*

Isaias:

*Est necesse  
Virgam Jesse  
De radice provehi,  
Flos deinde  
Surget inde,  
Qui est Filius Dei.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Iste cetus  
Psallat letus,  
Error vetus  
Condemnetur.*

Omnis Chorus:

*Quod Judea  
Perit rea  
Hec chorea  
Gratulatur.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Huc accede, Jheremias;  
Dic de Christo prophetias.*

Hieremias:

*Sic est,  
Hic est  
Deus noster.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Item Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Daniel, indica  
Voce prophetica  
Facta dominica.*

Daniel:

*Sanctus sanctorum veniet,  
Et unctio deficiet.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Isaiah:

*It is necessary  
That a scion from the root of Jesse  
Be exalted;  
A flower, then,  
Will spring thence,  
Who is the Son of God.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering  
Chant in gladness!  
Let ancient error  
Be condemned!*

The whole choir:

*That Judea, the guilty,  
Is destroyed,  
This choir  
Is rejoiced.*

The two summoners:

*Approach, Jeremiah,  
Speak thy prophecies of the Christ.*

Jeremiah:

*Thus it is:  
This is  
Our God.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

Next, the choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

The two summoners:

*Daniel, declare  
With prophetic voice  
The deeds of the Lord.*

Daniel:

*The Saint of Saints shall come,  
And the oil of anointing will be wanting.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Dic tu, Moyses legislator,  
Quis sit Christus et Salvator.*

Moises:

*Prophetam accipietis  
Tanquam me hunc audietis.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Dic, tu David, de nepote  
Causas que sunt tibi note.*

David:

*Universus  
Rex conversus  
Adorabit Dominum,  
Cui futurum  
Servitutum  
Omne genus hominum.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Abacuc, regis celestis  
Nunc ostende quod sis testis.*

Abacuc:

*Opus tuum  
Inter duum  
Latus animalium  
Ut cognovi,  
Mox expavi  
Metu mirabilium.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

The two summoners:

*Say thou, Moses, the law-giver,  
Who this Christ and Savior is.*

Moses:

*Ye will receive a Prophet;  
And ye will hear him just as ye hear me.<sup>1</sup>*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

The two summoners:

*Declare thou, David, concerning thy descendant  
The things which are known unto thee.*

David:

*Every king,  
Converted,  
Shall worship the Lord,  
To whom  
Shall be subject  
The whole race of man.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

The two summoners:

*Habakkuk, now show that thou  
Art a witness of the heavenly king.*

Habakkuk:

*When I perceived  
Thy deed [of incarnation?]  
Between the flanks  
Of two beasts,<sup>2</sup>  
I was straightway terrified  
With fear of thy wondrous works.*

<sup>1</sup> See Deuteronomy, xviii, 15, 18, 19.

<sup>2</sup> See Habakkuk, iii, 2. Saint Jerome gives the reading: "Domine, opus tuum; in medio annorum vivifica illud," and this is followed in the authorized version; but the Alexandrian text has: "Εν μέσσοις δύο ζώων γυνωσθίσαν," which is obviously the source of the hymn quoted above.

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Illud, Elisabeth, in medium  
De Domino profer eloquium.*

Elisabeth:

*Quid est rei  
Quod me mei  
Mater regis visitat?  
Nam ex eo  
Ventre meo  
Letus infans palpitat.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

Item Duo [Appellatores]:

*Da, Baptista,  
Ventris cista  
Clausus,  
Quos dedisti  
Causa Christi  
Plausus.  
Cui dedisti gaudium  
Profer et testimonium.*

Johannes:

*Venit talis  
Sotularis  
Cujus non sum etiam  
Tam benignus  
Ut sim dignus  
Solvere corrigiam.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

The two summoners:

*Elizabeth, now recite in public  
That declaration concerning the Lord.*

Elisabeth:

*What is the reason  
That the mother  
Of my king visits me?  
For, upon that,  
Within my womb  
The babe leaps joyfully.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

Next, the two summoners:

*O Baptist  
Shut up within the chest  
Of that womb,  
Repeat the eulogy  
Which thou utterdest  
On account of Christ.  
To him, for whom thou once ex-  
pressed joy,  
Offer now also testimony.*

John:

*There comes one, such that,  
Of his shoes,  
I am not even  
So good  
As to be worthy  
To unloose the latchet.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Maro, vates gentilium,  
Da Christo testimonium.*

Maro:

*Ecce polo dimissa sola nova progenies est.*

Duo Appellatores:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

Appellatores reducunt Daniele et dicunt ad regem:

*Puerum cum pueris,  
Nabugodonosor,  
Cum in igne videris,  
Quid dixisti?*

Nabugodonosor:

*Tres in igne positi pueri  
Quarto gaudent comite liberi.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Tu, Sibilla,  
Vates illa,  
Dic adventum judicis,  
Dic signum judicii.*

Sibilla:

*Judicii signum: Tellus sudore madescet;*

*Ex celo rex adveniet per secula futurus,*

The two summoners:

*Virgil, seer of the gentiles,  
Give thy testimony to Christ.*

Virgil:

*Behold, from the heavens has been sent  
down a single new offspring.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

The two summoners lead forward Daniel again, and say to the king [i.e. Nebuchadnezzar]:

*O Nebuchadnezzar, when  
Thou sawest in the fire  
A young man along with the young men,  
What didst thou say?*

Nebuchadnezzar:

*The three young men who were placed in  
the fire  
Rejoiced when liberated by a fourth com-  
panion.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

The two summoners:

*Thou, O Sibyl,  
That prophetest,  
Tell of the coming of the Judge,  
Tell of the sign of the Judgment.*

The Sibyl:

*The sign of the Judgment: The earth shall  
become moist with sweat;  
Down from heaven shall come the King,  
who is to rule through the ages,*

*Scilicet in carne presens, ut judicet orbem,  
Unde Deum cernent incredulus atque fidelis  
Celsum cum sanctis evi jam termino in ipso.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Symeon, inter prophetas  
Pande nobis quid expectas.*

Symeon:

*Vile non spero terminum,  
Donec videam Dominum.*

Duo [Appellatores]:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

Symeon, accipiens puerum, dicit:

*Tuum sub pacis tegmine  
Servum dimittis, Domine.*

[Duo] Appellatores:

*Dic, Balaam, ex Judaica  
Oriturum Dominum pro sapia.*

Balaam:

*Exibit de Jacob rutilans nova stella,  
Et confringet ducum agmina  
Regionis Moab maxima potentia.*

Hic veniat Angelus cum gladio. Balaam tangit asinam, et illa non procedente dicit iratus:

*Verily present in the flesh, that he may judge the world,  
Whence the unbelieving and the faithful shall see  
God aloft with his saints, now at the very end of time.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

The two summoners:

*Simeon, reveal to us  
What thou waitest for among the prophets.*

Simeon:

*I hope not to see death  
Until I see the Lord.*

The two summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

Simeon, taking a boy in his arms, says:

*Dismiss thy servant  
Under the shelter of peace, O Lord.<sup>1</sup>*

The two summoners:

*Declare, O Balaam, the descent of the Lord  
From Jewish stock.*

Balaam:

*There shall come forth out of Jacob a new star shining,  
And he shall break down the hosts of the leaders,  
With greatest power in the land of Moab.*

Here let an angel come with a sword. Balaam beats the ass, and when it fails to go forward, he says in anger:

<sup>1</sup> We observe here the tendency to dramatise the episodes with which the prophecies were connected.



*Quid moraris, asina,  
Obstinata bestia?  
Jam scindent calcaria  
Costas et precordia.*

Puer sub asina respondet:

*Angelus cum gladio,  
Quem adstare video,  
Prohibet ne transeam;  
Timeo ne peream.<sup>1</sup>*

[Vocatores:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

Quo finito, omnes prophete et ministri in pulpito cantent hos versus:

*Ortum predestinacio, etc.]<sup>2</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> In the Rouen version this little play appears as follows:

Tunc Balaam, ornatus, sedens super asinam, habens calcaria, retineat lora et calcaribus percuciat asinam; et quidam juvenis habens alas, tenens gladium, obstet asine. Quidam sub asina dicat:

*Cur me cum calcaribus miseram sic leditis!*

Hoc dicto, Angelus ei dicat:

*Desine regis Balac preceptum perficere.*

Vocacio Balaam:

*Balaam, esto vaticinans.*

Tunc Balaam respondet:

*Exibit ex Jacob rutilans, etc.*

Vocatores:

*Iste cetus, etc.*

Chorus:

*Quod Judea, etc.*

<sup>2</sup> The conclusion I have added from the Rouen text. The celebration of the Mass immediately followed.

*Why do you stand still, ass?  
Obstinate beast!  
Now the spurs shall tear  
Your ribs and entrails.*

A boy underneath the ass answers:

*An angel with a sword  
Whom I see standing in the way  
Keeps me from going on;  
I fear lest I be killed.<sup>1</sup>*

[The summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

Which being ended, let all the prophets and the clerics in the pulpit sing these verses:

*The predestination of his coming, etc.]*

<sup>1</sup> In the Rouen version this little play appears as follows:

Then let Balaam, adorned, seated upon an ass, having spurs, pull on the reins and pierce the ass with the spurs; and let a certain youth having wings on, holding a sword, stand in the way of the ass. Let some one under the ass say:

*Why do you thus wound wretched me with spurs?*

This spoken, let the angel say to him:

*Cease to carry out the commands of King Balak.*

The summons to Balaam:

*Balaam, be prophetic.*

Then let Balaam answer:

*There shall come forth out of Jacob, etc.*

The summoners:

*Let this gathering, etc.*

The choir:

*That Judea, etc.*

•

### III

#### LITURGICAL PLAYS DEALING WITH MISCELLANEOUS BIBLICAL STORIES, AND WITH THE LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS

•



CONVERSIO BEATI PAULI APOSTOLI<sup>1</sup>

[Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul.]

Ad representandam Conversionem beati Pauli apostoli, paretur in competenti loco, quasi Jerusalem, quedam sedes, et super eam Princeps sacerdotum. Paretur et alia sedes, et super eam juvenis quidam in similitudine Sauli; habeatque secum ministros armatos. Ex alia vero parte, aliquantulum longe ab his sedibus, sint parate quasi in Damasco due sedes; in altera quarum se-deat vir quidam nomine Judas, et in altera Princeps Synagoge Damasci. Et inter has duas sedes sit paratus lectus, in quo jaceat vir quidam in similitudine Ananie.

His ita paratis, dicat Saulus ministris suis:

*Propalare vobis non valeo  
Quam ingenti michi sunt odio  
Christicole, qui per fallaciam  
Totam istam seducunt patriam.*

*Ite ergo, ne tardaveritis,  
Et quoscunque tales poteritis  
Invenire, vi comprehendite;  
Comprehensos vinclos adducite.*

For representing the conversion of the blessed apostle Paul, let there be prepared in a suitable place, as if it were Jerusalem, a seat,<sup>1</sup> and upon it the High Priest. Let there be prepared also another seat, and upon it a young man in the likeness of Saul; and let him have with him armed attendants. On the other side, somewhat removed from these seats, let there be, as it were in Damascus, two seats prepared; in one of which let there be seated a man called Judas, and in the other, the High Priest of the Synagogue of Damascus. And between these two seats let there be a bed prepared, in which let a man lie impersonating Ananias.

These things thus made ready, let Saul say to his attendants:

*I am quite unable to reveal to you  
How monstrously odious to me are the  
Christians,  
Who by means of deceit  
Are seducing this entire nation.*

*Go, therefore, delay not,  
And all such persons ye can find  
Seize by force.  
Those whom ye have seized, bring hither  
bound.*

<sup>1</sup> It is not easy to understand exactly what is meant here by *sedes*. The "seats" may have been on platforms, or may have been merely set in cleared spaces. Early illustrations represent some *sedes* as on platforms, others as lofty thrones.

<sup>1</sup> In addition to the liturgical plays dealing with the story of Christ (the plan and history of man's salvation) there grew up in the church miscellaneous plays on Biblical themes acted by the clerics between the services. Doubtless they arose in imitation of the *Sepulchrum*, the *Pastores*, and the *Magi*, for in general form and style they follow these earlier plays. Hilarius (fl. 1125) is known to be the author of a *Suscitatio Lazari* and a *Daniel*. We have an allusion in the eleventh century to a *Convivium Herodis* (dealing, probably, with John the Baptist and Herod), and to an *Eliseus*. From Limoges comes a twelfth-century *sponsus* dealing with the wise and foolish virgins; and from Kloster Vorau in Styria a twelfth-century fragment of an *Isaac and Rebecca*. In a thirteenth-century Fleury manuscript we have a *Lazarus* and a *Daniel*, as well as the *Conversio Beati Pauli Apostoli* here printed. In England, unfortunately, we have no early Latin texts preserved; but we do have the later developments from these in such plays as *The Conversion of Saint Paul* and *Saint Mary Magdalen*. I have based the text of the *Conversio* on that of E. de Coussemaker, *Dramas liturgiques du Moyen Age*, 1861, p. 210, who gives the music as well. In the present reprint, all the lines that appear in italic type were set to music in the manuscript. See The Acts of the Apostles, ix, 1-31. The play was doubtless acted on the Festival of The Conversion of St. Paul, January 25.

Hoc audientes Ministri abeant, et, cum redierint, duos sumptos ad Dominum suum conducant, dicentes:

*Christicolas multos invenimus,  
Et ex illis retinuimus;  
In Damascum fugerunt alii  
Seductores hujus consortii.*

Tunc Saulus quasi iratus surgat, et ad Principem Sacerdotum eat; cumque ad eum veniat, dicat:

*Vestre michi dentur epistole  
In Damascum, ubi Christicole  
Blandis verbis sue fallacie  
Gentem hujus seducunt patrie.*

Tunc Princeps Sacerdotum det ei aliquid breve sigillatum et dicat:

*Trado vobis meas epistolas  
In Damascum contra Christicolas:  
Evadere ne dimiseritis  
Christicolas quos invenietis.*

(Tunc vox ex alto:)

*Saule! Saule! quid me persequeris?  
Vidi mala que meis feceris.  
Quem dilexi cur noces populo?  
Recalcitres nequaquam stimulo.*

Hoc audito, Saulus, quasi semi-mortuus in terram cadat, et jam non cadens, dicat:

*Quid sic faris? Quis es tu, Domine?  
Cur me meo privasti lumine?  
Quando tuum affixi populum?  
Quis es, et quod tibi vocabulum?*

Dominus:

*Jesus vocor, quem tu persequeris,  
Cujus sepe servos affligeris.*

Upon hearing this, let the attendants go out; and when they have returned, let them bring to their lord two whom they have taken, saying:

*We have found many Christians,  
And some of them we have bound.  
To Damascus have fled other seducers  
Belonging to this fellowship.*

Then let Saul rise up as in anger, and let him go towards the High Priest; and having come to him, let him say:

*Let letters of thine be given me  
To Damascus, where the Christians  
With the enticing words of their false doctrine  
Are beguiling the people of this nation.*

Then let the High Priest give him some brief letter, and let him say:

*I deliver to thee my letters  
To Damascus against the Christians.  
Suffer not to escape  
The Christians whom thou shalt find.*

(Then a voice from aloft:)

*Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?  
I have seen the evil which thou hast done  
my disciples,  
Why dost thou afflict the people which I  
have chosen?  
In nowise canst thou kick against the  
pricks!*

Having heard this, let Saul, as if half-dead, fall to the ground; and when he has done falling,<sup>1</sup> let him say:

*Why speakest thou thus? Who art thou,  
Lord?  
Why hast thou deprived me of my sight?  
When have I afflicted thy people?  
Who art thou? And what is thy name?*

The Lord:

*I am called Jesus, whom thou persecutest,  
Whose disciples thou hast often afflicted.*

<sup>1</sup> So I have translated *et jam non cadens* (literally "and now not falling"). I assume that the actor staggered, with his arms protecting his eyes, before finally falling to the ground.

*Surgens tamen urbem ingredi  
Et audies quid debes facere.*

Tunc resurgat Saulus, cumque homines sui viderint eum excecatum, apprehendant eum et ducant in Damascum ad domum Jude. Tunc veniat Dominus ad Ananiam, et dicat:

*Anania, surge quam propere,  
Atque Jude domum ingredi.  
Te expectat vir, Saulus nomine;  
Dices ei que debet facere.*

Ananias:

*De hoc Saulo audiui plurima;  
Fecit tuis mala quam maxima;  
Si quem videt qui tibi serviat,  
Semper furit ut eum destruat.*

*Hic princeps habet epistolas  
Ut occidat omnes Christicolae;  
His de causis hunc Saulum timeo,  
Ad hunc Saulum ire non audeo.*

Tunc Dominus:

*Anania, surge velociter;  
Quere Saulum fiducialiter:  
Ecce enim orat ut venias,  
Et ut eum videre facias.*

*Hunc elegi meo servicio;  
Hunc elegi nostro consortio;  
Hunc elegi ut de me predicet  
Et nomen meum clarificet.*

Tunc surgens Ananias domum Jude introeat, et, cum viderit Saulum, dicat:

*Ad te, Saule, me misit Dominus  
Jhesus, Patris excelsi Filius,  
Qui in via tibi apparuit:  
Ut venirem ad te me monuit.*

*Predicabis coram principibus  
Nomen ejus et coram gentibus;  
Ut sis civis celestis patrie,  
Multa feres pro Christi nomine.*

*But arise, go into the city,  
And it shall be told thee what thou must do.*

Then let Saul arise; and when his men have seen that he has been stricken blind, let them take him by the hand and lead him into Damascus to the house of Judas. Then let the Lord come to Ananias and say:

*Ananias, arise with all haste,  
And go into the house of Judas.  
There awaits thee a man called Saul.  
Thou shalt tell him what he must do.*

Ananias:

*I have heard many things of this Saul.  
To thy disciples he hath done the utmost  
harm;  
If he sees any one that serves thee,  
Ever he rages to destroy him;*

*This lord hath letters  
To put to death all Christians.  
For these reasons I fear this Saul.  
To this Saul I dare not go.*

Then the Lord:

*Ananias, arise quickly;  
Seek Saul without fear.  
Lo, indeed, he prays that thou come,  
And that thou mayest make him see.*

*Him have I chosen for my service;  
Him have I chosen for our fellowship;  
Him have I chosen to preach concerning me,  
And to make my name illustrious.*

Then let Ananias arise and enter the house of Judas; and having seen Saul, let him say:

*To thee, O Saul, the Lord Jesus,  
The Son of the Heavenly Father,  
Who appeared to thee on the way, hath sent  
me.  
He hath instructed me to come to thee.*

*Thou shalt preach his name  
Before kings and before the gentiles.  
That thou mayest be a citizen of the heav-  
enly kingdom  
Many things shalt thou suffer for the name  
of Christ.*

Tunc surgat Saulus et quasi jam credens, et predicans alta voce, dicat:

*Cur, Judei, non respiscitis?  
Veritati cur contradicitis?  
Cur negatis Mariam virginem  
Peperisse Deum et hominem?*

*Jhesus Christus, Marie Filius,  
Et Deus est, et homo carneus,  
Deitatem a Patre retinens  
Et a matre carnem suscipiens.*

Hec audiens, Princeps Synagoge Damasci ministris suis armatis dicat:

*Custodite urbis introitus,  
Conservate viarum exitus,  
Et, quam cito Saulum videritis,  
Mortem ejus ne distuleritis.*

Tunc Ministri eant et querant Saulum. Quo comperto, Saulus cum discipulis suis, in sporta ab aliquo alto loco, quasi a muro, ad terram demittatur. Cum autem venerit in Jerusalem, occurrat ei vir unus, in similitudine Barnabe, qui, cum viderit Saulum, ei dicat:

*Te elegit Marie Filius,  
Ut sis fratrum nostrorum socius:  
Nunc, ut laudes nobiscum Dominum,  
Veni; vide nostrum collegium.*

Ad Apostolos:

*Gaudeamus, fratres, in Domino;  
Colletemur de tanto socio;  
Qui nunc erat lupus sevirissimus,  
Nunc est agnus mansuetissimus.*

Omnes Apostoli incipiant:

*Te Deum laudamus.*

Then let Saul rise up; and, as if now believing, and preaching in a loud voice, let him say:

*Why, O Jews, come ye not to your senses?  
Why do ye oppose the truth?  
Why do ye deny that Mary, a virgin,  
Brought forth the God and man?*

*Jesus Christ, the son of Mary,  
Is both God and man of flesh,  
Retaining divinity from his Father,  
And receiving flesh from his mother.*

Hearing this, let the High Priest of the Synagogue of Damascus say to his armed attendants:

*Guard the entrances of the city;  
Keep watch over the ways of egress;  
And as soon as ye shall have seen Saul,  
Delay not his death.*

Then let the attendants go and seek Saul. Having learned of this, let Saul with his disciples, from some high place, as if from the wall, be let down in a basket to the ground. And when he shall have come into Jerusalem, let a man run up to him, impersonating Barnabas, who, when he has seen Saul, shall say to him:

*Thee hath the Son of Mary chosen  
To be a comrade in our brotherhood.  
Now, that thou mayest praise the Lord  
with us,  
Come; see our fellowship.*

To the Apostles:

*Brothers, let us rejoice in the Lord!  
Let us rejoice together over so excellent a  
comrade!  
He who lately was a most ferocious wolf,  
Is now a most gentle lamb!*

Let all the Apostles begin:

*We praise thee, O God.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> The conclusion of the text with the *Te Deum laudamus* shows that the play was designed for performance at the end of the Matin service.

# LUDUS SUPER ICONIA SANCTI NICOLAI<sup>1</sup>

[St. Nicholas' Day.]

*Ad quem he persone sunt necessarie: per-  
sona Barbari qui commisit ei thesaurum; per-  
sona iconie; iiii<sup>or</sup> vel sex latronum; Sancti  
Nicholai.*

*In primis Barbarus, rebus suis congre-  
gatis, ad iconiam [Sancti Nicolai] veniet, et  
i res suas commendans dicet:*

Nicholae, quidquid possideo,  
Hoc in meo misi teloneo:  
Te custodem rebus adibeo,  
Serva que sunt ibi.  
Meis, precor, adtende precibus;  
Vide nullus sit locus furibus;  
Preciosis aurum cum vestibus  
Ego trado tibi.

Proficisci foras disposui:  
Te custodem rebus imposui.  
Revertenti redde quæ posui  
Tua sub tutela.  
Jam sum magis securus solito,  
Te custode rebus inposito;  
Revertenti vide ne merito  
Mihi sit querela.

*Illo autem profecto, fures transeuntes cum*

*For which these actors are necessary: the  
impersonator of Barbarus<sup>1</sup> who entrusted to it  
[i.e. the statue] his treasure; the impersonator  
of the statue; of four or six robbers; and of  
Saint Nicholas.*

*First let Barbarus, having gathered to-  
gether his goods, come to the statue; and com-  
mitting to it the care of his effects, he shall  
say:*

O Nicholas, all that I possess  
I have put in this my chest;  
To thee I bring it as guardian of my  
wealth.

Protect what things are there.  
Give heed, I beseech thee, to my prayers.  
See to it that this be no place for thieves!  
Gold and precious garments  
I entrust to thee.

I have arranged to travel abroad;  
I have laid upon thee the custody of my  
wealth;

On my return deliver back what I have  
placed

Under thy protection.  
I feel now more secure than usual,  
Having set thee as guard over my effects.  
See to it that on my return I have no  
Worthy cause for complaint!

*But upon his departure, let the thieves,*

<sup>1</sup> A foreigner; here used of one who is not a Chris-  
tian.

<sup>1</sup> Of the liturgical, or semi-liturgical plays that arose in imitation of the earlier *Sepulchrum* and its immediate followers, a specially popular type dealt with the stories of the saints. The earliest examples preserved were connected with the great scholastic festival held on the Eve or on the Day of St. Nicholas, December 6; indeed, we have a large group of plays dealing with this famous patron of scholars. The two earliest texts of the St. Nicholas play, very primitive in form, are contained in an eleventh-century manuscript from Hildesheim, Germany; another text is found in a twelfth-century manuscript from Einsiedeln, Germany; a thirteenth-century manuscript from Fleury furnishes us with no fewer than four. Records show that plays dealing with the stories of the saints — their lives and martyrdom, or their miraculous deeds — were very common in England; unfortunately, however, no texts have been preserved. The text of the play here printed is based on that in J. J. Champollion-Figeac, *Hilarii Versus et Ludi*, 1838, p. 34, from Bib. Nat. Latin MS. 11331, of the twelfth century. The author, Hilarius, is generally believed to have been an Englishman by birth, though he seems to have spent much of his life in France. Most of his verses are addressed to Englishmen; and since Barbarus, a foreigner, is made to use French, the present play may have been designed for an English rather than a French audience. At the end of the two other plays by Hilarius, contained in the same manuscript, the author directs that in case the play is performed at the Matin service the *Te Deum* is immediately to follow, if however, at the Vesper service, then the *Magnificat* (see *Hilarii Versus et Ludi*, pp. 33, 60). We may assume that the St. Nicholas play was likewise intended for presentation at the Matin or at the Vesper service on the Day or the Eve of St. Nicholas.



*viderint hostium apertum et nullum custodem,  
omnia diripiant, Barbarus vero rediens, non  
invento tesaurο, dicet:*

Gravis sors et dura!  
Hic reliqui plura,  
Sed sub mala cura.  
*Des! quel damage!*

*Qui pert la sue chose purque n'enrage.*

Hic res plusquam centum  
Misi et argentum;  
Sed non est inventum.  
*Des! quel damage!*

*Qui pert la sue chose purque n'enrage.*

Hic reliqui mea;  
Sed hic non sunt ea.  
Est imago rea.  
*Des! quel damage!*

*Qui pert la sue chose purque n'enrage.*

*Deinde accedens ad imaginem, dicet ei:*

Mea congregavi,  
Tibi commendavi;  
Sed in hoc erravi.  
*Ha! Nicholax!*

*Si ne me rent ma chose, tu ol comparras.*

Hic res meas misi  
Quas tibi commisi;  
Sed eas amisi.  
*Ha! Nicholax!*

*Si ne me rent ma chose, tu ol comparras.*

*Sumto flagello, dicet:*

Ego tibi multum  
Impendebam cultum;  
Nun feres inultum.  
*Hore t'enci,*

*Qu'are me rent ma chose que g'ei mis ci.*

Tuum testor deum,  
Te, ni reddas meum,  
Flagellabo reum.  
*Hore t'enci,*

*Qu'are me rent ma chose que g'ei mis ci.*

*passing by, when they see the door open and  
no guard, plunder everything. Then let  
Barbarus, returning, and not finding his  
treasure, say:*

O heavy and cruel chance!  
Here have I left many things,  
But under bad guardianship.  
*Des! quel damage!*

*Qui pert la sue chose, purque n'enrage? <sup>1</sup>*

Here I placed more than a hundred  
Valuables, as well as money;  
But they are not to be found.  
*Des! quel damage!*

*Qui pert la sue chose, purque n'enrage? <sup>1</sup>*

Here I left my treasures;  
But here they are not.  
The image is to blame!  
*Des! quel damage!*

*Qui pert la sue chose, purque n'enrage? <sup>1</sup>*

*Then approaching the statue, he shall say to it:*

I assembled my riches,  
I entrusted them to thee;  
But in this I erred.  
*Ha! Nicholas!*

*Si ne me rent ma chose, tu ol comparras. <sup>2</sup>*

Here I placed my goods,  
Which I committed to thy care;  
But I have lost them.  
*Ha! Nicholas!*

*Si ne me rent ma chose, tu ol comparras. <sup>2</sup>*

*Taking up a whip he shall say:*

I expended much  
Adoration upon thee;  
Thou shalt not go unpunished.  
*Hore ten ci,*

*Quare me rent ma chose que g'ei mis ci. <sup>3</sup>*

I call thy god to witness,  
Unless thou return my property  
I shall scourge thee, culprit!  
*Hore ten ci,*

*Quare me rent ma chose que g'ei mis ci. <sup>3</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> "God! what a loss! He who loses his wealth,  
why should he not be angry?"

<sup>2</sup> "If you do not return to me my property, you  
shall pay for it."

<sup>3</sup> "Now I've got you here, so return to me my  
property which I placed here."

*Tunc Sanctus Nicholas, veniens ad latrones, dicet eis:*

Miseri, quid facitis?  
Non lingua de perditis  
Erunt vobis gaudia.  
Custos eram positus  
Vosque sum intuitus,  
Cum porta[s]tis omnia.

Flagella sustinui,  
Cum ea non potui,  
Ut debebam, reddere:  
Verba passus aspera  
Cumque verbis verbera;  
Ad vos veni propere.

Reportate perdita.  
Erant enim omnia  
Sub mea custodia,  
Que portasti, posita.

Quod si non feceritis,  
Suspensi cras eritis  
Crucis in patibulo.  
Vestra namque turpia  
Vestra latrocinia  
Nunciabo populo.

*Latrones timentes omnia reportabunt.  
Quibus inventis Barbarus dicet:*

Nisi visus fallitur,  
*Jo en ai.*  
Tesaurus hic cernitur.  
*De si grant merveile en ai.*

Rediere perdita,  
*Jo en ai.*  
Nec per mea merita,  
*De si grant merveile en ai.*

Quam bona custodia  
*Jo en ai*  
Qua redduntur omnia!  
*De si grant merveile en ai.*

*Tunc accedens ad imaginem et suplicans,  
dicet:*

*Then Saint Nicholas, coming to the robbers,  
shall say to them:*

Wretches, what are ye doing?  
Not long to you rascals  
Shall be your joys!  
I was placed as custodian,  
And I was watching you  
When ye bore all away!

I suffered a scourging  
When I could not restore the things  
As I should have done.  
Having endured harsh words,  
And, with the words, blows,  
I have come swiftly to you.

Carry back the lost things;  
For they were all placed  
Under my guard  
Which ye stole away.

If this ye fail to do,  
Ye shall be hanged to-morrow  
On the beam of a gibbet:  
For, your base deeds  
And your robberies  
I shall proclaim to the people.

*The frightened robbers shall carry back all;  
and Barbarus, having found them, shall say:*

Unless my eyesight fails,  
*Jo en ai.*<sup>1</sup>  
Here is seen my treasure!  
*De si grant merveile en ai.*<sup>2</sup>

The lost things have returned,  
*Jo en ai.*<sup>1</sup>  
And not by my efforts.<sup>3</sup>  
*De si grant merveile en ai.*<sup>2</sup>

What an excellent guardian,  
*Jo en ai,*  
By whom all the things are returned!  
*De si grant merveile en ai.*

*Then approaching the statue and kneeling,  
let him say:*

<sup>1</sup> "I have them."

<sup>2</sup> "By so great a miracle I have them." But perhaps we should read: "By some great miracle I have them."

<sup>3</sup> Literally "deserts."

Suplex ad te venio,  
*Nicholaz,*  
 Nam per te recipio  
*Tut icei que tu gardas.*

Sum profectus peregre,  
*Nicholaz*  
 Sed recepi integre  
*Tut ice[i] que tu gardas.*

Mens mea convaluit,  
*Nicholaz;*  
 Nichil enim defuit  
*De tut cei que tu gardas.*

*Postea ap[p]arens ei beatus Nicholaus,  
 'et:*

Sup[p]licare mihi noli,  
 Frater; inmo Deo soli,  
 Ipse namque factor poli,  
 Factor maris atque soli,  
 Restauravit perditum.  
 Ne sis ultra quod fuisti.  
 Solum laudes nomen Christi;  
 Soli Deo credas isti  
 Per quem tua recepisti.  
 Mihi nullum meritum.

*Cui respondens Barbarus, dicet:*

Hic nulla consultacio,  
 Nulla erit dilacio,  
 Quin ab erroris vicio  
 Jam recedam.  
 In Christum Dei filium,  
 Factorem mirabilium,  
 Ritum linquens gentilium,  
 Ego credam.

Ipse creavit omnia,  
 Celum, terram, et maria;  
 Per quem erroris venia  
 Mihi detur.  
 Ipse potens et dominus  
 Meum delebit facinus,  
 Cujus regnum ne terminus  
 Consequetur.

A suppliant, I come to thee,  
 Nicholas;  
 For by thy means I receive  
*Tut icei que tu gardas.*<sup>1</sup>

I went traveling abroad,  
 Nicholas,  
 But I have received intact  
*Tut icei que tu gardas.*

My mind has become eased,  
 Nicholas;  
 For nothing is lacking  
*De tut cei que tu gardas.*<sup>2</sup>

*Then the Blessed Nicholas, appearing to  
 him, shall say:*

Do not pray to me,  
 Brother, but rather to the only God,  
 For he himself, the maker of the heavens,  
 The maker of the sea and of the earth,  
 Restored what was lost.  
 Be no longer what thou hast been.  
 Praise the name of Christ alone.  
 Only in that God believe,  
 By whom thou received thy goods.  
 No merit belongs to me.

*Answering him, Barbarus shall say:*

Here shall be no deliberation,  
 Nor shall there be any delay!  
 But from the vice of error  
 I shall now withdraw.  
 Leaving the religion of the heathen,  
 In Christ, the Son of God,  
 The performer of miracles,  
 I will believe.

He alone created all things,  
 Heaven, earth, and the seas.  
 Through him forgiveness of my error  
 Will be granted unto me!  
 He himself the Mighty One and the  
 Lord  
 Will blot out my sin,  
 Whose kingdom shall have  
 No end!

<sup>1</sup> "All those things which you guarded."

<sup>2</sup> "Of all," etc.

TRES CLERICI<sup>1</sup>

[St. Nicholas' Day.]

## I. CLERICUS:

Nos quos causa discendi literas  
 Apud gentes transmisit exteras,  
 Dum sol adhuc extendit radium,  
 Perquiramus nobis hospicium.

## II. CLERICUS:

Jam sol equos tenet in littore,  
 Quos ad praesens merget sub equore;  
 Nec est nota nobis hec patria:  
 Ergo quaeri debent hospicia.

## III. CLERICUS:

Senem quemdam maturum moribus  
 Hic habemus coram luminibus;  
 Forsan, nostris compulsus precibus,  
 Erit hospes nobis hospitiis.

*Insimul Omnes ad SENEM dicant:*

Hospes care, querendo studia  
 Huc relictā venimus patria;  
 Nobis ergo prestes hospicium,  
 Dum durabit hoc noctis spacium.

## SENEX:

Hospitetur vos factor omnium!  
 Nam non dabo vobis hospicium;  
 Nam nec mea in hoc utilitas,  
 Nec est ad hoc nunc oportunitas.

## [SCENE I.]

[Enter three scholars on their way to the university.]

## I. SCHOLAR:

Let us, whom the motive of acquiring  
 scholarship  
 Has transported among foreign peoples,  
 Seek for ourselves a lodging  
 While the sun still spreads its rays.

## II. SCHOLAR:

The sun now holds his horses upon the  
 shore  
 Which presently he will plunge beneath the  
 sea;  
 Nor is this land known to us:  
 Therefore lodgings should be sought.  
 [They approach the house of the OLD MAN.]

## III. SCHOLAR:

A certain old man, sober in manners,  
 We have here before our eyes.  
 Perhaps, moved by our prayers,  
 He will be host to us as his guests.

*Let all say together to the OLD MAN:*

Dear host, in search of schools,  
 Having left our own land, we have come  
 hither;  
 Therefore give to us lodging  
 While this night shall last.

## THE OLD MAN:

Let the Maker of all be your host!  
 For I will not give you lodging;  
 For there is in this no benefit to me,  
 Nor is it now convenient.

<sup>1</sup> The text reproduces that in E. de Coussemaker, *Drames liturgiques du Moyen Age*, 1861, p. 100, from a twelfth-century manuscript of the Abbey Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire. The lines were all sung or chanted, and Coussemaker gives the music from the original manuscript.

CLERICI *ad* VETULAM:

Per te, cara, sit impetrabile  
 Quod rogamus, etsi non utile:  
 Forsan, propter hoc beneficium  
 Vobis Deus donabit puerum.

MULIER *ad* SENEM:

Nos his dare, conjux, hospicium,  
 Qui sic vagant querendo studium,  
 Sola saltem compellat karitas:  
 Nec est damnum, nec est utilitas.

## SENEX:

Acquiescam tuo consilio,  
 Et dignabor istos hospicio.

SENEX *ad* CLERICOS:

Accedatis, scolares, igitur;  
 Quod rogastis vobis conceditur.

SENEX, CLERICIS *dormientibus*:

Nonne vides quanta marsupia?  
 Est in illis argenti copia:  
 Hec a nobis absque infamia  
 Possideri posset pecunia.

## VETULA:

Paupertatis onus sustulimus,  
 Mi marite, quamdiu viximus;  
 Hos si morti donare volumus,  
 Paupertatem vitare possumus.

Evagines ergo jam gladium;  
 Namque potes morte jacentium,  
 Esse dives quamdiu vixeris;  
 Atque sciet nemo quod feceris.

*The* SCHOLARS *to the* OLD WOMAN:

Through thee, dear woman, may what we  
 ask  
 Be attainable, even though not profitable  
 to thee.  
 Perchance, because of this kindness  
 God will give to thee a son.

*The* WOMAN *to the* OLD MAN:

Mere charity at least, husband, compels us  
 To give lodging to these scholars  
 Who thus wander seeking a school;  
 To us it means neither loss nor profit.

## THE OLD MAN:

I acquiesce in thy advice,  
 And will deem them worthy of lodging.

*The* OLD MAN *to the* SCHOLARS:

Draw near, therefore, scholars;  
 What ye have asked for is granted to you.

[*The scholars enter the house, lie down,  
 and go to sleep.*]

## [SCENE II.]

*The* OLD MAN, *while the scholars are sleeping*:

Seest thou not how great their purses are?  
 There is a large quantity of money in them.  
 Were it not for the infamy involved  
 We might take possession of this wealth.

## THE OLD WOMAN:

We have borne the load of poverty,  
 My husband, as long as we have lived;  
 If we are willing to put these to death,  
 We shall be able to escape penury.

Therefore now unsheath thy sword;  
 For by the death of these lying here  
 Thou canst be rich as long as thou livest,  
 And no man will know what thou hast  
 done.

[*The OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN murder the three scholars, and conceal the bodies.*]

NICOLAUS:

Peregrinus, fessus itinere,  
Ultra modo non possum tendere;  
Hujus ergo per noctis spacium  
Michi prestes, precor, hospicium.

SENEX *ad MULIEREM*:

An dignabor istum hospicio,  
Cara conjux, tuo consilio?

VETULA:

Hunc persona commendat nimium  
Et est dignum ut des hospicium.

SENEX:

Peregrine, accede propius;

Vir videris nimis egregius:  
Si vis, dabo tibi comedere;  
Quicquam voles temptabo querere.

NICOLAUS, *ad mensam*:

Nichil ex his possum comedere;  
Carnem vellem rescentem edere.

SENEX:

Dabo tibi carnem quam habeo,  
Namque carne rescente careo.

NICOLAUS:

Nunc dixisti plane mendacium;  
Carnem habes rescentem nimium,  
Et hanc habes magna nequicia;  
Quam mactari fecit pecunia.

SENEX *et MULIER simul*:

Misereri nostri, te petimus;  
Nam te sanctum Dei cognovimus:  
Nostrum scelus abominabile,  
Non est tamen incondonabile.

[SCENE III.]

[*Enter SAINT NICHOLAS dressed as a traveler;  
he salutes the OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN.*]

NICHOLAS:

A traveler, weary of his journey,  
I cannot proceed any farther.  
Therefore, for the duration of this night,  
Give to me, I beg, lodging.

*The OLD MAN to the WOMAN*:

Shall I deem this one worthy of lodging,  
Dear wife, on thy advice?

THE OLD WOMAN:

Great rank commends this man very much,  
And it is fitting that thou give him lodging.

THE OLD MAN:

Traveler, draw near.

[*SAINT NICHOLAS enters the house.*]

Thou seemest to be a very eminent man.  
If thou wisheth, I will give thee something  
to eat.  
Whatsoever thou desirest I will try to obtain.

NICHOLAS, *at the table*:

I can eat none of these things.  
Fresh meat would I eat.

THE OLD MAN:

I will give thee such meat as I have,  
For with fresh meat I am unprovided.

NICHOLAS:

Now thou hast plainly told a lie!  
Fresh meat thou hast in too great quantity,  
And this thou hast by grand villainy,  
Which money caused to be slaughtered.

*The OLD MAN and the OLD WOMAN together*:

Have mercy on us, we pray thee!  
For we know thee to be a saint of God.  
Our crime, though detestable,  
Is, nevertheless, not unpardonable.

## NICOLAUS:

Mortuorum afferte corpora,  
 Et contrita sint vestra pectora!  
 Hi resurgent per Dei gratiam;  
 Et vos flendo queratis veniam!

*Oratio SANCTI NICOLAI:*

Pie Deus, cujus sunt omnia,  
 Celum, tellus, aer et maria,  
 Ut resurgant isti precipias,  
 Et hos ad te clamantes audias!

*Et post Omnis Chorus dicat:*

Te Deum laudamus.

## NICHOLAS:

Bring forth the bodies of the slain;  
 And penitent be your hearts!  
 These shall rise from the dead, through the  
 grace of God;  
 And ye, through weeping, may obtain  
 pardon.

*[The dead bodies are brought forth and  
 placed before SAINT NICHOLAS.]*

*The Prayer of SAINT NICHOLAS:*

Holy God, to whom belong all things,  
 Heaven, earth, the air, and the seas,  
 Command those to rise from the dead,  
 And pardon these crying out to thee!

*[The SCHOLARS come to life, SAINT  
 NICHOLAS disappears, and the OLD  
 MAN and OLD WOMAN are forgiven.]*

*And afterwards, let the whole choir sing:*

Te Deum laudamus.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The presence of this hymn shows that the play was intended for performance in the Matin service.

ADEODATUS<sup>1</sup>

[St. Nicholas' Day.]

Ad representandum quomodo Sanctus Nicolaus Getron filium de manu Marmorini, regis Agarenorum, liberavit, paretur in competenti loco cum ministris suis armatis, Rex Marmorinus in alta sede, quasi in regno suo, sedens. Paretur et in alio loco Excoranda, Getronis civitas, et in ea Getron, cum consolatoribus suis, uxor ejus Euphrosina et filius eorum Adeodatus; sitque ab orientali parte civitatis Excorande, ecclesia Sancti Nicolai in qua puer rapietur.

His itaque paratis, veniant ministri Marmorini regis coram eo et dicant Omnes vel Primus ex eis:

*Salve, princeps! salve, Rex optime!  
Que sit tue voluntas anime  
Servis tuis ne tardes dicere;  
Sumus que vis parati facere.*

Rex dicet:

*Itē ergo, ne tardaveritis,  
Et quascunque gentes poteritis  
Imperio meo subicite:  
Resistentes vobis occidite.*

Interim Getron et Euphrosina, cum multitudo clericorum, ad ecclesiam Sancti Nicolai, quasi ad ejus solemnitatem celebrandam, filium suum secum ducentes, eant. Cumque ministros regis armatos illuc venire viderint, filio suo pro timore oblitto, ad civitatem suam confugiant. Ministri vero regis, Puerum rapientes, coram regem veniant, et dicant Omnes vel Secundus ex eis:

*Quod jussisti, Rex bone, fecimus;*

For representing how Saint Nicholas delivered the son of Getron from the hands of Marmorinus, King of the Agareni, let there be prepared in a suitable place King Marmorinus sitting upon a high seat with his armed attendants, as though in his own kingdom. And in another place let there be prepared Excoranda, the city of Getron, and in it Getron, with his comforters, his wife Euphrosina, and their son Adeodatus; and let there be in the eastern part of the city of Excoranda the church of Saint Nicholas, in which the boy is to be seized.

And so, these things being ready, let the attendants of King Marmorinus come before him, and let them all, or the First of them, say:

*Hail, sovereign! Hail, noblest king!  
Whatever may be the desire of thy heart  
Delay not to inform thy servants.  
We are ready to do whatsoever thou wishest.*

Let the King say:

*Go, then, without delay,  
And whatsoever peoples ye can,  
Bring under my rule:  
Those who resist thee, kill.*

In the meanwhile let Getron and Euphrosina, leading with them their son, together with a throng of clerics, go to the church of Saint Nicholas as if for the celebration of his festival. And when they see the armed attendants of the King coming thither, let them, forgetting their son in their fear, flee together to their city. Let the attendants of the King, dragging away the boy, come into the presence of the King, and let all, or the Second of them, say:

*What thou didst command, noble King, we  
have done.*

<sup>1</sup> The text is based on that in E. de Coussemaker, *Drames liturgiques du Moyen Age*, 1861, p. 123, from a twelfth-century manuscript of the Abbey Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire. The lines here printed in italic type are set to music in the original, and the music is carefully reproduced by Coussemaker. That the play was designed for performance on St. Nicholas' Day is shown by the anthem, *Copiose caritatis*, at the end.



*Gentes multas vobis subegimus,  
Et de rebus quas adquisivimus  
Hunc Puerum vobis adducimus.*

**Omnes dicant vel Tercius:**

*Puer iste, vultu laudabilis,  
Sensu prudens, genere nobilis,  
Bene debet, nostro iudicio,  
Subjacere vestro servicio.*

**Rex:**

*Apolloni qui regit omnia  
Semper sit laus, vobisque gracia  
Qui fecistis michi tot patrias  
Subjugatas et tributarias!*

**Rex puero:**

*Puer bone, nobis edissere  
De qua terra, de quo sis genere,  
Cujus ritu gens tue patrie  
Sunt gentiles, sive christicole?*

**Puer:**

*Excorande principans populo,  
Pater meus, Getron vocabulo,  
Deum colit cujus sunt maria,  
Qui fecit nos et vos et omnia.*

**Rex:**

*Deus meus Apollo; Deus est  
Qui me fecit; verax et bonus est;  
Regit terras, regnat in eihere.  
Illi soli debemus credere.*

**Puer:**

*Deus tuus mendax et malus est;  
Stultus, cecus, surdus et mutus est;  
Talem Deum non debes colere,  
Qui non potest seipsum regere.*

**Rex:**

*Noli, Puer, talia dicere;  
Deum meum noli despiciere:  
Nam si eum iratum feceris,  
Evadere nequaquam poteris.*

*Many peoples we have made subject unto  
thee;  
And from the spoils we have acquired  
We bring to thee this boy.*

**Let all, or the Third, say:**

*This boy, beautiful of face,  
Knowing of mind, high-born of race,  
Well deserves, in our opinion,  
To be taken into thy service.*

**The King:**

*Now to Apollo, who governs all things,  
Be praise forever! And to you, thanks,  
Who have for me made so many lands  
Subject and tributary.*

**The King to the boy:**

*Good boy, declare to us  
Of what land, of what family thou art,  
Of what religion the people of thy country;  
Are they pagans, or Christians?*

**The boy:**

*My father, Getron by name,  
Ruling the people of Excoranda,  
Serves the God to whom belong the seas,  
Who made us, and you, and all things.*

**The King:**

*Apollo is my god; he is the god  
Who made me; true and good he is;  
He rules over the lands, he reigns in the  
firmament.  
In him alone ought we to believe.*

**The boy:**

*Thy god is false and evil;  
Foolish, blind, deaf, and mute he is!  
Such a god thou ought not to worship,  
Who is unable to rule himself.*

**The King:**

*Boy, do not say such things;  
Do not despise my god:  
For, if thou makest him angry,  
In no wise canst thou escape.*

Interea Euphrosina, comperta oblivione filii, ad ecclesiam Sancti Nicolai redit; cumque filium suum quesitum non invenit, lamentabili voce:

*Heu! Heu! Heu! michi misere!  
Quid agam? quid queam dicere?  
Quo peccato merui perdere  
Natum meum, et ultra vivere?*

*Cur me pater infelix genuit?  
Cur me mater infelix abluït?  
Cur me nutrix lactare debuit?  
Mortem michi quare non prebuit?*

Consolatrices exeant et dicant:

*Quid te juvat hec desolatio?  
Noli flere pro tuo filio;  
Summi Patris exora Filium,  
Qui conferat ei consilium.*

Euphrosina, quasi non curans consolationem earum:

*Fili care, fili carissime,  
Fili, mee magna pars anime,  
Nunc es nobis causa tristitiæ  
Quibus eras causa letitiæ!*

Consolatrices:

*Ne desperes de Dei gratia,  
Cujus magna misericordia  
Istum tibi donavit puerum;  
Tibi reddet aut hunc aut alium.*

Euphrosina:

*Anxius est in me spiritus;  
Cur moratur meus interitus?  
Cum te, fili, non possum cernere  
Mallem mori quam diu vivere.*

Consolatrices:

*Luctus, dolor et desperatio  
Tibi nocent nec prosunt filio;  
Sed pro eo de tuis opibus  
Da clericis atque pauperibus.*

In the meanwhile Euphrosina, having discovered that they had forgotten their son, returns to the church of Saint Nicholas; and when, after searching for her son, she fails to find him, let her say in a lamenting voice:

*Alas! Alas! Alas! O wretched me!  
What shall I do? What can I say?  
For what sin have I deserved to lose  
My son, and yet live after.*

*Why did my hapless father beget me?  
Why did my hapless mother bear me?  
Why should my nurse have suckled me?  
Why did she not grant death to me?*

Let the comforters go out [to her] and say:

*In what does this grief avail thee?  
Weep not for thy son:  
Pray to the Son of the Heavenly Father,  
That he bring succor to him.*

Euphrosina, as if not regarding their consolation:

*O dear son! most dear son!  
O son, the greatest part of my soul!  
Now thou art the cause of grief to us  
To whom thou wert the cause of joy!*

The comforters:

*Despair not of God's grace,  
Whose great mercy  
Hath given to thee this boy;  
He will restore to thee either this one or  
another.*

Euphrosina:

*My spirit is troubled within me.  
Why does my death delay?  
If, O son, I cannot see thee  
I could prefer death to long life.*

The comforters:

*Sorrow, grief, and despair  
Injure thee, and do not aid thy son.  
But for him give of thy means  
To the clerics and to the poor.*

*Nicolai roga clemenciam  
Ut exoret misericordiam  
Summi Patris pro tuo filio,  
Nec falletur tua petitio.*

**Euphrosina:**

*Nicolae, pater sanctissime,  
Nicolae, Deo carissime,  
Si vis ut te colam diucius,  
Fac ut meus redeat filius!*

*Qui salvasti multos in pelago  
Et tres viros a mortis vinculo,  
Preces mei precantis audias,  
Et ex illo me certam facias!*

*Non comedam carnem diucius  
Neque vino fruar ulterius,  
Nullo mero letabor amplius,  
Donec meus redibit filius.*

**Getron:**

*Cara soror, lugere desine;  
Tuae tibi nil prosunt lacrimae;  
Sed oretur pro nostro filio  
Summi Patris propitiatio.*

*In crastino erit festivitas  
Nicolai, quem christianitas  
Tota debet devote colere,  
Venerari et benedicere.*

*Audi ergo mea consilia:  
Adeamus ejus solemnia;  
Conlaudemus ejus magnalia;  
Deprecemur ejus suffragia!*

*Dei forsitan est inspiratio  
Que me monet pro nostro filio;  
Est oranda cum Dei gracia,  
Nicolai magna clemencia.*

*¶unc resurgant, ad ecclesiam Sancti Nicolai eant; in quam cum introierint, tendat manus suas ad celum Euphrosina, et dicat:*

*Ask the mercy of Nicholas,  
That he may, by petition, obtain the pity  
Of the Heavenly Father for thy son;  
And thy prayer will not fail.*

**Euphrosina:**

*O Nicholas, most holy father!  
O Nicholas, most dear to God!  
If thou dost wish that I cherish thee longer,  
Bring it about that my son may return!*

*O thou, who hast saved many on the sea,  
And delivered three men from the bond of  
death,<sup>1</sup>  
Hear the prayers of me imploring,  
And give me tidings of him.*

*I will no longer eat meat,  
Neither will I take delight in wine further,  
I will rejoice no more in unmixed wine,  
Until my son shall return.*

**Getron:**

*Dear wife, cease to grieve;  
Thy tears avail thee nought;  
But let there be sought for our son  
The propitiation of the Heavenly Father.*

*On the morrow will be the festival  
Of Nicholas, whom all Christianity  
Ought devotedly to worship,  
To revere, and to praise.*

*Hear, therefore, my plan:  
Let us go to his feast;  
Let us together highly extol his wonderful  
deeds;  
Let us beseech his assistance!*

*Perchance it is the inspiration of God  
Which advises me on behalf of our son;  
The great mercy of Nicholas  
Must be sought with the grace of God.*

*Then let them rise up and go to the church of St. Nicholas; when they have entered it, let Euphrosina lift her hands towards heaven, and say:*

<sup>1</sup> Apparently an allusion to the miracle by which Nicholas restored the three scholars to life; see pp. 59-62.

*Summe regum Rex omnium,  
Rex unicolorum remorientium,  
Nostrum nobis fac redi filium,  
Vile nostre solum solacium!*

*Audi preces ad te clamantium,  
Qui in mundum misisti Filium  
Qui nos cives celorum faceret  
Et inferni claustris eriperet!*

*Deus Pater, cujus potencia  
Bona bonis ministrat omnia,  
Peccatricem me noli spernere,  
Sed me meum natum fac cernere!*

*Nicolae, quem Sanctum dicimus,  
Si sunt vera que de te credimus,  
Tua nobis et nostro filio  
Erga Deum prosit oratio!*

His dictis, exeat ab ecclesia et eat in domum suam, et paret mensam, et super mensam panem et vinum, unde clerici et pauperes reficiantur. Quibus vocatis et comedere incipientibus, dicat Marmorinus ministris suis:

*Dico vobis, mei carissimi,  
Quod ante hanc diem non habui  
Famem tantam quantam nunc habeo;  
Famem istam ferre non valeo.*

*Vos igitur quo vesci debeam  
Preparate, ne mortem subeam.  
Quid tardatis? Ite velocius;  
Quod manducem parate citius.*

Ministri euntes afferant cibos et dicant Regi:

*Ad preceptum tuum paravimus  
Cibos tuos, et hic adtulimus;  
Nunc, si velis poteris propere  
Qua gravaris famem extinguere.*

*Supreme King of all kings,  
King of the only ones who die a second  
death,<sup>1</sup>  
Effect for us the return of our son,  
The only solace of our lives!*

*Hear our prayers as we cry unto thee,  
Who sent into the world thy Son  
That he should make us citizens of heaven  
And should snatch us from the gates of Hell.*

*O God the Father, whose power  
Provides to good men all things good,  
Do not spurn me, a sinner,  
But make me to see my son.*

*O Nicholas, whom we call Saint,  
If those things are true which we believe of  
thee,  
May thy prayer to God be of benefit  
To us and to our son.*

With these words, let her go out from the church and go to her home, and prepare a table, and on the table bread and wine, from which the clerics and the poor may refresh themselves. When they have been summoned and are beginning to eat, let King Marmorinus say to his attendants:

*I declare unto you, my most beloved,  
That before this day I have not had  
So great a hunger as now I have;  
This hunger I am unable to endure!*

*Therefore prepare ye what I should eat,  
Lest I suffer death.  
Why are ye slow? Go more swiftly!  
Quickly provide something that I may devour.*

Let the attendants, going, bring food, and let them say to the King:

*According to thy command we have prepared  
Thy food, and have brought it here.  
Now, if thou wilt, thou canst speedily  
Banish the hunger with which thou art annoyed.*

<sup>1</sup> If the Latin is correct, the allusion may be to such persons as Lazarus who were raised from the dead by divine power. But possibly the line is a corruption of *Rex visorum et morientium*.

His dictis, afferatur aqua, et lavet manus  
suas Rex, et incipiens comedere, dicat:

*Esurivi et modo sitio;  
Vinum michi dari precipio;  
Quod afferat michi quam cicius  
Meus Getronis filius.*

Puer itaque, hoc audiens, suspiret graviter  
et secum dicat:

*Heu! Heu! Heu! michi misero!  
Vile mee finem desidero;  
Vivus enim quamdiu fuero,  
Liberari nequam potero.*

Rex puero:

*Pro qua causa suspiras taliter?  
Suspirare te vidi fortiter.  
Quid est pro quo sic suspiraveris?  
Quid te nocet, aut unde quereris?*

Puer:

*Recordatus mee miserie,  
Mei patris et mee patrie  
Suspirare cepi et gemere,  
Et intra me talia dicere:*

*Annus unus expletus hodie,  
Postquam servus factus miserie,  
Potestati subjectus regie,  
Fines hujus intravi patrie.*

*Heu! miselle, quid ita cogitas?  
Quid te juvat cordis anxietas?  
Nemo potest te michi tollere  
Quamdiu te non velim perdere.*

Interea veniat aliquis in similitudine Ni-  
colai; Puerum, scyphum cum recentario  
vino tenentem, apprehendat, apprehen-  
sumque ante fores componat, et quasi non  
compertus, recedat. Tunc vero unus de  
civibus ad Puerum dicat:

*Puer, quis es, et quo vis pergere?*

Having said this, let water be brought, and  
let the King wash his hands; and, as he be-  
gins to eat, let him say:

*I have hungered, and now I thirst!  
I command that wine be given me;  
And this let my son of Getron  
Bring to me as quickly as possible.*

And so let the boy, hearing this, sigh  
deeply, and say to himself:

*Alas! Alas! Alas! O wretched me!  
I wish for the end of my life;  
For, however long I shall live,  
In no wise can I gain my freedom.*

The King to the boy:

*For what cause sighest thou thus?  
I saw thee sigh heavily.  
What is it that has made thee sigh in this  
wise?  
What harms thee? or for what reason dost  
thou lament?*

The boy:

*Thinking in my mind of my wretchedness,  
Of my father, and of my native country,  
I began to sigh and to groan,  
And within myself to say such things:*

*To-day one year is completed  
Since, made slave to misery,  
A vassal to kingly power,  
I entered the confines of this country.*

The King:

*Alas! poor boy, why dost thou ponder thus?  
What will sadness of heart avail thee?  
No one can take thee away from me  
So long as I do not wish to lose thee.*

In the meanwhile let some one come in the  
likeness of Nicholas; let him take up the  
boy, holding the goblet of fresh wine; and  
having seized him, let him restore him to  
his place before the doors of his home; and,  
as if not recognized, let him withdraw.  
Then let one of the citizens say to the boy:

*Boy, who art thou? and where wouldst thou  
go?*

*Cujus tibi dedit largicio  
Scyphum istum cum recentario?*

Puer:

*Huc venio, non ibo longius;  
Sum Getronis unicus filius.  
Nicolao sit laus et gloria,  
Cujus hic me reduxit gracia!*

Quo audito, currat civis ille ad Getronem et dicat:

*Gaude, Getron, nec fleas amplius;  
Extra fores stat tuus filius.  
Nicolai laudat magnalia,  
Cujus eum reduxit gracia.*

Cumque hujus modi nuntium audierit Euphrosina, ad filium suum currat; quem sepius deosculatum amplexetur et dicat:

*Deo nostro sit laus et gloria,  
Cujus magna misericordia,  
Luctus nostros vertens in gaudium,  
Nostrum nobis reduxit filium!*

*Sintque patri nostro perpetue  
Nicolao laudes et gracie,  
Cujus erga Deum oratio  
Nos adjuvit in hoc negotio.*

Chorus Omnis:

*Copiose caritatis, etc.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> The anthem used at Lauds on St. Nicholas' Day.

*Whose largess gave to thee  
That goblet filled with fresh wine?*

The boy:

*I am come to this place; I will go no further;  
I am the only son of Getron.  
To Nicholas be praise and glory,  
Whose kindness has brought me back here.*

Having heard this, let that citizen run to Getron and say:

*Rejoice, Getron! Weep no more!  
Without the doors stands thy son!  
He praises the wonderful deeds of Nicholas,  
Whose kindness brought him back again.*

And when Euphrosina hears the message of this kind, let her run to her son; and, kissing him many times, let her embrace him and say:

*To our God be praise and glory,  
Whose great compassion,  
Turning our sorrows into joy,  
Has restored to us our son!*

*And to our father Nicholas  
Be praises and thanks forever,  
Whose prayer to God  
Helped us in this affair.*

The whole choir [sings the anthem]:

*Of abundant love, etc.*



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IV  
THE INTRODUCTION OF THE VERNACULAR

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## I

THE SEPULCHRE <sup>1</sup>

[Easter.]

*Hic incipit Officium Resurreccionis in die  
Pasche.*

[The three Marys come in separately, each  
walking towards the entrance of the choir.]

[I. MARIA. <sup>1</sup> *Heu!* . . . . .]

II. MARIA. *Heu!* . . . . . ]

III. MARIA. *Heu! Redemcio Israel,  
Ut quid mortem sustinuit?*

[I. MARIA. *Alas!* . . . . .]

II. MARIA. *Alas!* . . . . . ] payne.<sup>2</sup>

III. MARIA. *Allas! he that men wend  
schuld by <sup>3</sup>*

*All Israel, bothe knyght and knaue,  
Why suffred he so forto dy,  
Sithe <sup>4</sup> he may all sekene saue?*

[I. MARIA. *Heu!* . . . . .]

<sup>1</sup> For the probable lines spoken by the first two Marys see p. 11. It will be observed that the actors spoke first in Latin, and then paraphrased their lines in the vernacular.

<sup>2</sup> The cue for the actor assuming the part of the Third Mary.

<sup>3</sup> Thought should redeem.

<sup>4</sup> Since.

II. MARIA. *Heu!* . . . . . ]

III. MARIA. *Heu! cur ligno fixus clauis  
Fuit doctor tam suavis?  
Heu! cur fuit ille natus  
Qui perfodit eius latus?*

[I. MARIA. *Alas!* . . . . .]

II. MARIA. *Alas!* . . . . . ] is oght.

III. MARIA. *Allas, that we suche bale  
schuld bide <sup>1</sup>*

*That sodayn sight so forto see,  
The best techer in world wide  
With nayles be tached to a trel  
Allas, that euer so schuld betyde,  
Or that so bold mon born schuld be  
For to assay oure Saueour side  
And open hit with-oute pite!*

[They come together at the entrance to the  
choir,<sup>2</sup> and sing in unison:]

*Iam, iam, ecce, iam properemus ad tumulum,  
Vngentes Dilecti corpus sanctissimum! <sup>3</sup>*

Et appropriantes sepulcro cantent:

<sup>1</sup> Such grief should endure.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. p. 12.

<sup>3</sup> These lines are accompanied by musical notation.

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript was discovered by W. W. Skeat and published by him in *The Academy*, 1890; its real significance, however, was first pointed out by Manly. We have here not full plays, but merely the actors' parts, with cues, used by some cleric who was a speaker in three separate plays, assuming on different days the rôles of the Third Mary in the *Sepulchrum*, of one of the Wayfarers in the *Peregrini*, and of the Third Shepherd in the *Pastores*. As a dramatic curiosity the fragment is unique. Its chief importance, however, is the evidence it affords of the way in which the vernacular was gradually introduced. In the course of time the vernacular entirely displaced the Latin; here we find the transitional stage clearly illustrated. By means of bracketed insertions I have attempted to give some general indication of the plays as wholes, in order that the reader may better understand the manuscript. I have also changed the order of the plays. The text is based on that in Osborn Waterhouse's *The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays*, re-edited from the manuscripts for the Early English Text Society, 1909.

*O Deus, quis reuoluet nobis lapidem  
Ab hostis monumenti?*<sup>1</sup>

[I. MARIA. . . . .  
. . . . .]

II. MARIA. . . . .  
. . . . .] him leid.

III. MARIA. He that thus kyndely vs has  
kend<sup>2</sup>

Vn-to the hole where he was hid,  
Sum socoure sone he wil vs send,  
At help to lift away this lid.

[At this point there is apparently a lacuna in the manuscript. The three Marys find the stone rolled away; the angel sings "*Quem queritis*," etc.; and the Marys enter the sepulchre and display the sudarium and burial cloths to the audience. Leaving the sepulchre, they sing joyfully:]

[I. MARIA. Alleluia! . . . . .  
. . . . .]

II. MARIA. Alleluia! . . . . .  
. . . . .]

III. MARIA. Alleluya schal be oure song,  
Sithen Crist, oure Lord, by angellus  
steuen,<sup>3</sup>

Schewus him as mon here vs among,  
And is Goddis Son, heghest in heuen.

[A red line in the manuscript, probably to indicate a new scene. As the Marys

<sup>1</sup> These lines are accompanied by musical notation.  
<sup>2</sup> Directed. <sup>3</sup> Voice.

reach the door of the choir they meet Peter and John.]

[PETER AND JOHN. *Dic nobis, Maria,  
Quid uidisti in uia?*

I. MARIA. *Sepulcrum Christi uiuentis,  
Et gloriam uidi resurgentis.*  
[translating:]

. . . . .

II. MARIA. *Angelicos testes,  
Sudarium et uestes.*  
[translating:]

. . . . .] was gon.

III. MARIA.<sup>1</sup> *Surrexit Christus, spes nostra,  
Precedet vos in Galileam!*

Crist is rysen, wittenes we

By tokenes that we haue sen this morn!  
Oure hope, oure help, oure hele,<sup>2</sup> is he,

And hase bene best, sithe we were born!  
Yf we wil seke him for to se,  
Lettes noght this lesson be for-lorn:

"But gose euen vnto Galilee;  
There schal ye fynd him yow beforn!"

[Another red line in the manuscript indicates the conclusion of the Third Mary's part in the play. Probably after the Marys left the choir, the scene of the Race of Peter and John to the Sepulchre, and possibly the scene of Appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalene, followed.]

<sup>1</sup> The name is prefixed to the English verses that follow, but it is clear that the Latin lines were also spoken by the Third Mary.  
<sup>2</sup> Health, salvation.

## II

### THE WAYFARERS

[Monday of Passion Week.]

Feria secunda in ebdomada Pasche discipuli insimul cantent:<sup>1</sup>

[DISCIPLES.] *Infidelis incursum populi*

<sup>1</sup> "On the second day in Passion Week, the disciples sing in unison."

*Fugiamus, Ihesu discipuli!  
Suspendunt Ihesum patibulo;  
Nulli parcent eius discipulo.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These lines are set to music.

[The disciples separate; Luke and Cleophas go together towards Emmaus.]

[LUKE.<sup>1</sup> . . . . .] fast to fle.

[CLEOPAS.] But if we flee, thai wil vs fang,<sup>2</sup>  
And full felly thai wil vs flay;<sup>3</sup>  
Agayn to Emause wil we gang,<sup>4</sup>  
And fonde<sup>5</sup> to get the gaynest<sup>6</sup> way.  
And make in mynd euer vs amang  
Of oure gode Maister, as we may,  
How he was put to paynes strang, —  
On that he trusted con him be-tray!<sup>7</sup>

[Here a red line in the manuscript, possibly to indicate a new scene with the entrance of Jesus.]

[JESUS. . . . .  
. . . . .]

LUKE. . . . .  
. . . . .] but agayn.

[CLEOPAS.] By wymmen wordis wele  
wit<sup>8</sup> may we  
Christ is risen vp in gode aray;  
For to oure-self the sothe<sup>9</sup> say[d] he,  
Where we went in this world away,  
That he schuld dye and doluen be,<sup>10</sup>  
And rise fro the dethe the thrid day.  
And that we myght that sight now se,  
He wisse<sup>11</sup> vs, Lord, as he well may!

[JESUS. . . . .  
. . . . .]

LUKE. . . . .  
. . . . .] resoun right.

[CLEOPAS.]<sup>12</sup> *Et quoniam tradiderunt eum*

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript fails to give the names of the actors in this play. One of them was Cleopas (see St. Luke, xxiv, 18), the other probably Luke. I have followed Skeat in assigning the actor-parts to Cleopas.

<sup>2</sup> Seize.

<sup>3</sup> And full cruelly they will us flay (Manly queries *slay*).

<sup>4</sup> Go.

<sup>5</sup> Try.

<sup>6</sup> Nearest.

<sup>7</sup> One whom he trusted did him betray!

<sup>8</sup> Well know.

<sup>9</sup> Truth.

<sup>10</sup> Buried be.

<sup>11</sup> Direct, show.

<sup>12</sup> Skeat leaves these Latin lines unassigned, though he prefixes the name of Cleopas to the English translation that follows; corrected by Manly.

*summi sacerdotes et principes nostri in dampnacione[m] mortis et crucifixerunt eum.*

Right is that we reherce by raw<sup>1</sup>  
The maters that we may on mene,<sup>2</sup>  
How prestis and princes of oure lawe  
Ful tenely<sup>3</sup> toke him hom<sup>4</sup> be-twen,  
And dampned him, with-outen awe,  
For to be dede with dole,<sup>5</sup> be-dene;<sup>6</sup>  
Thai crucified him, wele we know,  
At Caluary, with caris kene.

[LUKE.<sup>7</sup> . . . . .  
. . . . .]

[CLEOPAS.] *Dixerunt etiam se visionem angelorum vidisse, qui dicunt eum uiuere.*

[JESUS. . . . .  
. . . . .]

LUKE. . . . .  
. . . . .] wraist.

[CLEOPAS.] The wymmen gret,<sup>8</sup> for he  
was gon;  
But yet thai told of meruales mo:  
Thai saw angellus stondyng on the ston,  
And sayn<sup>9</sup> how he was farne hom fro.<sup>10</sup>  
Sithen of oures went ful gode wone<sup>11</sup>  
To se that sight, and said right so.  
Herfore we murne and makis this mon;<sup>12</sup>  
Now wot<sup>13</sup> thou wele of all oure wo.

[JESUS. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .] in pese.

[CLEOPAS AND LUKE.] *Mane nobiscum, quoniam aduesperascit et inclinata est iam dies. Alleluia!*<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In due order.

<sup>2</sup> Recall.

<sup>3</sup> Cruelly.

<sup>4</sup> Them

<sup>5</sup> Skeat has *dele*; corrected by Manly. Deceit, craft.

<sup>6</sup> Indeed (often a meaningless rhyme-word).

<sup>7</sup> What Luke probably said may be found in St. Luke, xxiv, 21-22.

<sup>8</sup> Wept.

<sup>9</sup> Say.

<sup>10</sup> Gone from them.

<sup>11</sup> Afterwards full many of us went.

<sup>12</sup> Lamentation.

<sup>13</sup> Knowest.

<sup>14</sup> Accompanied by musical notation for singing.

[*Jesus agrees to remain with them, and they walk together towards Emmaus.*]

[JESUS. . . . .] wight.

[CLEOPAS.] Amend oure mournyng, mais-ter dere,

And fond<sup>1</sup> oure freylnes for to fell!<sup>2</sup>  
Herk, brother! help to hold him here,  
Ful nobel talis wil he us tell!

[LUKE. . . . .] lent.

[CLEOPAS.] And gode wyne schal vs wont non,  
For ther-to schal I take entent.

[*Jesus seats himself at the table with them, and breaks the bread. After blessing it and giving it to them, he suddenly vanished.*]

[LUKE. . . . .] he went!

[CLEOPAS.] Went he is, and we ne wot<sup>3</sup> how,

For here is noght left in his sted!  
Allas! where were oure wittis now?  
With wo now walk we, wil of red!<sup>4</sup>

[LUKE. . . . .] oure bred.

[CLEOPAS.] Oure bred he brak and blessed hit;

On mold<sup>5</sup> were neuer so mased<sup>6</sup> men,  
When that we saw him by vs sit,  
That we couthe<sup>7</sup> noght consayue<sup>8</sup> him then.

[LUKE. . . . .] ay.

[*Luke and Cleopas start back to Jerusalem, singing:*]

<sup>1</sup> Try.                   <sup>2</sup> Destroy.                   <sup>3</sup> Know not.  
<sup>4</sup> Bewildered in mind.                   <sup>5</sup> Earth.  
<sup>6</sup> Dumbfounded, stupefied.  
<sup>7</sup> Could.                   <sup>8</sup> Recognise.

*Quid agamus vel dicamus,  
Ignorantes quo eamus,  
Qui Doctorem sciencie  
Et patrem consolacionis  
Amisimus?*<sup>1</sup>

[LUKE. . . . .] gode state.

[CLEOPAS.] We schal home<sup>2</sup> tell, with-  
outen trayn,<sup>3</sup>

Bothe word and werk, how [that] hit  
was,

I se hom sitt samyn in a playn.<sup>4</sup>  
Forthe in apert<sup>5</sup> dar I not pas!

[*They meet the other disciples, and narrate their experience.*]

[LUKE. . . . .] and wife.

[CLEOPAS.] We saw him holl, hide and  
hewe;<sup>6</sup>

Therefore be still, and stint youre strife!  
That hit was Crist ful wele we knewe,  
He cutt oure bred with-outen knyfe.

[*Believing that Christ has arisen, they all sing in unison:*]

*Gloria tibi, Domine,  
Qui surrexisti a mortuis,  
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula; Amen!*<sup>7</sup>

[*Thomas enters, and refuses to believe. Christ reappears and convinces him. The disciples sing in unison:*]

*Frater Thoma, causa tristitie  
Nobis tulit summa leticie!*

<sup>1</sup> Accompanied by musical notation for singing.  
<sup>2</sup> Them (the other disciples).  
<sup>3</sup> Delay.  
<sup>4</sup> I see them sitting together in an open place.  
<sup>5</sup> Openly, in public view.  
<sup>6</sup> Hue, complexion.  
<sup>7</sup> Accompanied by musical notation.

### III THE SHEPHERDS

[Christmas.]

[The three shepherds enter, singing:]

*Pastores erant in regione eadem uigilantes  
et custodientes gregem suum. Et ecce  
angelus Domini astitit iuxta illos et timu-  
erunt timore magno.<sup>1</sup>*

I. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .

II. PASTOR.] We, Tib.<sup>2</sup>

III. PASTOR. Telle on!

I. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .

II. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .] the nyght.

[The star appears above.]

III. PASTOR. Brether, what may this be,  
Thus bright to man and best?

I. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .

II. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .] at hand.

III. PASTOR. Whi say ye so?

II. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .] warand.

III. PASTOR. Suche sight was neuer sene  
Before in oure lewery;  
Sum merueles wil hit mene  
That mun be here in hy.<sup>3</sup>

[The angel appears and sings.]

<sup>1</sup> Accompanied by musical notation.  
<sup>2</sup> Tib is the name of the First Shepherd.  
<sup>3</sup> That must be here aloft.

I. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .

II. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .] a sang.

III. PASTOR. Ye lye, bothe, by this light,  
And raues as recheles royes!<sup>4</sup>  
Hit was an angel bright  
That made this nobulle noyes.<sup>5</sup>

I. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .

II. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .] of prophecy.

III. PASTOR. He said a barn<sup>6</sup> schuld be  
In the burgh of Bedlem born;  
And of this, mynnes me,<sup>4</sup>  
Oure fadres fond befor.<sup>5</sup>

I. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .

II. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .] Iewus kyng.

III. PASTOR. Now may we se the same  
Euen in oure pase puruayed;<sup>6</sup>  
The angel nemed his name, —  
“Crist, Saueour,” he said.

I. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .

II. PASTOR. . . . .  
. . . . .] not raue.

III. PASTOR. Yone bryghtnes wil vs bring  
Vnto that blisful boure;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Reckless boasters. <sup>5</sup> Noise.  
<sup>6</sup> Child. <sup>4</sup> I remember.  
<sup>6</sup> Found, or discovered, long ago.  
<sup>7</sup> In our way provided. <sup>7</sup> Bower.

For solace schal we syng  
To seke oure Saueour.

[Following the star, they walk towards the manger, singing:]

*Transeamus usque Bethalem, et uideamus hoc  
verbum quod factum est, quod fecit Domi-  
nus et ostendit nobis.*<sup>1</sup>

I. PASTOR. . . . .

II. PASTOR. . . . . ] to knawe.

III. PASTOR. For no-thing thar vs drede,<sup>2</sup>  
But thank God of all gode;  
This light euer wil vs lede  
To fynde that frely fode.<sup>3</sup>

[They reach the manger, and worship the babe. Each in turn presents a gift.]

<sup>1</sup> Accompanied with musical notation.

<sup>2</sup> Need we fear.

<sup>3</sup> Noble child.

I. PASTOR. . . . .

II. PASTOR. . . . . ] I mene.

III. PASTOR. A! loke to me, my Lord dere,  
All if I put me noght in prese!<sup>1</sup>  
To suche a prince without[en] pere  
Haue I no presand that may plese.  
But lo! a horn-spone haue I here  
That may herbar an hundrith pese:  
This gift I gif the with gode chere, —  
Suche dayntese wil do no discese.<sup>2</sup>

Fare-wele now, swete swayn,  
God graunt the lifyng lang!

I. PASTOR. And go we hame agayn,  
And mak mirth as we gang!<sup>3</sup>

[The shepherds go out, singing joyfully.]

<sup>1</sup> Although I do not value myself highly.

<sup>2</sup> Harm.

<sup>3</sup> The last two lines supplied by Skeat from the York mysteries.

V  
THE CRAFT CYCLES





BANNES <sup>1</sup>[Advertising the Performance of the N. towne Plays.<sup>2</sup>]

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR]. Now, gracyous  
God, groundyd of alle goodnesse,  
As thi grete glorie nevyr be-gynnyng  
had,

So thou socour and sauc alle tho that sytt  
and sese,<sup>1</sup>

And lystenyth to oure talkyng with  
sylens style and sad;

For we purpose us pertly <sup>2</sup> style in this  
prese,

The pepyl to plesse with plays ful glad. 6  
Now lystenyth us, louely, bothe more and  
lesse,

Gentyllys and yemanry <sup>3</sup> of goodly lyff  
lad,

This tyde.

We xal you shewe, as that we kan,  
How that this werd <sup>4</sup> ffyrst be-gan,  
And how God made bothe molde <sup>5</sup> and man,  
Iff that ye wyl a[byde]. 13

SECUNDUS VEXILLA[TOR]. In the ffyrst  
pagent, we thenke to play

How God dede make, thurowe his owyn  
myth,<sup>6</sup>

Hevyn so clere upon the ffyrst day,  
And ther in he sett angelle fful bryth.

<sup>1</sup> See.                    <sup>2</sup> Openly.                    <sup>3</sup> Yeomanry.  
<sup>4</sup> World.                <sup>5</sup> Earth.                    <sup>6</sup> Might.

Than angelle with songe — this is no nay—  
Xal worchep God, as it is ryth; 19  
But Lucyfer, that angelle so gay,  
In suche pompe than is he pyth,<sup>1</sup>

And set in so grete pride,  
That Goddys sete <sup>2</sup> he gynnyth to take,  
Hese <sup>3</sup> lordys pere hym self to make,  
But than he ffallyth a ffend <sup>4</sup> ful blake,  
From hevyn in helle to a[byde.] 26

TERTIUS VEXILL[ATOR]. In the secunde  
pagent, by Godys myth,  
We thenke to shewe and play, be-dene,<sup>5</sup>  
In the other sex days, by opyn syth,  
What thenge was wrought ther xal be  
sene;

How best was made and foule of flyth,<sup>6</sup>  
And last was man made, as I wene; 32  
Of mannys o ryb, as I yow plyth,  
Was woman wrought mannys make <sup>7</sup> to  
bene,  
And put in paradyse.

Ther were flourys bothe blew and blake,  
Of alle frutys thei myth ther take,  
Saff frute of cunnynge <sup>8</sup> thei xulde for-sake,  
And towche it no wyse. 39

<sup>1</sup> Placed.                    <sup>2</sup> Seat, throne.                    <sup>3</sup> His.  
<sup>4</sup> Fiend.  
<sup>5</sup> Indeed (a more or less meaningless rhyme-tag).  
<sup>6</sup> Flight.                    <sup>7</sup> Mate.                    <sup>8</sup> Knowledge.

<sup>1</sup> Bannes were public announcements of the performance of plays made usually by vexillatores (banner-bearers) in the neighboring towns and hamlets several days in advance; compare the Bannes of *The Play of the Sacrament*.

<sup>2</sup> The manuscript (Brit. Mus. Cotton MS. Vespasian D. viii) of this cycle contains forty-two plays, and bears on folio 100 verso the date 1468. Where the plays were acted is not known. The librarian of Sir Robert Cotton, who purchased the manuscript about 1629, wrote on the fly-leaf, "*vulgo dicitur hic liber Ludus Coventriae, sive Ludus Corporis Christi*." From this brief notation it was for a time inferred that the plays were acted at Coventry; but the term "Coventry plays" was a vulgar designation for Corpus Christi plays in general; and there seems to be no good reason to connect this large cycle with the town of Coventry; it certainly was not the famous cycle performed there by the craft organizations. How to label the collection has puzzled scholars. Professor Manly calls the cycle the *Huge Plays*, after an early owner of the manuscript; others refer to it as the *So-Called Coventry Plays*, or as the *Ludus Coventriae*. It seems, however, undesirable to associate the plays with the name of Coventry at all, and since the Bannes clearly state that they were to be performed at "N. towne," I have designated them simply as the "N. towne Plays." Linguistic authorities assign the manuscript to the northeast Midlands. "N. towne" might be an abbreviation for "Northampton," but we cannot prove that Northampton had a cycle of plays. Possibly the Bannes were originally written to describe a processional performance on waggon, but the manuscript in its present state, as well as the revised Bannes, shows the plays as arranged for continuous presentation on a group of fixed platforms about a *platea*. I have based the text on the edition by K. S. Block, *Ludus Coventriae*, edited for the Early English Text Society, 1922, and have compared this with Halliwell's careful edition of 1841. The punctuation, and the use of capital letters I have modernized. And since the Bannes are very long, I have omitted some of the description of certain "pageants"; the extent of the omissions can be observed from the line-numbering.

The serpent toke Eve an appyl to byte,  
And Eve toke Adam a mursel of the  
same;

Whan thei had do thus a-gens the rewle of  
ryte,

Than was oure Lord wrothe and grevyd  
al with grame.<sup>1</sup>

Oure Lord gan appose<sup>2</sup> them of ther gret  
delyte,<sup>3</sup>

Bothe to askuse<sup>4</sup> hem of that synful  
blame; 45

And than Almyghty God, ffor that gret  
dyspite,

Assygned hem grevous peyn, as ye xal se  
in game,

In dede.

Seraphyn, an angelle gay,

With brennyng sword — this is verray —  
From paradise bete hem a-way,

In Bybyl as we rede. 52

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. We purpose to  
shewe in the thryd pagent,

The story of Caym and of hese brother  
Abelle . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. The iij.<sup>de</sup> pagent  
is now yow tolde.

The flourte pagent of Noe xal be,

How God was wrothe with man on molde,<sup>5</sup>  
Because fro synne man dede not fle . . . 69

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. Of Abraham is  
the fyfte pagent,

And of Ysaac his sone so fre,

How that he xulde with fere be brent,

And slayn with sword, as ye xal se . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. The sexte pagent  
is of Moyses, 92

And of tweyn tabelys that God hym  
took,

In the whiche were wrete, with-out les,<sup>6</sup>  
The lawes of God to lerne and lok . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. Off the gentyl  
Jesse rote, 105

The sefnt pagent forsothe xal ben,

<sup>1</sup> Anger.

<sup>2</sup> Interrogate.

<sup>3</sup> The MS. is not clear; Block reads *delyte*, Halliwell *delyte*.

<sup>4</sup> Excuse.

<sup>5</sup> On the earth.

<sup>6</sup> Lie.

Out of the whiche doth sprynge oure  
bote,<sup>1</sup>

As in propheeye we redyn and sen;

Kyngys and prophetys with wordys ful  
sote,<sup>2</sup>

Schulle prophesye al of a qwene,

The whiche xal staunche oure stryff and  
moote,<sup>3</sup>

And wynnen us welthe with-outyn wene,<sup>4</sup>

In hevyn to abyde. 113

They xal propheeye of a mayde,

Alle ffendys of here xal be affrayde,

Here sone xal saue us, be not dismayde,

With hese woundys wyde.

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. Of the grete  
bushop Abyacar, 118

The viii.<sup>th</sup> pagent xal be with-out  
lesyng<sup>5</sup> . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. In the ix.<sup>th</sup> pagent,  
sothe to say, 144

A masangere fforthe is sent;

Dauidis kynrede with-out de-lay

They come ful sone with good entent.

Whan Joseph offeryd his yerde<sup>6</sup> that day,

Anon ryth forth in present

The ded styk do floure ful gay;

And than Joseph to wedlok went,

Ryth as the angel bad . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. In the x.<sup>th</sup> pagent  
goth Gabryelle, 157

And doth salute Oure Lady fire,

Than grett with chylde, as I yow telle . . .

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xi.<sup>th</sup> pagent,  
as I yow telle, 170

Joseph comyth hom fro fer countre;

Oure Ladyes wombe with chylde doth  
swelle,

And than Joseph ful hevyn is he . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. The xii.<sup>th</sup> pagent, I  
sey yow, be-denc, 183

<sup>1</sup> Salvation.

<sup>2</sup> Sweet.

<sup>3</sup> Disputation.

<sup>4</sup> Doubt.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *tende*, a later addition over an erased word. For the significance of these changes, see Block, *Ludus Coenotruæ*, pp. xix-xxv.

<sup>6</sup> Lying.

<sup>7</sup> MS. *xte*, changed from an original *l-te* <sup>8</sup> Rod.

<sup>9</sup> MS. *xj.de*, changed from an original *l-ade*.

<sup>10</sup> MS. *xij*, changed from an original *l-hellenthe*.

<sup>11</sup> MS. *xiiij.te*, changed from an original *xii.te*.

Xal be of Joseph and mylde Mary,  
How they were sclawndryd with trey and  
tene,<sup>1</sup>  
And to here purgacion thei must hem hy.

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. In the xiii.<sup>2</sup>  
pagent shewe we xal, 187  
How Joseph went with-oute varyauns,  
For mydwyuys to helpe Oure Lady at alle,  
Of childe that she had delyuerauns.

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xiv.<sup>3</sup> pagent  
Cryst xal be born. 191  
Of that joy aungelys xul synge,  
And telle the shepherdys in that morn  
The bliseful hyrth of that kyng.  
The shepherdys xal come hym be-forn,  
With reuerens and with worchepyng . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. The xv.<sup>te</sup> pagent  
come kyngys iij., 204  
With gold, myrre, and frankyngsens;  
Kyng Herowdys styward<sup>4</sup> hem doth se,  
And bryngyth alle to his presens . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. In the xvi.  
pagent as wroth as wynde 217  
Is kyng Herownde, the sothe to say,  
And cruel knyts<sup>5</sup> and vn-kende  
To sle male chylderyn he sendyth that  
day . . .

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xvii. pagent  
the knyghtys, be-dene, 230  
Skulle brynge dede childeryn be-for the  
kyng;  
Whan kyng Herownde that syth<sup>6</sup> hath  
sene,  
Ful glad he is of here kylling . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. In the xviii. pagent  
we must purpose, 243  
To shewe whan Cryst was xij. yer of age,  
How in the Temple he dede appose  
And answerd doctoris ryth wyse and  
sage . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. In the xix.  
pagent xal seynt Jhone 256

<sup>1</sup> Slandered with trouble and injury.

<sup>2</sup> MS. xv, changed from an original xiii.

<sup>3</sup> MS. xvj, changed from an original xiv.

<sup>4</sup> Steward. <sup>5</sup> Knights, soldiers. <sup>6</sup> Sight.

Baptysse Cryst, as I yow say,  
In the watyr of flom<sup>1</sup> Jordone,  
With which devys, as we best may,  
The Holy Gost xal ouyr<sup>2</sup> hym on . . .

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xx.<sup>ti</sup>  
pagent alle the deuelys of helle, 269  
They gadere a parlement, as ye xal se,  
They have gret doute the trewth to telle,  
Of Cryst Jhesu whath he xulde be.  
They sende Sathan, that ffynde so felle,  
Cryst for to tempte in fele degre . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. The xxi.<sup>ti</sup> pagent  
of a woman xal be, 282  
The whiche was take in adultrye . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. The grettest  
meracle that evyr Jhesus 295  
In erthe wrouth be-forn his passyon,  
In xxii.<sup>ti</sup> pagent we purpose vs  
To shewe in dede the declaracion.  
That pagent xal be of Lazarus . . .

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxiiij.<sup>ti</sup>  
pagent, Palme Sunday, 308  
In pley we purpose for to shewe,  
How chylderyn of Ebrew with flowrys ful  
gay,  
The wey that Cryst went thei gun to  
strewe.

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxiiij.<sup>ti</sup>  
pagent, as that we may,  
Cryst and his apostelys, alle on rewe,<sup>3</sup>  
The mawnde<sup>4</sup> of God ther xal they play,  
And sone declare it with wordys  
fewe. 315  
And than  
Judas, that fals traytour,  
For xxx.<sup>ti</sup> platys of werdly tresour,  
Xal be-tray oure Savyour  
To the Jewvs certan.

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. For grevous  
peyn, this is no les, <sup>5</sup> 321  
In the xxv.<sup>ti</sup> pagent, Cryst xal pray  
To the Fadyr of hevyn that peyn for to ses,  
His shamful deth to put away.

<sup>1</sup> River.

<sup>2</sup> Hover.

<sup>3</sup> Row.

<sup>4</sup> Feast, the Lord's Supper.

<sup>5</sup> Lie.

Judas that traytour, befor gret pres,<sup>1</sup>  
 Xal kys his mouthe and hym betray. . .

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR]. Than in the  
 xxvj.<sup>ti</sup> pagent, 334

To Cayphas Cryst xal be brouth;  
 Tho Jewys fful redy ther xul be bent  
 Cryst to acuse with worde and thouth.  
 Seynt Petyr doth folwe with good intent,  
 To se with Cryst what xuld be wrouth;  
 For Crystys dysceple whan he is hent,<sup>2</sup>

Thryes<sup>3</sup> he doth swere he knew hym  
 nowth, —  
 A kok xal crowe and crye;  
 Than doth Petyr gret sorwe make . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxvij. pagent,  
 sere<sup>4</sup> Pylat 347  
 Is sett in sete as hy justyce . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxviii.<sup>ti</sup>  
 pagent xal Judas, 360

That was to Cryst a fals traytour,  
 With wepyng sore evyr crye, alas,  
 That evyr he solde oure Savyour.

He xal be sory ffor his trespas,  
 And brynge a-gen alle his tresour,  
 Alle xxx. pens, to sere Cayphas, 366

He xal them brynge with gret dolowre,<sup>5</sup>  
 For the whiche Cryst was bowth.<sup>6</sup>  
 For gret whanhope,<sup>7</sup> as ye xal se,  
 He hangyth hym self vpon a tre;  
 For he noth<sup>8</sup> trostyth in Godys pete,<sup>9</sup>  
 To helle his sowle is bowth.

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxix.  
 pagent, to Pylatus wyff 373

In slepe aperyth the devyl of helle,  
 For to savyn Crystys lyff . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxx.<sup>ti</sup> pagent  
 thei bete out Crystys blood, 386  
 And nayle hym al nakyd upon a rode  
 tre,

Between ij. thevys; i-wys<sup>10</sup> they were to  
 wood;<sup>11</sup>

They hyng Cryst Jhesu, gret shame it is  
 to se . . .

<sup>1</sup> Crowd.

<sup>2</sup> Sir.

<sup>3</sup> Despair.

<sup>4</sup> Truly.

<sup>5</sup> Taken.

<sup>6</sup> Grief.

<sup>7</sup> Not.

<sup>8</sup> Mad.

<sup>9</sup> Thrice.

<sup>10</sup> Bought.

<sup>11</sup> Pity.

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. We purpose to  
 shewe in oure pleyne place,<sup>1</sup> 399  
 In the xxxj.<sup>ti</sup> pagent, thorwe Godys  
 mythe,

How to Crystys herte a spere gan pacc,<sup>2</sup>  
 And rent oure Lordys bryst in ruly  
 plyth<sup>3</sup> . . .

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. Joseph and Nyco-  
 demus, to Cryst trew servaunt, 412  
 In the xxxij. page[nt] the body thei aske  
 to haue.

Pylat ful redyly the body doth hem graunt;  
 Than thei with reverens do put it in  
 grave . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. In the [x]xxiii.  
 pagent the soule of Cryst Jhesu 425  
 Xal brynge alle his ffriendys ffrom helle  
 to paradise . . .

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxxiiii.<sup>ti</sup>  
 pagent xal Maryes thre 438

Seke Cryst Jhesu in his grave so coold;  
 An aungel hem tellyth that aresyn is he;  
 And whan that this tale to them is tolde,  
 To Crystys dysceplis, with wurdys fful fre,  
 They telle these tydyngys with brest ful  
 bolde.

Than Petyr and Johan, as ye xal se,  
 Down rennyng in hast ouer lond and  
 wolde, 445

The trewth of this to haue.  
 Whan thei ther comyn, as I yow say,  
 He is gon ffrom vndyr clay;  
 Than thai wytnesse a-noon that day,  
 He lyth not in his grave.

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. Onto Mary Maw-  
 delyn, as we haue bent, 451

Cryst Jhesu xal than apere,  
 In the xxxv.<sup>ti</sup> pagent,  
 And she wenyth<sup>4</sup> he be a gardenere . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxxvj.<sup>ti</sup>  
 pagent xal Cleophas 464

And Sent Luke to a castel go;  
 Of Crystys deth as thei forth pas  
 They make gret mornyng and be ful wo;  
 Than Cryst them ovyr-tok, as his wyl was,

<sup>1</sup> Playing place?

<sup>2</sup> Rueful plight.

<sup>3</sup> Pass.

<sup>4</sup> Thinketh.

And walkyd in felachep<sup>1</sup> fforth with  
hem too.  
To them he doth expowne bothe more and  
las 470  
Alle that prophetys spakad of hym self  
also;  
That nyth in fay,  
Whan thei be set within the castelle,  
In brekyng of bred thei know Cryst welle,  
Than sodeynly, as I yow telle,  
Cryste is gon his way.

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxxvij.<sup>ti</sup>  
pagent than purpos we, 477  
To Thomas of Ynde Cryst xal apere;  
And Thomas euyn ther, as ye xal se,  
Xal put his hand in his woundys dere.

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. In the xxxviii.<sup>ti</sup>  
pagent up styte<sup>2</sup> xal he 481  
Into hefne that is so clere . . .

PRIMUS VEXILLATOR. Than folwyth next,  
sekyrly,<sup>3</sup> 490  
Of Wyttsunday that solempne ffest;  
Whyche pagent xal be ix. and thretty.  
To the apostelys to apere be Crystys  
hest,<sup>4</sup>  
In Hierusalem were gaderyd xij. opynly,  
To the Cenacle comyng ffrom West and  
Est; 495  
The Holy Gost apperyd fful veruently,  
With brennyng ffere thyrlyng<sup>5</sup> here  
brest,  
Procedyng from hevyn trone<sup>6</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> Fellowship.      <sup>2</sup> Mount, ascend.      <sup>3</sup> Truly.  
<sup>4</sup> Command.      <sup>5</sup> Piercing.      <sup>6</sup> Throne.

SECUNDUS VEXILLATOR. The xl.<sup>ti</sup> pagent  
xal be the last, 403  
And Domyssday that pagent xal hyth.<sup>1</sup>  
Who se that pagent may be agast  
To grevyne his Lord God eyther day or  
nyth.  
The erthe xal qwake, bothe breke and  
brast,<sup>2</sup>  
Beryelys<sup>3</sup> and gravys xul ope ful tyth,<sup>4</sup>  
Ded men xul rysyn and that ther in hast,  
And ffast to here ansuere thei xul hem  
dyth,<sup>5</sup> 510  
Before Godys fface.  
But prente wyl this in your mende:  
Who so to God hath be vnkende,  
Frenchepe ther xal he non flynde,  
Ne ther get he no grace.

TERTIUS VEXILLATOR. Now haue we told  
yow alle, be-dene, 516  
The hool mater that we thynte to play;  
Whan that ye come, ther xal ye sene  
This game wel pleyd in good a-ray.  
Of Holy Wrytte this game xal bene,  
And of no fablys be no way. 521  
Now God them save from trey and tene,  
For us that prayth upon that day,  
And qwyte<sup>6</sup> them wel ther mede.<sup>7</sup>  
A Sunday next, yf that we may,  
At vj. of the belle<sup>8</sup> we gynne oure play,  
In N. towne; wherfore we pray, 527  
That God now be youre speche.  
Amen.

<sup>1</sup> Be called.      <sup>2</sup> Break and burst.  
<sup>3</sup> Tombs.      <sup>4</sup> Quickly.      <sup>5</sup> Prepare.  
<sup>6</sup> Requite.      <sup>7</sup> Reward.  
<sup>8</sup> The bell of the clock, six o'clock

THE FALL OF LUCIFER <sup>1</sup>

[Acted at N. towne.]

[*Deus upon his throne.*]

DEUS. *Ego sum alpha et Ω, principium et finis.*

My name is knowyn, God and Kynge.  
My werk for to make now wyl I wende.<sup>1</sup>

[*Deus rises.*]

In my self restyth my reynenge; <sup>2</sup>  
It hath no gynnyng ne non ende; 5  
And alle that evyr xal haue beyng,  
It is closyd in my mende;  
Whan it is made at my lykynge,  
I may it saue, I may it shende,<sup>3</sup>  
After my plesawns.<sup>4</sup> 10  
So gret of myth is my pouste,<sup>5</sup>  
Alle thyng xal be wrowth <sup>6</sup> be me.  
I am oo <sup>7</sup> God, in personys thre,  
Knyt in oo substawns. 14

I am the trewe Trenyte,  
Here walkyng in this wone; <sup>8</sup>  
Thre personys myself I se,  
Lokyn <sup>9</sup> in me, God alone. 18  
I am the Fadyr of powste,<sup>5</sup>  
My Sone with me gynnyth gon,  
My Gost is grace in mageste,  
Weldyth welthe up in hevyn tron, 22  
O <sup>7</sup> God thre I calle,  
I a Fadyr of myth,<sup>10</sup>  
My Sone kepyth rith,  
My Gost hath lyth,  
And grace with-alle. 27

My-self begynnyng nevyr dyd take,  
And endeles I am thorw <sup>11</sup> myn own myth.  
Now wole I be-gynne my werke to make.  
Fyrst I make hevyn with sterrys of lyth 31

In myrth and joy euermore to wake;  
In hevyn I bylde <sup>12</sup> angelle fful bryth,

<sup>1</sup> Go. <sup>2</sup> Reigning, sovereignty.  
<sup>3</sup> Destroy. <sup>4</sup> Pleasure. <sup>5</sup> Power.  
<sup>6</sup> Wrought, created. <sup>7</sup> One.  
<sup>8</sup> Dwelling, place. <sup>9</sup> Looked. <sup>10</sup> Might.  
<sup>11</sup> Through. <sup>12</sup> Make.

My servauntys to be, and for my sake,  
With merth and melody worchepe my myth; 35  
I belde them in my blysse.  
Aungelle in hevyn evyr-more xal be,  
In lyth ful clere bryth as ble,<sup>1</sup>  
With myrth and song to worship me,  
Of joye thei may not mys. 40

[*Deus withdraws.*]

*Hic cantent angeli in celo: "Tibi omnes angeli, tibi celi et vniuerse potestates, Tibi cherubyn et seraphyn incessabili voce proclamant — Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! Dominus Deus Sabaoth."* <sup>2</sup>

LUCIFERE. To whos wurchipe synge ye this songe?  
To wurchip God, or reverens me?  
But <sup>3</sup> ye me wurchipe ye do me wronge,  
For I am the wurthyest that evyr may be. 44  
ANGELI BONI.<sup>4</sup> We wurchipe God, of myth most stronge,  
Whiche hath fformyd bothe vs and the;  
We may nevyr wurchyp hym to longe,  
For he is most worthy of mageste. 48  
On knes to God we ffalle,  
Oure Lorde God wurchyp we,  
And in no wyse honowre we the.  
A gretter lord may nevyr non be,  
Than he that made us alle! 53

LUCIFERE. A wurthyer lord, forsothe, am I;  
And wurthyer than he euyr wyl I be!  
In evydens that I am more wurthy,  
I wyl go syttyn in Goddys se.<sup>5</sup> 57

<sup>1</sup> Bright as color; *gy.* of countenance.  
<sup>2</sup> Here let the angels in heaven sing: "To thee all the angels, to thee the powers of heaven and of the universe, to thee the cherubim and seraphim with unceasing voice cry out: 'Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!'"  
<sup>3</sup> Unless. <sup>4</sup> The Good Angels. <sup>5</sup> Seat.

[*Seats himself in God's throne.*]

Above sunne and mone and sterrys on sky  
I am now set, as ye may se.

Now wurchyp me ffor most mythy,  
And for your Lord honowre now me, 61  
Syttyng in my sete.

ANGELI MALI.<sup>1</sup> Goddys myth we for-sake,  
And for more wurthy we the take;  
The to wurchep honowre we make,  
And ffallle downe at thi ffete. 66

[*Deus advances.*]

DEUS. Thu Lucyfere, ffor thi mekyl  
pryde,

I bydde the ffallle from hefne to helle;  
And alle tho <sup>2</sup> that holdyn on thi syde,  
In my blysse nevyr more to dwelle. 70

<sup>1</sup> The Bad Angels.

<sup>2</sup> Those.

At my comawndement anoon down thou  
slyde,

With merthe and joye nevyr more to  
melle.<sup>1</sup>

In myschyf and manas <sup>2</sup> evyr xalt thou  
abyde,

In byttyr brennyng and fyer so felle, 74

In peyn evyr to be pyht.<sup>3</sup>

LUCYFERE. At thy bydding thi wyl I werke,  
And pas fro joy to peyne smerte.

Now I am a devyl ful derke,  
That was an aungelle bryht. 79

Now to helle the wey I take,

In endeles peyn ther to be pyht.

For fere of fyre a fart I crake; 82

In helle donjoone myn dene <sup>4</sup> is dyth.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mix.

<sup>2</sup> Danger.

<sup>3</sup> Fixed.

<sup>4</sup> Den.

<sup>5</sup> Prepared.



# THE CREATION OF EVE, WITH THE EXPELLING OF ADAM AND EVE OUT OF PARADISE<sup>1</sup>

[Acted by the Grocers of Norwich.]

The Storye of the Temptacion of Man in Paradyce, being therin placyd, and the expellynge of man and woman from thence, newly renvid<sup>1</sup> and accordynge unto the Skripture, begon thys yere, Anno 1565, Anno 7. Eliz.

ITEM. *Yt ys to be notyd that when the Grocers Pageant is played withoute eny other goenge befor yt,<sup>2</sup> then doth the Prolocutor say in this wise:*

[THE FIRST ALTERNATIVE PROLOGUE.]

Lyke as yt chancyd, befor this season,  
Owte of Godes Scripture revealid, in  
playes

Was dyvers stories sett furth, by reason  
Of pageantes apparelyd in Wittson  
dayes;<sup>3</sup>

And lately be fall[en] into decayes;  
Which stories dependyd in their orders  
sett

By severall devices, much knowledge to  
gett; 7

Begynny[n]g in Genesis, that story repleate,

Of God his creacion of ech lyvyng  
thyng,

Of heaven, and of erth, of fysh smalle and  
greate,

Of fowles, herbe, and tre, and of alle  
bestes crepyng,

Of angell, of man, which of erth hath  
beyng,

And of the fall of angell[s], in the Apocalips  
to se;

Which stories with the Skriptures most  
justly agree. 14

Then followed this ower pageant; which  
sheweth to be

The Garden of Eden, which God dyd  
plante,

As in the seconde chapter of Genesis ye  
se;

Wherin of frutes pleasant no kynde  
therof shulde wante;

In which God dyd putt man to cherish  
tre and plante,

To dresse and kepe the grounde, and eate  
what frute hym lyst, —

Ex[c]ept the tre of knowledge, Godes high  
wytt to resyste. 21

The story sheweth further, that, after man  
was blyste,

The Lord did create woman owte of a  
ribbe of man;

Which woman was deceyvyd with the Ser-  
pentes darkned myste;

By whose synn ower nature is so weake  
no good we can;

Wherfor they were dejectyd, and caste  
from thence than

Unto dolloure and myseri, and to travelye  
and payne,

<sup>1</sup> Renewed. An earlier version of the play dating from 1533, though not complete, is found in the transcript noted above, and is reproduced by Fitch, Manly, and Waterhouse.

<sup>2</sup> At this date the mystery plays were falling into decay, and the grocers anticipated the possibility of there being no preceding pageants. Shortly afterwards the grocers themselves gave up their performance; in 1570 their anlenidid waggon was broken to pieces, having stood for six years in a "Gate howse," and later "at y<sup>e</sup> Black Fryers brydge in open street" where it had become "so weather beaten yt y<sup>e</sup> cheif parte was rotten." (See E. K. Chambers, *The Medieval Stage*, ii, 388-89.)

<sup>3</sup> At an earlier date the plays were given on Corpus Christi Day. (See E. K. Chambers, *op. cit.*, ii, 386, 388.)

<sup>1</sup> Printed, with many inaccuracies, by Robert Fitch, from an eighteenth-century transcript of certain portions of the lost Grocers' Book of Norwich, in *Norfolk Archaeology* (1856), v, 8 (also separately issued), whence it was reprinted by Manly, *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*, 1897, with some valuable emendations. In 1909 the play was more accurately reproduced for the Early English Text Society by O. Waterhouse. I have based the present text on Waterhouse's edition, with certain emendations from Fitch and Manly.

Untyll Godes spright renvid. And so we  
ende certayne. 28

*Note that yf ther goeth eny other pageantes  
before y<sup>t</sup>, the Prolocutor sayeth as ys on  
the other syde and leaveth owte this.*

[THE SECOND ALTERNATIVE PROLOGUE.]

THE PROLOCUTOR. As in theyr former  
pageantes is semblably declared

Of Godes mighty creacion in every  
lyvyng thyng,

As in the fyrst of Genesis to such it is pre-  
pared

As lust they have to reade to memory to  
brynge,

Of pride and fawle of angells that in hell  
hath beinge;

In the seconde of Genesis of mankynde hys  
creacion

Unto this Garden Eden is made full prepa-  
racion. 7

And here begyneth ower pageant to make  
the declaracion,

From the letter C in the chapter before  
saide,

How God putt man in Paradyse to dresse  
yt in best fassion,

And that no frute therof from hym shuld  
be denyed,

Butt of the tre of lyffe that man shuld be  
afraide

To eat of, least that daye he eat that he  
shuld dye;

And of womanes creacion appering by and  
bye; 14

And of the Deavilles temptacion deseaiv-  
inge with a lye

The woman, beinge weakest, that  
cawed man to tast.

That God dyd so offende, that even con-  
tynentlye <sup>1</sup>

Owte of the place of joye was man and  
woman caste,

And into so great dolloure and misery  
brought at last;

Butt that by God hys spright was com-  
forted ageyne.

<sup>1</sup> Instantly.

This is of this ower pagent the some and  
effect playne. 21

[THE CREATION OF EVE, WITH THE  
EXPPELLING OF ADAM AND EVE  
FROM PARADISE]

[On the upper part of the pageant, repre-  
senting Paradise.<sup>1</sup>]

GOD THE FATHER. I am Alpha et Ho-  
mega, my Apocalyps doth testyfy,  
That made all of nothinge for man his  
sustentacion.

And of this pleasante garden, that I have  
plant most goodlye,

I wyll hym make the dresser for his good  
recreation.

Therfor, Man, I gyve yt the, to have thy  
delectacion.

In eatyng thou shalt eate of every growenge  
tre,

Ex[c]epte the tre of knowledge, the which  
I forbydd the; 7

For in what daye soever thou catest thou  
shalt be

Even as the childe of death. Take hede!  
And thus I saye:

<sup>1</sup> The play-waggon was obviously in two divisions, the upper representing Paradise, the lower, Earth (see the stage direction following line 103). Possibly the wainscoted section below was used for Hell. The records of the Grocers' Guild at Norwich supply us with the following information about the pageant and its properties:

*Inventory of y<sup>e</sup> p'ticulars appartaynyng to y<sup>e</sup> Company  
of y<sup>e</sup> Grocers, a.d. 1665.*

A Pageant, yt is to saye, a Howse of Waynakott  
paynted and buylded on a Carte w<sup>t</sup> fowre whelys.  
A square topp to sett over y<sup>e</sup> sayde Howse.

A Gryffon, gylte, w<sup>t</sup> a fane to sett on y<sup>e</sup> sayde topp.  
A bygger Iron fane to sett on y<sup>e</sup> ende of y<sup>e</sup> Pageante.

iiii<sup>x</sup> iij [i.e. 83] small Fanes belongyng to y<sup>e</sup> same  
Pageante.

A Rybbe collyerd Red.

A cote & hosen w<sup>t</sup> a bagg & capp for Dolor, steyned.  
2 cotes & a payre hosen for Eve, stayned.

A cote & hosen for Adam, Steyned.

A cote w<sup>t</sup> hosen & tayle for y<sup>e</sup> serpente, steyned, w<sup>t</sup>  
a w<sup>t</sup> heare [=white wig].

A cote of yellow buckram w<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Grocers' arms for  
y<sup>e</sup> Pendon bearer.

An Angell's Cote & over hoses of Apis Skynns.

3 paynted clothes to hang abowte y<sup>e</sup> Pageant.

A face [i.e. mask] & heare [i.e. wig] for y<sup>e</sup> Father.

2 hearys for Adam & Eve.

4 head stallis of brode Inkle w<sup>t</sup> knoppes & tassells.

6 Horase Clothes, stayned, w<sup>t</sup> knoppes & tassells.

Item, Weights, &c.

I wyll the make an helper, to comforte  
the allwaye.  
Beholde, therefore, a slepe I bryng this daye  
on the, 11

[*Man lies down and falls asleep.*]

And owte of this thy ribbe, that here I  
do owte take,

[*God lifts "a rybbe colleryd red."*]

A creature for thy help behold I do the  
make.

[*Eve rises from below.*]

Aryse, and from thy slepe I wyll the  
nowe awake,

[*Man awakes and rises.*]

And take hyr unto the, that you both be as  
one  
To comfort one thother when from you I  
am gone. 16

And, as I saide before when that thou wert  
alone,

In eatyng thow mayst eate of every tre  
here is,

Butt of the tre of knowledge of good and  
evyll eate non,

Lest that thou dye the deth by doenge  
so amysse! 20

I wyll departe now wher myne habytacion  
is.

I leave you here. . . . .<sup>1</sup>  
Se that ye have my woordes in most high  
estymacion.

*Then Man and Woman speke bothe.*

[MAN AND WOMAN.] We thanke the,  
mighty God, and gyve the honor-  
acion. [*Exit God.*] 24

*Man spekethe.*

[MAN.] Oh bone of my bones and flesh of  
my flesh eke,<sup>2</sup>

Thou shalte be called Woman, bycaus  
thow art of me.

Oh gyfte of God most goodlye, that hast us  
made so lyke!

Most lovyng spowse, I muche do here  
rejoyce of the.

<sup>acuna</sup> in the MS.

<sup>1</sup> Also.

WOMAN. And I lykewyse, swete lover, do  
much reioyce of the.

God therefore be praised, such comforte  
have us gyve

That ech of us with other thus pleasantly  
do lyve. 31

MAN. To walke abowt this garden my  
fantasye me meve;

I wyll the leave alone tyll that I turne  
ageyne.

Farewell, myn owne swete spouse! I  
leave the to remayne.

WOMAN. And farewell, my dere lover,  
whom my hart doth conteyn. 35

[*Man walks to another part of Paradise.*]

*The Serpent speketh.*

[THE SERPENT.] Nowe, nowe, of my  
purpos I dowght nott to atteyne;

I can yt nott abyde, in theis joyes they  
shulde be.

Naye, I wyll attempt them to syn unto  
theyr payne;

By subtyllty to catch them the waye I  
do well se;

Unto this, angell of lyght I shew my-  
sylfe to be,

With hyr for to dyscemble; I fear yt nott at  
all,

Butt that unto my haight some waye I  
shall hyr call. 42

[*The Serpent approaches Eve.*]

Oh lady of felicity, beholde my voice so  
small!

Why have God sayde to you, "Eate nott  
of every tre

That is within this garden"? Therein  
now awnswere me. 45

WOMAN. We eate of all the frutte that in  
the grounde we se,

Ex[c]epte that in the myddest, wherof  
we may nott taste,

For God hath yt forbydd; therfor yt may  
not be,

Lest that we dye the deth, and from this  
place be caste. 49

THE SERPENT. Ye shall not dye the deth.  
He made you butt agaste.

Butt God doth know full well that when  
you eate of yt  
Your eys shall then be openyd, and you  
shall [be] at the last  
As God; both good and evyll to knowe ye  
shall be fytt. 53

WOMAN. To be as God, indede, and in his  
place to sytt,  
Thereto for to agre my lust conceyve  
somewhatt;  
Besydes, the tre is pleasante to gett wyse-  
dome and wytt,  
And nothyng is to be comparyd unto  
that.

THE SERPENT. Then take at my request,  
and eate, and fere yt natt. 58

*Here she takyth and eatyth, and Man  
cumyth in and sayeth unto hyr:*

MAN. My love, for my solace I have here  
walkyd longe.  
Howe ys yt nowe with you? I pray you  
do declare.

WOMAN. In-dede, lovely lover, the  
Heavenly Kyng most stronge  
To eate of this apple his angell hath  
prepare.

Take therof at my hande thother frutes  
emonge,  
For yt shall make you wyse, and even as  
God to fare.<sup>1</sup> 64

*Then Man taketh and eatyth and sayethe:*

[MAN.] Alack! alacke! my spouse, now se  
I nakid we ar;

The presence of ower God we can yt nott  
abyde.

We have broke his precepte, he gave us of  
to care;

From God therfor in secrete in some  
place lett us hide.

WOMAN. With fygge leavis lett us cover  
us, of God we be nott spyede. 69

*[Adam and Eve hide themselves. Enter  
God.]*

THE FATHER. Adam! I saye, Adam!  
Wher art thou nowe this tyde,  
That here before my presence thou dost  
nott nowe apere?

<sup>1</sup> Go, to be.

ADAM. I herde thy voyce, oh Lorde, but  
yett I dyd me hide;  
For that which I am naked I more  
greatly dyd feare. 73

THE FATHER. Why art thou then nakyd?  
Who so hath cawsyd the?

MAN. This woman, Lord and God, which  
thou hast gyven to me.

THE FATHER. Hast thou eat of the frute  
that I forbyd yt the?

Thow Woman, why hast thou done unto  
him thys trespass?

WOMAN. The Serpent diseayvyd me with  
that his fayer face. 78

THE FATHER. Thow Serpente, why  
dydst thou this wise prevente my  
grace,

My creatures and servantes in this  
maner to begyle?

THE SERPENTE. My kind<sup>1</sup> is so, thou  
knowest, and that in every case,  
Clene oute of this place theis persons to  
exile. 82

THE FATHER. Cursed art. for causynge  
my commandement to defyle,  
Above all cattell and bestes. Remyne  
thou in the fylde;

Crepe on thy belly and eate duste for this  
thy subtyll wyle;

The womans sede shall overcome the:  
thus that have I wylde.<sup>2</sup>

Thou, Woman, bryngyng chyldren with  
payne shall be dystyde,<sup>3</sup>

And be subiect to thy husbonde, and thy  
lust shall pertayne

To hym. I hav determynyed this ever to  
remayne. 89

And to the, Man, for that my voyce thou  
didst disdayne,

Cursed is the erth for ever for thy  
sake;

Thy lyvyng shall thou gett with swett unto  
thy payne,

Tyll thou departe unto the erth [wherof]<sup>4</sup>  
I dyd the make.

Beholde, theis letherin aprons unto  
yourselves now take. 94

<sup>1</sup> Nature.

<sup>2</sup> Decreed.

<sup>3</sup> Dissolved (as in tears).

<sup>4</sup> Added by Manly.

Lo! Man as one of us hathe bene,<sup>1</sup> good  
and evyll to knowe;

Therfor I wyll exempt hym from this  
place to aslake,<sup>2</sup>

Lest of the tre of lyfe he eate and ever  
growe.

Myne angell, now cum furth and kepe  
the waye and porte,

Unto the tre of lyffe that they do not  
resorte. 99

[Enter the Angel; exit God.]

THE AUNGELL. Departe from hence at  
onys from this place of comforte,  
No more to have axcesse, or elles for to  
apere.

From this place I exile you, that you no  
more resorte,

Nor even do presume ageyne for to com  
here. 103

*Then Man and Woman departyth to the  
nether parte of the pageant, and Man  
sayeth:*

[MAN.] Alack! myn owne sweteharte, how  
am I stroke with feare,

That from God am exiled and brought  
to payne and woo!

Oh! what have we lost! Why dyd we no  
more care?

And to what kynde of place shall we re-  
sort and goo?

WOMAN. Indede, into the worlde now  
must we to and fro,

And where or how to rest I can nott say at  
all.

I am even as ye ar, what so ever me  
befall. 110

*Then cumeth Dolor and Myserye and  
taketh Man by both armys, and Dolor  
sayeth:*

[DOLOR.] Cum furth, O Man, take hold of  
me!

Through envy hast lost thy heavenly  
lyght

By eatinge; in bondage from hence shall  
be.

Now must thou me, Dolor, have allways  
in sight. 114

MYSERYE. And also of me, Myserye.

Thou must taste and byte

Of hardenes and of colde, and eke of  
infirmite;

Accordinge to desarte thy portion is, of  
right,

To enjoye that in me that is withoute  
certentye. 118

ADAM. Thus troublid, nowe I enter into  
dolor and miserie.

Nowe, Woman, must we lerne ower  
lyvynge to gett

With labor and with travell; ther is no  
remedye,

Nor eny thyng therfrom we se that maye  
us lett. 122

*Then cumyth in the Holy Ghost comforting  
Man, and sayeth:*

[THE HOLY GHOST.] Be of good cheare,  
Man, and sorowe no more.

This dolor and miserie that thou hast  
taste

Is nott in respect,<sup>1</sup> layd up in store,  
To the joyes for the that ever shall last.

Thy God doth nott this the away to cast,  
But to try the as gold is tryed in the fyre;

In the end, premonyshed, shalt have thy  
desyre. 129

Take owte of the Gospell that yt the  
requyre,

Fayth in Chryst Ihesu, and grace shall  
ensewe.

I wyl be thy guyde, and pay the thy hyer  
For all thy good dylygence and doenge

thy dewe.

Gyve eare unto me, Man, and than yt ys  
trewe,

Thou shalt kyll affectes that by lust in the  
reygne,

And put Dolor and Mysery and Envy to  
payne. 136

Theis armors ar preparyd, yf thou wylt  
turne ageyne

To fyght wyth — take to the, and reach  
Woman the same:

The brest plate of rightousnes Saynte Paule  
wyl the retayne;

<sup>1</sup> Nothing in respect to.

<sup>1</sup> Been.

<sup>2</sup> Slacken, abate.

The shyld of faythe to quench, thy  
 fyrye dartes to tame;  
 The hellmett of salvacion the devyles  
 wrath shall lame;  
 And the sworde of the spright, which is the  
 worde of God.  
 All theis ar nowe the offred to ease thy  
 payne and rodd.<sup>1</sup> 143

[Exit the Holy Ghost.]

ADAM. Oh! prayse to the, Most Holye,  
 that hast with me abode,  
 In mysery premonyshynge by this thy  
 Holy Spright.  
 Howe fele I such great comforte, my syns  
 they be unlode  
 And layde on Chrystes back, which is  
 my joye and lyght.  
 This dolor and this mysery I fele to me no  
 wight;<sup>2</sup>  
 No! Deth is overcum by forepredes-  
 tinacion,

<sup>1</sup> Cross, suffering.

<sup>2</sup> Weight.

And we attayned wyth Chryst in  
 heavenly consolacion. 150

Therfor, myne owne swett spous, withouten  
 cavylacion  
 Together lett us synge, and lett our  
 hartes reioyse  
 And gloryfye ower God wyth mynde,  
 powre and voyse. 153  
 Amen.

*Old musick, Triplex, Tenor, Medius, Bass:*

With hart and voyce  
 Let us reioyce  
 And prayse the Lord alwaye  
 For this our joyfull daye,  
 To se of this our God his maiestie,  
 Who the hath given himsellfe over us to  
 raygne and to governe us.<sup>1</sup>  
 Lett all our harte[s] reioyce together,  
 And lett us all lifte up our voyce, on of us  
 with another. 161

<sup>1</sup> The stanza is apparently corrupt.

THE KILLING OF ABEL<sup>1</sup>

[Acted by the Glovers of Wakefield.]

Mactacio Abel. Secunda Pagina. Glover Pag.

[Enter Pikeharness, Cain's boy.]

GARCIO. All hayll! all hayll! both bliithe  
and glad!

For here com I, a mery lad!

Be peasse<sup>1</sup> youre dyn, my master bad,  
Or els the dwell<sup>2</sup> you spede. 4

Wote ye not I com before?

Bot who that ianglis<sup>3</sup> any moreHe must blaw my blak hoill<sup>4</sup> bore,

Both behynd and before,

Till his tethe blede. 9

Felows, here I you forbede

To make nother nose<sup>5</sup> ne cry;

Who so is so hardy to do that dede,

The dwell hang hym vp to dry! 13

Gedlyngis,<sup>6</sup> I am a fulle grete wat.<sup>7</sup>A good yoman my master hat,<sup>8</sup>

Full well ye all hym ken. 16

Begyn he with you for to stryfe,

Certis, then mon<sup>9</sup> ye neuer thryfe.

Bot I trow, bi god on life,

Som of you ar his men. 20

Bot let youre lippis couer youre ten,<sup>10</sup>Harlottis, euerichon!<sup>11</sup>

For if my master com, welcom hym then.

Farewell, for I am gone. 24

[Exit GARCIO. Enter Cain, ploughing and  
shouting to his team.]CAYN. Io furth, Greyn-horne! and war  
oute, Gryme!Drawes on! God gif you ill to tyme!<sup>12</sup>Ye stand as ye were fallen in swyme!<sup>13</sup>

What! will ye no forther, mare? 28

War! Let me se how Down will draw.

<sup>1</sup> Silence.<sup>2</sup> Devil.<sup>3</sup> Chatters.<sup>4</sup> Hole.<sup>5</sup> Noise.<sup>6</sup> Fellows.<sup>7</sup> Mar.<sup>8</sup> Is called.<sup>9</sup> May.<sup>10</sup> Teeth.<sup>11</sup> Rascals every one.<sup>12</sup> Befall.<sup>13</sup> Dizziness.Yit, shrew, yit! pull on a thraw!<sup>1</sup>

What! it semys for me ye stand none aw!

I say, Donnyng, go fare! 32

A, ha! God gif the soro and care!

Lo! now hard<sup>2</sup> she what I saide.

Now yit art thou the warst mare

In plogh that euer I haide. 36

How! Pike-harnes, how! com heder be-  
life!<sup>3</sup>

[Enter GARCIO.]

GARCIO. I fend,<sup>4</sup> Godis forbot, that euer  
thou thrife!CAYN. What, boy, shal I both hold and  
drife? 39

Heris thou not how I cry?

[GARCIO drives the team.]

GARCIO. Say, Mall and Stott, will ye not  
go?

Lemyng, Morell, White-horne, Io!

Now will ye not se how thay hy? 43

CAYN. Gog gif the sorow, boy. Want of  
mete it gars.<sup>5</sup>GARCIO. Thare prouand,<sup>6</sup> sir, for-thi, I  
lay behynd thare ars,

And tyes them fast bi the nekis,

With many stanys<sup>7</sup> in thare hekis.<sup>8</sup>CAYN. That shall bi<sup>9</sup> thi fals chekis. 48

[Strikes him.]

GARCIO. And haue agane as right.

[Strikes back.]

CAYN. I am thi master; wilt thou fight?

GARCIO. Yai, with the same mesure and  
weight<sup>1</sup> Short while.<sup>2</sup> Heard.<sup>3</sup> Quickly.<sup>4</sup> Forbid.<sup>5</sup> Causes it.<sup>6</sup> Provender.<sup>7</sup> Stones.<sup>8</sup> Hay-racks?<sup>9</sup> Pay for.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Towneley Plays*, edited for the Early English Text Society by George England and Alfred W. Pollard, 1897. I have modernized the punctuation and the use of capitals, and have added stage directions. The manuscript, which is assigned to the latter half of the fifteenth century, was long preserved in the library of the Towneley family at Towneley Hall, Lancashire, hence the name "Towneley Plays." There is little doubt that they were performed by the crafts of Wakefield.

That I boro will I qwite.<sup>1</sup> 52  
 CAYN. We! <sup>2</sup> now, no thyng, bot call on  
 tyte,<sup>3</sup>

That we had ployde this land.  
 GARCIO. Harrer, Morell, iofurth! hyte! <sup>4</sup> 56  
 And let the plough stand.

[Enter Abel.]

ABELL. God, as he both may and can,  
 Spede the, brother, and thi man.

CAYN. Com kis .....<sup>5</sup> me list not  
 ban,<sup>6</sup>

As welcom standis ther oute. 60  
 Thou shuld haue bide til thou were cald;  
 Com nar,<sup>7</sup> and other drife or hald,  
 And kys .....  
 .....  
 For that is the moste lefe.<sup>8</sup>

ABELL. Broder, ther is none here aboute  
 That wold the any grefe. 67

Bot, leif <sup>9</sup> brother, here my sawe <sup>10</sup> —  
 It is the custom of oure law,  
 All that wyrk as the wise  
 Shall worship God with sacrifice. 71  
 Oure fader vs bad, oure fader vs kend,<sup>11</sup>  
 That oure tend <sup>12</sup> shuld be brend.<sup>13</sup>  
 Com furth, brothere, and let vs gang <sup>14</sup>  
 To worship God. We dwell full lang.  
 Gif we hym parte of oure fee,  
 Corne or cattall, wheder it be. 77

And therfor, brother, let vs weynd;<sup>14</sup>  
 And first clens vs from the feynd  
 Or <sup>15</sup> we make sacrifice:  
 Then blis withoutten end  
 Get we for oure seruyce, 82

Of hym that is oure saulis leche.<sup>16</sup>  
 CAYN. How! let furth youre geysse, the fox  
 will preche!  
 How long wilt thou me appech <sup>17</sup>?  
 With thi sermonyng? 86  
 Hold thi tong, yit I say,  
 Euen ther the good wife strokid the hay;

<sup>1</sup> Requite. <sup>2</sup> An exclamation of anger.

<sup>3</sup> Quickly shout to the team.

<sup>4</sup> A word of encouragement given to horses.

<sup>5</sup> Here, and in several places below, the language  
 is too offensive to be reproduced.

<sup>6</sup> Curse.

<sup>7</sup> Nearer.

<sup>8</sup> Dearest to thee.

<sup>9</sup> Dear.

<sup>10</sup> Speech.

<sup>11</sup> Taught.

<sup>12</sup> Truth.

<sup>13</sup> Burned.

<sup>14</sup> Go.

<sup>15</sup> Ere.

<sup>16</sup> Physician.

<sup>17</sup> Cast imputations upon.

Or sit downe in the dwill way,  
 With thi vayn carpyng.<sup>1</sup> 90

Shuld I leife <sup>2</sup> my plough and all thyng  
 And go with the to make offering?  
 Nay! thou fyndys me not so mad!  
 Go to the dwill, and say I bad!  
 What gifys God the to rose <sup>3</sup> hym so?  
 Me gifys he noght bot soro and wo. 96

ABELL. Caym, leife this vayn carpyng,  
 For God giffys the all thi lifyng.

CAYN. Yit boroed I neuer a farthyng  
 Of hym — here my hend.

ABELL. Brother, as elders haue vs kend,  
 First shuld we tend <sup>4</sup> with oure hend,  
 And to his lofyng <sup>5</sup> sithen <sup>6</sup> be brend. 103

CAYN. My farthyng is in the preest hand  
 Syn last tyme I offyrd.

ABELL. Leif brother, let vs be walkand;  
 I wold oure tend were profyrd. 107

CAYN. We! wherof shuld I tend, leif  
 brothere?

For I am ich yere wars then othere, —  
 Here my trouth it is none othere.

My wynnyngis ar bot meyn,  
 No wonder if that I be leyn.

Full long till hym I may me meyn,<sup>7</sup>  
 For bi hym that me dere boght,  
 I traw that he will leyn <sup>8</sup> me noght. 115

ABELL. Yis, all the good thou has in  
 wone <sup>9</sup>

Of Godis grace is bot a lone.

CAYN. Lenys he me, as com thrift apon  
 the so?

For he has euer yit beyn my fo; 119

For had he my freynd beyn,  
 Other-gatis <sup>10</sup> it had beyn seyn.

When all mens corn was fayre in feld  
 Then was myne not worth a neld;<sup>11</sup> 123

When I shuld saw,<sup>12</sup> and wantyd seyde,  
 And of corn had full grete neyde,

Then gaf he me none of his;  
 No more will I gif hym of this. 127

Hardely hold me to blame  
 Bot if I serue hym of the same.

<sup>1</sup> Chattering.

<sup>2</sup> Leave.

<sup>3</sup> Praise.

<sup>4</sup> Title.

<sup>5</sup> Prase.

<sup>6</sup> Afterwards.

<sup>7</sup> Complain.

<sup>8</sup> Lend.

<sup>9</sup> Habitually.

<sup>10</sup> Otherwise.

<sup>11</sup> Needle.

<sup>12</sup> Sow.



ABELL. Leif brother, say not so,  
 Bot let vs furth togeder go. 131  
 Good brother, let vs weynd <sup>1</sup> sone;  
 No longer here, I rede, we hone.<sup>2</sup>  
 CAYN. Yei, yei, thou iangyls waste! <sup>3</sup>  
 The dwill me spede if I haue hast, 135  
 As long as I may lif,  
 To dele <sup>4</sup> my good or gif,  
 Ather to God or yit to man,  
 Of any good that euer I wan; 139  
 For had I giffen away my goode,  
 Then myght I go with a ryffen <sup>5</sup> hood;  
 And it is better hold that I haue  
 Then go from doore to doore and craue.<sup>6</sup>  
 ABELL. Brother, com furth, in Godis  
 name; 144  
 I am full ferd <sup>7</sup> that we get blame.  
 Hy we fast that we were thore.<sup>8</sup>  
 CAYN. We! ryn on, in the dwills nayme  
 before! 147  
 Wemay,<sup>9</sup> man! I hold the mad!  
 Wenys <sup>10</sup> thou now that I list gad <sup>11</sup>  
 To gif away my warldis aght? <sup>12</sup>  
 The dwill hym spede that me so taght! 151  
 What nede had I my trauell <sup>13</sup> to lose,  
 To were my shoyne <sup>14</sup> and ryfe my hose?  
 ABELL. Dere brother, hit were grete  
 wonder  
 That I and thou shuld go in sonder; 155  
 Then wold oure fader haue grete ferly.<sup>15</sup>  
 Ar we not brether, thou and I?  
 CAYN. No, bot cry on! cry, whyls the  
 thynk good!  
 Here my trowth, I hold the woode.<sup>16</sup> 159  
 Wheder that he be blithe or wroth,  
 To dele my good is me full lothe.  
 I haue gone oft on softer wise  
 Ther I trowed som prow <sup>17</sup> wold rise. 163  
 Bot well I se go must I nede.  
 Now weynd<sup>18</sup> before, ill myght thou  
 spede!  
 Syn that we shall algatis <sup>19</sup> go.  
 ABELL. Leif brother, whi sais thou so? 167  
 Bot go we furth both togeder.  
 Blissid be God we haue fare weder.

<sup>1</sup> Go. <sup>2</sup> I advise, we delay  
<sup>3</sup> You waste words. <sup>4</sup> Divide.  
<sup>5</sup> Torn. <sup>6</sup> Beg. <sup>7</sup> Afraid.  
<sup>8</sup> There. <sup>9</sup> An exclamation.  
<sup>10</sup> Thinkst. <sup>11</sup> Gad about.  
<sup>12</sup> Possessions. <sup>13</sup> Labor.  
<sup>14</sup> Shoes. <sup>15</sup> Wonder.  
<sup>16</sup> Mad. <sup>17</sup> Profit.  
<sup>18</sup> Go. <sup>19</sup> At all events.

[*They cross to the place of sacrifice.*]  
 CAYN. Lay downe thi trussell <sup>1</sup> apou this  
 hill.  
 ABELL. Forsoth broder, so I will. 171  
 Gog of heuen, take it to good.  
 CAYN. Thou shall tend <sup>2</sup> first, if thou were  
 wood.  
 ABELL. [*Kneeling.*] God, that shope both  
 erth and heuen,  
 I pray to the thou here my steven,<sup>3</sup> 175  
 And take in thank, if thi will be,  
 The tend that I offere here to the;  
 For I gif it in good entent  
 To the, my Lord, that all has sent. 179  
 I bren <sup>4</sup> it now, with stedfast thoght,  
 In worship of hym that all has wrought.  
 [Abel sets fire to his tilthes, which burn  
 brightly.]  
 CAYN. Ryse! Let me, now, syn thou has  
 done.  
 Lord of heuen, thou here my bovine! <sup>5</sup> 183  
 And, ouer Godis forbot,<sup>6</sup> be to the  
 Thank or thew to kun me;<sup>7</sup>  
 For, as browke I thise two shankys,  
 It is full sore, myne vnthankys.<sup>8</sup> 187  
 The teynd that I here gif to the,  
 Of corn, or thyngh, that newys <sup>9</sup> me.  
 Bot now begyn will I then,  
 Syn I must nede my tend to bren. 191  
 Oone shefe, oone,<sup>10</sup> and this makys two, —  
 Bot nawder of thise may I forgo.<sup>11</sup>  
 Two, two, now this is thre, —  
 Yei, this also shall leif <sup>12</sup> with me, 195  
 For I will chose, and best haue;  
 This hold I thrift of all this thrafe.<sup>13</sup>  
 Wemo,<sup>14</sup> wemo, foure; lo, here!  
 Better groved <sup>15</sup> me no this yere. 199  
 At yere tyme I sew fayre corn,  
 Yit was it sich when it was shorne,  
 Thystyls and brerys, yei grete plente,  
 And all kyn wedis that myght be. 203  
 Foure shefis, foure, lo, this makis fyfe  
 (Deyll I fast thus long or I thrife).

<sup>1</sup> Bundle. <sup>2</sup> Tithe. <sup>3</sup> Voice.  
<sup>4</sup> Burn. <sup>5</sup> Prayer. <sup>6</sup> And, God forbid.  
<sup>7</sup> To show me gratitude or favor.  
<sup>8</sup> Unwillingness. <sup>9</sup> Renewals.  
<sup>10</sup> The repetition indicates that he selects the  
 largest sheaves or possibly that he weighs them in  
 his hand.  
<sup>11</sup> Part with. <sup>12</sup> Remain. <sup>13</sup> Sheaf.  
<sup>14</sup> Oh! <sup>15</sup> Grew.

Fyfe and sex, now this is sevyn, —  
 Bot this gettis neuer God of heuen; 207  
 Nor none of thise foure, at my myght,  
 Shall neuer com in Godis sight.  
 Sevyn, sevyn, now this is aght, —  
 ABELL. Cain, brother, thou art not God  
 betaght.<sup>1</sup> 211

CAYN. We! therfor is it that I say,  
 For I will not deyle my good away:  
 Bot had I gyffen hym this to teynd  
 Then wold thou say he were my freynd; 215  
 Bot I thynk not, bi my hode,  
 To departe so lightly fro my goode.  
 We! aght, aght, and neyn, and ten is this;

[*Selecting the smallest sheaf.*]

We! this may we best mys. 219  
 Gif hym that that ligis thore?  
 It goyse agans myn hart full sore. 221

ABELL. Cam! teynd right of all, bedeyn.<sup>2</sup>  
 CAYN. We! lo twelve, fyfteen, sexteyn —

[*Hurling sheafs rapidly.*]

ABELL. Caym, thou tendis wrang, and of  
 the warst.

CAYN. We! com nar, and hide myne een!<sup>3</sup>  
 In the wenyand <sup>4</sup> wist ye now at last,  
 Or els will thou that I wynek? <sup>5</sup>  
 Then shall I doy no wrong, me thynk. 228

Let me se now how it is.  
 Lo, yit I hold me paide.  
 I teyndyd wonder well bi ges,<sup>6</sup>  
 And so euen I laide. 232

ABELL. Came, of God me thynke thou has  
 no drede.

CAME. Now, and he get more, the dwill  
 me spede!

As mych as oone reepe,<sup>7</sup>  
 For that cam hym full light chepe; 236  
 Not as mckill, grete ne small,  
 As he myght . . . . . with all.  
 For that, and this that lyys here,  
 Haue cost me full dere; 240  
 Or it was shorne, and broght in stak,  
 Had I many a very bak;  
 Therfor aske me no more of this,

For I haue giffen that my will is. 244  
 ABELL. Cam, I rede thou tend right  
 For drede of hym that sittis on hight.  
 CAYN. How that I tend, rek the neuer a  
 deill,<sup>1</sup>

Bot tend thi skabbid <sup>2</sup> shepe wele; 248  
 For if thou to my teynd tent take,<sup>3</sup>  
 It bese the wars for thi sake.  
 Thou wold I gaf hym this shefe? or this  
 sheyfe?

Na, nawder of thise two wil I leife; 252  
 Bot take this; now has he two,  
 And for my saull now mot it go.  
 Bot it gos sore agans my will,  
 And shal he like full ill. 256

ABELL. Cam, I reyde thou so teynd  
 That God of heuen be thi freynd.  
 CAYN. My freynd? na, not bot if he will!  
 I did hym neuer yit bot skill.<sup>4</sup> 260  
 If he be neuer so my fo,  
 I am avised gif hym no mo.

Bot chaunge thi conscience, as I do myn.  
 Yit teynd thou not thi mesel <sup>5</sup> swyne? 264  
 ABELL. If thou teynd right thou mon it  
 fynde. \*

CAYN. Yei, . . . . . behynde!  
 The dwill hang the bi the nek!  
 How that I teynd, neuer thou rek. 268  
 Will thou not yit hold thi peasse?  
 Of this ianglyng I reyde <sup>6</sup> thou seasse.  
 And teynd I well, or tend I ill,  
 Bere the euen and speke bot skill. 272  
 Bot now syn thou has teyndid thyne,  
 Now will I set fyr on myne.

[*He sets fire to his offering, which refuses  
 to burn.*]

We! out! haro! Help to blaw!  
 It will not bren for me, I trow. 276  
 Puf! this smoke dos me mych shame —  
 Now bren in the dwillys name!

A! what dwill of hell is it?  
 Almost had myne breth beyn dit.<sup>7</sup> 280  
 Had I blawen oone blast more  
 I had beyn choked right thore;<sup>8</sup>  
 It stank like the dwill in hell,  
 That longer ther myght I not dwell. 284  
 ABELL. Cam, this is not worth oone leke;<sup>9</sup>  
 Thy tend shuld bren withoutten smeke.

<sup>1</sup> Devoted to.      <sup>2</sup> Right through.      <sup>3</sup> Eyes.  
<sup>4</sup> In the waning of the moon (an unlucky time).  
<sup>5</sup> Shut my eyes.      <sup>6</sup> Guess.      <sup>7</sup> Sheaf.

<sup>1</sup> Bit.      <sup>2</sup> Scabbid.      <sup>3</sup> Give attention.  
<sup>4</sup> That which is reasonable.  
<sup>5</sup> Leprous, diseased.  
<sup>6</sup> Advise.      <sup>7</sup> Stopped.      <sup>8</sup> There.      <sup>9</sup> Leak.

CAYM. Com kys the dwell . . . . ., 288  
For the it brens bot the wars;  
I wold that it were in thi throte,  
Fyr, and shefe, and ich a<sup>1</sup> sprotte.

[*God speaks above.*]

DEUS. Cam, whi art thou so rebell  
Agans thi brother Abell? 292  
Thar thou nowther flyte<sup>2</sup> ne chyde.  
If thou tend right thou gettis thi mede;  
And be thou sekir,<sup>3</sup> if thou teynd fals,  
Thou bese alowed ther after als. 296

CAYM. Whi, who is that hob-ouer-the-  
wallow?  
We! who was that that piped so small?  
Com go we hens, for perels all.  
God is out of hys wit! 300  
Com furth, Abell, and let vs weynd;  
Me thynk that God is not my freynd;  
On land then will I flyt.<sup>4</sup> 303

ABELL. A, Caym, brother, that is ill done.  
CAYN. No, bot go we hens sone;  
And if I may, I shall be  
Ther as God shall not me see. 307  
ABELL. Dere brother, I will fayre<sup>5</sup>  
On feld ther oure bestis ar,  
To looke if thay be holgh<sup>6</sup> or full.  
CAYM. Na, na, abide; we haue a craw<sup>7</sup> to  
pull. 311

Hark, speke with me or thou go.  
What! wenys<sup>8</sup> thou to skape so?  
We! na! I aght<sup>9</sup> the a fowll dispyte,  
And now is tyme that I hit qwite.<sup>10</sup> 315  
ABEL. Brother, whi art thou so to me in  
ire?

CAYM. We! theyf, whi brend thi tend so  
shyre,<sup>11</sup>

Ther myne did bot smoked  
Right as it wold vs both haue choked? 319

ABEL. Godis will I trow it were  
That myn brend so clere;

If thyne smoked am I. to wite? <sup>12</sup>

CAYM. We! yei! That shal thou sore  
abite. 323

With cheke bon,<sup>13</sup> or that I blyn,  
Shal I the and thi life twyn.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Every.

<sup>2</sup> Sure.

<sup>3</sup> Hollow.

<sup>4</sup> Owe.

<sup>5</sup> Blame.

<sup>6</sup> You need neither quarrel.

<sup>7</sup> Depart.

<sup>8</sup> Crow.

<sup>9</sup> Requite.

<sup>10</sup> Jaw-bone.

<sup>11</sup> Go.

<sup>12</sup> Thinkest.

<sup>13</sup> Clear.

<sup>14</sup> Divide.

[*Cain strikes Abel with a jawbone.*]

So, lig down ther and take thi rest;  
Thus shall shrewes be chastysed best. 327

ABELL. Veniance, veniance, Lord, I cry!  
For I am slayn, and not gilty. [*Dies.*]

CAYN. Yei, ly ther, old shrew! ly ther,  
ly! 330

[*To the audience.*]

And if any of you thynk I did amys  
I shal it amend wars then it is,

That all men may it se:  
Well wars then it is  
Right so shall it be. 335

Bot now, syn he is broght on slepe,  
Into som hole fayn wold I crepe.  
For ferd I qwake, and can no rede,<sup>1</sup>  
For be I taken, I be bot dede. 339  
Here will I lig<sup>2</sup> thise fourty dayes,  
And I shrew<sup>3</sup> hym that me fyrst rayse!

[*God speaks above.*]

DEUS. Caym, Caym!

CAYM. Who is that that callis me?  
I am yonder, may thou not se? 343

DEUS. Caym, where is thi brother Abell?

CAYM. What askis thou me? I trow at  
hell.

At hell I trow he be —  
Who so were ther then myght he se — 347

Or somewhere fallen on slepyng.  
When was he in my kepyng?

DEUS. Caym, Caym, thou was wode.<sup>4</sup>  
The voyce of thi brotheris blode, 351

That thou has slayn on fals wise,  
From erth to heuen veynace cryse.

And, for thou has broght thi brother downe,  
Here I gif the my malison.<sup>5</sup> 355

CAYM. Yei, dele aboute the! for I will  
none;

Or take it the, when I am gone!  
Syn I haue done so mekill syn,

That I may not thi mercy wyn, 359  
And thou thus dos me from thi grace,  
I shall hyde me fro thi face;

And where so any man may fynd me,  
Let hym slo me hardely;<sup>6</sup> 363

And where so any man may me meyte,

<sup>1</sup> Know no plan.

<sup>2</sup> Mad.

<sup>3</sup> Lie.

<sup>4</sup> Curse.

<sup>5</sup> Curse.

<sup>6</sup> Slay me boldly.

Ayther bi sty,<sup>1</sup> or yit bi strete;  
And hardly, when I am dede,  
Bery me in Gudeboure at the Quarell  
Hede;<sup>2</sup> 367

For, may I pas this place in quarte,<sup>3</sup>  
Bi all men set I not a fart.  
DEUS. Nay, Caym, it bese not so;  
I will that no man other slo. 371  
For he that sloys yong or old  
It shall be punyshid sevenfold.

CAYM. No force,<sup>4</sup> I wote, wheder I shall;  
In hell, I wote, mon<sup>5</sup> be my stall. 375  
It is no boyte<sup>6</sup> mercy to craue,  
For if I do I mon none haue. 377

Bot this cors<sup>7</sup> I wold were hid,  
For som man myght com at vngayn:<sup>8</sup>  
"Fle, fals shrew," wold he bid,

And weyn<sup>9</sup> I had my brother slayn. 381  
Bot were Pike-harnes, my knafe, here,  
We shuld bery hym both in fere.<sup>10</sup>  
How, Pyke-harnes! scape-thyrt! how,  
Pike-harnes! how!

[Enter Garcio.]

GARCIO. Master, master! 385

CAYN. Harstow,<sup>11</sup> boy? Ther is a podyng  
in the pot.

Take the that, boy! tak the that!

[Strikes him.]

GARCIO. I shrew thi ball vnder thi hode,  
If thou were my syre of flesh and  
blode! 389

All the day to ryn and trott,  
And euer amang<sup>12</sup> thou strykeand;  
Thus am I comen bofettis<sup>13</sup> to fott.

CAYN. Peas, man; I did it bot to vse<sup>14</sup> my  
hand. 393

Bot harke, boy, I haue a counsell to the to  
say —

I slogh my brother this same day.  
I pray the, good boy, and thou may,  
To ryn away with the bayn.<sup>15</sup> 397  
GARCIO. We! out apon the, thefe!

Has thou thi brother slayn?  
CAYM. Peasse, man, for Godis payn! 400

I saide it for a skaunce.<sup>1</sup>

GARCIO. Yey, bot for ferde<sup>2</sup> of grevance  
Here I the forsake.

We mon haue a mekill myschaunce  
And the bayles<sup>3</sup> vs take. 405

CAYM. A, sir, I cry you mercy; seasse!  
And I shall make you a releasse.

GARCIO. What, wilt thou cry my  
peasse<sup>4</sup> 408

Throughout this land?

CAYN. Yey, that I gif God a vow, belife.

GARCIO. How will thou do, long or thou  
thrive?

CAYM. Stand vp, my good boy, belife,  
And thaim<sup>5</sup> peasse<sup>6</sup> both man and  
[w]ife; 412

And who so will do after me  
Full slape<sup>7</sup> of thrift then shal he be.

Bot thou must be my good boy,  
And cry "Oyes, oyes, oy!"

GARCIO. Browes,<sup>8</sup> browes, to thi boy. 417

[Garcio gets up to cry the proclamation, and  
wilfully miscries each line.]

CAYM. I commaund you in the kyngis  
nayme,

GARCIO. And in my masteres, fals Cayme,  
CAYM. That no man at thame<sup>9</sup> fynd  
fawt ne blame,

GARCIO. Yey, cold rost is at my masteres  
hame. 421

CAYM. Nowther with hym nor with his  
knafe,

GARCIO. What, I hope my master rafe.<sup>10</sup>

CAYM. For thay ar trew, full many fold.

GARCIO. My master suppys no coyle<sup>11</sup> bot  
cold.

CAYM. The kyng wrytis you vntill.<sup>12</sup>

GARCIO. Yit ete I neuer half my fill. 427

CAYM. The kyng will that thay be safe.

GARCIO. Yey, a draht of drynke fayne  
wold I hayfe.

CAYM. At thare awne will let tham wafe.<sup>13</sup>

GARCIO. My stomak is redy to receyfe. 431

CAYM. Loke no man say to theym, on nor  
other.

GARCIO. This same is he that slo his  
brother.

<sup>1</sup> Lanc.                      <sup>2</sup> At the quarry head.  
<sup>3</sup> Safety.                   <sup>4</sup> No matter.           <sup>5</sup> Must.  
<sup>6</sup> Boot, use.                   <sup>7</sup> Corpse.  
<sup>8</sup> Inconveniently.           <sup>9</sup> Think.  
<sup>10</sup> Together.           <sup>11</sup> Hearest thou.           <sup>12</sup> Constantly.  
<sup>13</sup> Buffets.           <sup>14</sup> Practise.           <sup>15</sup> Quickly.

<sup>1</sup> Joke.           <sup>2</sup> Fear.           <sup>3</sup> Bailiffs.           <sup>4</sup> Peace.  
<sup>5</sup> Them.           <sup>6</sup> Silence.           <sup>7</sup> Crafty.  
<sup>8</sup> Broth.           <sup>9</sup> Them.           <sup>10</sup> Raves.  
<sup>11</sup> Fottage.           <sup>12</sup> Unto.           <sup>13</sup> Wanders.

CAYM. Byd euery man thaym luf and lowt,<sup>1</sup>

GARCIO. Yey, ill spon weft <sup>2</sup> ay comes foule out.

CAYM. ....<sup>3</sup>

GARCIO. Long or thou get thi hoys and <sup>4</sup> thou go thus aboute. 436

CAYM. Byd euery man theym please to pay.

GARCIO. Yey, gif Don, thyn hors, a wisp of hay.

CAYM. We! com downe in twenty dwill way!

The dwill I the betake;  
For bot it were Abell, my brothere,  
Yit knew I neuer thi make. 442

[*Garcio continues to address the audience.*]

GARCIO. Now, old and yong, or that ye weynd,<sup>5</sup>

The same blissyng, withoutten end,  
All sam then shall ye haue,  
That God of heuen my master has giffen.  
Browke <sup>6</sup> it well, whils that ye liffen;  
He vowche it full well safe. 448

CAYM. Com downe yit, in the dwillis way!  
And angre me no more.

<sup>1</sup> Honor.

<sup>2</sup> Woof (an old proverb).

<sup>3</sup> A line missing in MS.

<sup>4</sup> Hese if.

<sup>5</sup> Go.

<sup>6</sup> Use.

[*Garcio comes down.*]

Atnd take yond plogh, I say,  
And weynd the furth fast before; 452

And I shall, if I may,  
Tech the another lore.<sup>1</sup>

I warn the, lad, for ay,  
Fro now furth, euermore,  
That thou greue me nought; 457

For, bi Godis sydis, if thou do,  
I shall hang the apon this plo,<sup>2</sup>  
With this rope, lo, lad, lo!

By hym that me dere boght. 461

[*Exit Garcio. Cain addresses the audience.*]

Now fayre well, felows all,  
For I must nedis weynd,  
And to the dwill be thrall,  
Warld withoutten end. 465

Ordand ther is my stall,  
With Sathanas the feynd.  
Euer ill myght hym befall  
That theder me commend,  
This tyde. 470

Fare well les, and fare well more!

For now, and euer more,  
I will go me to hyde. [*Exit Cain.*] 473

*Explicit Mactacio Abell.*

*Sequitur Noe.*

<sup>1</sup> Lesson.

<sup>2</sup> Plow.

NOAH <sup>1</sup>

[Acted at Wakefield.]

Processus Noe cum Filiis. Wakefeld.

*[God on the upper stage, Noah and his family below.]*

NOE. Myghtfull God veray, / maker of  
all that is,  
Thre persons withoutten nay, / oone God  
in endles blis,  
Thou maide both nyght and day, / beest,  
fowle, and fysh;  
All creatures that lif may / wrought thou at  
thi wish,  
As thou wel myght. 5  
The son, the moyne, verament,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou maide; the firmament;  
The sternes also full feruent  
To shyne thou maide ful bright. 9

Angels thou maide ful euen, / all orders  
that is,  
To haue the blis in heuen. / This did thou,  
more and les.  
Full mervelus to neuene,<sup>2</sup> / yit was ther  
vnkyndnes,  
More bi foldis seuene<sup>3</sup> / then I can well ex-  
pres;  
For whi 14  
Of all angels in brightnes  
God gaf Lucifer most lightnes,  
Yit prowldy he flyt his des,<sup>4</sup>  
And set hym euen hym by. 18

He thought hymself as worthi / as hym that  
hym made.  
In brightnes, in bewty, / therfor he hym  
degrade;  
Put hym in a low degre / soyn after, in a  
brade,<sup>5</sup>  
Hym and all his menyne,<sup>6</sup> / wher he may be  
vnglad  
For euer. 23

<sup>1</sup> Truly.<sup>2</sup> By seven-fold.<sup>3</sup> Jiffy.<sup>4</sup> Relate.<sup>5</sup> Left his dals.<sup>6</sup> Followers.

Shall thay neuer wyn<sup>1</sup> away  
Hence vnto domysday,  
Bot burne in bayle for ay;  
Shall thay neuer dysseuer.<sup>2</sup> 27

Soyne after, that gracyous Lord / to his  
liknes maide man,  
That place to be restord / euen as he be-  
gan,  
Of the Trinite bi accord, / Adam, and Eue  
that woman.  
To multiplie without discord / in paradise  
put he thaym;  
And sithen<sup>3</sup> to both 32  
Gaf in commaundement  
On the tre of life to lay no hend.  
Bot yit the fals feynd  
Made hym with man wroth, 36

Entysyd man to glotony, / styrd him to  
syn in pride.  
Bot in paradise, securly, / myght no syn  
abide;  
And therfor man full hastily / was put out,  
in that tyde,  
In wo and wandreth<sup>4</sup> for to be; / paynes<sup>5</sup>  
full vnrid<sup>6</sup>  
To knawe, 41  
Fyrst in erth, sythen<sup>7</sup> in hell,  
With feyndis for to dwell.  
Bot he his mercy mell<sup>8</sup>  
To those that will hym trawe.<sup>9</sup> 45

Oyle of mercy he hus hight,<sup>10</sup> / as I haue  
hard red,  
To euery lifyng wight / that wold luf hym  
and dred.  
Bot now before his sight / euery lifyng  
leyde<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Go.<sup>2</sup> Depart.<sup>3</sup> Afterwards.<sup>4</sup> Misfortune.<sup>5</sup> MS. In paynes, corr. by Manly.<sup>6</sup> Cruel.<sup>7</sup> Afterwards.<sup>8</sup> MS. in sythen in.<sup>9</sup> Speaks of.<sup>10</sup> Believe.<sup>11</sup> Us promised.<sup>12</sup> Man.

<sup>1</sup> For the source of the text see page 94, note 1. I have availed myself of certain textual emendations from Manly's reprint, as the footnotes will indicate.

Most party day and nyght / syn in word  
and dede

Full bold, —

50

Som in pride, ire, and enuy,

Som in couetyse <sup>1</sup> and glotyny,

Som in sloth and lechery,

And other wise many-fold.

54

Therfor I drede lest God / on vs will take  
veniance,

For syn is now alod <sup>2</sup> / without any repent-  
ance.

Sex hundredth yeris and od / haue I, with-  
out distance,<sup>3</sup>

In erth, as any sod, / liffyd with grete  
grevance

All-way;

59

And now I wax old,

Seke, sory, and cold;

As muk apon mold

I widder away.

63

Bot yit will I cry / for mercy, and call.

*[Kneels in prayer.]*

Noe, thi seruaut, am I, / Lord ouer-all!

Therfor me and my fry <sup>4</sup> / shal with me  
fall.

Saue from velany / and bryng to thi hall

In heuen;

68

And kepe me from syn

This world within.

Comly Kyng of mankyn,

I pray the here my stevyn! <sup>5</sup>

72

*[God speaks above.]*

DEUS. Syn I haue maide all thyng / that  
is liffand,

Duke, emperour, and kyng / with myne  
awne hand,

For to haue thare likyng / bi see and bi  
sand,

Euery man to my bydyng / shuld be  
bowand <sup>6</sup>

Full feruent,

77

That maide man sich a creatoure,

Farest of fawoure.

Man must luf me paramoure

By reson, and repent.

81

<sup>1</sup> MS. Couetous.

<sup>2</sup> Allowed.

<sup>3</sup> Dispute.

<sup>4</sup> Children.

<sup>5</sup> Voice.

<sup>6</sup> Obedient.

Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I  
made hym to be

All angels abuf, / like to the Trynnye;

And now in grete reprufe / full low ligis <sup>1</sup>  
he,

In erth hymself to stuf / with syn that dis-  
please me

Most of all.

86

Veniance will I take

In erth for syn sake.

My grame <sup>2</sup> thus will I wake

Both of grete and small.

90

I repente full sore / that euer maide I man.

Bi me he settis no store, / and I am his  
soferan.

I will distroy therfor / both beest, man,  
and woman;

All shall perish, les and more. / That bar-  
gan may thay ban <sup>3</sup>

That ill has done.

95

In erth I se right noght

Bot syn that is vnsoght; <sup>4</sup>

Of those that well has wrought

Fynd I bot a fone. <sup>5</sup>

99

Therfor shall I fordo <sup>6</sup> / all this medill-erd  
With floodis that shall flo / and ryn with  
hidous rerd. <sup>7</sup>

I haue good cause therto; / ffor me no man  
is ferd. <sup>8</sup>

As I say shal I do, / of veniance draw my  
swerd,

And make end

104

Of all that beris life —

Sayf Noe and his wife,

For thay wold neuer stryfe

With me ne <sup>9</sup> me offend.

108

Hym to mekill wyn <sup>10</sup> / hastily will I go,

To Noe my seruand, or I blyn, <sup>11</sup> / to warn  
hym of his wo.

In erth I se bot syn, / reynand to and fro,  
Emang both more and myn; <sup>12</sup> / ichon <sup>13</sup>

other fo.

With all thare entent.

113

All shall I fordo

With floodis that shall floo;

<sup>1</sup> Lies.

<sup>2</sup> Anger.

<sup>3</sup> Curse.

<sup>4</sup> Unatoned for.

<sup>5</sup> Few.

<sup>6</sup> Destroy.

<sup>7</sup> Sound.

<sup>8</sup> Afraid.

<sup>9</sup> MS. then.

<sup>10</sup> Joy.

<sup>11</sup> Stop.

<sup>12</sup> Less.

<sup>13</sup> Each one.

Wirk shall I thaym wo,  
That will not repent. 117

[*God descends and addresses Noah.*]

Noe, my freend, I thee commaund, / from  
cares the to keyle,<sup>1</sup>

A ship that thou ordand / of nayle and  
bord ful wele.

Thou was alway well wirkand, / to me  
trew as stele,

To my bydyng obediand; / frendship shal  
thou fele

To mede.<sup>2</sup> 122

Of lennth the thi ship be  
Thre hundreth cubettis, warn I the;

Of heght euen thirte;<sup>3</sup>  
Of fyfty als in brede. 126

Anoynt thi ship with pik and tar / without  
and als within,

The water out to spar.<sup>4</sup> / This is a noble  
gyn.<sup>5</sup>

Look no man the mar.<sup>6</sup> / Thre chese<sup>7</sup>  
chambres begyn;

Thou must spend many a spar<sup>8</sup> / this  
wark or thou wyn

To end fully. 131

Make in thi ship also  
Parlours oone or two,

And houses of offyce mo  
For beestis that ther must be. 135

Oone cubite on hight / a wyndo shal thou  
make;

On the syde a doore with slyght<sup>9</sup> / be-  
neyth shal thou take.

With the shal no man fyght / nor do the no  
kyn wrake.<sup>10</sup>

When all is doyne thus right, / thi wife,  
that is thi make,

Take in to the; 140

Thi sonnes of good fame,  
Sem, Iaphet, and Came,

Take in also [t]hame,  
Thare wifis also thre. 144

For all shal be fordone / that lif in land bot  
ye,

<sup>1</sup> Cool.

<sup>2</sup> MS. thirte.

<sup>3</sup> Contrivance.

<sup>4</sup> Tiers; one above the other.

<sup>5</sup> Skill.

<sup>6</sup> Reward.

<sup>7</sup> Keep.

<sup>8</sup> Hinder.

<sup>9</sup> Beam.

<sup>10</sup> Injury.

With floodis that from abone / shal fall,  
and that plente.

It shal begyn full sone / to rayn vnces-  
santle,

After dayes seuen be done, / and indury  
dayes fourty,

Withoutten fayll. 149

Take to thi ship also  
Of ich kynd beestis two,

Mayll and femayll, bot no mo,  
Or thou pull vp thi sayll, 153

For thay may the avayll / when al this  
thyng is wrought.

Stuf thi ship with vitayll, / ffor hungre  
that ye perish noght;

Of beestis, foull, and catayll, / ffor thaym  
haue thou in thoght;

For thaym is my counsayll / that som  
socour be soght

In hast; 158

Thay must haue corn and hay,  
And oder mete<sup>1</sup> alway.

Do now as I the say,  
In the name of the Holy Gast. 162

NOE. A! benedicite! / what art thou that  
thus

Tellys afore that shall be? / Thou art full  
mervelus<sup>1</sup>

Tell me, for charite, / thi name so gracios.  
DEUS. My name is of dignyte, / and also  
full glorius

To knowe: 167

I am God most myghty,  
Oone God in Trynyty,

Made the and ich man to be.  
To luf me well thou awe.<sup>2</sup> 171

NOE. I thank the, Lord so dere, / that  
wold vowch-sayf

Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe.  
Blis vs, Lord, here; / for charite I hit  
crafe;

The better may we stere / the ship that we  
shall hafe,

Certayn. 176

DEUS. Noe, to the, and to thi fry,  
My blyssyng graunt I.

Ye shall wax and multiply,  
And fill the erth agane, 180

<sup>1</sup> Food. <sup>2</sup> Owest.



When all thise floodis ar past / and fully  
gone away.

[*God ascends.*]

NOE. Lord! homward will I hast / as fast  
as that I may;

My [wife] will I frast<sup>1</sup> / what she will say.  
And I am agast / that we get som fray

Betwixt vs both, 185

For she is full tethee;<sup>2</sup>

For litill oft angre;

If any-thing wrang be,

Soyne is she wroth. 189

*Then he shall cross over to his wife.<sup>3</sup>*

God spede, dere wife! / How fayre ye?

Vxor. Now, as euer myght I thryfe, / the  
wars I thee see!

Do tell me belife, / where has thou thus  
long be?

To dede may we dryfe, / or lif, for the,  
For want. 194

When we swete or swynk,<sup>4</sup>

Thou dost what thou thynk;

Yit of mete and of drynk

Haue we veray skant. 198

NOE. Wife, we ar hard sted / with tyth-  
yngis new—

Vxor. Bot thou were worthi be cled / in  
Stafford blew!<sup>5</sup>

For thou art alway adred, / be it fals or  
trew.

Bot, God knowes, I am led; / and that may  
I rew

Full ill; 203

For I dar be thi borow,<sup>6</sup>

From euen vnto morow

Thou spekis euer of sorow.

God send the onys thi fill! 207

[*Addressing the audience.*]

We women may wary / all ill husbandis.

I haue oone, bi Mary / that lowsyd me of  
my bandis!

If he teyn,<sup>7</sup> I must tary, / how-so-euer it  
standis,

With seymland<sup>8</sup> full sory, / wryngand both  
my handis

For drede. 212

Bot yit other while,

What with gam and with gyle,

I shall smyte and smyle,

And qwite hym his mede. 216

NOE. We! hold thi tong, ram-skyt, / or I  
shall the still!

Vxor. By my thryft, if thou smyte, / I  
shal turne the vntill.

NOE. We shall assay as tyte.<sup>1</sup> / Haue at  
the, Gill!

Apon the bone shal it byte. / [*Strikes her.*]

Vxor. A, so! Mary! thou smytis ill!

Bot I suppose 221

I shal not in thi det

Flyt of this flett!<sup>2</sup>

Take the ther a langett<sup>3</sup>

To tye vp thi hose! [*Strikes him.*] 225

NOE. A! wilt thou so? / Mary, that is  
myne. [*Strikes her.*]

Vxor. Thou shal [have] thre for two, / I  
swere bi Godis pyne.<sup>4</sup> [*Striking back.*]

NOE. And I shall qwyte the tho, / in  
fayth, or syne.<sup>5</sup> [*Strikes her down.*]

Vxor. Out apon the, ho! /

NOE. Thou can both byte and whyne  
With a rerd!<sup>6</sup> 230

[*To the audience.*]

For all if she stryke,

Yit fast will she skryke.<sup>7</sup>

In fayth, I hold none slyke<sup>8</sup>

In all medill-erd! 234

Bot I will kepe charyte, / ffor I haue at do.<sup>9</sup>

Vxor. Here shal no man tary the; / I  
pray the go to!

Full well may we mys the, / as euer haue I  
ro.<sup>10</sup>

To spyn will I dres me. /

[*Seats herself at her spinning.*]

NOE. We! fare well, lo.

Bot, wife, 239.

Pray for me besele

To eft<sup>11</sup> I com vnto the.

<sup>1</sup> At once.

<sup>2</sup> Thong.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards.

<sup>4</sup> Such.

<sup>5</sup> Quiet.

<sup>6</sup> Leave this floor.

<sup>7</sup> Christ's passion.

<sup>8</sup> Noise.

<sup>9</sup> Business in hand.

<sup>10</sup> Until again.

<sup>1</sup> Ask. <sup>2</sup> Testy. <sup>3</sup> MS. *Tunc perget ad vzorem.*

<sup>4</sup> Toil. <sup>5</sup> To be beaten blue with a staff?

<sup>6</sup> Pledge. <sup>7</sup> Be vexed.

<sup>8</sup> Semblance, countenance.

Vxor. Euen as thou prays for me,  
As euer myght I thrife! 243  
Noë. I tary full lang / fro my warke, I  
trow;<sup>1</sup>  
Now my gere<sup>2</sup> will I fang<sup>3</sup> / and theder-  
ward draw.

[Crossing to the other end of the pageant.]

I may full ill gang, / the soth for to know.  
Bot if God help amang, / I may sit downe  
daw<sup>4</sup>

To ken. 248  
Now assay will I  
How I can of wrightry.<sup>5</sup>  
*In nomine Patris, et Filii,  
Et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.* 252

To begyn of this tree / my bonys will I  
bend;  
I trow from the Trynyte / socoure will be  
send.  
It fayres full fayre, thynk me, / this wark  
to my hend;  
Now blissid be he / that this can amend.

[Takes his measuring rod.]

Lo, here the lenght, 257  
Thre hundreth cubettis euenly;  
Of breed, lo! is it fyfty;  
The heght is euen thyrty  
Cubettis full strenght. 261

[Takes off his gown.]

Now my gowne will I cast, / and wyrk in  
my cote.  
Make will I the mast, / or I flyt oone foote.  
A! my bak, I trow, will brast! / This is a  
sory note!  
Hit is wonder that I last, / sich an old  
dote,<sup>7</sup>  
All dold,<sup>8</sup> 266  
To begyn sich a wark.  
My bonys ar so stark,<sup>9</sup>  
No wonder if thay wark,<sup>10</sup>  
For I am full old. 270

The top and the sayll / both will I make;

<sup>1</sup> Trow.      <sup>2</sup> Tools.      <sup>3</sup> Take.  
<sup>4</sup> Melancholy?      <sup>5</sup> Carpentry.  
<sup>6</sup> In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and  
of the Holy Ghost, amen.  
<sup>7</sup> Dotard.      <sup>8</sup> Dulled (with age).  
<sup>9</sup> Stiff.      <sup>10</sup> Ache.

The helm and the castell / also will I take;  
To drife ich a nayll / will I not forsake;  
This gere<sup>1</sup> may neuer fayll, / that dar I  
vndertake

Ononc.<sup>2</sup> 275  
This is a nobull gyn.<sup>3</sup>  
Thise nayles so thay ryn  
Thoro more and myn,  
Thise bordis ichon. 279

[He views the completed Ark.]

Wyndow and doore, / euen as he saide;  
Thre ches-chambre, / thay ar well maide;  
Pyk and tar full sure / ther-apon laide;  
This will euer endure, / therof am I paide;  
For why 284  
It is better wrought  
Then I coude haif thought.  
Hym that maide all of noght  
I thank oonly. 288

Now will I hy me, / and no-thing be leder,<sup>4</sup>  
My wife and my meneye<sup>5</sup> / to bryng euen  
heder.

[Approaches his wife.]

Tent hedir tydely,<sup>6</sup> / wife, and consider;  
Hens must vs fle / all sam togeder  
In hast. 293  
Vxor. Whi, syr, what alis you?  
Who is that asalis you?  
To fle it aualis you  
And ye be agast. 297

Noë. Ther is garn<sup>7</sup> on the reyll / other,  
my dame.  
Vxor. Tell me that ich a deyll,<sup>8</sup> / els get  
ye blame.  
Noë. He that cares may keill,<sup>9</sup> — / blissid  
be his name! —  
He has [spokyn]<sup>10</sup> for oure seyll,<sup>11</sup> / to sheld  
vs fro shame,  
And sayd, 302  
All this warld aboute  
With floodis so stoute,  
That shall ryn on a route,<sup>12</sup>  
Shall be ouerlaide. 306

<sup>1</sup> Affair.  
<sup>2</sup> Contrivance.  
<sup>3</sup> Household.  
<sup>4</sup> Yarn.  
<sup>5</sup> Cool.  
<sup>6</sup> Happiness.

<sup>7</sup> At once.  
<sup>8</sup> Lasy, slow.  
<sup>9</sup> Quickly.  
<sup>10</sup> Every bit.  
<sup>11</sup> Supplied by Manly.  
<sup>12</sup> Roaring noise.

He saide all shall be slayn / bot oonely we,  
Oure barnes,<sup>1</sup> that ar bayn,<sup>2</sup> / and thare  
wifis thre;

A ship he bad me ordayne / to safe vs and  
oure fee.<sup>3</sup>

Therfor with all oure mayn / thank we  
that fre,<sup>4</sup>

Beytter of bayll.<sup>5</sup> 311

Hy vs fast, go we thedir!

Vxor. I wote neuer whedir.

I dase and I dedir<sup>6</sup>  
For ferd of that tayll. 315

NOE. Be not aferd. Hauē done. / Trus<sup>7</sup>  
sam oure gere,

That we be ther or none,<sup>8</sup> / without more  
dere.<sup>9</sup>

I. FILIUS. It shall be done full sone. /  
Brether, help to bere.

II. FILIUS. Full long shall I not hoyne<sup>10</sup> /  
to do my devere,  
Brether Sam. 319

III. FILIUS. Without any yelp,  
At my myght shall I help.

Vxor. Yit for drede of a skelp<sup>11</sup>  
Help well thi dam! 324

[*They cross over with their stuff to the Ark.*]

NOE. Now ar we there / as we shuld be.  
Do get in oure gere, / oure catall and fe,  
In-to this vessell here, / my chylder fre.

[*They enter the Ark.*]

Vxor. I was neuer bard ere,<sup>12</sup> / as euer  
myght I the,<sup>13</sup>

In sich an oostre<sup>14</sup> as this! 329

In fajilth, I can not fynd,

Which is before, which is behynd!

Bot shall we here be pynd,  
Noe, as haue thou blis? 333

[*Exit from the Ark.*]

NOE. Dame, as it is skill,<sup>15</sup> / here must vs  
abide grace;

<sup>1</sup> Children.

<sup>2</sup> Ready.

<sup>3</sup> Possessions.

<sup>4</sup> Generous one (God).

<sup>5</sup> Healer of sorrow.

<sup>6</sup> I am dazed and I tremble.

<sup>7</sup> Pack up.

<sup>8</sup> Noon.

<sup>9</sup> Harm.

<sup>10</sup> Delay.

<sup>11</sup> Blow.

<sup>12</sup> Shut up before.

<sup>13</sup> Thrive.

<sup>14</sup> Lodging.

<sup>15</sup> Reason.

Therfor, wife, with good will / com into  
this place.

Vxor. Sir, for Iak nor for Gill / will I  
turne my face,

Till I haue on this hill / spon a space  
On my rok.<sup>1</sup> 338

Well were<sup>2</sup> he, myght get me!

Now will I downe set me.

Yit reede I no man let me,  
For drede of a knok. 342

[*Seats herself to spin. Noah appeals to her.*]

NOE. Behold to the heuen; / the cate-  
ractes all,  
That are open full euen, / grete and small,  
And the planetis seuen / left has thare  
stall;<sup>3</sup>

Thise thoners and levyn<sup>4</sup> / downe gar fall<sup>5</sup>  
Full stout 347

Both halles and bowers,

Castels and towres;

Full sharp ar thise showers  
That renys aboute; 351

Therfor, wife, haue done; / com into ship  
fast.

Vxor. Yei, Noe, go cloute thi shone!<sup>6</sup> /  
The better will thi last.

I. MULIER. Good moder, com in sone, /  
ffor all is ouer-cast,

Both the son and the mone. /

II. MULIER. And many wynd blast  
Full sharp; 356

Thise floodis so thay ryn;

Therfor, moder, come in.

Vxor. In fayth, yit will I spyn.  
All in vayn ye carp.<sup>7</sup> 360

III. MULIER. If ye like ye may spyn, /  
moder, in the ship.

NOE. Now is this twyys: com in, / dame,  
on my frenship.

Vxor. Wheder I lose or I wyn, / in fayth,  
thi felowship,

Set I not at a pyn. / This spyndill will I  
slip 365

Apon this hill

Or I styrr oone fote.

NOE. Peter! I traw we dote!

<sup>1</sup> Distaff.

<sup>2</sup> Guard himself.

<sup>3</sup> Station.

<sup>4</sup> Lightning.

<sup>5</sup> Make fall down.

<sup>6</sup> Mend thy shoes.

<sup>7</sup> Talk.

Without any more note,  
Come in if ye will. 369

Vxor. Yei, water nyghys so nere / that I  
sit not dry;  
Into ship with a byr,<sup>1</sup> / therfor, will I hy  
For drede that I drone here./

[*Rushes into the ship.*]<sup>2</sup>

Noe. Dame, securly,  
It bees boght full dere / ye abode so long by  
Out of ship. 374

Vxor. I will not, for thi bydyng,  
Go from doore to mydyng.<sup>3</sup>

Noe. In fayth, and for youre long tary-  
yng,  
Ye shall lik on <sup>4</sup> the whyp. 378

Vxor. Spare me not, I pray the; / bot  
euen as thou thynk,

Thise grete wordis shall not flay me. /

Noe. Abide, dame, and drynk,  
For betyn shall thou be / with this staf to  
thou stynk.

Ar strokis good? say me. / [*Striking her.*]

Vxor. What say ye, Wat Wynk?  
[*Striking back.*]

Noe. Spekel 383

Cry me mercy, I say!

Vxor. Therto say I nay.

Noe. Bot thou do, bi this day,  
Thi hede shall I breke! 387

[*Wife, addressing the audience.*]

Vxor. Lord, I were at ese, / and hertely  
full hoylle,

Might I onys haue a measse <sup>5</sup> / of wedows  
coyll; <sup>6</sup>

For thi saull, without lese,<sup>7</sup> / shuld I dele  
penny doyll.<sup>8</sup>

So wold mo, no frese,<sup>9</sup> / that I se on this  
sole <sup>10</sup>

Of wifs that ar here, 392

For the life that thay leyd,

Wold thare husbandis were dede;

For, as euer etc I brede,

So wold I oure syre were! 396

<sup>1</sup> Rush.

<sup>2</sup> Dunghill.

<sup>3</sup> Mess.

<sup>4</sup> Lie.

<sup>5</sup> Fear.

<sup>6</sup> Supplied by Manly.

<sup>7</sup> Have a taste of.

<sup>8</sup> Pottage.

<sup>9</sup> Dole.

<sup>10</sup> Hall, place.

[*Noah, addressing the audience.*]

Noe. Yee men that has wifs, / whyls  
they ar yong,

If ye luf youre lifis, / chastice thare tong.  
Me thynk my hert ryfis,<sup>1</sup> / both levyr and  
long,

To se sich stryfis / wedmen emong.

Bot I, 401

As haue I blys,

Shall chastyse this!

Vxor. Yit may ye mys,  
Nicholl Nedy! 405

Noe. I shall make the still as stone, /  
begynnar of blunder!

I shall bete the, bak and bone, / and breke  
all in sonder.

[*Fighting ad lib., with Noah finally  
victorious.*]

Vxor. Out, alas, I am gone! / Oute  
apon the, mans wonder!

Noe. Se how she can grone / and I lig <sup>2</sup>  
vnder!

Bot, wife, 410

In this hast <sup>3</sup> let vs ho,<sup>4</sup>

For my bak is nere in two.

Vxor. And I am bet so blo  
That I may not thryfe. 414

I. FILIUS. A! whi fare ye thus, / ffader and  
moder both?

II. FILIUS. Ye shuld not be so spitus, /  
standyng in sich a woth.<sup>5</sup>

III. FILIUS. Thise [strifs] <sup>6</sup> ar so hidus, /  
with many a cold coth.<sup>7</sup>

Noe. We will do as ye bid vs; / we will no  
more be wroth,

Dere barnes! 419

Now to the helme will I hent, <sup>8</sup>

And to my ship tent.<sup>9</sup>

Vxor. I se on the firmament,  
Me thynk, the seven starnes. 423

Noe. This is a grete flood; / wife, take  
hede.

Vxor. So me thoght, as I stode; / we ar  
in grete drede;

<sup>1</sup> Splits.

<sup>2</sup> Lie.

<sup>3</sup> Stop.

<sup>4</sup> Peril.

<sup>5</sup> Supplied by Manly.

<sup>6</sup> Seize.

<sup>7</sup> Lie.

<sup>8</sup> Peril.

<sup>9</sup> Attend.

<sup>10</sup> Haste, rashness.

<sup>11</sup> Disease.

Thise wawghes <sup>1</sup> ar so wode.<sup>2</sup> /  
 NOE. Help, God, in this nede!  
 As thou art stere-man good, / and best, as  
 I rede,

Of all, 428  
 Thou rewle vs in this rase,<sup>3</sup>  
 As thou me behete <sup>4</sup> hase.  
 Vxor. This is a perloous case.  
 Help, God, when we call! 432

NOE. Wife, tent the stere-tre,<sup>5</sup> / and I  
 shall asay  
 The depnes of the see / that we bere, if I  
 may.

Vxor. That shall I do ful wysely; / now  
 go thi way,  
 For apon this flood haue we / flett many  
 day

With pyne. 437  
 NOE. Now the water will I sownd.

[*He lowers a plummet.*]

A! it is far to the grownd.  
 This trauell,<sup>6</sup> I expownd,  
 Had I to tyne.<sup>7</sup> 441

Aboue all hillys bedeyn<sup>8</sup> / the water is  
 rysen late  
 Cubettis fyfteyn. / Bot in a higher <sup>9</sup>  
 state

It may not be, I weyn; / for this well I  
 wate,

This forty dayes has rayn beyn, / it will  
 therfor abate

Full lele.<sup>10</sup> 446  
 This water in hast  
 Eft will I tast.<sup>11</sup>

[*He lowers the plummet again.*]

Now am I agast,  
 It is wanyd a grete dele. 450

Now are the weders cest / and cateractes  
 knyrt,

Both the most and the leest. /  
 Vxor. Me thynk, bi my wit,  
 The son shynes in the eest. / Lo, is not  
 yond it?

<sup>1</sup> Waves.

<sup>2</sup> Mad, wild.

<sup>3</sup> Voyage.

<sup>4</sup> Promised.

<sup>5</sup> Tiller.

<sup>6</sup> Labor.

<sup>7</sup> Lose.

<sup>8</sup> Completely.

<sup>9</sup> MS. higher, *corr. by Manly.*

<sup>10</sup> Loyal.

<sup>11</sup> Try.

We shuld haue a good feest, / were thise  
 floodis flyt,

So spytus. 455

NOE. We haue been here, all we,

Thre hundreth dayes and fyfty.

Vxor. Yei, now wanyes the sec.

Lord, well is vs! 459

NOE. The thryd tyme will I prufe / what  
 depnes we bere.

[*He again lowers the plummet.*]

Vxor. How <sup>1</sup> long shall thou hufe? <sup>2</sup>/  
 Lay in thy lyne there.

NOE. I may towch with my lufe <sup>3</sup> the  
 grownd evyn here.

Vxor. Then begynnys to grufe <sup>4</sup> / to vs  
 mery chere.

Bot, husband, 463

What grownd may this be?

NOE. The hyllys of Armonye. <sup>5</sup>

Vxor. Now blissid be he  
 That thus for vs can ordand! 468

NOE. I see the toppys of hyllys he, <sup>6</sup> /  
 many at a syght;

No thynge to let me, / the wedir is so bright.

Vxor. Thise ar of mercy / tokyns full  
 right.

NOE. Dame, thou <sup>7</sup> counsell me: / what  
 fowll best myght

And cowth <sup>8</sup> 473

With flight of wyng

Bryng, without taryying,

Of mercy som tokynyng,  
 Ayther bi north or southe? 477

For this is the fyrst day / of the tent  
 moyne.

Vxor. The ravyn, durst I lay, / will  
 come agane sone.

As fast as thou may, / cast hym furth;  
 haue done.

[*He sends out a raven.*]

He may happyn to-day / com agane or  
 none

With grath.<sup>9</sup> 482

<sup>1</sup> MS. Now, *corr. by Child.*

<sup>2</sup> Heave.

<sup>3</sup> Hand.

<sup>4</sup> Grow.

<sup>5</sup> Armenia.

<sup>6</sup> High.

<sup>7</sup> MS. thi, *corr. by Kittredge.*

<sup>8</sup> Could.

<sup>9</sup> Readiness? Growth (i.e. branch)?

NOE. I will cast out also  
Dowfys oone or two.  
Go youre way, go; [*He sends out the doves.*]

God send you som wathe! <sup>1</sup> 486

Now ar thise fowles flone / into seyr <sup>2</sup>  
countre.

Pray we fast ichon, / kneland on our kne,  
To hym that is alone / worthiest of  
degre,

That he wold send anone / oure fowles som  
fee

To glad vs. 491

Vxor. Thai may not fayll of land,  
The water is so wanand.

NOE. Thank we God all-weldand, <sup>3</sup>  
That Lord that made vs. 495

It is a wonder thyng, / me thynk sothle, <sup>4</sup>  
Thai ar so long taryyng, / the fowles that  
we

Cast out in the mornyng. /  
Vxor. Syr, it may be

Thai tary to <sup>5</sup> thay bryng. /  
NOE. The ravyn is a-hungrye

All-way; 500

He is without any reson;  
And he fynd any caryon,  
As peraventure may befon, <sup>6</sup>

He will not away. 504

The dowfe is more gentill, — / her trust I  
vntew, —

Like vnto the turtill, / for she is ay trew.

Vxor. Hence bot a litill / she commys.  
Lew, lew!

She bryngys in her bill / som novels <sup>7</sup> new.  
Behald! 509

It is of an olif tre  
A branch, thynkys me.

NOE. It is soth, perde;  
Right so is it cald. 513

Doufe, byrd full blist, / ffayre myght the  
befall!

Thou art trew for to trist / as ston in the  
wall;

Full well I it wist, / thou wold com to thi  
hall.

Vxor. A trew tokyn ist, / we shall be  
sauyd all;

For whi <sup>1</sup> 518

The water, syn she com,  
Of depnes plom

Is fallen a fathom  
And more, hardely. 522

I. FILIUS. Thise floodis ar gone, / fader,  
behold.

II. FILIUS. Ther is left right none, / and  
that be ye bold.

III. FILIUS. As still as a stone / oure ship  
is stold. <sup>2</sup>

NOE. Apon land here anone / that we  
were, fayn I wold.

My childer dere, 527

Sem, Japhet and Cam,  
With gle and with gam

Com go we all sam;  
We will no longer abide here. 531

Vxor. Here haue we beyn, / Noy, long  
enogh,

With tray and with teyn / and dreed mekill  
wogh.

[*They leave the Ark.*]

NOE. Behald, on this greyn / nowder <sup>3</sup>  
cart ne plogh

Is left, as I weyn, / nowder tre then  
bogh,

Ne other thyng, 536

Bot all is away;  
Many castels, I say,

Grete townes of aray,  
Flitt has this flowyng. 540

Vxor. Thise floodis not afright / all this  
ward so wide

Has mevid with myght / on se and bi  
side.

NOE. To dede ar thai dyght, <sup>4</sup> / prowdist  
of pryde,

Euer ich a wyght / that euer was spyde  
With syn; 545

All ar thai slayn,  
And put vnto payn.

Vxor. From thens agayn  
May thai neuer wyn? 549

<sup>1</sup> Hunting.

<sup>6</sup> Truly.

<sup>2</sup> Various.

<sup>5</sup> Until.

<sup>3</sup> All-ruling.

<sup>6</sup> Befall.

<sup>7</sup> News.

<sup>1</sup> For that reason.

<sup>2</sup> Neither.

<sup>3</sup> Fixed.

<sup>4</sup> Done.

NOE. Wyn? No, i-wis, / bot <sup>1</sup> he that  
myght hase

Wold myn <sup>2</sup> of thare mys / and admytte  
thaym to grace.

As he in bayll is blis, / I pray hym in this  
space,

In heven hye with his / to purvaye vs a  
place,

<sup>1</sup> Unless.

<sup>2</sup> Take thought.

That we, 554  
With his santis <sup>1</sup> in sight

And his angels bright,

May com to his light.

Amen, for charite. 558

*Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.*

<sup>1</sup> Saints.

THE DELUGE <sup>1</sup>

[Acted by the Waterleaders and Drawers in Dye of Chester.]

Pagina Tertia de Deluvio Noe <sup>1</sup>

The waterleaders and drawers in dye.

*And first in some high place, or in the  
cloudes yf it may be, God speaketh vnto  
Noe standing with-out the Arke with all  
his familie.<sup>2</sup>*

DEUS. I, God, that all the world have  
wrought,

Heaven and earth, and all of nought,  
I see my people, in deepe and thought,  
Are sett fowle in sinne.

My ghost shall not lenge <sup>3</sup> in man,  
That through fleshlie liking is my fone,  
But till six skore yeares be gone,  
To loke if they will blynne.<sup>4</sup>

8

Manne that I made I will destroy,  
Beast, worme, and fowle to flie;  
For on earthe they doe me nye,<sup>5</sup>  
The folke that are theron.

Hit harmes me so hartfullie,<sup>6</sup>  
The malyce now that can <sup>7</sup> multeply,  
That sore it greueth me inwardlie  
That ever I made manne.

16

Therefore, Noe, my servant free,  
That righteous man art, as I see,  
A shipp sone thou shalt make the  
Of trees drye and lighte.

Little chambers therein thou make;  
And bynding slich <sup>8</sup> also thou take,  
With-in and -out thou ne slake <sup>9</sup>  
To anynte it through all thy mighte.

24

<sup>1</sup> The third pageant of Noah's Flood.<sup>2</sup> MS. *Et primo in aliquo supremo loco sive in nubibus, si fieri poterit, loquatur Deus ad Noe extra Archem existentem cum tota familia sua.* I have inserted the English form of this stage-direction as found in two other MSS.<sup>3</sup> Linger.<sup>4</sup> Cease.<sup>5</sup> Annoy.<sup>6</sup> Grievously.<sup>7</sup> Does.<sup>8</sup> Slime, pitch.<sup>9</sup> Slack.

300 Cubytes it shall be long,  
And 50 of breadeth, to mak it stronge,  
Of heighte 50. The mete <sup>1</sup> thou fonge,<sup>2</sup>  
Thus measure it about.

One wyndow worch through thy wytte,  
One cubyte of length and breadeth make it.  
Vpon the side a dore shall sit  
For to come in and out.

32

Eating places thou make also;  
Three-roofed chambers, one or two;  
For with water I thinke to flow <sup>3</sup>  
Man that I can make.

Destroyed all the world shalbe,  
Save thou; thy wife, thy sonnes three,  
And all there wives also with thee  
Shall saved be, for thy sake.

40

NOE. Ah! Lord, I thanke the lowd and  
still,

That to me art in such will,  
And spares me and my house to spill,<sup>4</sup>  
As now I sothlie fynde.

Thy bydding, Lord, I shall fulfill,  
And never more the greeve ne grill,<sup>5</sup>  
That suche grace hast sent me till  
Among all mankinde.

48

[Noah calls to his family.]

Haue done, yow men and women all!  
Helpe, for ought that may befall,  
To worke this shipp, chamber and hall,  
As God hath bydden vs doe.

SEM. Father, I am already bowne.<sup>6</sup>  
Anne axe I haue, by my crowne,  
As sharpe as any in all this towne,  
For to goe there-to.

56

HAM. I haue a hatchet wonder-kene

<sup>1</sup> Measure.<sup>2</sup> Take.<sup>3</sup> Deluge.<sup>4</sup> Destroy.<sup>5</sup> Vex.<sup>6</sup> Ready, prepared.<sup>1</sup> The text here reproduced is that of British Museum Harleian MS. 2124, as printed in *The Chester Plays*, Part I, edited for the Early English Text Society by H. Deimling, 1892. I have modernised the punctuation, and have added, in brackets, some stage-directions.



To byte well, as may be seene;  
A better grownden,<sup>1</sup> as I weene,  
Is not in all this towne.

IAPHET. And I can well make a pyn,  
And with this hammer knock yt in;  
Goe and worche without more dynne,  
And I am ready bowne. 64

UXOR NOE. And we shall bring tymber  
to,  
For wee mon nothing els doe;  
Women be weake to vnderfoe<sup>2</sup>  
Any great travayle.<sup>3</sup>

VXOR SEM. Here is a good hackstock;<sup>4</sup>  
On this yow maye hew and knock;  
Shall non be idle in this flock,  
Ne now may no man fayle. 72

VXOR HAM. And I will goe to gather  
sliche,<sup>5</sup>  
The ship for to caulke<sup>6</sup> and piche;  
Anyoynted yt must be every stich,  
Board, tree, and pyn.

VXOR IAPHET. And I will gather chippes  
here  
To make a fire for yow in feere,<sup>7</sup>  
And for to dight yow dynner,  
Against yow come in. 80

*Then they make signs as if laboring with  
divers tools.<sup>8</sup>*

NOE. Now in the name of God I will begin  
To make the shippe that we shall in,  
That we be ready for to swym  
At the cominge of the flood.  
These bordes I ioyn here together,  
To kepe vs safe from the wedder,  
That we may row both hither and thider,  
And safe be from this floode. 88

Of this tree will I make the mast  
Tyde with gables that will last,  
With a sayle-yarde for each blast,  
And each thinge in ther kinde.

<sup>1</sup> Sharpened. <sup>2</sup> Undertake. <sup>3</sup> Labor.

<sup>4</sup> Chopping-block. <sup>5</sup> Slime, pitch.

<sup>6</sup> MS. clean; I take caulke from two other MSS. A  
fourth MS. reads clam.

<sup>7</sup> Likewise.

<sup>8</sup> MS. Tunc faciunt signa quasi laborarent cum  
diversis instrumentis.

With topcastle and bewsprytt,  
With coardes and ropes I haue all meete,  
To sayle forth at the next weete.<sup>1</sup>  
This shipp is at an ende. 96

*Then Noah with all his family again make  
signs of laboring with divers tools.<sup>2</sup>*

Wife, in this castle we shall be keped,<sup>3</sup>  
My childer and thou, I wold, in leaped.  
VXOR NOE. In faith, Noe, I had as lief  
thou sleppit.<sup>4</sup>

For all thy frankish fare<sup>5</sup>  
I will not doe after thy red.<sup>6</sup>  
NOE. Good wife, doe now as I the bydd.  
VXOR NOE. By Christ! not or I see more  
neede,  
Though thou stand all the day and  
stare. 104

No[ë]. Lord, that women be crabbed aye,  
And never are meke, that dare I saye.  
This is well sene by me to daye,  
In witnes of yow each one.

Good wife, let be all this beere<sup>7</sup>  
That thou makes in this place here;  
For all they wene<sup>8</sup> thou art master, —  
And so thou art, by St. John! 112

[God speaks above.]

DEUS. Noe, take thou thy meanye,<sup>9</sup>  
And in the shippe hye that yow be;  
For none so righteous man to me  
Is now on earth lyvinge.

Of cleane beastes with thee thou take  
Seaven and seaven, or thou slake,<sup>10</sup>  
Hee and shee, make to make,<sup>11</sup>  
Be-lyve in that thou bringe; 120

Of beastes vncleane two and two,  
Male and female, without moe;  
Of cleane fowles seaven alsoe,  
The hee and shee together;  
Of fowles vncleane two and no more,  
As I of beastes said before;  
That shalbe saved throughe my lore,  
Against I send the wedder. 128

<sup>1</sup> Flood.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Tunc Noe iterum cum tota familia faciunt  
signa laborandi cum diversis instrumentis.

<sup>3</sup> Preserved.

<sup>4</sup> Slept.

<sup>5</sup> Frantie behavior.

<sup>6</sup> Advice.

<sup>7</sup> Tumult.

<sup>8</sup> Think.

<sup>9</sup> Household.

<sup>10</sup> Slacken, stop.

<sup>11</sup> Mate.

Of all meates <sup>1</sup> that must be eaten  
 Into the ship loke there be gotten;  
 For that no way may be foryeten,  
 And doe all this bydeene,  
 To sustayne man and beast therein,  
 Aye till the water cease and blyn.  
 This world is filled full of synne,  
 And that is now well sene. 136

Seaven dayes be yet coming,  
 You shall haue space them in to bringe;  
 After that is my lyking  
 Mankinde for to n[o]ye.<sup>2</sup>  
 40 dayes and 40 nightes  
 Rayne shall fall for ther vnrightes;  
 And that I haue made through my mightes  
 Now think I to destroye. 144

NOE. Lord, at your byddinge I am  
 bayne.<sup>3</sup>

Sith non other grace will gayne,  
 Hit will I fulfill fayne,  
 For gracious I thee fynde.

A 100 wynters and 20  
 This shipp making taried haue I,  
 If through amendment any mercye  
 Wolde fall vnto mankinde. 152

[Noah calls to his family.]

Haue done, you men and women all!  
 Hye you lest this water fall,  
 That each beast were in his stall,  
 And into the ship broughte.

Of cleane beastes seaven shalbe,  
 Of vncleane two; this God bade me.  
 This floode is nye, well may we see,  
 Therefore tary you noughte. 160

*Then Noye shall goe into the Arke with all  
 his family, his wief except, and the Arke  
 must be borded rounde about, and one the  
 bordes all the beastes and fowles receaved  
 must be painted that thes wordes may agree  
 with the pictures.<sup>4</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Food.

<sup>2</sup> Annoy.

<sup>3</sup> Ready.

<sup>4</sup> MS. Tunc Noe introibit Archam, et familia sua dabit, et relictabit omnia animalia depicta in cartis, et postquam unusquisque suam locutus est partem, ibit in archam, vtroque Noe excepta, et animalia depicta cum verbis concordare debent, et sic incipit primus actus. I have inserted the English form of this stage-direction as found in other MSS.

SEM. Syr, here are lyons, libardes <sup>1</sup> in;  
 Horses, mares, oxen, and swyne,  
 Geates, calves, sheepe and kine  
 Here sitten thou may see.

HAM. Camels, asses men may finde,  
 Bucke, doe, harte, and hynde,  
 And beastes of all manner kinde  
 Here bene, as thinkes mee. 168

IAPHET. Take here cattes and doggs to,  
 Otter, fox, fulmart <sup>2</sup> also;  
 Hares hopping gaylie can goe  
 Have cowle <sup>3</sup> here for to eate.

VXOR NOE. And here are beares, wolves  
 sett,  
 Apes, owles, marmoset,  
 Wecells, squirrels, and firret;  
 Here they eaten their meate. 176

VXOR SEM. Yet more beastes are in this  
 howse:  
 Here cattis maken it full crowse,  
 Here a rotten,<sup>4</sup> here a mowse,  
 They stand nye together.

VXOR HAM. And here are fowles, les and  
 more:  
 Hearnes, cranes and byttour,  
 Swans, peacokes; and them before  
 Meate for this wedder. 184

VXOR IAPHET. Here are cockes, kites,  
 crows,  
 Rookes, ravens, many rowes,  
 Duckes, curlewes. Who euer knowes  
 Eache one in his kinde?

And here are doves, diggs, drakes,  
 Redshankes runninge through the lakes;  
 And each fowle that ledden <sup>5</sup> makes  
 In this shipp men may finde. 192

[Noah approaches his wife, who has joined  
 her gossips at the other end of the pageant.]

NOE. Wife, come in! Why standes thou  
 here?

Thou art ever froward, that dare I sweare.  
 Come in, on Gods half! Tyme yt were,  
 For feare lest that we drowne.

<sup>1</sup> Leopards.

<sup>2</sup> Polecat.

<sup>3</sup> A genus of cruciferous plants, as the turnip.

<sup>4</sup> Rat.

<sup>5</sup> Song.

VXOR NOE. Yea, sir, set vp your sayle  
And rowe forth with evill heale! <sup>1</sup>  
For, without any fayle,  
I will not out of this towne. 200

But <sup>2</sup> I haue my gossips everichon,  
One foote further I will not gone;  
They shall not drowne, by St. John,  
And <sup>3</sup> I may save their lyfe!  
They loved me full well, by Christ;  
But <sup>2</sup> thou wilt let them in thy chist,  
Els rowe forth, Noe, whether thou list,  
And get thee a new wife! 208

[*Noah returns to the Ark.*]

NOE. Sem, sonne, loe, thy mother is wraw.<sup>4</sup>  
For sooth such another I do not know.  
SEM. Father, I shall fett her in, I trow,  
Without any fayle.

[*He crosses over to his mother.*]

Mother, my father after thee send,  
And bydds the into yonder ship wend.  
Loke vp and se the wynde,  
For we be readye to sayle. 216

VXOR NOE. Sonne, goe again to him and  
say:  
I will not come therein to daye.

[*Noah and his sons go to her.*]

NOE. Come in, wife, in 20 devills waye!  
Or els stand there without.

HAM. Shall wee all fet her in?

NOE. Yea, sonnes, in Christs blessinge  
and myne:

I would yow hyde yow betyme,  
For of this flood I am in doubte. 224

[*Noah returns to the Ark. The Wife's  
"Good Gossips" enter with a pottle of  
malmsey.*]

THE GOOD GOSSOPES. The flood comes in,  
full fleetinge fast,  
On every side it spredeth full fare.  
For feare of drowning I am agast;  
Good gossip, let us draw neare. 228

And let vs drinke or we depart,  
For often tymes we have done soe;

<sup>1</sup> Success. <sup>2</sup> Unless. <sup>3</sup> If. <sup>4</sup> Angry.

For at a draught thou drinke a quarte,  
And so will I doe, or I goe. 232

[*They sing.*]

[*Here is a pottell of malmsey, good  
and stronge,  
It will reioyce both hart and tong;  
Though Noy thinke vs neuer so long  
Yet wee will drinke alyke.*] <sup>1</sup>

IAPHET. Mother, we praye you alto-  
gether—

For we are here your owne childer—  
Come into the ship for feare of the wed-  
der,

For His love that you boughte.

VXOR NOE. That will I not for all your  
call,  
But I haue my gossopes all.

SEM. In feith, mother, yet you shall,  
Whether you will or not. 240

[*They drag her towards the Ark.*]

[*Then she shall go.*]<sup>2</sup>

NOE. Welcome, wife, into this boate.

VXOR NOE. And haue thou that for thy  
mote!

[*And she gives him a lively blow.*]<sup>3</sup>

NOE. A! ha! mary! this is hote!  
It is good to be still.

A! children, me thinkes my boate re-  
meves;

Our taryng here hugelie me greves.

Our lande the water spredes.

God doe as he will. 248

Ah! great God that art so good!  
That worchis not thie will is wood.<sup>4</sup>  
Now all this world is on a flood,  
As I see well in sighte.

This window I will shut anon,  
And into my chamber will I gone  
Till this water, so greate one,  
Be slaked through the thy mighte. 256

<sup>1</sup> I have inserted the song from other MSS.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Tunc ibit.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Et dat alapam vita.*

<sup>4</sup> Mad.

*Then Noah shall close the window of the Ark, and for a short while within let them sing the Psalm "Save me, O God"; and opening the window and looking around, Noah says: <sup>1</sup>*

Now 40 dayes are fullie gone.  
Send a raven I will anone  
If ought-where earth, tree, or stone  
Be drye in any place.

And if this foule come not againe,  
It is a signe, soth to sayne,  
That drye it is on hill or playne,  
And God hath done some grace. 264

*Then he shall send out the raven; and taking a dove in his hand let him say: <sup>2</sup>*

Ah! Lord, wherever this raven be,  
Somewhere is drye, well I see.  
But yet a dove, by my lewtye,<sup>3</sup>  
After I will sende.

Thou wilt turne againe to me

. . . . .  
For of all fowles that may flye,  
Thou art most meke and hend.<sup>4</sup> 272

*Then he shall send out the dove; and there shall be in the ship another dove bearing an olive branch in its mouth, which Noah shall let down from the mast by a string in his hand; and afterwards let Noah say: <sup>5</sup>*

Ah! Lord, blessed be thou aye,  
That me hast comfort thus to-day;  
By this sight I may well saye  
This flood beginnes to cease.

My sweete dove to me brought hase  
A branch of olyve from some place;  
This betokeneth God has done vs some  
grace,  
And is a signe of peace. 280

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Tunc Noe claudet fenestram Archa, et per modicum spatium infra tectum cantat psalmum "Save mee, O God"; et aperiens fenestram, et respiciens. Another MS. has the stage-direction: "Then Noye shall shut the window of the Arke, and for a little space within bord he shalbe silent, and afterwarde opening the window and lookinge round about, saying."*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Tunc dimittet corvum; et capiens columbam in manibus dicat.*

<sup>3</sup> Loyalty.

<sup>4</sup> Obedient.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *Tunc emittet columbam, et erit in nave alia columba ferens olivam in ore, quam dimittet ex malo per funem in manus Noe, et postea dicat Noe.*

Ah! Lord, honoured most thou be!  
All earthe dryes now, I see,  
But yet, tyll thou comaunde me,  
Hence will I not hye.

All this water is awaye,  
Therefore as sone as I maye  
Sacrifice I shall doe in faye  
To thee devoutlye. 288

[*God speaks above.*]

DEUS. Noe, take thy wife anone,  
And thy children every one;  
Out of the shippe thou shalt gone,  
And they all with thee.

Beastes and all that can flie  
Out anone they shall hye,  
On earth to grow and multeplye.  
I will that yt be soe. 296

NOE. Lord, I thanke the through thy  
might;

Thy bidding shall be done in height.<sup>1</sup>

And as fast as I maye dighte <sup>2</sup>

I will doe the honoure,

And to thee offer sacrifice;

Therefore comes in all wise,

For of these beastes that bene hise,<sup>3</sup>

Offer I will this stower.<sup>4</sup> 304

*Then going out of the Ark with all his family he shall take his animals and birds, and shall offer them and make sacrifice.<sup>5</sup>*

Lord, God in maiestye,  
That such grace hast graunted me,  
Where all was lorne,<sup>6</sup> save to be,  
Therefore now I am bowne,

My wife, my Childer, my meanye <sup>7</sup>  
With sacrifice to honour thee  
With beastes, fowles, as thou may see,  
I offer here right sone. 312

[*God speaks above.*]

DEUS. Noe, to me thou arte full able,  
And thy sacrifice acceptable.

For I have fownd thee trew and stable,

<sup>1</sup> With speed.

<sup>2</sup> Get ready.

<sup>3</sup> His.

<sup>4</sup> Store.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *Tunc egrediens archam cum tota familia sua, accipiet animalia sua et volucres, et offeret ea, et mactabit.*

<sup>6</sup> Loest.

<sup>7</sup> Family.

On the now must I myn:<sup>1</sup>

Warry<sup>2</sup> Earth will I no more  
For mans synne that greves me sore;  
For of youth man full yore  
Has byn enclyned to syne. 320

You shall now grow and multely,  
And earth againe you edefie;  
Each beast and fowle that may fie,  
Shall be afraide of you.

And fishe in sea that may flytte  
Shall susteyne yow, I yow behite;<sup>3</sup>  
To eate of them yow ne lett,  
That cleane bene you may knowe. 328

Thereas you have eaten before  
Grasse and rootes, sith you were bore,<sup>4</sup>  
Of cleane beastes now, les and more,  
I geve you leave to eate;

Safe bloode and flesh bothe in feare  
Of wrong-dead carren that is here,  
Eates not of that in no manere;  
For that aye you shall let. 336

Manslaughter also you shall flee;  
For that is not pleasant to me.  
That shedes bloode, he or shee,  
Ought-where amongst mankinde,  
That blood foule sheede shalbe,  
And vengeance have, that men shall se;  
Therefore beware now, all yee,  
You fall not in that synne. 344

<sup>1</sup> Remember, be mindful of.

<sup>2</sup> Curse, destroy.

<sup>3</sup> Promise. <sup>4</sup> Born.

A forwarder<sup>1</sup> now with thie I make,  
And all thy seede for thy sake,  
Of suche vengeance for to slake,  
For now I haue my will.

Here I behet the a heaste,<sup>2</sup>  
That man, woman, fowle ne beaste,  
With water, while the world shall last,  
I will no more spill. 352

My bowe betwene you and me  
In the firmament shall bee,  
By verey token that you may see  
That such vengeance shall cease,  
That man ne woman shall never more  
Be wasted by water as is before;  
But for syn that greveth me sore,  
Therefore this vengeance was. 360

Where cloudes in the welkin bene,  
That ilke bowe shall be sene  
In tokeninge that my wrath and tene<sup>3</sup>  
Shall never this wroken be.

The stringe is turned toward you,  
And toward me is bent the bowe,  
That such wedder shall never showe;  
And this behett I thee. 368

My blessing now I geue the here,  
To thee, Noe, my servant dere,  
For vengeance shall no more appeare.  
And now, fare well, my darling decre. 372

*Finis paginae Tertiae.*

<sup>1</sup> Covenant.

<sup>2</sup> Promise.

<sup>3</sup> Vexation.

THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC <sup>1</sup>

[On the upper stage God with his angels; on the lower stage Abraham and his young son Isaac. Abraham kneels in prayer.]

ABRAHAM. Fader of heuyn omnipotent,  
With all my hart to the I call.  
Thow hast goffe me both lond and rent;  
And my lyvelod thow hast me sent.  
I thanke the heyley euer-more of all. 5

Fyrst off the erth thou madyst Adam,  
And Eue also to be hys wyffe;  
All other creatures of them too cam.  
And now thou hast grant to me, Abraham,  
Her in thys lond to lede my lyffe. 10

In my age thou hast grantyd me thys,  
That thys yowng chyld with me shall  
wone.<sup>1</sup>  
I love no-thing so myche, i-wysse,  
Except thin owyne selffe, der Fader of  
blysse,  
As Ysaac her, my owyne swete sone. 15

I haue dyuerse chyldryn moo,  
The wych I loue not halffe so wyll;  
Thys fayer swet chyld he schereys <sup>2</sup> me soo  
In euery place wer that I goo,  
That noo dessece <sup>3</sup> her may I fell. 20

And therfor, Fadyr of heuyn, I the prey  
For hys helth and also for hys grace;  
Now, Lord, kepe hym both nyght and  
day,  
That neuer dessece nor noo fray <sup>4</sup>  
Cume to my chyld in noo place. 25

<sup>1</sup> Dwell.<sup>3</sup> Discomfort, trouble.<sup>2</sup> Cheers.<sup>4</sup> Harm, terror.

[Rises.]

Now cum on, Ysaac, my owyne swete  
chyld;

Goo we hom and take owr rest.

ISAAC. Abraham, myne owyne fader so  
myld,

To folowe yow I am full prest,<sup>1</sup>

Bothe erly and late.

ABRAHAM. Cume on, swete chyld. I love  
the best 31

Of all the chyldryn that ever I be-  
gat.

[They cross to another place. God speaks  
above.]

DEUS. Myn angell, fast hey the thy  
wey,

And on-to medyll-erth anon thou goo;

Abrams hart now wyll I asay,<sup>2</sup>

Wether that he be stedfast or noo. 36

Sey I commaw[n]dyd hym for to take

Ysaac, hys yowng sonne, that he love so  
wyll,

And with hys blood sacryfyce he make,

Yffe ony off my freynchepe he wyll  
ffell. 40

Schow hym the wey on-to the hylle

Wer that hys sacryfyce schall be.

I schall asay, now, hys good wyll,

Whether he lovyth better hys chyld or  
me.

All men schall take exampyll be hym

My commawmentes how they schall  
kepe. 46

<sup>1</sup> Ready. MS. glad, corr. by Manly.<sup>2</sup> Try, test.

<sup>1</sup> This play, as Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith observes, is superior to the five other extant plays on the same theme. It has often been printed, for it is justly regarded as the best example of pathos in the early religious drama. I have based the text on *The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays*, re-edited from the manuscripts for the Early English Text Society by O. Waterhouse, 1909, but have adopted some emendations made by other editors. The manuscript is preserved at Brome Manor, Suffolk, in a commonplace-book of 1470-80; the original, however, of which this is a transcript must be dated as early as the fourteenth century. Waterhouse suggests that the play was not a part of a cycle, but was designed for representation by itself. We cannot be certain. In form and language it is closely akin to the *Abraham and Isaac* of the Chester Cycle, and it differs in no essential way from the ordinary craft play. And, even if acted separately, "it is to be supposed," says Waterhouse, "that the stage was the usual pageant, and the mode of performance practically identical with" that of the regular cycle plays.

[*The angel descends. Abraham, returning, kneels in prayer.*]

ABRAHAM. Now, Fader of heuyn, that  
formyd all thyng,

My preyeris I make to the a-geyn,  
For thys day my tender-offryng <sup>1</sup>

Here mvst I geve to the, certeyn.

A! Lord God, allmyty Kyng, 51  
Wat maner best woll make the most  
fayn? <sup>2</sup>

Yff I had ther-of very knyng,  
Yt schuld be don with all my mayne,  
Full sone anone.

To don thy plesyng on an hyll,

Verely yt ys my wyll,  
Dere Fader, God in Trinite. 58

THE ANGELL. Abraham! Abraham! wyll  
thou rest!

Owre Lord comandyth the for to take  
Ysaac, thy yowng sone that thow lovyst  
best,

And with hys blod sacryfyce that thow  
make. 62

In-to the Lond of V[i]syon thow goo,  
And offer thy chyld on-to thy Lord;  
I schall the lede and schow all-soo.  
Vnto Goddes hest, <sup>3</sup> Abraham, a-cord, 66

And folow me vp-on thys grene.

ABRAHAM. Wolle-com to me be my  
Lordes sond, <sup>4</sup>

And hys hest I wyll not with-stand.

Yit Ysaac, my yowng sonne in lond,

A full dere chyld to me haue byn. 71

I had lever, <sup>5</sup> yf God had be plesyd,  
For to a for-bore all the good <sup>6</sup> that I  
haue,

Than Ysaac my sone schuld a be desessyd, <sup>7</sup>  
So God in heuyn my sowll mot saue! 75

I lovyd neuer thyng soo mych in erde, <sup>8</sup>

And now I mvst the chyld goo kyll.

A! Lord God, my conseons ys stronly  
steryd!

<sup>1</sup> Burnt-offering.

<sup>2</sup> Decree.

<sup>3</sup> Rather.

<sup>4</sup> Injured.

<sup>5</sup> Pleased.

<sup>6</sup> Messenger.

<sup>7</sup> Goods, possessions.

<sup>8</sup> MS. erthe, corr. by *Manly*.

And yit, my dere Lord, I am sore a-ferd  
To groche ony thyng a-gens yowre  
wyll. 80

I love my chyld as my lyffe;

But yit I love my God myche more.

For thow my hart woold make ony stryffe,

Yit wyll I not spare for chyld nor wyffe,

But don after my Lordes lore <sup>1</sup> 85

Thow I love my sonne neuer so wyll,

Yit smythe <sup>2</sup> of hys hed sone I schall.

A! Fader of heuyn, to the I knell;

An hard dethe my son schall fell

For to honor the, Lord, with-all. 90

THE ANGELL. Abraham! Abraham! thys  
ys wyll seyde!

And all thys comamentes loke that thou  
kepe.

But in thy hart be no-thing dysmayd.

ABRAHAM. Nay, nay, for-soth, I hold me  
wyll a-payd <sup>3</sup>

To plesse my God to the best that I  
haue. <sup>4</sup> 95

For thow my hart be heuely sett

To see the blood of my owyn dere sone,

Yit for all thys I wyll not lett,

But Ysaac, my son, I wyll goo fett,

And cum asse fast as euer we can. 100

[*Abraham crosses to the end of the pageant,  
where Isaac is kneeling in prayer.*]

Now, Ysaac, my owyne son dere,

Wer art thou, chyld? Speke to me.

YSAAC. My fader, swet fader, I am here,

And make my preyrys to the Tren-  
yte. 104

ABRAHAM. Rysse vp, my chyld, and fast  
cum heder,

My gentyll barn <sup>5</sup> that art so wysse,

For we to, chyld, must goo to-geder.

And on-to my Lord make sacryfyce. 108

YSAAC. I am full redy, my fader, loo!

Yevyn at yowr handes I stand rygth  
here;

<sup>1</sup> Precept.

<sup>2</sup> Smite.

<sup>3</sup> MS. plesyd: *Manly* suggests a-payd.

<sup>4</sup> *Manly* suggests may.

<sup>5</sup> Child.

And wat-so-euer ye byd me doo,  
Yt schall be don with glad cher,  
Full wyll and fyne.  
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, my owyn son soo  
dere,  
Godes blyssyng I gyffe the, and  
myn. 115

Hold thys fagot vpon thi bake,  
And her myselfe fyer schall bryng.  
YSAAC. Fader, all thys her wyll I packe;  
I am full fayn to do yowr bedyng.  
ABRAHAM. [*Aside.*] A! Lord of heuyn,  
my handes I wryng,  
Thys chyldes wordes all to-wond my  
harte. 121

Now, Ysaac [s]on,<sup>1</sup> goo we owr wey  
On-to yon mownte, with all owr mayn.  
YSAAC. Gowe we, my dere fader, as fast  
I as may;  
To folow yow I am full fayn,  
Althow I be slendyr.  
ABRAHAM. [*Aside.*] A! Lord, my hart  
brekyth on tweyn,  
Thys chyldes wordes, they be so  
tender. 128

[*They arrive at the Mount.*]

A! Ysaac, son, anon ley yt down;  
No lenger vpon thi backe yt hold,<sup>2</sup>  
For I mvst make redy bon<sup>3</sup>  
To honowr my Lord God as I schuld. 132

YSAAC. Loo, my dere fader, wer yt ys!

[*Lays down the fagot.*]

To cher yow all-wey I draw me nere.  
But, fader, I mervell sore of thys,  
Wy that ye make thys heuy chere. 136

And also, fader, euer-more dred I:  
Wer ys yowr qweke<sup>4</sup> best that ye schuld  
kyll?  
Both fyer and wood we haue redy,  
But queke best haue we non on this  
hyll. 140

A qwyke best, I wot wyll,<sup>5</sup> must be ded<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. on; *I have adopted Manly's emendation.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. bere, *corr. by Kittredge.*

<sup>3</sup> Quickly ready.

<sup>4</sup> Well.

<sup>5</sup> Live.

<sup>6</sup> Killed.

Yowr sacryfyce for to make.  
ABRAHAM. Dred the nowgth, my chyld, I  
the red,<sup>1</sup>  
Owr Lord wyll send me on-to thys sted<sup>2</sup>  
Summ maner a best for to take,  
Throw hys swet sond.<sup>3</sup>  
YSAAC. Ya, fader, but my hart begynnnyth  
to quake  
To se that scharpe sword in yowr  
hond. 148

Wy bere ye yowr sword drawyn soo?  
Off yowre conwnauns<sup>4</sup> I haue mych  
wonder.  
ABRAHAM. [*Aside.*] A! Fader of heuyn,  
so I am woo!  
Thys chyld her brekys my harte on-  
sonder.<sup>5</sup> 152

YSAAC. Tell me, my dere fader, or that ye  
ses,<sup>6</sup>  
Ber ye yowr sword draw[yn]<sup>7</sup> for me?  
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, swet son, pes! pes!  
For, i-wys, thow breke my harte on  
thre. 156

YSAAC. Now trewly, sum-what, fader, ye  
thynke,  
That ye morne thus more and more.  
ABRAHAM. [*Aside.*] A! Lord of heuyn,  
thy grace let synke,  
For my hart was neuer halffe so sore. 160

YSAAC. I preye yow, fader, that ye wyll  
let me that wyt,<sup>8</sup>  
Wyther schall I haue ony harme or  
noo.  
ABRAHAM. I-wys, swet son, I may not tell  
the yit,  
My hart ys now soo full of woo. 164

YSAAC. Dere fader, I prey yow, hyd yt<sup>9</sup>  
not fro me,  
But sum of yowr thowt that ye tell me.  
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, Ysaac, I must kyll  
the!  
YSAAC. Kyll me, fader? Alasse! wat  
haue I done? 168

<sup>1</sup> Advise

<sup>2</sup> Messenger.

<sup>3</sup> MS. on-too, *corr. by Holthausen.*

<sup>4</sup> Cease.

<sup>5</sup> Know.

<sup>6</sup> Place.

<sup>7</sup> Countenance.

<sup>8</sup> MS. on-too, *corr. by Holthausen.*

<sup>9</sup> Added by Holthausen.

<sup>10</sup> \* Manly's reading for MS. hydygth.



Yff I haue trespassyd a-gens yow ow't,  
 With a yard <sup>1</sup> ye may make me full myld;  
 And with yow'r scharp sword kyll me nogth,  
 For, i-wys, fader, I am but a chyld. 172

ABRAHAM. I am full sory, son, thy blood  
 for to spyll,

But truly, my chyld, I may not chese.

YSAAC. Now I wold to God my moder  
 were her on this hyll!

Sche woold knele for me on both hyr  
 knyngs

To save my lyffe.

And sythyn <sup>2</sup> that my moder ys not here,  
 I prey yow, fader, schonge <sup>3</sup> yow'r chere, 179  
 And kyll me not with yow'r knyffe.

ABRAHAM. For-sothe, son, but yf <sup>4</sup> I the  
 kyll,

I schuld greve God rygth sore, I drede.

Yt ys hys commawment, and also hys  
 wyll,

That I schuld do thys same dede. 184

He commawdyd me, son, for serteyn,  
 To make my sacryfyce with thy blood.

YSAAC. And ys yt Goddes wyll that I  
 schuld be slayn?

ABRAHAM. Ya, truly, Ysaac, my son soo  
 good;

And ther-for my handes I wryng. 189

YSAAC. Now, fader, agens my Lordes wyll  
 I wyll neuer groche, lowd nor styll.

He mygth a sent me a better desteny

Yf yt had a be hys plecter.<sup>5</sup> 193

ABRAHAM. For-sothe, son, but yf I ded  
 this dede,

Greuously dysplessyd ow'r Lord wyll be.

YSAAC. Nay, nay, fader, God for-bede  
 That euer ye schuld greve hym for  
 me. 197

Ye haue other chyldryn, on or too,  
 The wyche ye schuld love wyll be kynd.<sup>6</sup>  
 I prey yow, fader, make ye no woo;  
 For, be I onys ded, and fro yow goo,  
 I schall be sone ow't of yow're mynd. 202

<sup>1</sup> Rod.

<sup>2</sup> Change.

<sup>3</sup> Pleasure.

<sup>4</sup> Since.

<sup>5</sup> Unless.

<sup>6</sup> Well by nature.

Ther-for doo owre Lordes byddyng,  
 And wan I am ded, than prey for me.  
 But, good fader, tell ye my moder no-  
 thyng;

Sey that I am in a-nother cuntre dwellyng.

ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, Ysaac, blyssyd  
 mot thow be! 207

My hart be-gynnyth <sup>1</sup> stronly to rysse,  
 To see the blood off thy blyssyd body.

YSAAC. Fader, syn yt may be noo other  
 wysse,

Let yt passe ouer as wyll as I. 211

But, fader, or I goo on-to my deth,  
 I prey yow blysse me with yow'r hand.

[Isaac kneels.]

ABRAHAM. Now, Ysaac, with all my breth  
 My blyssyng I geve the upon thys lond,  
 And Godes also ther-to, i-wys.

Ysaac, Ysaac, sone, up thow stond,  
 Thy fayer swete mowthe that I may  
 kys. 218

YSAAC. Now for-wyll, my owyne fader so  
 fyn;

And grete wyll my moder in erde.<sup>2</sup>

But I prey yow, fader, to hyd my cyne,  
 That I se not the stroke of yow'r scharpe  
 swerd,<sup>3</sup>

That my fleysse schall defyle. 223

ABRAHAM. Sone, thy wordes make me to  
 weep full sore;

Now, my dere son Ysaac, speke no more.

YSAAC. A! my owyne dere fader, were-  
 fore?

We schall speke to-gedyr her but a  
 wyll. 227

And sythyn that I must nedysse be ded,

Yit, my dere fader, to yow I prey,

Smythe but fewe <sup>4</sup> strokes at my hed,

And make an end as sone as ye may,

And tery not to longe.

ABRAHAM. Thy meke wordes, child,  
 make me afray;

So, "welawey!" may be my songe, 234

<sup>1</sup> MS. begynnyd, corr. by Manly. Miss Smith  
 and Waterhouse prefer begynnya.

<sup>2</sup> Here, and elsewhere, MS. has erthe and sword,  
 which Manly alters for the sake of the rhyme.

<sup>3</sup> MS. feve, spelling altered by Manly.

Excepe alonly Godes wyll.

A! Ysaac, my owyn swete chyld,  
Yit kysse me a-gen vp-on thys hyll!  
In all thys war[l]d ys non soo myld. 238

YSAAC. Now truly, fader, all thys tery[y]ng  
Yt doth my hart but harme;  
I prey yow, fader, make an enddyng.  
ABRAHAM. Cume vp, swet son, on-to my  
arme. 242

*[Starts to bind him.]*

I must bynd thy hand[es] too,  
All-thow thow be neuer soo myld.  
YSAAC. A! mercy, fader! wy schuld ye do  
soo?  
ABRAHAM. That thow schuldyst not let<sup>1</sup>  
[me], my chyld. 246

YSAAC. Nay, i-wysse, fader, I wyll not let  
yow.  
Do on, for me, yowre wyll;  
And on the purpos that ye haue set  
yow,  
For Godes love kepe yt for the styll. 250

I am full sory thys day to dey,  
But yit I kepe<sup>2</sup> not my God to greve.  
Do on yowre lyst for me hardly;  
My fayer swete fader, I geffe yow  
leve. 254

But, fader, I prey yow euermore,  
Tell ye my moder no dell;<sup>3</sup>  
Yffe sche wost<sup>4</sup> yt, sche wold wepe full  
sore,  
For i-wysse, fader, sche lovyt me full  
wyll.  
Goddess blyssyng mot sche haue! 259

Now for-wyll, my moder so swete!  
We too be leke<sup>5</sup> no mor to mete.  
ABRAHAM. A! Ysaac, Ysaac! son, thou  
makyst me to gret,  
And with thy wordes thow dystempurst  
me. 263

YSAAC. I-wysse, swete fader, I am sory to  
greve yow.  
I cry yow mercy of that I haue donne,

<sup>1</sup> Hinder.  
<sup>2</sup> Bit.

<sup>4</sup> Knew.

<sup>3</sup> Desire.  
<sup>5</sup> Like.

And of all trespasse that euer I ded meue  
yow;  
Now, dere fader, for-gyffe me that I haue  
donne.  
God of heuyn be with me! 268

ABRAHAM. A! dere chyld, lefe of thy  
monys;  
In all thy lyffe thow grevyd me neuer onys.  
Now blyssyd be thow, body and bonys,  
That euer thow were bred and born!  
Thow hast be to me chyld full good.  
But i-wysse, child, thow I morne neuer  
so fast,  
Yit must I nedes here at the last  
In thys place sched all thy blood. 276  
Ther-for, my dere son, here schall thou lye.

*[Places him on the altar.]*

On-to my warke I must me stede.<sup>1</sup>  
I-wysse I had as leve my-selfe to dey,  
Yff God wyll [be] plecyd wyth my dede,  
And myn owyn body for to offer.  
YSAAC. A! mercy, fader, morne ye no  
more!  
Yowr wepyng maketh<sup>2</sup> my hart sore,  
As my owyn deth that I schall suf-  
fer. 284

Yowr kerche, fader, a-bowt my eyn ye  
wynd.  
ABRAHAM. So I schall, my swetest chyld  
in erde.  
YSAAC. Now yit, good fader, haue thys in  
mynd,  
And smyth me not oftyen with yowr  
scharp swerd,  
But hastily that yt be sped.

*Here Abraham leyd a cloth on Ysaacs face,  
thus seyyng:*

ABRAHAM. Now fore-wyll, my chyld, so  
full of grace.  
YSAAC. A! fader, fader, torne downward  
my face,  
For of yowre scharpe sword I am cuer  
a-dred. 292

ABRAHAM. *[Aside.]* To don thys dede I  
am full sory,

<sup>1</sup> Set myself. <sup>2</sup> MS. makes; corr. by Holthausen.

But, Lord, thyn hest <sup>1</sup> I wyll not with-  
stond.

YSAAC. A! Fader of heuyn, to the I crye;  
Lord, reseveye me into thy hand. 296

ABRAHAM. [*Aside.*] Loo! now ys the  
tyme cum, certeyn,

That my sword in hys necke schall bite.<sup>2</sup>

A! Lord, my hart reysyth the[r]-ageyn;  
I may not fynd yt <sup>3</sup> in my harte to  
smygth;

My hart wyll not now ther-too. 301

Yit fayn I woold warke my Lordes wyll.

But thys yowng innozent lygth so styll,  
I may not fynd yt <sup>4</sup> in my hart hym to kyll.

O! Fader of heuyn, what schall I  
do? 305

YSAAC. A! mercy, fader, wy tery ye so,

And let me ley thus longe on this heth?

Now I wold to God the stroke were doo!

Fader, I prey yow hartely, schorte me of  
my woo,

And let me not loke [thus] after my  
degth. 310

ABRAHAM. Now, hart, wy wolddyst not  
thow breke on thre?

Yit schall thou not make me to my God  
onmyld.

I wyll no lenger let for the,

For that my God a-grevyd wold be.

Now hoold <sup>4</sup> tha stroke, my owyn dere  
chylde. 315

*Her Abraham drew hys stroke and the angel  
toke the sword in hys hond soddenly.*

THE ANGELL. I am an angell, thow may-  
ist se blythe,

That fro heuyn to the ys senth.

Owr Lord thanke the an C <sup>5</sup> sythe <sup>6</sup>

For the keypyng of hys commawment. 319

He knowyt thi wyll, and also thy harte,

That thow dredyst <sup>7</sup> hym above all  
thyng;

And sum of thy hevynes for to departe

A fayr ram yinder I gan brynge; 323

<sup>1</sup> Command.

<sup>2</sup> MS. synke; *corr.* by Holthausen.

<sup>3</sup> Manly's *reading* for MS. fyndygh.

<sup>4</sup> Receive.

<sup>5</sup> Hundred.

<sup>6</sup> Times.

<sup>7</sup> Reverest.

He standyth teyed, loo! a-mong the  
breres.<sup>1</sup>

Now, Abraham, amend thy mood,

For Ysaac, thy yowng son that her ys,

Thys day schall not sched hys blood. 327

Goo, make thy sacryfece with yon rame.

Now forwyll, blyssyd Abraham,

For onto heuyn I goo now hom;

The way ys full gayn.<sup>2</sup>

Take vp thy son soo free. 332  
[*Exit.*]

ABRAHAM. A! Lord, I thanke the of thy  
gret grace,

Now am I yeyed <sup>3</sup> on dyuers wysse.

Arysse vp, Ysaac, my dere sunne,  
arysse;

Arysse vp, swete chylde, and cum to  
me. 336

YSAAC. A! mercy, fader, wy smygth ye  
nowt? <sup>4</sup>

A! smygth on, fader, onys with yowr  
knyffe.

ABRAHAM. Pesse, my swet son,<sup>5</sup> and take  
no thowt,

For owr Lord of heuyn hath grant thi  
lyffe

Be hys angell now, 341

That thou schalt not dey this day, sunne,  
truly.

YSAAC. A! fader, full glad than wer I, —

I-wys, — fader, — I sey, — i-wys, —

Yf thys tale wer trew.

ABRAHAM. An hundyrd tymys, my son  
fayer of hew,

For joy thi mowt[h] now wyll I kys. 347

YSAAC. A! my dere fader, Abraham,

Wyll not God be wroth that we do thus?

ABRAHAM. Noo, noo! har[de]lly, my swyt  
son,

For yin same rame he hath vs sent

Hether down to vs. 352

Yin best schall dey here in thi sted,  
In the worthschup of owr Lord alon.

<sup>1</sup> Briars.

<sup>2</sup> Direct.

<sup>3</sup> Eased.

<sup>4</sup> MS. not yit; *corr.* by Holthausen.

<sup>5</sup> MS. sir; Manly *changes* to son.

Goo, fet hym hethyr, my chyld, in-ded.

YSAAC. Fader, I wyll goo hent <sup>1</sup> hym be the hed,

And bryng yon best with me anon. 357

*[Isaac, untying the ram.]*

A! scheppe, scheppe, blyssyd mot thou be,

That euer thou were sent down heder!

Thow schall thys day dey for me

In the worchup of the Holy Trynyte. 361

Now cum fast and goo we to-geder

To my Fader of heuyn.

Thow thou be neuer so jentyll and good,

Yit had I leuer thow schedyst thi blood,

Iwysse, scheppe, than I. 366

*[He leads the ram to his father.]*

Loo! fader, I haue browt here full smerte

Thys jentyll scheppe, and hym to yow I gyffe.

But, Lord God, I thanke the with all my hart,

For I am glad that I schall leve,<sup>2</sup>

And kys onys my dere moder.

ABRAHAM. Now be rygth myry, my swete chyld,

For thys qwyke best, that ys so myld,

Here I schall present before all other. 374

YSAAC. And I wyll fast begynne to blowe;

Thys fyere schall brene a full good spyd.

But, fader, wyll I stowppe downe lowe.

Ye wyll not kyll me with yowr sword, I trowe?

ABRAHAM. Noo, har[dely], swet son; haue no dred;

My mornynge ys past.

YSAAC. Ya! but I woold that sword wer in a gled,<sup>3</sup>

For, iwys, fader, yt make me full yll agast. 382

*Here Abraham mad hys offryng, knelyng and seyng thus:*

ABRAHAM. Now, Lord God of heuen in Trynyte,

Allmyty God omnipotent,

My offeryng I make in the worchope of the,

And with thys qweke best I the present.

<sup>1</sup> Seize.

<sup>2</sup> Live.

<sup>3</sup> Fire.

Lord, reseyye thow myn intent,

As [thow] art God and grownd of owr grace. 388

*[God speaks above.]*

DEUS. Abraham, Abraham, wyll mot thow sped,

And Ysaac, thi yowng son the by!

Trvly, Abraham, for thys dede

I schall mvltiplye yowres botheres <sup>1</sup> sede

As thyke as sterres be in the skye, 393

Bothe more and lesse;

And as thyke as gravell in the see,

So thyke mvltiplyed yowre sede schall be.

Thys grant I yow for yowre goodnesse. 397

Off yow schall cume frowte gret [won],<sup>2</sup>

And euer be in blysse without yend,

For ye drede me as God a-lon

And kepe my commawmentes eueryschon;

My blyssyng I geffe, wersoeuer ye wend.<sup>3</sup> 402

ABRAHAM. Loo! Ysaac, my son, how thynke ye

Be thys warke that we haue wroght?

Full glad and blythe we may be,

Agens the wyll of God that we grocched nott,

Vpon thys fayer hetth.

YSAAC. A! fader, I thanke owr Lord euery deil,<sup>4</sup>

That my wyt servyd me so wyll

For to drede God more than my detth. 410

ABRAHAM. Why! derewordy son, wer thow adred?

Hardely,<sup>5</sup> chyld, tell me thy lore.<sup>6</sup>

YSAAC. Ya! be my feyth, fader, now haue <sup>7</sup> I red,

I wos neuer soo afrayd before

As I haue byn at yin hyll.

But, be my feth, fader, I swere

I wyll neuermore cume there But yt be a-gens my wyll. 418

<sup>1</sup> Both your.

<sup>2</sup> Number. Added by Manly.

<sup>3</sup> MS. goo; corr by Holthausen.

<sup>4</sup> Part. <sup>5</sup> Boldly.

<sup>6</sup> Thinking. <sup>7</sup> MS. hath; corr. by Manly.

ABRAHAM. Ya! cum on with me, my  
owyn swet sonn,  
And hom-ward fast now let vs goon.  
YSAAC. Be my feyth, fader, therto I  
grant;

I had neuer so good wyll to gon hom,  
And to speke with my dere moder. 423  
ABRAHAM. A! Lord of heuyn, I thanke  
the,

For now may I led hom with me  
Ysaac, my yowng sonne soo fre,  
The gentyllest chyld a-bove all other,  
Thys may I wyll a-voee. 428

Now goo we forthe, my blyssyd sonn.

YSAAC. I grant, fader, and let vs gon;  
For, be my trowthe, wer I at home,  
I wold neuer gon owt vnder that forme.<sup>1</sup>  
I pray God geffe vs grace euermo,  
And all thow<sup>2</sup> that we be holdyng  
to.<sup>3</sup> [Exeunt.] 434

[Enter Doctor.]

DOCTOR. Lo! sovereyns and sorys,<sup>4</sup> now  
haue we schowyd  
Thys solom story to grete and smale.  
It ys good lernyng to lernd and lewyd,<sup>5</sup>  
And the wysest of vs all,  
Wythowtyn ony berryng.<sup>6</sup>  
For thys story schoyt<sup>7</sup> yowe [her]<sup>8</sup>  
How we schuld kepe, to owr po[we]re,<sup>9</sup>  
Goddess commawmentes without  
grochyng. 442

Trowe ye, sores, and God sent an angell

<sup>1</sup> Condition?

<sup>4</sup> Sirs.

<sup>7</sup> Showeth.

<sup>2</sup> Those.

<sup>5</sup> Ignorant.

<sup>8</sup> Added by Manly.

<sup>3</sup> Beholden to.

<sup>6</sup> Barring.

And commawndyd yow yowr chyld to  
slayn,<sup>1</sup>  
Be yowr trowthe, ys ther ony of yow  
That eyther wold groche or stryve ther-  
ageyn?  
How thyngke ye now, sorys, ther-by? 447

I trow ther be iij or iiij or moo.  
And thys women, that wepe so sorowfully  
Whan that hyr chyldryn dey them froo,<sup>2</sup>  
As nater woll and kynd, 451  
Yt ys but folly, I may well awooe,<sup>3</sup>  
To groche a-gens God or to greve yow,  
For ye schall neuer se hym myschevyd,  
wyll I knowe,  
Be lond nor watyr, haue thys in  
mynd; 455

And groche not a-gens owr Lord God  
In welth or woo, wether that he yow send,  
Thow ye be neuer so hard bestad;  
For when he wyll, he may yt a-mend,  
Hys commawmentes treuly yf ye kepe with  
goo[d] hart,  
As thys story hath now schowyd you  
be-for[n]le, 461  
And feythefully serve hym qwyll ye be  
qvart,<sup>4</sup>  
That ye may plect God bothe cuyn and  
morne.  
Now Jesu, that weryt the crown of  
thorne,  
Bryng vs all to heuyn blysse! 465

Finis.

<sup>1</sup> MS. to smyght of your chyldes hed; emended by  
Holthausen

<sup>2</sup> From.

<sup>3</sup> Avow.

<sup>4</sup> Safe and sound.

PHARAOH <sup>1</sup>[Acted by the Litsters <sup>2</sup> of Wakefield.]

Incipit Pharao. Litsters pagonn.

PHARAO. Peas, of payn that no man pas;  
 Bot kepe the course that I commaunde;  
 And take good hede of hym that has  
 Your helth all holy <sup>1</sup> in hys hande!  
 For Kyng Pharro my fader was,  
 And led <sup>2</sup> thys lordshyp of thys land;  
 I am hys hayre, as age wyll has,  
 Euer in stede <sup>3</sup> to styre or stand. 8

All Egypt is myne awne  
 To leede aftyr my law.  
 I wold my myght were knowne <sup>4</sup>  
 And honoryd, as hyt awe. <sup>5</sup>  
 Full low he shall be thrawne  
 That harkyns not my sawe,  
 Hanged hy and drawne, —  
 Therfor no boste ye blaw! <sup>6</sup> 16

Bot as for kyng I commaund peasse,  
 To all the people of thys empyre.  
 Looke no man put hym self in prease, <sup>7</sup>  
 Bot that wyll do as I desyre;  
 And of youre wordis look that ye seasse!  
 Take tent <sup>8</sup> to me, youre soferand syre,  
 That may youre comfort most increasse,  
 And to my lyst <sup>9</sup> bowe lyfe and lyre. <sup>10</sup> 24

I. MILES. My lord, if any here were  
 That wold not wyrk youre wyll,  
 If we myght com thaym nere,  
 Full soyn we shuld theym spyll. <sup>11</sup> 28

PHARAO. Through out my kyngdom wold I  
 ken,  
 And kun <sup>12</sup> hym thank that wold me tell,  
 If any were so waryd <sup>13</sup> men  
 That wold my fors downe fell. <sup>14</sup>

II. MILES. My lord, ye haue a maner of  
 men

<sup>1</sup> Wholly.      <sup>2</sup> Ruled.      <sup>3</sup> Place.  
<sup>4</sup> MS. Knowne.      <sup>5</sup> Ought.      <sup>6</sup> Blow.  
<sup>7</sup> Throng.      <sup>8</sup> Give attention.  
<sup>9</sup> Pleasure.      <sup>10</sup> Submit life and flesh.  
<sup>11</sup> Destroy.      <sup>12</sup> Give.      <sup>13</sup> Cursed.      <sup>14</sup> Throw.

That make great mastres vs emell, <sup>1</sup>  
 The Iues, that won in Gersen; <sup>2</sup>  
 Thay ar callyd Chyldyr of Israel. 36

Thay multiplye full fast,  
 And sothly we suppose  
 That shali euer last,  
 Oure lordshyp for to lose. <sup>3</sup> 40

PHARAO. Why, how haue thay sych  
 gawdis <sup>4</sup> begun?  
 Ar thay of myght to make sych frayes?  
 I. MILES. Yei, lord, full fell <sup>5</sup> folk ther  
 was fun <sup>6</sup>  
 In Kyng Pharao, youre fader dayes.  
 Thay cam of Ioseph, was Iacob son —  
 He was a prince worthy to prayse —  
 In sythen <sup>7</sup> in ryst <sup>8</sup> haue thay ay ron;  
 Thus ar thay lyke to lose youre layse, <sup>9</sup> 48

Thay wyll confound you cleyn,  
 Bot if thay soner sesse.  
 PHARAO. What deuyll is that thay meyn  
 That thay so fast increse? 52

II. MILES. How thay increse full well we  
 ken,  
 As oure faders dyd vnderstand.  
 Thay were bot sixty and ten  
 When thay fyrst cam in to thys land;  
 Sythen haue soiernd in Gersen  
 Fower hundreth <sup>10</sup> wynter, I dar war-  
 and; <sup>11</sup>  
 Now ar thay nowmbred of myghty men  
 Moo then thre hundreth <sup>12</sup> thousand, 60

Wyth outen wyfe and chyld,  
 Or hyrdys <sup>13</sup> that kepe thare fee.  
 PHARAO. How thus myght, we be begyld?  
 Bot shall it not be; 64

<sup>1</sup> Superiority among us.      <sup>2</sup> Dwell in Goshen.  
<sup>3</sup> Destroy.      <sup>4</sup> Tricks.      <sup>5</sup> Many.  
<sup>6</sup> Found.      <sup>7</sup> Afterwards.  
<sup>8</sup> Insurrection.      <sup>9</sup> Destroy your laws.  
<sup>10</sup> MS. iijje.      <sup>11</sup> Warrant.  
<sup>12</sup> MS. ecc.      <sup>13</sup> Shepherds.

For wyth quantyse <sup>1</sup> we shall thaym quell,  
So that thay shall not far sprede.

I. MILES. My lord, we haue hard oure  
faders tell,

And clerkis that well couth rede,  
Ther shuld a man walk vs amell <sup>2</sup>

That shuld fordo <sup>3</sup> vs and oure dede.<sup>4</sup>

PHARAO. Fy on hym, to the deuyll of  
hell!

Sych destyny wyll we not drede; 72

We shal make mydwyfis to spyll them

Where any Ebrew is borne,  
And all menkynde <sup>5</sup> to kvll them;

So shall thay soyn be lorne.<sup>6</sup> 76

And as for elder <sup>7</sup> haue I none awe,  
Sych bondage shall I to thaym beyde,<sup>8</sup>  
To dyke <sup>9</sup> and delf, here and draw,  
And to do all vnhonest deyde;

So shall these laddis be halden law,<sup>10</sup>  
In thralldom euer thare lyfe to leyde.

II. MILES. Now, certis, thys was a sotell  
saw!

Thus shall these folk no farther sprede. 84

PHARAO. Now help to hald theym downe;  
Look I no fayntnes fynde.

I. MILES. All redy, lord, we shall be  
bowne.<sup>11</sup>

In bondage thaym to bynde. 88

*Then Moses enters with a rod in his hand.*<sup>12</sup>

MOYSES. Gret God, that all thys world  
began,

And growndyd it in good degre,  
Thou mayde me, Moyses, vnto man;

And sythen<sup>13</sup> thou sauyd me from the se;  
Kyng Pharao had commawndyd than

Ther shuld no man-chyld sauyd be;

Agans hys wyll away I wan.<sup>14</sup>

Thus has God shewed hys myght for  
me. 96

Now am I sett to kepe,  
Vnder thys montayn syde,

<sup>1</sup> Skill. <sup>2</sup> Among. <sup>3</sup> Destroy.

<sup>4</sup> Deeds. <sup>5</sup> Males.

<sup>6</sup> Lost, destroyed. <sup>7</sup> The grown-ups.

<sup>8</sup> Order, command. <sup>9</sup> Dig, ditch.

<sup>10</sup> Low. <sup>11</sup> Prepared.

<sup>12</sup> MS. *Tunc intrat Moyses cum virga in manu, etc.*

<sup>13</sup> Afterwards. <sup>14</sup> Won.

Byshope Iettyr shepe,  
To <sup>1</sup> better may be-tyde. 100

A, Lord, grete is thy myght!

*[He spies the burning bush.]*

What man may of yond meruell meyn?

Yonder I se a selcowth <sup>2</sup> syght;

Sych on in world was neuer seyn;

A bush I se burnand full bryght,  
And euer clyke <sup>3</sup> the leyfes are greyn.

If it be wark of warldly wyght,<sup>4</sup>

I wyll go wyt wythoutyn weyn.<sup>5</sup> 108

*[God from above calls him.]*

DEUS. Moyses, Moyses!

*Here he hurries to the bush, and God says to him:*<sup>6</sup>

[DEUS.] Moyses, com not to nere,  
Bot styll in that stede <sup>7</sup> thou dwell,

And harkyn vnto me here;

Take tent what I thell.

Do of thy shoyes in-fere,<sup>8</sup>

Wyth mowth <sup>9</sup> as I the mell.

The place thou standis in there

Forsothe, is halowd well. 117

I am thy Lord, wythouten lak,

To lengthe thi lyfe euen as I lyst;

I am God that som tyme spake

To thyn elders, as thay wyst.

To Abraam, and Isaac,

And Iacob, I sayde shuld be blyst,

And multytude of them to make,  
So that thare seyde<sup>10</sup> shuld not be

myst. 125

Bot now thys Kyng Pharao,

He hurtys my folk so fast,

If that I suffre hym so,

Thare seyde shuld soyne be past.

Bot I wyll not so do,

In me if thay wyll trast,

Bondage to bryng thaym fro.

Therfor thou go in hast, 133

To do my message haue in mynde,

<sup>1</sup> Until. <sup>2</sup> Strange. <sup>3</sup> Every single one.

<sup>4</sup> Human being. <sup>5</sup> Know without doubt.

<sup>6</sup> MS. *Hic proferat ad rubum, et dicit ei Deus, etc.*

<sup>7</sup> Place. <sup>8</sup> Put off thy shoes likewise.

<sup>9</sup> Mouth. <sup>10</sup> Seed, offspring.

To hym that me sych harme mase.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou speke to hym wyth wordis heynde,<sup>2</sup>  
 So that he let my people pas,  
 To wyldernes that thay may weynde,  
 To worshyp me as I wyll asse.<sup>3</sup>  
 Agans my wyll if that thay leynd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ful soyn hys song shall be "Alas!" 141

MOYSES. A, Lord! pardon me, wyth thy  
 leyf.  
 That lynage<sup>5</sup> luffis me noght.  
 Gladly thay wold me greyf,  
 If I sych bodworde<sup>6</sup> broght. 145

Good Lord, lett som othere frast,<sup>7</sup>  
 That has more fors the folke to fere.  
 DEUS. Moyses, be thou nott abast.  
 My bydyng shall thou boldly bere;  
 If thay with wrong away wold wrast,<sup>8</sup>  
 Outt of the way I shall the were.<sup>9</sup>  
 MOYSES. Good Lord, thay wyll not me  
 trast  
 For all the othes that I can swere. 153

To neuen sych noytis<sup>10</sup> newe  
 To folk of wykyd wyll,  
 Wyth-outen tokyn trew,  
 Thay wyll not tent ther tyll.<sup>11</sup> 157

DEUS. If that he wyll not vnderstand  
 Thys tokyn trew that I shall sent,  
 Afore the Kyng cast downe thy wand,  
 And it shall turne to a serpent;  
 Then take the tayll agane in hand —  
 Boldly vp look thou it hent<sup>12</sup> —  
 And in the state that thou it fand,  
 Then shal it turne by myne intent.<sup>13</sup> 165

Sythen<sup>14</sup> hald thy hand soyn in thy barme,<sup>15</sup>  
 And as a lepre it shal be lyke,  
 And hole agane with outen harme.  
 Lo, my tokyns shal be slyke.<sup>16</sup> 169

And if he wyll not suffre then  
 My people for to pas in peasse,  
 I shall send vyanance neyn<sup>17</sup> or ten,  
 Shall sowe<sup>18</sup> full sorc, or I seasse.

<sup>1</sup> Does.      <sup>2</sup> Gracious.      <sup>3</sup> Ask.  
<sup>4</sup> Linger.      <sup>5</sup> Lineage.      <sup>6</sup> Message.  
<sup>7</sup> Try.      <sup>8</sup> West.      <sup>9</sup> Defend.  
<sup>10</sup> Name such things.      <sup>11</sup> Attend thereto.  
<sup>12</sup> Seize.      <sup>13</sup> Purpose, design.  
<sup>14</sup> Afterwards.      <sup>15</sup> Bosom  
<sup>16</sup> Such.      <sup>17</sup> MS. ix.      <sup>18</sup> Pain.

Bot the Ebrewes, won<sup>1</sup> in Iessen,<sup>2</sup> 174  
 Shall not be merkyd with that measse;<sup>3</sup>  
 As long as thay my lawes wyll ken  
 Thare comforth shall cuer increasse. 177

MOYSES. A, Lord, to luf the aght<sup>4</sup> vs  
 well,  
 That makis thy folk thus free.  
 I shall vnto thaym tell  
 As thou has told to me. 181

Bot to the Kyng, Lord, when I com,  
 If he aske what is thy<sup>5</sup> name,  
 And I stand styll, both deyf and dom,  
 How shuld I skape<sup>6</sup> withoutten blame?  
 DEUS. I say the thus: "*Ego sum qui sum*,"  
 I am he that is the same;  
 If thou can nother muf<sup>7</sup> nor mom,<sup>8</sup>  
 I shall sheld the from shame. 189

MOYSES. I vnderstand full well thys  
 thyng.  
 I go, Lord, with all the myght in me.  
 DEUS. Be bold in my blyssyng;  
 Thi socoure shall I be. [*Deus retires.*] 193

MOYSES. A, Lord of luf, leyn me thy lare,<sup>9</sup>  
 That I may truly talys tell.  
 To my freyndis now wyll I fare,  
 The chosyn Childre of Israell,  
 To tell theym comforth of thare care,  
 In dawngere ther as thay dwell.

[*Moses accosts the Children of Israel.*]

God manteyn you euermare,  
 And mekyll myrth be you emell!<sup>10</sup> 201

I. PUER. A, master Moyses, dere!  
 Oure myrth is all mowrnyng;  
 Full hard halden ar we here,  
 As carls<sup>11</sup> vnder the kyng. 205

II. PUER. We may mowrn, both more and  
 myn;<sup>12</sup>  
 Ther is no man that oure myrth mase.<sup>13</sup>  
 Bot syn we ar all of a kyn,  
 God send vs comforth in thys case.

<sup>1</sup> That dwell.      <sup>2</sup> Goehen.  
<sup>3</sup> Shall not be stricken.      <sup>4</sup> Ought.  
<sup>5</sup> MS. my.      <sup>6</sup> MS. shake.  
<sup>7</sup> Speak indistinctly.      <sup>8</sup> Mutter.  
<sup>9</sup> Lend me thy learning, instruct me.  
<sup>10</sup> Among.      <sup>11</sup> Serfs.  
<sup>12</sup> Leas.      <sup>13</sup> Makes.



MOYSES. Brethere, of youre mowrnyng  
blyn.<sup>1</sup>

God wyll delyuer you thurgh his grace;  
Out of this wo he wyll you wyn,  
And put you to youre pleassyng place; 213

For I shall carp<sup>2</sup> vnto the Kyng,  
And fownd<sup>3</sup> full soyn to make you free.

I. PUER. God graunt you good weyndyng,  
And euermore with you be! 217

[*Moses crosses over to Pharaoh.*]

MOYSES. Kyng Pharao, to me take  
tent.<sup>4</sup>

PHARAO. Why, boy, what tythyngis can  
thou tell?

MOYSES. From God hym-self hydder am  
I sent

To foch the Chyldre of Israell;

To wyldernes he wold thay went.

PHARAO. Yei, weynd the to the devyll of  
hell!

I gyf no force what he has ment!

In my dangere, herst<sup>5</sup> thou, shall thay  
dwell. 225

And, fature,<sup>6</sup> for thy sake,

Thay shalbe put to pyne.

MOYSES. Then wyll God venyance take  
Of the, and of all thyn. 229

PHARAO. On me? Fy on the, lad! out of  
my land!

Wenys thou thus to loyse oure lay?<sup>7</sup>

[*To the soldiers.*]

Say, whence is yond warlow<sup>8</sup> with his  
wand

That thus wold wyle<sup>9</sup> oure folk away?

I. MILES. Yond is Moyse, I dar warand,  
Agans all Egypt has beyn ay.

Greatt defawte<sup>10</sup> with hym youre fader  
fand;

Now wyll he mar you, if he may. 237

PHARAO. Fy on hym! Nay, nay, that  
dawnce<sup>11</sup> is done.

Lurda,<sup>12</sup> thou leryd<sup>13</sup> to late!

<sup>1</sup> Cease.                      <sup>2</sup> Talk.                      <sup>3</sup> Seek.

<sup>4</sup> Pay attention.                      <sup>5</sup> Hearst.

<sup>6</sup> Traitor.                      <sup>7</sup> Destroy our law.                      <sup>8</sup> Sorcerer.

<sup>9</sup> Lure.                      <sup>10</sup> Fault.                      <sup>11</sup> Dance.

<sup>12</sup> Lowt.                      <sup>13</sup> Learned.

MOYSES. God bydis the graunt my bone,<sup>1</sup>  
And let me go my gate.<sup>2</sup> 241

PHARAO. Bydis God me? Fals losell,<sup>3</sup>  
thou lyse!

What tokyn told he? Take thou tent.

MOYSES. He sayd thou shuld dyspyse

Both me, and hys commaundement.

Forthy, apon thys wyse,

My wand he bad, in thi present,

I shuld lay downe, and the avyse

How it shuld turne to oone serpent. 249

And, in hys holy name,

Here I lay it downe.

Lo, syr, here may thou se the same!

PHARAO. A, ha, dog! the devyll the  
drowne! 253

MOYSES. He bad me take it by the tayll,

For to prefe<sup>4</sup> hys powere playn;

Then, he sayde, wythouten fayll

Hyt shuld turne to a wand agayn.

Lo, sir, behold!

PHARAO. Wyth ylahayll!<sup>5</sup>  
Certis this is a sotell swayn!

Bot thyse boyes shall abyde in bayll;

All thi gawdis shall thaym not gayn; 261

Bot wars, both morn and none,

Shall thay fare, for thi sake.

MOYSES. I pray God send us venyange  
sone,

And on thi warkis take wrake. 265

[*Moses departs.*]

[*After an interval the soldiers go to Pharaoh.*]

I. MILES. Alas, alas! this land is lorn!<sup>6</sup>

On lyfe we may [no] longer leynd;<sup>7</sup>

Sych myschefe is fallen syn morn,

Ther may no medsyn<sup>8</sup> it amend!

PHARAO. Why cry ye so, laddis? lyst ye  
skorn?

II. MILES. Syr Kyng, sych care was neuer  
kend,<sup>9</sup>

In no mans tyme that euer was borne!

PHARAO. Tell on, belyfe,<sup>10</sup> and make an  
end. 273

<sup>1</sup> Boon, request.

<sup>2</sup> Prove.

<sup>3</sup> Lost.

<sup>4</sup> Known.

<sup>5</sup> Way.

<sup>6</sup> Bad luck to you!

<sup>7</sup> Remain.

<sup>8</sup> With speed.

<sup>9</sup> Rascal.

<sup>10</sup> Medicine.

I. MILES. Syr, the waters that were  
ordand  
For men and bestis foyde,<sup>1</sup>  
Thurgh outt all Egypt land,  
Ar turnyd into reede bloyde; 277

Full vgly and full yll is hytt,  
That both fresh and fayre was before.  
PHARAO. O, ho! this is a wonderfull thyng  
to wytt,

Of all the warkis that euer wore!  
II. MILES. Nay, lord, ther is anothere yit,  
That sodanly sowys<sup>2</sup> vs full sore;

For todis and froskis<sup>3</sup> may no man flyt,<sup>4</sup>  
Thay venom vs so, both les and more. 285

I. MILES. Greate mystis,<sup>5</sup> sir, ther is  
both morn and noyn,  
Byte vs full bytterly.

We trow that it be doyn  
Thurgh Moyses, oure greate enmy. 289

II. MILES. My lord, bot if this menyne<sup>6</sup>  
may remefe,  
Mon neuer myrth be vs amang.

PHARAO. Go, say to hym we wyll not  
greffe. —

Bot thay shall neuer the tytter<sup>7</sup> gang.

[*The First Soldier goes to Moses.*]

I. MILES. Moyses, my lord gyffys leyfe<sup>8</sup>  
To leyd thi folk to lykyng lang,  
So that we mend of oure myschefe.

MOYSES. Full well I wote, thyse wordis ar  
wrang; 297

But hardely all that I heytt<sup>9</sup>

Full sodanly it shall be seyn;  
Vncowth<sup>10</sup> meruels shalbe mevt<sup>11</sup>

And he of malyce meyn.<sup>12</sup> 301

[*After an interval the soldiers go to Pharaoh.*]

II. MILES. A, lord, alas! for doyll<sup>13</sup> we dy!  
We dar look oute at no dowre!

PHARAO. What, the ragyd<sup>14</sup> dwyll of hell,  
alys you so to cry?

I. MILES. For we fare wars then euer we  
fowre!<sup>15</sup>

Grete loppys<sup>1</sup> ouer all this land thay fly,  
And where thay byte thay make grete  
blowre;<sup>2</sup>  
And in euery place oure bestis dede ly. 308

II. MILES. Hors, ox, and asse,  
Thay fall downe dede, syr, sodanly.  
PHARAO. We! lo, ther is no man that has  
Half as mych harme as I! 312

I. MILES. Yis, sir, poore folk haue mekyll  
wo,

To se thare catall thus out cast.  
The Iues in Gessen<sup>3</sup> fayre not so;  
Thay haue lykyng for to last.

PHARAO. Then shall we gyf theym leyf to  
go,

To tyme this perell be on past; —  
Bot, or thay flytt ought far vs fro,  
We shall them bond twyse as fast. 320

[*The Second Soldier goes to Moses.*]

II. MILES. Moyses, my lord gyffis leyf  
Thi menyne<sup>4</sup> to remeuc.  
MOYSES. Ye mon hafe more myschefe  
Bot if<sup>5</sup> thyse talys be trew. 324

[*After an interval the soldiers go to Pharaoh.*]

I. MILES. A, lord, we may not leyde thyse  
lyfys!

PHARAO. What, dwyll! is grevance  
grofen<sup>6</sup> agayn?

II. MILES. Ye, sir, sich powder apon vs  
dryfys,

Where it abidys it makys a blayn;<sup>7</sup>  
Mesell<sup>8</sup> makys it man and wyfe.

Thus ar we hurt with hayll and rayn,  
Syr, v[yl]nyys<sup>9</sup> in montanse may not  
thryfe,

So has frost and thoner thaym slayn. 332

PHARAO. Yei, bot how do thay in Gessen,  
The Iues, can ye me say?

I. MILES. Of all thyse cares no thyng thay  
ken;

Thay feyll noght of our afray. 336

PHARAO. No? the ragyd! the dwyll! sytt  
thay in peasse?

<sup>1</sup> Food. <sup>2</sup> Pains. <sup>3</sup> Frogs. <sup>4</sup> Go.  
<sup>5</sup> Gnats. <sup>6</sup> Crowd (the Jews). <sup>7</sup> Quicker.  
<sup>8</sup> Permission. <sup>9</sup> Promised. <sup>10</sup> Wonderful.  
<sup>11</sup> Met. <sup>12</sup> Complain. <sup>13</sup> Grief.  
<sup>14</sup> MS. ragyd the; cf. l. 414. <sup>15</sup> Fared.

<sup>1</sup> Insects. <sup>2</sup> Blisters. <sup>3</sup> Goshen.  
<sup>4</sup> Crowd. <sup>5</sup> Unless.  
<sup>6</sup> Grown. <sup>7</sup> Swelling, boil.  
<sup>8</sup> Leprous. <sup>9</sup> Vines.

And we euery day in doute and drede?

II. MILES. My lord, this care wyll euer encrease,

To<sup>1</sup> Moyses haue his folk to leynd;

Els be we lorn, it is no lesse.

Yit were it better that thai yede.<sup>2</sup> 342

PHARAO. Thes folk shall flyt no far,

If he go welland; wode!<sup>3</sup>

I. MILES. Then will it sone be war.<sup>4</sup>

It were better thay yode. 346

II. MILES. My lord, new harme is comyn in hand.

PHARAO. Yei, dwill, will it no better be?

I. MILES. Wyld wormes<sup>5</sup> ar layd ouer all this land;

Thai leyf no floure, nor leyf on tre.

II. MILES. Agans that storme may no man stand;

And mekyll more meruell, thynk me,

That thise thre dayes has bene durand

Sich myst, that no man may other se.

I. MILES. A, my lord!

PHARAO. Hagh! 355

II. MILES. Grete pestilence is comyn;

It is like ful long to last.

PHARAO. Pestilence!<sup>6</sup> in the dwilys name!

Then is oure pride ouer past. 359

I. MILES. My lord, this care lastis lang,

And will, to<sup>1</sup> Moyses haue his bone.<sup>7</sup>

Let hym go, els wyrk we wrang;

It may not help to houer ne hone.<sup>8</sup>

PHARAO. Then will we gif theym leyf to gang,

Syn it must nedis be doyn;

Perchauns we sall thaym fang<sup>9</sup>

And mar them or to morn at none. 367

[*The Second Soldier goes to Moses.*]

II. MILES. Moyses, my lord he says

Thou shall haue passage playn.

[*Moses addresses the Children of Israel.*]

MOYSES. Now haue we lefe to pas,

My freyndis, now be ye fayn. 371

<sup>1</sup> Until.

<sup>2</sup> Boiling mad.

<sup>3</sup> Worse.

<sup>4</sup> MS. pentilence.

<sup>5</sup> Tarry nor delay.

<sup>6</sup> Went.

<sup>7</sup> I.e., locusts.

<sup>8</sup> Request.

<sup>9</sup> Seize.

Com furth; now sall ye weynd

To land of lykyng you to pay.

I. PUER. Bot Kyng Pharaο, that fals feynd,

He will vs eft<sup>1</sup> betray;

Full soyn he will shape vs to sheynd,<sup>2</sup>

And after vs send his garray.<sup>3</sup>

MOYSES. Be not abast; God is oure freynd,

And all oure foes will slay. 379

Therfor com on with me;

Haue done and drede you nocht.

II. PUER. That Lord blyst might he be,  
That vs from bayll has broght. 383

[*They arrive at the Red Sea.*]<sup>4</sup>

I. PUER. Sich frenship neuer we fand.

Bot yit I drede for percls all;

The Reede See is here at hand,

Ther shal we byde to<sup>5</sup> we be thrall.

MOYSES. I shall make way ther with my wand,

As God has sayde, to sayf vs all;

On ayther syde the see mon stand,  
To we be gone, right as a wall. 391

[*Moses parts the Red Sea.*]

Com on wyth me; leyf none behynde.

Lo fownd ye now youre God to please.

*Here they pass through the Sea.*<sup>6</sup>

II. PUER. O, Lord! this way is heynd.<sup>7</sup>

Now weynd we all at easse. 395

[*The soldiers go to Pharaoh.*]

I. MILES. Kyng Pharaο! thyse folk ar gone.

PHARAO. Say, ar ther any noyes<sup>8</sup> new?

II. MILES. Thise Ebrews ar gone, lord,  
euer-ichon.<sup>9</sup>

PHARAO. How says thou that?

I. MILES. Lord, that tayll is trew.

PHARAO. We! out tyte,<sup>10</sup> that they were tain;

That ryett radly<sup>11</sup> shall thay rew!

<sup>1</sup> Again.

<sup>2</sup> Destroy.

<sup>3</sup> Armed force.

<sup>4</sup> Some notion of how this was represented may be gained from the following entry in the guild accounts of Coventry: "Item, paid for halfe a yard of Rede Sea"; Sharp, *A Dissertation*, p. 64.

<sup>5</sup> Until.

<sup>6</sup> MS. *Hic pertransient mare.*

<sup>7</sup> Gracious.

<sup>8</sup> Annoyances.

<sup>9</sup> Every one.

<sup>10</sup> Quick.

<sup>11</sup> Speedily.

We shall not seasse to thay be slayn,  
For to the see we shall thaym sew.<sup>1</sup> 403

So charge youre chariottis swythe,<sup>2</sup>  
And fersly <sup>3</sup> look ye folow me.

II. MILES. All redy, lord, we ar full  
blyth <sup>4</sup>

At youre byddying to be. 407

I. MILES. Lord, at youre byddying ar we  
bowne <sup>5</sup>

Oure bodys boldly for to beyd;

We shall not seasse, bot dyng all  
downe,

To all be dede withouten drede.

PHARAO. Heyf vp youre hertis vnto  
Mahowne;<sup>6</sup>

He will be nere vs in oure nede.

[*They attempt to pass through the Red Sea.*]

Help! the raggyd dwyll! we drowne!

Now mon we dy for all oure dede. 415

<sup>1</sup> Pursue.

<sup>2</sup> Fiercely, valiantly.

<sup>3</sup> Ready.

<sup>4</sup> Quickly.

<sup>5</sup> Glad.

<sup>6</sup> Mahomet.

*Then the Sea shall overwhelm them.*<sup>1</sup>

MOYSES Now ar we won from all oure wo,  
And sauyn out of the see!

Louyng gyf we God vnto.

Go we to land now merely. 419

I. PUER. Lofe we may that Lord on hyght,  
And euer tell on this meruell;

Drownyd he has Kyng Pharao myght.

Louyd be that Lord Emanuell!

MOYSES. Heuen, thou attend, I say, in  
syght,

And erth my wordys; here what I tell:

As rayn or dew on erth doys lyght

And waters herbys and trees full well, 427

Gyf louyng to Goddys mageste;

Hys dedys ar done, hys ways ar trew.

Honowred be he in Trynyte;

To hym be honowre and vertew! 431

Amen.

*Explicit pharao.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Tunc merget eos mare.*

THE PROPHETS <sup>1</sup>

[Acted by the Cappers of Chester.]

Pagina Quinta de Mose et Rege Balaak et  
Balaam Propheta. The Cappers.

DEUS. Moyses, my servaunte life <sup>1</sup> and  
dere,

And all the people that be here,  
You wott in Egipte when you were,  
Out of thralldome I you broughte.  
I wyll, you honour no God saue me;  
Ne mawmentrye <sup>2</sup> none make yee;  
My name in vayne nam <sup>3</sup> not yee,  
For that me lykes naughte. 8

I will, you hold your holy daye;  
And worshipp also, by all waye,  
Father and mother all that you maye;  
And slaye no man no-where.

Fornication you shall flee;  
No mens goods steale yee;  
Ne in no place abyde ne bee  
Falce wytnes for to beare. 16

Your neighboures wyves covettes noughte,  
Servant ne good that he hath boughte,  
Oxe ne asse, in deede ne thoughte,  
Nor any-thinge that is his,  
Ne wrongfullie to haue his thinge  
Agayne his will and his lykinge.  
In all these doe my byddinge,  
That you doe not amisse. 24

*Then let the High Priest stand up, and as  
if for the people let him speak to God and  
Moses.<sup>4</sup>*

PRINCEPS SINAGOGÆ. Ah! good Lord,  
much of mighte,  
Thou comes with so great lighte,  
We bene so afraide of this sighte, .

<sup>1</sup> Beloved. <sup>2</sup> Idols. <sup>3</sup> Take.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *Tunc princeps Sinagogæ statuet cum in  
loco, et quasi pro populo, loquatur ad Dominum et  
Mosen.*

No man dare speake ne see! <sup>1</sup>  
God is so grym with us to deale,  
But Moyses, master, with us thou mele; <sup>2</sup>  
Els we dyen, many and feele, <sup>3</sup>  
So afrayde bene all wee. 32

*Then let Moses, standing on the mount, speak  
to the people.<sup>4</sup>*

MOYSES. Gods folke, drede you noughte.  
To prove you with, God hath this wroughte,  
To make you afrayd in deede and thoughte,  
Aye for to avoyde synne.  
By this sight you may now see  
That he is pereles of postye; <sup>5</sup>  
Therefore his teachinge look done yee,  
Thereof that you not blyn. <sup>6</sup> 40

PRINCEPS SINAGOGÆ. Ah! highe Lord,  
God almightie,  
That Moyses shynes wondrous bright!  
I may no way for great lighte  
Now looke upon hym.

And horned he semes in our sighte! <sup>7</sup>  
Sith he came to the hyll, dight <sup>8</sup>  
Our lawe he hase, I hope, aright,  
For was he never so grym. 48

MOYSES. You, Gods folke of Israell,  
Harkens to me that loven heale; <sup>9</sup>  
God bade you sholde doe, everyc deale,  
As that I shall saye.  
Six dayes boldelye worches <sup>10</sup> all,  
The seaventh Sabaoth you shall call;  
That daye for ought that may befall  
Hallowed shalbe aye. 59

<sup>1</sup> MS. looke; *corr. by Deimling.* <sup>2</sup> Speak. <sup>3</sup> Many.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *Tunc Moyses stans super montem loquatur ad  
populum.*

<sup>5</sup> Power. <sup>6</sup> Cease.

<sup>7</sup> Through a misconception of the text Moses was  
formerly supposed to have appeared with horns on  
his head.

<sup>8</sup> Prepared. <sup>9</sup> Health, salvation. <sup>10</sup> Work.

<sup>1</sup> The Chester *Prophets* can hardly be omitted from any book of selected plays designed to illustrate the origin and growth of the drama, for it shows in a primitive form the dramatization of the *Sermo contra Iudaeos*, *Paganos et Arianos de Symbolo* which ultimately led to the group of Old Testament Plays (see E. K. Chambers, *The Mediaeval Stage*, pp. 52 seq.). In the York Cycle this residual play is entirely lacking; in the Wakefield Cycle it exists only as a fragment; and in the N. towne Cycle the episode of Moses and the Two Tables has been developed into a separate play. I have reproduced the text from *The Chester Plays*, Part I, edited by H. Deimling for the Early English Text Society; see page 111, note 1.

That doth not this deede deade shall be.  
In houses fire shall no man see.

First fruytes to God offer yee, —  
For so hym-selfe bade.

Gould and silver offers also,  
Purple, bisse,<sup>1</sup> and other moe,  
To hym that shall save you from woe  
And helpe you in your neede. 64

[*The Expositor advances.*]

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, this comaund-  
ment

Was of the Old Testamente,  
And yet is used with good entent  
With all that good bene.

This storie all if we shold fong,<sup>2</sup>  
To playe this moneth it were to longe;  
Wherfore most frutefull there amonge  
We taken, as shall be sene. 72

Also we read in this storie,  
God in the Mownt of Synai  
Toke<sup>3</sup> Moises these comaundmentis, vere-  
lye,

Wrytten with his owne hande  
In tables of ston, as reade I;  
But when men honoured mawmentry,<sup>4</sup>  
He brake them in anger hastelye,  
For that he wold not wonde.<sup>5</sup> 80

But afterward sone — leewe<sup>6</sup> ye me —  
Other tables of stone made he,  
In which God bade wrytten shold be

His wordes that were before;  
The which tables shryned were  
After as God can Moyses leare;<sup>7</sup>  
And that shrync to them was deare  
Thereafter evermore. 88

[*The Expositor retires.*]

*Then Moses shall descend from the  
mount, and from another part of the  
mownt King Balaack shall speak, riding.<sup>8</sup>*

BALAACK REX. I, Balaack, King of Moab  
land,  
All Israell, had I it in my hand,  
I am so wroth I wold not wond<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Precious stuff.    <sup>2</sup> Take.    <sup>3</sup> Delivered.  
<sup>4</sup> Idols.    <sup>5</sup> Refrain.    <sup>6</sup> Believe.

<sup>7</sup> Gave Moses instruction.

<sup>8</sup> MS. *Tunc Moyses descendet de monte, et ex altera  
parte montis dicet rex Balaac, equitando.*

<sup>9</sup> Hesitate.

To slaye them, ech wighte;  
For their God helps them stiflye  
Of other landes to haue mastrye,  
That it is bootles, witterlie,<sup>1</sup>  
Against them for to fighte. 96

What nation soever dose them noye,<sup>2</sup>  
Moyses prayes anone in hye,  
Therefore haue they sone the victorie  
And other men they haue the worse.  
Therfore how will I wroken<sup>3</sup> be?  
I am bethought, as mot I the!  
Balaam I will shall come to me  
That people for to curse; 104

For sworde ne knife may not avayle  
These ilke shroes<sup>4</sup> for to assaile;  
That fowndes<sup>5</sup> to fight he shall faile,  
For sicker<sup>6</sup> is hym no boote.  
All nations they doc any,<sup>7</sup>  
And my-selfe they can destroie,  
As ox that gnawes biselie  
The grasse right to the roote. 112

Who-so Balaam blesses, i-wis,  
Blessed, sickerlie, that man is;  
Who-so he curses, fareth amisse:  
Such loos<sup>8</sup> over all hase he.  
Therfore goe fetch hym, bachelier,<sup>9</sup>  
That he may curse the people here;  
For, sicker, on them in no manner  
Mon we not wroken<sup>10</sup> be. 120

MILES. Syr, on your errand I will gone;  
Yt shall be well done, and that anone,  
For he shall wreak<sup>11</sup> you on your fone,<sup>12</sup>  
The people of Israell.

BALAACK. Yea, looke thou het<sup>13</sup> hym  
gold gret wone,<sup>14</sup>  
And riches for to lyve upon,  
To destroy them if he can,  
The freakes<sup>15</sup> that be so fell. 128

*Then he shall go to Balaam.<sup>16</sup>*

MILES. Balaam, my lorde greetes well  
thee,

<sup>1</sup> Truly.    <sup>2</sup> Annoy.    <sup>3</sup> Avenged.

<sup>4</sup> Shrews.    <sup>5</sup> Endeavors.

<sup>6</sup> Surely, truly.    <sup>7</sup> Annoy.

<sup>8</sup> Power.    <sup>9</sup> Knight, soldier.

<sup>10</sup> Avenged.    <sup>11</sup> Avenge.    <sup>12</sup> Foes.

<sup>13</sup> Promise.    <sup>14</sup> Quantity.

<sup>15</sup> Warriors, men.

<sup>16</sup> MS. *Tunc ibit ad Balaam.*

And prayes the right sone at hym to be,  
To curse the people of Iudy,

That do hym great anyoe.

BALAAAM. Forsooth, I tell the, bachelor,  
That I may haue no power  
But if Gods will were.

That shall I witt in hye.<sup>1</sup> 136

[*Balaam prayeth to God one his knees.*]<sup>2</sup>

DEUS (*in supremo loco*).<sup>3</sup> Balaam, I  
comaund the

King Balaak his bydding that thou flee;  
That people that is blessed of me

Curse thou not by no waye.

BALAAAM. Lord, I must doe thy byddinge,  
Though it be to me unlykeing;  
For truly much wynnynge

I might haue had to-daye. 144

DEUS. Though the folke be my foe,  
Thou shalt haue ieaue thydder to goe;  
But looke that thou doe right soe

As I haue thee taughte!

BALAAAM. Lord, it shall be done in height.  
This asse shall beare me aright.

Goe we together anone, sir knight,  
For now leave I haue coughte. 152

*Then they shall ride towards the King, and  
going let Balaam say:*<sup>4</sup>

Now, by the law I leue upon,  
Sith I haue leaue for to gone,  
They shalbe cursed every one,

And <sup>5</sup> I ought wyn maye.

If Balaak hold that he has heighte <sup>6</sup>  
Gods hest <sup>7</sup> I set at light.

Warried <sup>8</sup> they shalbe this night  
Or that I wend awaye! 160

*Then the angel shall stand before Balaam  
with a sword drawn in hand, and the ass  
shall halt.*<sup>9</sup>

Goe forth, Burnell! Goe forth, goe!

<sup>1</sup> Know at once.

<sup>2</sup> Added by Manly from the other MSS., with the preceding Latin sentence: "Tunc ibit Balaam ad consulendum Dominum in oratione, et sedens dicat Deus."

<sup>3</sup> "In the uppermost place."

<sup>4</sup> MS. *Tunc equitabunt versus regem, et eundo dicat Balaam.*

<sup>5</sup> If. <sup>6</sup> Promised. <sup>7</sup> Command. <sup>8</sup> Cursed.

<sup>9</sup> MS. *Tunc angelus obuiabit Balaam cum gladio extracto in manu, et stabit asina.* Possibly the ass stopped so suddenly as to throw Balaam off; see line 167.

What the dyvell! my asse will not goe!  
Served me she never soe.

What sorrow so her dose nye? <sup>1</sup>  
Rise up, Burnell! make thee bowne,<sup>2</sup>  
And helpe to beare me out the towne;  
Or, as brok I my crowne,

Thou shalt full sore abyel! <sup>3</sup> 168

*Then he shall beat the ass, and some one in  
the ass shall speak.*<sup>4</sup>

ASINA. Maister, thou dost evell, witterly,  
So good an ass as me to nye!

Now hast thou beaten me thry,<sup>5</sup>

That beare the thus aboute.

BALAAAM. Burnell, whye begiles thou me,  
When I haue most nede to the?

ASINA. That sight that I before me see  
Makes me downe to lowte.<sup>6</sup> 176

Am I not, master, thyne owne ass,  
That ever before ready was  
To beare the whether thou woldest pas?

To smyte me now yt is shame.

Thou wottest <sup>7</sup> well, master, pardy,<sup>8</sup>  
Thou haddest never ass like to me,  
Ne never yet thus served I thee.

Now, I am not to blame. 184

*Then let Balaam, seeing the angel with the  
drawn sword, say, falling upon his knees:*<sup>9</sup>

BALAAAM. Ah! Lord, to thee I make a vowe,  
I had no sight of thee erre now.

Lyttle wist I it was thou

That feared my asse soe.

ANGELUS. Why hast thou beaten thy ass  
thry?

Now I am comen thee to nye,  
That changes thy purpose falcelye,  
And woldest be my foe. 192

And the ass had not downe gone,  
I wold haue slayne the here anone.

BALAAAM. Lord, haue pittye me upon,  
For sinned I haue sore!  
Is it thy will that I forth goe?

ANGELUS. Yea; but looke thou doe this  
folk no woe

<sup>1</sup> Annoy.

<sup>2</sup> Ready.

<sup>3</sup> Pay for it.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *Tunc percussit asinam, et loquetur aliquis in asina.*

<sup>5</sup> Thrice.

<sup>6</sup> Fall, stoop.

<sup>7</sup> Knowest.

<sup>8</sup> Par Dieu.

<sup>9</sup> MS. *Tunc Balaam videns angelum evaginatam gladium habentem, adorans dicat.*

Otherwise then God bade thee tho <sup>1</sup>  
And saide to thee before. 200

*Then Balaam and the soldier shall proceed,  
and Balaack meets them.<sup>2</sup>*

BALAACK. Ah! welcome, Balaam, my  
frend!

For all myne anguish thou shalt end,  
If that thy will be to wend,  
And wreake <sup>3</sup> me of my foe.

BALAAM. Nought may I speake, so haue I  
win,

But as God puttes me in,  
To forby <sup>4</sup> all and my kin; —  
Therefore, sure, me is woe! 208

BALAACK. Come forth, Balaam, come  
with me!

For on this hill, so mot I thee,  
The folke of Israell thou shalt see.

And curse them, I thee praye!  
Thou shalt haue riches, golde and fee,  
And I shall aduance thy dignytye,  
To curse men, — cursed they may be! —  
That thou shalt see to-day. 216

*Then leading Balaam with him upon the  
mount, and looking towards the south, let  
him speak as follows:<sup>5</sup>*

[BALAACK. <sup>6</sup> Lo! Balaam, now thou seest here  
Godis people all in feare, <sup>7</sup>  
Cittie, castell, and riuer.

Looke now how likes thie.  
Curse them now at my prayer,  
As thou wilt be to me full dere,  
And in my realme most of power  
And greatest under me.]

BALAAM. How may I curse them in this  
place,

The people that God blessed hase?  
In them is both might and grace,  
And that is alwayes seene.

Wytnes I may none beare  
Against God that this can were<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Then.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Tunc Balaam et miles ibunt, Balaack venit in obuiam.*

<sup>3</sup> Avenge.

<sup>4</sup> Purchase, save.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *Tunc adducens secum Balaam in montem, et ad australem partem respiciens, dicit ut sequitur.*

<sup>6</sup> Lacuna in MS. I have supplied the missing stanzas from the other MSS.

<sup>7</sup> Together.

<sup>8</sup> Defend.

His people that no man may deare <sup>1</sup>  
Ne troble with no teene.<sup>2</sup> 224

I saye these folkes shall haue their will;

That no nation shall them gryll; <sup>3</sup>

The goodnes that they shall fulfill

Nombred may not be;

Their God shall them kepe and save.

No other reпре may I not <sup>4</sup> have,

But such death as they shall haue

I praye God send me. 232

BALAACK. What the devilles eyles the,  
poplart? <sup>5</sup>

Thy speach is not worth a fart!

Doted <sup>6</sup> I wot well thou art,

For woodlie <sup>7</sup> thou has wrought.

I bade thee curse them, every one,

And thou blest them, blood and bone!

To this north syde thou shalt anon,

For here thy deed is nought. 240

*Then he shall lead him to the north side.<sup>8</sup>*

BALAAM. Herken, Balaack, what I say:

God may not gibb <sup>9</sup> by no waye;

That he saith, is veray,

For he may not lye.

To bless his folk he me sent;

Therefore I saie, as I am kent: <sup>10</sup>

That in this land, verament,

Is used no mawmentry; 248

To Iacobs blood and Israell

God shall send ioy and heale;

And as a lyon in his weale <sup>11</sup>

Christ shalbe haused <sup>12</sup> hie,

And rise also in noble araye

As a prynce to wyn great paye,

Overcome his enemyes, as I say,

And them bowndly bye. <sup>13</sup> 256

BALAACK. What the devill is this! Thou  
cursest them naught,

Nor blesset them nether, as me thought.

BALAAM. Syr kinge, this I thee beheight <sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Injure.

<sup>2</sup> Vexation.

<sup>3</sup> Vex.

<sup>4</sup> Manly prefers the reading of the other MSS.: shall they none.

<sup>5</sup> A term of abuse.

<sup>6</sup> Crazy, a doted.

<sup>7</sup> Madly, in a crazy way.

<sup>8</sup> MS. *Tunc adducet eum ad borealem partem.*

<sup>9</sup> Turn, waver.

<sup>10</sup> Instructed.

<sup>11</sup> Weald, woodland.

<sup>12</sup> Exalted.

<sup>13</sup> Graciously save.

<sup>14</sup> Promised, foretold.



Or that I come here.

BALAAK. Yet shalt thou to an-other  
place,

Ther Gods power for to embrace.<sup>1</sup>

The dyvell geve the hard grace,

But thou doe my prayer!

264

*To the west part.<sup>2</sup>*

BALAAK. Ah! Lord, that here is fayre  
wonning!<sup>3</sup>

Halls, chambers of great lyking,

Valleyes, woodes, grass springing,

Fayre yordes,<sup>4</sup> and eke river!

I wot well God made all this

His folke to lyue in ioye and blisse.

That warriyeth<sup>5</sup> them, warried is;

That blesseth them, to God is deare. 272

BALAAK. Popelard! thou preacheest as a  
pie!<sup>6</sup>

The deuill of hell thee destroy!

I bade thee curse myne enemye;

Therefore<sup>7</sup> thou came me to.

Now hast thou blessed them here, thry,<sup>8</sup>

For thou meanes me to nye.

BALAAK. So tould I the before twye,

I might none other doe. 280

BALAAK. Out! alas! what dyvell ayles thee?

I haue het thee gold and fee

To speake but wordes two or three,

And thou makes much distance.<sup>9</sup>

Yet once I will assay thee,

If any boote of bale<sup>10</sup> will be;

And if thou falcely now faile me,

Mahound<sup>11</sup> geue thee mischance! 288

*Then Balaam looking at the sky, in  
prophecy.<sup>12</sup>*

BALAAK. *Orietur Stella ex Iacob, et exurget  
Homo de Israell, et confringet omnes  
duces alie[ni]gnarum, et erit omnis  
terra possessio eius.*

Now one thinge I will tell you all,

Hereafter what shall befall:

<sup>1</sup> Undertake.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Ad occidentalem partem.*

<sup>3</sup> Dwelling, living.

<sup>4</sup> Fields.

<sup>5</sup> Curseth.

<sup>6</sup> Magpie.

<sup>7</sup> To that end.

<sup>8</sup> Thrice.

<sup>9</sup> Dispute.

<sup>10</sup> Redress of injury.

<sup>11</sup> Mahomet.

<sup>12</sup> MS. *Tunc Balaam ad cælum respiciens propheta[n]do.*

A starre of Iacob springe shall,

A man of Israell;

He shall overcome and haue in band

All kinges, dukes of strang land,

And all the world haue in his hand,

As lord to dight and deale.

296

*[The Expositor advances with the other  
prophets.]*

ESAYAS. I saye a mayden meeke and  
mylde

Shall conceave and beare a childe,

Cleane, without workes wilde,

To wyn mankinde to wayle;<sup>1</sup>

Butter and hony shall be his meate,

That he may all evill forgoat,

Our soules out of hell to get,

And called Emanuell.

304

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, these wordes are  
so veray

That exposition, in good faye,

None needes. But you know may

This word Emanuell:

Emanuell is as much to saye

As "God with us night and day";

Therefore that name for ever and aye

To his Sonne cordes wrondrous well. 312

EZECHIELL. *Vidi portam in domo Domini  
clausam, et dixit angelus ad me,  
"Porta hæc non aperietur sed clausa  
erit" et c. Ezechiel capitulo 2.*

I, Ezechiel, sothlie see

A gate in Gods house on hye.

Closed it was; no man came nye.

Then told an angell me:

"This gate shall no man open, i-wis,

For God will come and goe by this;

For him-self it reserved is,

None shall come there but hee." 320

EXPOSITOR. By this gate, lords, verament,  
I understand in my intent

That way the Holy Ghost in went

When God tooke flesh and bloode

In that sweet mayden Mary.

She was that gate, witterly,

For in her he light<sup>2</sup> graciouslie

Mankind to doe good.

328

<sup>1</sup> Weal, happiness.

<sup>2</sup> Alighted.

**IHEREMIA.** *Deducunt oculi mei lacrimas  
per diem et noctem, et non laceant;  
contritione magna contrita est virgo  
filia populi mei et plaga, et c.*

My eyes must run and sorrow aye  
Without ceasing, night and daye,  
For my daughter, soth to saye,  
Shall suffer great anye;  
And my folke shall doc, in faye,  
Things that they ne know may  
To that mayden, by many waye,  
And her sonne, sicklerlie.<sup>1</sup> 336

**EXPOSITOR.** Lordinges, this prophesie,  
i-wis,

Touches the Passion nothing amisse,  
For the prophet see well this  
What shall come, as I reade:  
That a childe borne of a maye<sup>2</sup>  
Shall suffer death, sooth to saye;  
And they that mayden shall afray,  
Haue vengeance for that dedde. 344

**IONAS.** *Clamaui de tribulacione mea ad  
Dominum et exaudiuit; de ventre in-  
feri clamavi et exaudisti vocem meam  
et proiecisti me.*

I, Ionas, in full great any  
To God I prayed inwardlie,  
And he me hard through his mercy,  
And on me did his grace.  
In myddes the sea cast was I,  
For I wrought inobedyentlie;  
But in a whalles bellye  
Three dayes saved I was. 352

**EXPOSITOR.** Lordinges, what this may  
signifie

Christ expoundes apertelie,<sup>3</sup>  
As we reade in the Evangely  
That Christ him-self can saie:  
Right as Ionas was dayes three  
In wombe of whall, so shall he be  
In earth lyinge, as was he,  
And rise the third daye. 360

**DAUID.** *De summo caelo egressio eius, et oc-  
cursus eius ad sum[m]um eius. Psal.*

I, Davyd, saie that God almightie  
From the highest heaven to earth will light,

<sup>1</sup> Truly.

<sup>2</sup> Maid.

<sup>3</sup> Clearly.

And thidder againe with full might,  
Both God and man in feare;<sup>1</sup>  
And after come to deeme<sup>2</sup> the righte.  
May no man shape them<sup>3</sup> of his sight,  
Ne deeme that to mankind is dighte,  
But all then must apeare. 368

**EXPOSITOR.** Lordes, this speach is so  
veray

That to expound it to your pay<sup>4</sup>  
It needes nothing in good faye,  
This speach is so expresse.  
Each man by it knowe may  
That of the Ascention, soth to saie,  
David prophesied in his daye,  
As yt rehearsed was. 376

**IOELL.** *Effundam de spiritu meo super  
omnem carnem, et prophetabunt filij  
vestri.*

I, Ioell, saie this sicklerlye:  
That my Ghost send will I  
Upon mankinde merciably  
From heaven, sitting in see;<sup>5</sup>  
Then shold [y]our childe prophesie,  
Ould men meet swevens,<sup>6</sup> wytterly,  
Yong se sightes that therby  
Many wise shall be. 384

**EXPOSITOR.** Lordinges, this prophet  
speakes here

In Gods person, as it were,  
And prophesies that he will apeare  
Ghostlie to mankinde.  
This signes non other, in good faye,  
But of his dedde on Whitson-day,  
Sending his Ghost, that we ever may  
On hym haue sadlie mynd. 392

**MICHEAS.** *Tu, Bethlem, terra Iuda, nequa-  
quam minima es in principibus Iuda;  
ex te enim exiet Dux qui reget populum  
meum Israel.*

I, Micheal, through my mynde  
Will saye that man shall sothlie<sup>7</sup> finde  
That a childe of kinges kinde  
In Bethlem shall be borne,

<sup>1</sup> Together, combined.

<sup>2</sup> Judge.

<sup>3</sup> Kittredge: scape then.

<sup>4</sup> Satisfaction.

<sup>5</sup> Throne.

<sup>6</sup> Dreams. MS. sweens; corr. by Deimling.

<sup>7</sup> Truly.

That shall be duke to dight and deale,  
And rule the folke of Israell,  
Also wyn againe mankinde heale <sup>1</sup>  
That through Adam was lorne. 400

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, two thinges apert-  
lie

You may see in this prophesie:  
The place certifies thee sothlie  
Where Christ borne will be;  
And after his ending, sickerlie,  
Of his deedes of great mercy,  
That he shold sit soveraynly  
In heauen, thereas is he. 408

Moe prophetis, lordinges, we might play,  
But yt wold tary much the daye;  
Therefore six, sothe to say,  
Are played in this place.  
Two speakes of his Incarnation;  
An-other of Christe[s] Passion;  
The fourth of the Resurrection. 416

The fifte speakes expreslie  
How he from the highest heavenlye  
Light into earth us to forby,<sup>3</sup>  
And after thydder steigh <sup>4</sup>  
With oure kinde to heaven-blisse.  
More loue might he not shew, i-wis,  
But right there-as hym-selfe is  
He haunshed <sup>5</sup> our kinde on high. 424

<sup>1</sup> Salvation, happiness.

<sup>2</sup> Line missing in all MSS.

<sup>3</sup> Redeem. <sup>4</sup> Ascended.

<sup>5</sup> Exalted.

The sixt shewes, you may see,  
His Goste to man send will he,  
More stidfast that they shalbe  
To loue God evermore.  
Thus that beleve <sup>1</sup> that leuen we  
Of Gods deedes that had pittye  
One man, when that he made them  
free,  
Is prophesied here before. 432

BALAAACK. Goe we forth! It is no  
boote  
Longer with this man to moote;<sup>2</sup>  
For God of Iewes is crop and roote,  
And lord of heaven and hell.  
Now see I well no man on lyue  
Gaynes with him for to stryve;  
Therefore here, as mot I thryue,  
I will no longer dwell. 440

[*Exeunt the Prophets, led by Balaack.*]

EXPOSITOR. Lordinges, much more mat-  
ter  
Is in this story then you see here;  
But the substance, without were,<sup>3</sup>  
Is played you beforne.  
And by these prophetis, leav <sup>4</sup> you me,  
Three kinges, as you shall played see,  
Presented at his Nativitye  
Christ, when he was borne. 448

*Finis paginæ quintæ.*

<sup>1</sup> Belief. MS. beleven; *corr. by Manly.*

<sup>2</sup> Argue.

<sup>3</sup> Doubt.

<sup>4</sup> Believe.

THE SALUTATION AND CONCEPTION <sup>1</sup>

[Acted at N. towne.]

[On the upper stage God, his Son, the Holy Spirit, Gabriel, and others; on the lower stage Mary.]

PATER. From vs, God, aungel Gabryel,  
thou xalt be sende  
In to the countre of Galyle  
(The name of the cyte Nazareth is kende) <sup>1</sup>  
To a mayd. W[e]lddyd to a man is  
she,  
Of whom the name is Joseph, se,  
Of the hous of Davyd bore;  
The name of the mayd fire  
Is Mary, that xal al restore. 196

FILIUS. Say that she is with-owte wo, and  
ful of grace;  
And that I, the Son of the Godhed, of  
here xal be bore.<sup>2</sup>  
Hyghe the thou were there a pace,  
Ellys we xal be there the be-flore,  
I haue so grett hast to be man thore  
In that mekest and purest virgyne.  
Say here, she xal restore  
Of yow aungellys the grett ruyn. 204

SPIRITUS SANCTUS. And if she aske the  
how it myth be,  
Telle here, I, the Holy Gost, xal werke al  
this;  
Sche xal be sayvd thorwe oure vnyte.  
In tokyn, here bareyn cosyn Elyzabeth is  
Qwyk with childe in here grett age, i-wys.  
Say here, to vs is no thyng impossyble.  
Here body xal be so ful-fylt with blys  
That she xal sone thynke this sonde <sup>3</sup> cred-  
yle. 212

GABRIEL. In thyn hey inbassett,<sup>4</sup> Lord, I  
xal go;

<sup>1</sup> Known.<sup>3</sup> Message. (MS. acwnde.)<sup>2</sup> Born.<sup>4</sup> Embassy.

It xal be do with a thought.  
Be-holde now, Lord, I go here to,  
I take my flyth, and byde nowth. 216

[Gabriel descends, and approaches Mary.]

Ave, Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum!  
Heyl, fful of grace! God is with the!  
Amonge alle women blyssyd art thou.  
Here this name "Eva" is turnyd "Aue";  
That is to say, with-owte sorwe ar ye  
now. 220

Thow sorwe in yow hath no place,  
Yett of joy, lady. ye nede more;  
Therefore I adde and sey "fful of grace,"  
For so ful of grace was nevyr non bore.  
Yett who hath grace, he nedyth keepyng  
sore;  
Therefore I sey "God is with the,"  
Whiche xal kepe yow endlesly thore.  
So amonge alle women blyssyd are ye! 228

MARIA. A! mercy, God! this is a mervel-  
yous herynge!  
In the aungelys wordys I am trobelyd  
her;  
I thynk, "How may be this gretynge?"  
Aungelys dayly to me doth aper,  
But not in the lyknes of man; that is my  
fer.  
And also thus hyghly to comendyd be,  
I <sup>1</sup> am most vn-wuthry. I can-not an-  
swere.  
Grett shamfastnes and grett dred is in  
me. 236

GABRYEL. Mary, in this take ye no drede,  
For at God grace fflownde haue ye.  
Ye xal conceyve in your wombe, in dede,  
A childe, the sone of the Trynitye.  
His name of yow Jhesu clepyd <sup>2</sup> xal be;

<sup>1</sup> MS. &.<sup>2</sup> Called.

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the N. towne Plays see page 81, note 2. I have based the present text on the editions by Block and Halliwell, compared with the edition by Manly (whose stanzaic form I have adopted). I have omitted the long prologue of 188 lines, entitled by Block "The Parliament of Heaven," in which Contemplation, the Virtues, Veritas, Misericordia, Justitia, Pax, Pater, Filius, and Spiritus Sanctus discuss the salvation of man. The prologue is of some interest as showing the influence of allegory on the Corpus Christi plays; but this influence has already been illustrated in the Norwich Creation printed on page 88.

He xal be grett, the son of the hiest clepyd  
of kende; <sup>1</sup>

And of his ffadyr, Davyd, the Lord xal  
geve hym the se.<sup>2</sup>

Reynyng in the hous of Jacob, of whiche  
regne xal be no ende. 244

MARIA. Aungel, I sey to yow,  
In what manere of wyse xal this be?

For knowyng of man I haue non now;

I haue evyr more kept, and xal, my vir-  
ginyte.

I dowte not the wordys ye han seyde to me,  
But I aske how it xal be do.

GABRYEL. The Holy Gost xal come fro  
a-bove to the,

And the vertu of hym Hiest xal schadu the  
so; 252

Ther fore that Holy Gost of the xal be bore;  
He xal be clepyd the Son of God sage.

And se, Elyzabeth, your cosyn thore,

She hath conseyyd a son in hyre age;

This is the sexte monyth of here passage,  
Of here that clepyd was bareyn.

No thyng is impossyble to Goddys  
vsage.

They thynkyth longe to here what ye wyl  
seyen. 260

*Here the aungel makyth a lytyl restyngge,  
and Mary be-holdyth hym; and the aungel  
seythe:*

Mary, com of, and haste the,

And take hede in thyn entent

How <sup>3</sup> the Holy Gost, — blyssyd he be! —

A-bydyth thin answer and thin assent.

Thorwe wyse werke of dyvinyte

The Secunde Persone, verament,

Is mad man by fraternyte

With-inne thi self, in place present. 268

Further more, take hede this space

How <sup>3</sup> alle the blyssyd spyrytys of vertu

That are in hefne by-ffore Goddys face,

And alle the gode levers and trew

That are here in this erthely place,

Thyn owyn kynrede, the sothe ho <sup>4</sup> knew,

And the chosyn sowlys this tyme of grace

That are in helle and byde [ther]

rescu, —

276

<sup>1</sup> Kind.

<sup>2</sup> MS. whow.

<sup>3</sup> Throne.

<sup>4</sup> Who.

As Adam, Abraham and Davyd, in fere,<sup>1</sup>

And many othere of good reputacion, —

That thin answer desyre to here

And thin assent to the Incarnacion,

In whiche thou standyst as preserver,<sup>2</sup>

Of alle man-kende savacion.

Gyff me myn answer now, lady dere, 283

To alle these creatyurs comfortacion.

MARIA. With alle mekenes I clyne <sup>3</sup> to  
this a-corde,

Bowynge downe my face with alle be-  
nyngnyte.

Se here the hand-mayden of oure Lorde.

Aftyr thi worde be it don to me.

GABRYEL. Gramercy, my lady fire;

Gramercy of your answer on hvght;

Gramercy of your grett humylyte;

Gramercy, ye lanterne off lyght! 292

*Here the Holy Gost descendit with iij  
bemys to Our Lady; the Sone of the God-  
hed next <sup>4</sup> with iij bemys to the Holy Gost;  
the Fadyr Godly with iij bemys to the Sone:  
and so entre alle thre to here bosom; and  
Mary seyth:*

MARIA. A! now I ffele in my body be

Parfyte God and parfyte man,

Havyng al schappe of chyldly carnalyte.

Evyn al at onys, thus God be-gan; 296

Nott takynge ffyrst o <sup>5</sup> membyr and sythe <sup>6</sup>  
a-nother,

But parfyte childhod ye haue a-non.

Of your hand-mayden now ye haue mad  
your modyr,

With-owte peyne, in fflesche and bon.

Thus conceyved nevyr woman non

That evyr was beyng in this lyff.

O, myn hiest Fadyr, in your trone,

It is worthy your Son — now my son —  
haue a prerogatyff! 304

I can not telle what joy, what blysse,

Now I fele in my body!

Aungel Gabryel, I thank yow for thys.

Most mekely recomende me to my  
Faderys mercy.

<sup>1</sup> Likewise.

<sup>2</sup> MS. persevere, corr. by Manly.

<sup>3</sup> Incline.

<sup>4</sup> MS. nest, corr. by Manly.

<sup>5</sup> One.

<sup>6</sup> Then.

To haue be the modyr of God fful lytyl  
wend <sup>1</sup> I.

Now myn cosyn Elyzabeth ffayn wold I se,  
How seche hath conseyyvid as ye dede  
specyfy.

Now blyssyd be the hygh Trynyste! 312

GABRYEL. Fare weyl, turtyl, Goddys  
dowtere dere!

Fare wel, Goddys modyr! I the honowre!  
Fare wel, Goddys sustyr and his pleynge  
fere! <sup>2</sup>

Fare wel, Goddys chawmere <sup>3</sup> and his  
bowre! 316

MARIA. Fare wel, Gabryel, specyalye!  
Fare wel, Goddys masangere expresse!  
I thank yow for your traveyl hye;  
Gramercy of your grett goodnes, 320

And namely of your comfortabyl massage.

For I vnderstande, by inspyracion,  
That ye knowe by syngulere preuylage <sup>4</sup>  
Most of my sonys Incarnacion.

I pray yow take it in to vsage,  
Be a custom ocupacion,  
To vesyte me ofte be mene passage;  
Your presence is my comfortacion. 328

<sup>1</sup> Thought.

<sup>3</sup> Chamber.

<sup>2</sup> Companion.

<sup>4</sup> Privilege.

GABRIEL. At your wyl, lady, so xal it be.  
Ye gentyllest of blood and hyst of kyn-  
rode

That reynyth in earth in ony degre,  
Be pryncypal incheson <sup>1</sup> of the God-  
hede, 332

I comende me on to yow, thou trone of  
the Trinite.

O mekest mayde, now the modyr of  
Jhesu!

Qwen of Hefne, Lady of Erth, and Empres  
of Helle be ye;

Socour to alle synful that wole to yow  
sew; <sup>2</sup>

Thour your body beryth the babe oure  
blysse xal renew.

To yow, modyr of mercy, most mekely I  
recomende.

And, as I began, I ende, with an "Ave!"  
new,

Enjonyd hefne and erth. With that I as-  
cende. [Exit.] 340

*Angels singing this hymn: <sup>3</sup>*

*Ave, Maria, gratia plena!*

*Dominus tecum, uirgo serena!*

<sup>1</sup> Cause.

<sup>2</sup> Sue, petition.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Angeli cantando istam sequenciam.*

THE BIRTH OF JESUS <sup>1</sup>

[Acted by the Tile Thatchers of York.]

[*Joseph and Mary, in a cattle-shed at Bethlehem.*]

JOSEPH. All-weldand <sup>1</sup> God in Trinite,  
 I praye the, Lord, for thy grete myght,  
 Vnto thy symple seruand see,  
 Here in this place where we are pight, <sup>4</sup>  
 Oure self allone.  
 Lord, graunte vs gode herberow <sup>3</sup> this  
 nyght  
 Within this wone. <sup>4</sup> 7

For we haue sought both vppe and doune,  
 Thurgh diuerse stretis in this cite,  
 So mekill pepull is comen to towne  
 That we can nowhare herbered be,  
 Ther is slike <sup>5</sup> prees. 12  
 For-suthe I can no socoure see  
 But belde <sup>6</sup> vs with there bestes.

And yf we here all nvyght abide,  
 We shall be stormed <sup>7</sup> in this steede: <sup>8</sup> 16  
 The walles are doune on ilke a side,  
 The ruffe is rayned <sup>9</sup> aboven oure hede,  
 Als haue I roo. <sup>10</sup>  
 Say, Marie doughtir, what is thy rede? <sup>11</sup> 20  
 How sall we doo?

For in grete nede nowe are we stedde,  
 As thou thy selfe the soth may see;  
 For here is nowthir cloth ne bedde, 24  
 And we are weyke and all werie,  
 And fayne wolde rest.  
 Now, gracious God, for thy mercie  
 Wisse <sup>12</sup> vs the best. 28

MARY. God will vs wisse, full wele witt ye;  
 Ther-fore, Joseph, be of gud chere,  
 For in this place borne will he be

- |  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> All-ruling.                     | <sup>3</sup> Pitched, set.    |
| <sup>2</sup> Harborage, lodging.             | <sup>4</sup> Dwelling, house. |
| <sup>3</sup> Such.                           | <sup>5</sup> Shelter.         |
| <sup>7</sup> Subject to the storms.          | <sup>8</sup> Place.           |
| <sup>9</sup> Rain-soaked? Ruined?            |                               |
| <sup>10</sup> As have I peace (a mild oath). |                               |
| <sup>11</sup> Advice.                        | <sup>12</sup> Direct, guide.  |

That sall vs saue fro sorowes sere, <sup>1</sup> 32  
 Bothe even and morne.  
 Sir, witt ye wele the tyme is nere  
 Hee will be borne.

JOSEPH. Than behoves vs bide here  
 stille 36

Here in this same place all this nyght.

MARY. Ya, sir, forsuth, it is Goddis will.

JOSEPH. Than wolde I fayne we had sum  
 light,

What so befall. 40

It waxis right myrke <sup>2</sup> vnto my sight,  
 And colde withall.

I will go gete vs light for-thy, 43  
 And fewell <sup>3</sup> fande with me to bryng.

MARY. All-weldand God yow gouerne  
 and gy <sup>4</sup>

As he is sufferayne of all thyng  
 Fo[r] his grete myght,  
 And lende me grace to his louyng 48  
 That I me dight. <sup>5</sup>

[*Exit Joseph.*]

Now in my sawle grete ioie haue I!  
 I am all cladde in comforte clere!  
 Now will be borne of my body 52  
 Both God and man to-gedir in feere. <sup>6</sup>  
 Blist mott he be!  
 Jesu, my son that is so dere,  
 Nowe borne is he. 56

[*Mary worships the babe.*]

Hayle, my Lord God! Hayle, prince of  
 pees!  
 Hayle, my fadir! and hayle, my sone!  
 Hayle, souereyne sege <sup>7</sup> all synnes to  
 sesse! <sup>8</sup> 59  
 Hayle, God and man in erth to wonne! <sup>9</sup>

- |                                       |                                  |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> Many.                    | <sup>3</sup> Dark.               |
| <sup>2</sup> Fuel.                    | <sup>4</sup> Guide.              |
| <sup>5</sup> Make ready.              | <sup>6</sup> In company, united. |
| <sup>7</sup> Warrior (against Satan). | <sup>8</sup> Put an end to.      |
| <sup>9</sup> Put an end to.           | <sup>10</sup> Dwell.             |

<sup>1</sup> Printed from *York Plays*, edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith, 1885. I have expanded abbreviations, altered the punctuation, and added stage directions.

Hayle! thurgh whos myht  
 All this worlde was first be-gonne,  
 Merknes and light.  
 Sone, as I am sympill sugett <sup>1</sup> of thyne,  
 Vowchessaft, swete sone, I pray the, 65  
 That I myght the take in the[r] armys of  
 myne,  
 And in this poure wede <sup>2</sup> to arraie the.  
 Graunte me thi blisse! 68  
 As I am thy modir chosen to be  
 In sothfastness.

[*Joseph speaks without.*]

JOSEPH. A! Lorde, what the wedir is  
 colde!  
 The fellest freese that euere I felyd!  
 I pray God helpe tham that is alde, 73  
 And namely tham that is vnwelde,<sup>3</sup>  
 So may I saie.  
 Now, gud God, thou be my belde  
 As thou best may. 77

[*The star blazes above.*]

A! Lord God! what light is this  
 That comes shynynng thus sodenly?  
 I can not saie, als haue I blisse. 80  
 When I come home vn-to Marie  
 Than sall I spire.<sup>4</sup>  
 A! here be God, for now come I.

[*Enters the shed.*]

MARY. Ye ar welcum, sirre. 84  
 JOSEPH. Say, Marie doghtir, what chere  
 with the?  
 MARIE. Right goode, Joseph, as has been  
 ay.  
 JOSEPH. O Marie! what swete thyng is  
 that on thy kne? 87  
 MARY. It is my sone, the soth to saye,  
 That is so gud.  
 JOSEPH. Wele is me I bade this day  
 To se this foode!<sup>5</sup>

Me merueles mekill of this light 92  
 That thus-gates shynes in this place.  
 For-suth it is a selcouth <sup>6</sup> sight!  
 MARY. This has he ordand of his grace,  
 My sone so ying, 96  
 A starme to be schynnyng a space  
 At his bering.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Subject. <sup>2</sup> Garment. <sup>3</sup> Infirm. <sup>4</sup> Inquire.  
<sup>5</sup> Creature, child. <sup>6</sup> Wonderful. <sup>7</sup> Birth.

For Balam told ful longe be-forne  
 How that a sterne shuld rise full hye; 100  
 And of a maiden shulde be borne  
 A sonne that sall oure saffying <sup>1</sup> be  
 Fro caris kene.  
 For-suth it is my sone so free 104  
 Be whame Balam gon meene.

JOSEPH. Now welcome, floure fairest of  
 hewe!  
 I shall the menske <sup>2</sup> with mayne and myght.  
 Hayle, my maker! Hayle, Crist Jesu!  
 Hayle, riall kyng, roote of all right!  
 Hayle, saueour!  
 Hayle, my Lord, lemer <sup>3</sup> of light!  
 Hayle, blessid floure! 112

MARY. Now, Lord, that all this worlde  
 schall wynne  
 (To the, my sone, is that I saye),  
 Here is no bedde to laye the inne;  
 Therefore, my dere sone, I the praye, 116  
 Sen it is soo,  
 Here in this cribbe I myght the lay  
 Betwene ther bestis two.

And I sall happe <sup>4</sup> the, myn owne dere  
 childe, 120  
 With such clothes as we haue here.

JOSEPH. O Marie, beholde thes beestis  
 mylde!  
 They make louyng in ther manere  
 As thei wer men. 124  
 For-sothe it semes wele be ther chere  
 Thare Lord thei ken.

MARY. Ther Lorde thai kenne, that wote  
 I wele;  
 They worshippe hym with myght and  
 mayne. 128  
 The wedir is colde, as ye may feelee;  
 To halde hym warme thei are full fayne  
 With thare warme breth,  
 And oondis <sup>5</sup> on hym, is nought to layne, <sup>6</sup>  
 To warm hym with. 133

O, nowe slepis my sone! Blist mot he be!

<sup>1</sup> Saving, salvation. MS. saffyne.  
<sup>2</sup> Honor, worship.  
<sup>3</sup> Beamer (shedder of light).  
<sup>4</sup> Wrap up. <sup>5</sup> Breathe.  
<sup>6</sup> Is nought to conceal, obviously (see N.E.D.;  
 Lain, v. trans.).



And lyes full warme ther bestis by-twene.

JOSEPH. O, now is fulfilled, for-suth I see,  
That Abacuc in mynde gon mene 137

And preched by prophicie:  
He saide oure sauyoure shall be sene  
Betwene bestis lye. 140

And nowe I see the same in sight.

MARY. Ya, sir, for-suth, the same is he.

JOSEPH. Honnoure and worshippe both  
day and nyght,

Ay-lastand Lorde, be done to the 144

All way, as is worthy.

And, Lord, to thy seruice I oblissh <sup>1</sup> me  
With all myn herte holy.

MARY. Thou mercyfull maker, most  
myghty, 148

My God, my Lord, my sone so free,  
Thy hande-mayden, for-soth, am I,  
And to thi seruice I oblissh me

With all myn herte entere. 152

Thy blissing, beseke I thee,  
Thou graunte vs all in feere!

<sup>1</sup> Oblige, bind.

THE SHEPHERDS <sup>1</sup>

[Acted at Wakefield.]

[At one end of the pageant, the open fields where the three Shepherds tend their sheep; at the other end, the home of Mak and his wife Gill. Enter the First Shepherd, half frozen with the cold.]

I. PASTOR. Lord, what these weders ar cold! / And I am yll happyd.<sup>1</sup>

I am nere-hande dold,<sup>2</sup> / so long haue I nappyd.

My legys thay fold, / my fyngers ar chappyd;

It is not as I wold, / for I am al lappyd  
In sorow. 5

In stormes and tempest,

Now in the eest, now in the west,

Wo is hym has neuer rest

Myd-day nor morow! 9

Bot we sely<sup>3</sup> shepardes / that walkys on the moore,

In fayth, we are nere-handys / outt of the doore!

No wonder, as it standys, / if we be poore,  
For the tylthe of oure landys / lyys falow as the floore,

As ye ken. 14

We ar so hamyd,<sup>4</sup>

For-taxed, and ramyd,<sup>5</sup>

We ar mayde hand-tamyd

With thyse gentlery men. 18

Thus thay refe<sup>6</sup> vs oure reste / — Oure Lady theym wary!<sup>7</sup>

These men that ar lord-fest<sup>8</sup> / thay cause the ploghe tary.

That, men say, is for the best; / we fynde it contrary.

<sup>1</sup> Clothed.

<sup>2</sup> Nearly numb.

<sup>3</sup> Poor, miserable.

<sup>4</sup> Crippled.

<sup>5</sup> Over-taxed and crushed.

<sup>6</sup> Rob.

<sup>7</sup> Curse.

<sup>8</sup> Lord-fast, bound to a lord.

Thus ar husbandys opprest / in pos[i]nte to myscary

On lyfe. 23

Thus hold thay vs hunder;

Thus thay bryng vs in blonder!

It were greatte wonder

And euer shuld we thryfe. 27

Ther shall com a swane<sup>1</sup> / as prowde as a po,<sup>2</sup>

He must borow my wane,<sup>3</sup> / my ploghe also;

Then I am full fane / to graunt or he go.

Thus lyf we in payne, / anger, and wo,  
By nyght and day. 32

He must haue if he langyd,

If I shuld forgang<sup>4</sup> it.

I were better be hangyd

Then oones say hym nay.<sup>5</sup> 36

For may he gett a paynt slefe,<sup>6</sup> / or a broche, now on dayes,

Wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says!

Dar noman hym reprefe / what mastery he may.

And yit may noman lefe<sup>7</sup> / oone word that he says,

No letter. 41

He can make purveance,

With boste and bragance;

And all is thrugh mantenance

Of men that are gretter. 45

It dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone,<sup>8</sup>

Of this world for to talk / in maner of mone.

<sup>1</sup> Swain, gallant.

<sup>2</sup> Peacock.

<sup>3</sup> Wagon.

<sup>4</sup> Have to do without it.

<sup>5</sup> This and the following stanza are transposed in the MS.

<sup>6</sup> Sleeve.

<sup>7</sup> Believe.

<sup>8</sup> Self.

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the Towneley Plays, and the source of the present text, see page 94, note 1. This play, which Mr. Pollard describes as "perfect as a work of art," is generally regarded as the finest example of comedy in the early religious drama. In the Towneley manuscript there are two plays dealing with the visit of the Shepherds to the manger, labeled respectively *Incipit Pagina Pastorum* and *Incipit Alia Eorundem*. Mr. Pollard suggests that in the *Prima Pastorum* the author was "only feeling his way," and that in the *Secunda Pastorum* he has achieved his masterpiece. As the footnotes will indicate, I am frequently indebted to Manly for textual emendations.

To my shepe wyll I stalk / and herkyn  
anone;

Ther abyde on a balk,<sup>1</sup> / or sytt on a stone,  
Full soyne. 50

For I trowe, perde,  
Trew men if thay be,  
We gett more compane  
Or it be noyne.<sup>2</sup> 54

[Enter the Second Shepherd. He does not  
see the First Shepherd.]

II. PASTOR. Benste and Dominus! /  
What may this bemeayne?

Why fares this world thus? / Oft haue  
we not sene!

Lord, thyse weders are spytus, / and the  
winds<sup>3</sup> full kene;

And the frostys so hydus / thay water myn  
eeyne;

No ly. 59

Now in dry, now in wete,  
Now in snaw, now in slete,  
When my shone freys to my fete,  
It is not all esy. 63

Bot, as far as I ken, / or yit as I go,  
We sely wedmen / dre mekyll wo;  
We haue sorow then and then,<sup>4</sup> / it fallys  
oft so.

Sely Capyle, oure hen, / both to and fro  
She kakyls; 68

Bot begyn she to krok,  
To groyne or [to clo]k,  
Wo is hym<sup>5</sup> oure cok,  
For he is in the shekyls.<sup>6</sup> 72

These men that ar wed / haue not all thare  
wyll.

When they ar full hard sted,<sup>7</sup> / thay sygh  
full styll.

God wayte<sup>8</sup> thay ar led / full hard and full  
yll;

In bower nor in bed / thay say noght ther-  
till.<sup>9</sup>

This tyde, 77

My parte haue I fun —  
I know my lesson! —

<sup>1</sup> Pidge. <sup>2</sup> Noon.  
<sup>3</sup> MS. weders; suggested by Manly.  
<sup>4</sup> Continually.  
<sup>5</sup> MS. hym is of; corr. by Manly.  
<sup>6</sup> Shackles. <sup>7</sup> Situated.  
<sup>8</sup> Knows. <sup>9</sup> Thereto.

Wo is hym that is bun,<sup>1</sup>  
For he must abyde. 81

Bot now late in oure lyfys — / a meruell to  
me,

That I thynk my hart ryfys / sich wonders  
to see,

What that destany dryfys, / it shuld so  
be! —

Som men wyll haue two wyfys, / and som  
men thre

In store. 86

Som ar wo that has any!  
Bot so far can I, —

Wo is hym that has many,  
For he felys sore. 90

[Addressing the audience.]

Bot, yong men, of wowyng, / for God that  
you boght,

Be well war of wedyng, / and thynk in  
youre thoght,

“Had I wyst” is a thyng / it seruys of  
noght.

Mekyll<sup>2</sup> styll mowrnyng / has wedyng  
home broght,

And grefys, 95

With many a sharp showre;  
For thou may each in an owre

That shall [savour] fulle sowre  
As long as thou lyffys. 99

For, as euer red I pystyll,<sup>3</sup> / I haue oone to  
my fere,<sup>4</sup>

As sharp as a thystyll, / as rough as a  
brere;

She is browyd lyke a brystyll, / with a  
sowro-loten chere;

Had she oones wett hyr whystyll, / she  
couth syng full clere

Hyr Pater Noster. 104

She is as greatt as a whall;  
She has a galon of gall;

By hym that dyed for vs all,  
I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir! 108

[The First Shepherd interrupts him.]

I. PASTOR. God! looke ouer the raw!<sup>5</sup> /  
Full defy ye stand.

<sup>1</sup> Bound. <sup>2</sup> Much.  
<sup>3</sup> Epistle, i.e. in the New Testament.  
<sup>4</sup> Companion. <sup>5</sup> Row.

H. PASTOR. Yee, the dewill in thi maw, /  
so tarian!d!

Sagh thou awro <sup>1</sup> of Daw? /

I. PASTOR. Yee, on a ley-land  
Hard I hym blaw. / He commys here at  
hand

Not far. 113  
Stand styll.

II. PASTOR. Qwhy?

I. PASTOR. For he commys, hope I.

II. PASTOR. He wyll make vs both a ly  
Bot if we be war.<sup>2</sup> 117

[Enter the Third Shepherd, a boy.]

III. PASTOR. Crystys crosse me spede, /  
and Sant Nycholas!

Ther-of had I nede; / it is wars then it was.  
Whoso couthe take hede / and lett the  
world pas,

It is euer in drede / and brekyll as glas,  
And slythys <sup>3</sup> 122

This world fowre <sup>4</sup> neuer so,  
With meruels mo and mo,  
Now in weyll, now in wo,  
And all thyng wrythys.<sup>5</sup> 126

Was neuer syn Noe floode / sich floodys  
seyn,

Wyndys and ranys so rude, / and stormes  
so keyn!

Som stamerd, som stod / in dowte, as I  
weyn.

Now God turne all to good! / I say as I  
mene,

For ponder. 131

These floodys so thay drowne,  
Both in feyldys and in towne,  
And berys all downe;

And that is a wonder. 135

We that walk on the nyghtys / oure ca-  
tell to kepe,

We se sodan syghtys / when othere men  
slepe. [Spying the others.]

Yit me-thynk my hart lyghtys;<sup>6</sup> / I se  
shrewys pepe.

Ye ar two [t]all <sup>7</sup> wyghtys! / I wyll gyf my  
shepe

<sup>1</sup> Anywhere.

<sup>2</sup> Slides.

<sup>3</sup> Wrythes.

<sup>4</sup> Fine. MS. all; em. by Kittredge.

<sup>5</sup> Wary.

<sup>6</sup> Fared, went.

<sup>7</sup> Lightens.

A turne. 140

Bot full yll haue I ment;

As I walk on this bent,

I may lyghtly repent,  
My toes if I spurne. 144

[The other two advance.]

A, sir, God you saue! / and master  
myne!

A drynk fayn wold I haue, / and somewhat  
to dyne.

I. PASTOR. Crystys curs, my knaue, / thou  
art a ledyr hyne!<sup>1</sup>

II. PASTOR. What! the boy lyst rave! /  
Abyde vnto syne <sup>2</sup>

We haue mayde it. 149

Yll thryft on thy pate!

Though the shrew cam late,

Yit is he in state  
To dyne — if he had it. 153

III. PASTOR. Sich seruandys as I, / that  
swettys and swynkys,<sup>3</sup>

Etyes oure brede full dry; / and that me  
forthynkys.<sup>4</sup>

We ar oft weytt and wery / when master-  
men wynkys;<sup>5</sup>

Yit commys full lately / both dyners and  
drynkys.

Bot nately 158

Both oure dame and oure syre,

When we haue ryn in the myre,

Thay can nyp at oure hyre,  
And pay vs full lately. 162

Bot here my trouth, master: / for the fayr  
that ye make,<sup>6</sup>

I shall do thereafter, — / wyrk as I take;<sup>7</sup>

I shall do a lytyll, sir, / and emang euer  
lake;<sup>8</sup>

For yit lay my soper / neuer on my  
stomake

In feyldys. 167

Wherto shuld I threpe?<sup>9</sup>

With my staf can I lepe;

And men say "Lyght chepe <sup>10</sup>  
Letherly <sup>11</sup> for-yeldys." 171

<sup>1</sup> Worthless hind.

<sup>2</sup> Toil.

<sup>3</sup> Food that you supply.

<sup>4</sup> Play, sport.

<sup>5</sup> Cheap bargain.

<sup>6</sup> Until after.

<sup>7</sup> Displeases.

<sup>8</sup> Receive.

<sup>9</sup> Argue.

<sup>10</sup> Badly.

<sup>11</sup> Sleep.

I. PASTOR. Thou were an yll lad / to ryde  
on wowyng

With a man that had / bot lytyll of spend-  
yng.

II. PASTOR. Peasse, boy, I bad! / No  
more iangling,

Or I shall make the full rad,<sup>1</sup> / by the heu-  
ens kyng,

With thy gawdys.<sup>2</sup> 176

Wher ar oure shepe, boy? We skorne.

III. PASTOR. Sir, this same day at morne  
I thaym left in the corne,

When thay rang lawdys.<sup>3</sup> 180

They haue pasture good, / thay can not go  
wrong.

I. PASTOR. That is right. By the roode,  
/ thyse nyghtys ar long!

Yit I wold, or we yode,<sup>4</sup> / oone gaf vs a  
song.

II. PASTOR. So I thocht as I stode, / to  
myrth vs emong.

III. PASTOR. I grauntt. 185

I. PASTOR. Lett me syng the tenory.

II. PASTOR. And I the tryble so hye.

III. PASTOR. Then the meyne fallys to  
me. 188

Lett se how ye chauntt. [*They sing.*]

*Then Mak enters with a cloak drawn over his  
tunic.<sup>5</sup>*

MAK. Now, Lord, for thy naymes sevyng,  
/ that made both moyn and starnes

Well mo then I can neuen,<sup>6</sup> / thi will,  
Lorde, of me tharnys.<sup>7</sup>

I am all vneuen; / that moves oft my  
harnes.<sup>8</sup>

Now wold God I were in heuen, / for  
the[re] wepe no barnes<sup>9</sup>

So styll.<sup>10</sup> 194

I. PASTOR. Who is that pypys so poore?

MAK. Wold God ye wyst how I foore!

Lo, a man that walkys on the moore,  
And has not all his wyll! 198

II. PASTOR. MAK, where has thou gon? /  
tell vs thythying.

<sup>1</sup> Afraid. <sup>3</sup> Tricks.

<sup>2</sup> Laude, the first of the day hours of the Church.

<sup>4</sup> Went.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *Tunc intrat Mak in clamide se super togam*

*vestitus.*

<sup>6</sup> Name.

<sup>7</sup> Lacks.

<sup>8</sup> Brains.

<sup>9</sup> Children, babes.

<sup>10</sup> Continuously.

III. PASTOR. Is he commen? Then  
ylkon<sup>1</sup> / take hede to his thyng.

*He takes the cloak from him.<sup>2</sup>*

MAK. What! ich<sup>3</sup> be a yoman, / I[ch] tell  
you, of the king;

The self and the same, / sond from a greatt  
lordyng,

And sich. 203

Fy on you! Goyth hence!

Out of my presence!

I[ch] must haue reuerence.

Why, who be ich? 207

I. PASTOR. Why make ye it so qwaynt?<sup>4</sup>  
Mak, ye do wrang.

II. PASTOR. Bot, Mak, lyst ye saynt?<sup>5</sup> / I  
trow that ye lang.<sup>6</sup>

III. PASTOR. I trow the shrew can paynt!<sup>7</sup>  
/ The dewyll myght hym hang!

MAK. Ich shall make complaynt, / and  
make you all to thwang<sup>8</sup>

At a worde; 212

And tell euyng how ye doth.

I. PASTOR. Bot, Mak, is that sothe?

Now take outt that sothren tothe,

And sett in a torde! 216

II. PASTOR. Mak, the dewill in youre ee! /  
A stroke wold I leyne<sup>9</sup> you.

[*Strikes him.*]

III. PASTOR. Mak, know ye not me? / By  
God, I couthe teyn<sup>10</sup> you.

[*Drawing back to strike him.*]

MAK. God, looke you all thre! / Me  
thoght I had sene you.

Ye ar a fare compane. /

I. PASTOR. Can ye now mene<sup>11</sup> you?

II. PASTOR. Shrew[d] iape!<sup>12</sup> 221

Thus late as thou goys,

What wyll men suppos?

And thou has an yll noys<sup>13</sup>

Of stelyng of shepe. 225

MAK. And I am trew as steyll; / all men  
waytt!<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Every one. <sup>2</sup> MS. *Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.*

<sup>3</sup> I. Mak, in his attempt to deceive the shepherds,  
adopts the Southern pronunciation (cf. l. 215).

<sup>4</sup> Strange.

<sup>5</sup> Qu.: faynt, feint, deceive.

<sup>6</sup> Long to do so.

<sup>7</sup> Act, deceive.

<sup>8</sup> Be flogged.

<sup>9</sup> Lend.

<sup>10</sup> Injure.

<sup>11</sup> Remember yourself (qu.: demean).

<sup>12</sup> Shrewd jest.

<sup>13</sup> Reputation. <sup>14</sup> Know.

Bot a sekene I feyll / that haldys me full  
haytt; <sup>1</sup>

My belly farys not weyll, / it is out of  
astate.

III. PASTOR. Seldom lyys the dewyll /  
dede by the gate! <sup>2</sup>

MAK. Therfor 230

Full sore am I and yll;

If I stande stone styll,

I ete not an nedyll

Thys moneth and more. 234

I. PASTOR. How farys thi wyff? by my  
hoode, / how farys sho?

MAK. Lyys walteryng, <sup>3</sup> by the roode, /  
by the fyere, lo!

And a howse full of brude. <sup>4</sup> / She drynkys  
well, to;

Yll spede othere good / that she wyll do  
Bot so! 239

Etys as fast as she can;

And ilk <sup>5</sup> yere that commys to man

She bryngys furth a lakan, <sup>6</sup> —  
And som yeres two. 243

Bot were I not more gracyus / and ryhere  
be far,

I were eten outt of howse / and of harbar.  
Yit is she a fowll dowse <sup>7</sup> / if ye com nar;

Ther is none that trowse / nor knowys a  
war <sup>8</sup>

Then ken I. 248

Now wyll ye se what I profer?

To gyf all in my cofer

To-morne at next <sup>9</sup> to offer  
Hyr hed-mas penny. <sup>10</sup> 252

II. PASTOR. I wote so forwakyd <sup>11</sup> / is  
none in this shyre.

I wold slepe, if I takyd / les to my hyere.

III. PASTOR. I am cold and nakyd, / and  
wold haue a fyere.

I. PASTOR. I am wery, for-rakyd, <sup>11</sup> / and  
run in the myre. <sup>12</sup>

Wake thou! 257

II. PASTOR. Nay, I wyll lyg downe by,

For I must slepe, truly.

III. PASTOR. As good a mans son was I  
As any of you. 261

Bot, Mak, com heder! Betwene / shall  
thou lyg downe.

MAK. Then myght I lett <sup>1</sup> you, bedene, <sup>2</sup> /  
of that ye wold rowne, <sup>3</sup>

.....  
..... <sup>4</sup>

[They lie down.]

[MAK.] No dred.

Fro my top to my too,

*Manus tuas commendo,*

*Poncio Pilato,*

Cryst crosse me spede! 268

*Then he rises up, the shepherds being asleep,*  
*and says: <sup>5</sup>*

Now were tyme for a man / that lakkys  
what he wold

To stalk preuely than / vnto a fold,

And neemly <sup>6</sup> to wyrk than, / and be not to  
bold,

For he might aby the bargan, / if it were  
told,

At the endyng. 273

Now were tyme for to reyll; <sup>7</sup>

Bot he nedys good counsell

That fayn wold fare weyll,

And has bot lytlyl spendyng. 277

[Pretends to be a magician.]

Bot abowte you a serkyll <sup>8</sup> / as rownde as  
a moyn, <sup>9</sup>

To I haue done that I wyll, / tyll that it be  
noyn, <sup>10</sup>

That ye lyg stone styll / to that I haue  
doyne.

And I shall say thertyll / of good wordys a  
foyne <sup>11</sup>

On hight. 282

Ouer youre heydays my hand I lyft:

Outt go youre een! Fordo your syght!—

Bot yit I must make better shyft

And it be right. 286

<sup>1</sup> Hot.

<sup>2</sup> Road.

<sup>3</sup> Lolling.

<sup>4</sup> Children.

<sup>5</sup> Every.

<sup>6</sup> Baby.

<sup>7</sup> Slut.

<sup>8</sup> Worse.

<sup>9</sup> The following morning.

<sup>10</sup> For her funeral.

<sup>11</sup> Worn out, tired.

<sup>12</sup> Tired.

<sup>1</sup> Hinder.

<sup>2</sup> Indeed.

<sup>3</sup> Whisper.

<sup>4</sup> A lacuna in the MS.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, et dicit.*

<sup>6</sup> Nimbley.

<sup>7</sup> Set about it.

<sup>8</sup> Circle.

<sup>9</sup> Moon.

<sup>10</sup> Noon.

<sup>11</sup> Few.

[The shepherds begin to snore.]

Lord, what! thay slepe hard! / that may ye  
all here.

Was I neuer a shepard, / bot now wyll I  
lere.<sup>1</sup>

If the flok be skard, / yit shall I nyp nere.

[He approaches the sheep.]

How! Drawes hederward! / Now mendys  
oure chere

From sorow. 291

A fatt shepe I dar say!

A good fiese dar I lay!

Eft-whyte<sup>2</sup> when I may,

Bot this will I borow. 295

[Takes the sheep, and crosses to his home.]

How, Gyll, art thou in? / Gett vs som  
lyght.

VXOR. Eius. Who makys sich dyn / this  
tyme of the nyght?

I am sett for to spyn; / I hope not I myght  
Ryse a penny to wyn. / I shrew them on  
hight

So farys! 300

A huswyff that has bene

To be rasyd<sup>3</sup> thus betwenet

Here may no note<sup>4</sup> be sene

For sich small charys.<sup>5</sup> 304

MAK. Good wyff, open the hek!<sup>6</sup> / Seys  
thou not what I bryng?

VXOR. I may thole<sup>7</sup> the dray the snek.<sup>8</sup> /  
A, com in, my swetyng!

MAK. Yee, thou thar not rek<sup>9</sup> / of my  
long standyng.

VXOR. By the nakyd nek / art thou lyke  
for to hyng.

MAK. Do way! 309

I am worthy my mete;

For in a strate can I gett

More then thay that swynke and swette

All the long day. 313

Thus it fell to my lott, / Gyll! I had sich  
grace.

<sup>1</sup> Learn.

<sup>2</sup> Has to be aroused.

<sup>3</sup> Work.

<sup>4</sup> Door.

<sup>5</sup> Draw the latch.

<sup>6</sup> Took no thought.

<sup>7</sup> Repay.

<sup>8</sup> Chores.

<sup>9</sup> Suffer.

[He shows her the sheep.]

VXOR. It were a fowll blott / to be hanged  
for the case.

MAK. I haue skapyd, Ielott, / oft as hard  
a glase.<sup>1</sup>

VXOR. Bot so long goys the pott / to the  
water, men says,

At last 318

Comys it home broken.

MAK. Well knowe I the token;

Bot let it neuer be spoken,

Bot com and help fast. 322

I wold he were slayn; / I lyst well ete.

This twelmo[n]the was I not so fayn / of  
oone shepe mete.

VXOR. Com thay or he be slayn / and  
here the shepe blete —

MAK. Then myght I be tane! / That were  
a cold swette!

[He begins to tremble.]

Go spar<sup>2</sup> 327

The gaytt doore.<sup>3</sup>

VXOR. Yis, Mak,

For and thay com at thy bak —

MAK. Then myght I by for all the pak!

The dewill of the war! 331

VXOR. A good howrde<sup>4</sup> haue I spied, / —  
syn thou can none.

Here shall we hym hyde / to thay be  
gone, —

In my credyll abyde, — / lett me alone,  
And I shall lyg besyde / in chylbed, and  
grene.

MAK. Thou red!

And I shall say thou was lyght<sup>5</sup> 336

Of a knaue<sup>6</sup> childe this nyght.

VXOR. Now well is me day bright,

That euer was I bred! 340

This is a good gyse<sup>7</sup> / and a far cast!

Yit a woman avyse / helpys at the last!

I wote neuer who spyse. / Agane go thou fast.

MAK. Bot I com or thay ryse, / els  
blawes a cold blast!

I wyll go slepe. 345

<sup>1</sup> Blow.

<sup>2</sup> Trick, jest.

<sup>3</sup> Male.

<sup>4</sup> Fasten.

<sup>5</sup> Delivered.

<sup>6</sup> Guise, disguise.

<sup>7</sup> Front door.

[*Mak returns to the shepherds, and resumes his place.*]

Yit slepys all this meneye;  
And I shall go stalk preuely,  
As it had neuer bene I

That caryed thare shepe. 349

[*The First and Second Shepherds awake.*]

I. PASTOR. *Resurrez a mortruis!* / Haue  
hald my hand.

*Iudas carnas dominus!* / I may not well  
stand:

My foytt slepys, by Ihesus; / and I water  
fastand.<sup>1</sup>

I thocht that we layd vs / full nere Yng-  
land.

II. PASTOR. A ye! 354

Lord, what I haue slept weyll.

As fresh as an eyll,

As lyght I me feyll

As leyfe on a tre. 358

[*The Third Shepherd awakes.*]

III. PASTOR. Benste be here-in! / so my  
[body]<sup>2</sup> qwakys,

My hart is outt of skyn, / what-so it  
makys.

Who makys all this dyn? / So my browes  
blakys.<sup>3</sup>

To the dowore<sup>4</sup> wyll I wyn. / Harke, fel-  
ows, wakys!

We were fowre: 363

Se ye awre of Mak now?

I. PASTOR. We were vp or thou.

II. PASTOR. Man, I gyf God a-vowe,  
Yit yede he nawre.<sup>5</sup> 367

III. PASTOR. Me thocht he was lapt / in a  
wolfe skyn.

I. PASTOR. So are many hapt / now —  
namely, within.

III. PASTOR. When we had long napt, /  
me thocht with a gyn<sup>6</sup>

A fatt shepe he trapt; / bot he mayde no  
dyn.

II. PASTOR. Be styll! 372

Thi dreme makys the woode;<sup>1</sup>

It is bot fantom, by the roode.

I. PASTOR. Now God turne all to good,  
If it be his wyll! 376

[*They awaken Mak.*]

II. PASTOR. Ryse, Mak! For shame! /  
thou lygys right lang.

MAK. Now Crystys holy name / be vs  
emang!

What is this, for Sant Iame? / I may not  
well gang!<sup>2</sup>

I trow I be the same. / A! my nek has  
lygen wrang

Enoghe. 381

[*They help him to his feet.*]

Mekill thank! Syn yister euen,

Now, by Sant Strevyn,

I was flayd with a swevyn,<sup>3</sup>

My hart out of-sloghe.<sup>4</sup> 385

I thocht Gyll began to crok / and trauell  
full sad,

Welner at the fyrst cok, / of a yong lad  
For to mend oure flok. / Then be I neuer

glad;

I haue tow on my rok<sup>5</sup> / more then euer I  
had.

A, my heede! 390

A house full of yong tharnes!<sup>6</sup>

The dewill knok outt thare harnes!<sup>7</sup>

Wo is hym has many barnes,  
And therto lytyll brede! 394

I must go home, by youre lefe, / to Gyll, as  
I thocht.

I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyll  
noght;

I am loth you to grefe / or from you take  
oght.

[*Mak leaves them.*]

III. PASTOR. Go furth; yll myght thou  
chefe! / Now wold I we soght,

This morne, 399

That we had all oure store.

<sup>1</sup> Fasting; thirsting for water?

<sup>2</sup> Supplied by Kittredge.

<sup>3</sup> Grows black. <sup>4</sup> Door. <sup>5</sup> Went he nowhere.

<sup>6</sup> Quint device. In the MS. this speech is attrib-  
uted to the Second Shepherd, and the following  
speech to the Third Shepherd; corrected by Manly.

<sup>1</sup> Mad. <sup>2</sup> Go, walk.

<sup>3</sup> Dream, nightmare.

<sup>4</sup> That slew my heart. <sup>5</sup> Distaff.

<sup>6</sup> Bellies, i.e., children. (MS. tharnes; corr. by  
Manly.)

<sup>7</sup> Brains.



I. PASTOR. Bot I will go before;  
Let vs mete.

II. PASTOR. Where?

III. PASTOR. At the crokyd thorne.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Mak arrives at his home.*]

MAK. Vndo this doore! Who is here? /  
How long shall I stand? 404

VXOR EIUS. Who makys sich a bere? <sup>1</sup> /  
Now walk in the wenyand! <sup>2</sup>

MAK. A, Gyll, what chere? / It is I,  
Mak, youre husbande.

VXOR. Then may we se <sup>3</sup> here / the dewill  
in a bande,

Syr Gyle. 408

Lo, he commys with a lote <sup>4</sup>  
As he were holden in the throte.

I may not syt at my note <sup>5</sup>  
A hand-lang while. 412

MAK. Wyll ye here what fare she makys /  
to gett hir a glose? <sup>6</sup>

And dos noght bot lakys, <sup>7</sup> / and clowse hir  
toose. <sup>8</sup>

VXOR. Why, who wanders? who wakys?  
/ who commys? who gose?

Who brewys? who bakys? / who <sup>9</sup> makys  
me thus hose?

And than, 417

It is rewthe to beholde,  
Now in hote, now in colde,

Full wofull is the householde  
That wantys a woman. 421

Bot what ende has thou mayde / with the  
hyrdis, <sup>10</sup> Mak?

MAK. The last worde that thay sayde, /  
when I turnyd my bak,

Thay wold looke that thay hade / thare  
shepe all the pak.

I hope thay wyll nott be well payde / when  
thay thare shepe lak,

Perde. 426

Bot how-so the gam gose,  
To me thay wyll suppose,

<sup>1</sup> Noise.

<sup>2</sup> In the waning of the moon (an unlucky time).

<sup>3</sup> MS. be; corr. by Kittredge.

<sup>4</sup> Noise (the allusion is to hanging).

<sup>5</sup> Work. <sup>6</sup> Pretext, excuse.

<sup>7</sup> Plays. <sup>8</sup> Scratches her toes.

<sup>9</sup> MS. What. <sup>10</sup> Herdmen.

And make a fowll noyse,  
And cry outt apon me. 430

Bot thou must do as thou hyght. <sup>1</sup> /  
Vxor. I accorde me thertyll;  
I shall swedyll <sup>2</sup> hym right / in my credyll.  
If it were a gretter slyght, / yit couthe I  
help tyll.

I wyll lyg downe stright. / Com hap <sup>3</sup> me.  
MAK. I wyll.

[*He tucks her in bed.*]

VXOR. Behynde! 435  
Com Coll and his maroo, <sup>4</sup>

Thay will nyp vs full naroo.

MAK. Bot I may cry "Out haroo!"  
The shepe if thay fynde. 439

VXOR. Harken ay when thay call; / thay  
will com onone.

Com and make redy all; / and syng by  
thyn oone;

Syng lullay thou shall, / for I must grone  
And cry outt by the wall / on Mary and  
Iohn,

For sore. 444

Syng lullay on fast  
When thou heris at the last;

And bot I play a fals cast,  
Trust me no more! 448

[*The Shepherds return, and speak at the other  
end of the pageant.*]

III. PASTOR. A, Coll, good morne! / Why  
slepys thou nott?

I. PASTOR. Alas, that cuer was I borne! /  
we haue a fowll blott.

A fat wedir <sup>5</sup> haue we lorne. /

III. PASTOR. Mary, Godys forbott!

II. PASTOR. Who shuld do vs that  
skorne? / That were a fowll spott.

I. PASTOR. Som shrewe. 453

I haue soght with my dogys  
All Horbery Shrogys, <sup>6</sup>

And of fefteyn hogys  
Fond I bot oone ewe. 457

III. PASTOR. Now trow <sup>7</sup> me, if ye will; /  
by Sant Thomas of Kent,

<sup>1</sup> Promised. <sup>2</sup> Swaddle.

<sup>3</sup> Cover me up. <sup>4</sup> Mate.

<sup>5</sup> Sheep.

<sup>6</sup> Horbury thickets, four miles from Wakefield.

<sup>7</sup> Believe.

Ayther Mak or Gyll / was at that assent.

I. PASTOR. Peasse, man! Be still! / I  
sagh when he went.

Thou sklanders hym yll. / Thou aght to  
repent

Goode spede. 462

II. PASTOR. Now as euer myght I the,<sup>1</sup>

If I shuld euyn here de,

I wold say it were he

That dyd that same dede. 466

III. PASTOR. Go we theder, I rede, / and  
ryn on oure feete.

Shall I neuer cte brede / the sothe to I  
wytt.<sup>2</sup>

I. PASTOR. Nor drynk in my heede / with  
hym tyll I mete.

II. PASTOR. I wyll rest in no stede / tyll  
that I hym grete,

My brothere. 471

Oone I will hight: <sup>3</sup>

Tyll I se hym in sight

Shall I neuer slepe one nyght

Ther I do anothere. 475

[As the shepherds approach, Mak's wife  
begins to groan, and Mak, sitting by the  
cradle, to sing a lullaby.]

III. PASTOR. Will ye here how thay hak? <sup>4</sup>  
/ Oure syre lyst croyne.<sup>5</sup>

I. PASTOR. Hard I neuer none crak <sup>6</sup> / so  
clere out of toyne!

Call on hym.

II. PASTOR. Mak! / vndo youre doore  
soyne.

MAK. Who is that spak / as it were noyne  
On loft? 480

Who is that, I say?

III. PASTOR. Goode felowse, were it day.

Mak. [Opening the door.] As far as ye  
may,

Good, spekys soft, 484

Ouer a seke womans heede / that is at mayll-  
easse;

I had'leuer be dede / or she had any dys-  
easse.<sup>7</sup>

Vxor. Go to an othere stede! / I may not  
well qweasse.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thrive. <sup>2</sup> Until I know the truth.

<sup>3</sup> One thing will I swear. <sup>4</sup> Sing.

<sup>5</sup> Croon. <sup>6</sup> Bawl.

<sup>7</sup> Annoyance. <sup>8</sup> Breathe.

Ich fote that ye trede / goys thorow my  
nese <sup>1</sup>

So hee! 489

I. PASTOR. Tell vs, Mak, if ye may,

How fare ye, I say?

MAK. Bot ar ye in this towne to-day?

Now how fare ye? 493

Ye haue ryn in the myre, / and ar weytt  
yit.

I shall make you a fyre / if ye will syt.

A nores <sup>2</sup> wold I hyre, / thynk ye on yit.

Well qwytt is my hyre; / my dreame — this  
is itt, [Points to the cradle.]

A seson. 498

I haue barnes, if ye knew,

Well mo then enewe.

Bot we must drynk as we brew,

And that is bot reson. 502

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode. / Me thynk  
that ye swette.

II. PASTOR. Nay, nawther mendys oure  
mode / drynke nor mette.

MAK. Why, sir, alys you oght bot goode?

III. PASTOR. Yee, oure shepe that we gett

Ar stollyn as thay yode. / Oure los is  
grette.

MAK Syrs, drynkys! 507

Had I bene thore,

Som shuld haue boght it full sore.

I. PASTOR. Mary, som men trowes that ye  
wore;

And that vs forthynkys.<sup>3</sup> 511

II. PASTOR. Mak, som men trowys / that  
it shuld be ye.

III. PASTOR. Ayther ye or youre spouse, /  
so say we.

MAK. Now, if ye haue suspowse / to Gill,  
or to me,

Com and rype oure howse, / and then may  
ye se

Who had hir. 516

If I any shepe fott,<sup>4</sup>

Aythor cow or stott,<sup>5</sup>

And Gyll, my wyfe, rose nott

Here syn she lade hir, 520

As I am true and lele, / to God here I pray

<sup>1</sup> Nose.

<sup>4</sup> Fetched.

<sup>2</sup> Nurse.

<sup>5</sup> Bullock.

<sup>3</sup> Troubles.

That this be the fyrst mele / that I shall ete  
this day. [*Points to the cradle.*]

I. PASTOR. Mak, as haue I ceyll,<sup>1</sup> / avyse  
the, I say;

He lernyd tymely to steyll / that couth  
not say nay.

[*The shepherds begin the search.*]

VXOR. I swelt!<sup>2</sup> 525  
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!<sup>3</sup>

Ye com to rob vs, for the nonys.

MAK. Here ye not how she gronys?  
Your hartys shuld melt. 529

VXOR. Outt, thefys, fro my barne! /  
Negh hym not thor!

MAK. Wyst ye how she had farne,<sup>4</sup> /  
your hartys wold be sore.

Ye do wrang, I you warne, / that thus  
commys before

To a woman that has farne. / Bot I say no  
more!

VXOR. A, my medyll! 534  
I pray to God so mylde,

If cuer I you begyld,  
That I ete this chylde

That lygys in this credyll. 538

MAK. Peasse, woman, for Godys payn! /  
and cry not so!

Thou spyllys thy brane, / and makys me  
full wo.

II. PASTOR. I trow oure shepe be slayn. /  
What finde ye two?

III. PASTOR. All wyrk we in vayn; / as  
well may we go.

Bot, hatters,<sup>5</sup> 543  
I can fynde no flesh,

Hard nor nesh,  
Salt nor fresh,

Bot two tome<sup>6</sup> platers. 547

Whik<sup>7</sup> catell bot this, / tame nor wyld,  
None, as haue I blys, / as lowde as he  
smylde.<sup>8</sup>

VXOR. No, so God me blys, / and gyf me  
ioy of my chylde!

I. PASTOR. We haue merkyd amys; / I  
hold vs begyld.

<sup>1</sup> Bliss. <sup>2</sup> Become faint. <sup>3</sup> Dwelling.

<sup>4</sup> Laboured (with child-birth).

<sup>5</sup> Plague take it. <sup>6</sup> Empty.

<sup>7</sup> Living. <sup>8</sup> Smelled?

II. PASTOR. Syt, don. 552

[*Addressing Mak at the cradle.*]

Syt, Oure Lady hym saue!

Is youre chyld a knaue?<sup>1</sup>

MAK. Any lord myght hym haue,  
This chyld to his son. 556

When he wakyns he kyppys<sup>2</sup> / that ioy is  
to se.

III. PASTOR. In good tyme to hys hyp-  
pys<sup>3</sup> / and in cele!<sup>4</sup>

Bot who was his gossypys<sup>5</sup> / so sone  
rede?

MAK. So fare fall thare lypys!<sup>6</sup> /

I. PASTOR. [*Aside.*] Hark now, a le!  
MAK. So God thaym thank, 561

Parkyn, and Gybon Waller, I say.  
And gentill Iohn Horne, in good fay,  
He made all the garray,<sup>6</sup>  
With the greatt shank. 565

II. PASTOR. Mak, freyndys will we be, /  
ffor we ar all oone.

MAK. Wel now I hald for me, / for mcn-  
dys gett I none.

Fare-well all thre! / All glad were ye gone!

[*Exeunt the shepherds.*]

III. PASTOR. Fare wordys may ther be, /  
bot luf is ther none

This yere. 570

I. PASTOR. Gaf ye the chyld any-thing?

II. PASTOR. I trow, not oone farthyng!

III. PASTOR. Fast agane will I flyng;  
Abyde ye me there. 574

[*The Third Shepherd returns.*]

Mak, take it to no grefe, / if I com to thi  
barne.

MAK. Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe, /  
and fowll has thou farne.

III. PASTOR. The child will it not grefe, /  
that lytyll day-starne.<sup>7</sup>

Mak, with youre leyfe, / let me gyf youre  
barne

Bot sex pence. 579

MAK. Nay, do way! He slepys.

III. PASTOR. Me thynk he pepys.

<sup>1</sup> Boy.

<sup>2</sup> Snatches.

<sup>3</sup> Hips.

<sup>4</sup> Happiness.

<sup>5</sup> Sponsors at baptism.

<sup>6</sup> Commotion.

<sup>7</sup> Day-star.

MAK. When he wakyns he wepys!  
I pray you go hence! 583

III. PASTOR. Gyf me lefe hym to kys, /  
and lyft vp the clowtt.<sup>1</sup>

[*Lifts the cloth, thinks the baby deformed.*]

What the dewill is this? / he has a long  
snowtel

[*The other shepherds, pressing forward, look  
at the baby.*]

I. PASTOR. He is merkyd amys.<sup>2</sup> / We  
wate ill abowte.

II. PASTOR. Ill spon weft,<sup>3</sup> iwys, / ay  
commys foull owte.

[*Suddenly, realizing that it is a sheep.*]

Ay, so! 588

He is lyke to oure shepe!

III. PASTOR. How, Gyb! may I pepe?

I. PASTOR. I trow, kynde<sup>4</sup> will crepe  
Where it may not go! 592

[*They lift the sheep out of the cradle.*]

II. PASTOR. This was a qwantt gawde,<sup>5</sup> /  
and a far cast!

It was a hee frawde! /

III. PASTOR. Yee, syrs, wast.<sup>6</sup>  
Lett bren<sup>7</sup> this bawde, / and bynd hir fast.  
A! fals skawde, / hang at the last!

So shall thou. 597

Wyll ye se how thay swedyll  
His foure feytt in the medyll?

Sagh I neuer in a credyll  
A hornyd lad or now! 601

MAK. Peasse byd II! What! / Lett be  
yours fare!

I am he that hym gatt, / and yond woman  
hym bare.

I. PASTOR. What dewill shall he hatt?<sup>8</sup> /  
"Mak?" Lo, God, Makys ayre!

II. PASTOR. Lett be all that. / Now God  
gyf hym care,

I sagh. 606

VXOR. A pratty childe is he

<sup>1</sup> Cloth. <sup>2</sup> Deformed.

<sup>3</sup> An old proverb: "From an ill-spun woof ever  
comes foul out."

<sup>4</sup> An old proverb: "Nature will walk where it may  
not go."

<sup>5</sup> Deceit.

<sup>7</sup> Burn.

<sup>6</sup> Was it.

<sup>8</sup> Be named.

As sytts on a womans kne;  
A dyllydowne, perde,  
To gar a man laghe. 610

III. PASTOR. I know hym by the eere-  
marke; / that is a good tokyn!

MAK. I tell you, syrs, hark! / hys noyse<sup>1</sup>  
was brokyn;

Sythen<sup>2</sup> told me a clerk / that he was for-  
spokyn.<sup>3</sup>

I. PASTOR. This is a fals wark; / I wold  
fayn be wrokyn.<sup>4</sup>

Gett wepyn! 615

VXOR. He was takyn with an elfe,  
I saw it myself;

When the klok stroke twelf  
Was he forshapyn.<sup>5</sup> 619

II. PASTOR. Ye two ar well feft<sup>6</sup> / sam in  
a stede.

III. PASTOR. Syn thay manteyn thare  
theft, / let do thaym to dede.

MAK. If I trespass eft, / gyrd of my  
heede!

With you will I be left. /

I. PASTOR. Syrs, do my reede: 623  
For this trespass

We will nawther ban ne flyte,<sup>7</sup>

Fyght nor chyte,<sup>8</sup>

Bot haue done as tyte,<sup>9</sup>  
And cast hym in canvas. 628

[*They toss Mak in a sheet, and then return to  
the fields.*]

[I. PASTOR.] Lord, what! I am sore / in  
poynt for to bryst.

In fayth, I may no more; / therfor wyll I  
ryst.

II. PASTOR. As a shepe of sevyn skore / he  
weyd in my fyst.

For to slepe ay-whore<sup>10</sup> / me thynk that I  
lyst.

III. PASTOR. Now I pray you, 633  
Lyg downe on this grene.

I. PASTOR. On these thefys yit I mene.

III. PASTOR. Wherto shuld ye tene?<sup>11</sup>  
Do<sup>12</sup> as I say you! 637

<sup>1</sup> Nose.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards.

<sup>3</sup> Bewitched.

<sup>4</sup> Deformed.

<sup>5</sup> Curse nor quarrel.

<sup>6</sup> Quickly.

<sup>7</sup> Trouble.

<sup>8</sup> Avenged.

<sup>9</sup> Endowed.

<sup>10</sup> Chide.

<sup>11</sup> Anywhere.

<sup>12</sup> MS. so; corr. by Manly.

[*They lie down and fall asleep.*]

An angel sings "*Gloria in exelsis*"; then let him say:<sup>1</sup>

ANGELUS. Ryse, hyrd-men heynd! / for now is he borne

That shall take fro the feynd / that Adam had lorne:

That warloo<sup>2</sup> to sheynd<sup>3</sup> / this nyght is he borne;

God is made youre freynd / now at this morne.

He behestys 642

At Bedlem go se,

Ther lygys that fre

In a cryb full poorely

Betwyx two bestys. 646

[*The angel withdraws.*]

I. PASTOR. This was a qwant stevyn<sup>4</sup> / that euer yit I hard.

It is a meruell to neuyn, / thus to be skard.

II. PASTOR. Of Godys son of heuyn / he spak vpward.

All the wod on a leuyn<sup>5</sup> / me thocht that he gard<sup>6</sup>

Appere. 651

III. PASTOR. He spake of a barne

In Bedlem, I you warne.

I. PASTOR. That betokyns yond starne;<sup>7</sup> Let vs seke hym there. 655

II. PASTOR. Say, what was his song? / Hard ye not how he crakyd it,

Thre brefes to a long? /

III. PASTOR. Yee, mary, he hakt<sup>8</sup> it; Was no crochett wrong, / nor no-thing that lakt it.

I. PASTOR. For to syng vs emong, / right as he knakt it,

I can. 660

II. PASTOR. Let se how ye croyne.

Can ye bark at the mone?

III. PASTOR. Hold youre tonges! Haue done!

I. PASTOR. Hark after, than! 664

II. PASTOR. To Bedlem he bad / that we shuld gang;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Angelus cantat Gloria in exelsis, postea dicit.*

<sup>2</sup> Warlock (the devil). <sup>3</sup> Destroy.

<sup>4</sup> Voice. <sup>5</sup> Lightning.

<sup>6</sup> Made. <sup>7</sup> Star. <sup>8</sup> Sang.

I am full fard<sup>1</sup> / that we tary to lang.

III. PASTOR. Be mery and not sad; / of myrth is oure sang;

Euer-lastyng glad / to mede<sup>2</sup> may we fang,

Withoutt noyse. 669

I. PASTOR. Hy we theder for-thy,<sup>3</sup>

If we be wete and very,

To that chylde and that lady!

We haue it not to lose. 673

II. PASTOR. We fynde by the prophecy — / let be youre dyn! —

Of Daudid and Isay / and mo then I myn,<sup>4</sup>

Thay prophecyyed by clergy / that in a vyrgyn

Shuld he lyght and ly, / to slokyn<sup>5</sup> oure syn

And slake it, 678

Oure kynde from wo.

For Isay sayd so:

*Ecce virgo*

*Concipiet* a chylde that is nakyd. 682

III. PASTOR. Full glad may we be, / and abyde that day

That luffy to se, / that all myghtys may.

Lord, well were me, / for ones and for ay, Myght I knele on my kne / som word for to say

To that chylde. 687

Bot the angell sayd,

In a cryb wos he layde;

He was poorly arayd,

Both meke<sup>6</sup> and mylde. 691

I. PASTOR. Patryarkes that has bene, / and prophetys beforne,

Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that is borne.

Thay ar gone full clene; / that haue thay lorne.<sup>7</sup>

We shall se hym, I weyn, / or it be morne, To tokyn. 696

When I se hym and fele,

Then wote I full weyll

It is true as steyll

That prophetys haue spokyn: 700

<sup>1</sup> Afraid.

<sup>2</sup> Rewara.

<sup>3</sup> Therefore.

<sup>4</sup> Remember.

<sup>5</sup> Quench.

<sup>6</sup> MS. *mener*; *corr. by Kölbing.*

<sup>7</sup> Lost.

To so poore as we ar / that he wold appere,  
Fyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyn-  
gere.

II. PASTOR. Go we now, let vs fare; / the  
place is vs nere.

III. PASTOR. I am redy and yare; / go we  
in-fere <sup>1</sup>

To that bright. 705

Lord, if thi wyll it <sup>2</sup> be —

We ar lewde <sup>3</sup> all thre —

Thou grauntt vs somkyns gle <sup>4</sup>

To comforth thi wright. 709

[*They enter the stable. The First Shepherd  
kneels before the babe.*]

I. PASTOR. Hayll, comly and clene! /  
hayll, yong child!

Hayll, Maker, as I meyne! / of a madyn so  
mylde!

Thou has waryd, <sup>5</sup> I weyne, / the warlo <sup>6</sup> so  
wylde;

The fals gyler of teyn, <sup>7</sup> / now goys he be-  
gylde.

Lo, he merys! 714

Lo, he laghys, my swetyng!

A welfare metyng!

I haue holden my hetyng.<sup>8</sup>

Haue a bob of cherys! 718

[*The Second Shepherd kneels.*]

II. PASTOR. Hayll, sufferan Sauyoure, /  
flor thou has vs soght!

Hayll, frely foyde <sup>9</sup> and floure, / that all  
thyng has wrought!

Hayll, full of fauoure, / that made all of  
noght!

Hayll! I kneyll and I cowre. / A byrd  
haue I broght

To my barne. 723

Hayll, lytyll tyne mop! <sup>10</sup>

Of oure crede thou art crop.

I wold drynk on thy cop, <sup>11</sup>

Lytyll day-starne! 727

<sup>1</sup> Together.

<sup>2</sup> MS. wylles: *corr. by Manly.*

<sup>3</sup> Unlettered.

<sup>4</sup> Joy of some kind.

<sup>5</sup> Cursed.

<sup>6</sup> The Devil.

<sup>7</sup> Injury.

<sup>8</sup> Promise.

<sup>9</sup> Noble offspring, child.

<sup>10</sup> Baby.

<sup>11</sup> Cup, of the Sacrament.

[*The Third Shepherd kneels.*]

III. PASTOR. Hayll, derlyng dere, / full of  
godhede!

I pray the be nere / when that I haue nede.  
Hayll! swete is thy chere! / My hart wold  
blede

To se the sytt here / in so poore wede, <sup>1</sup>

With no pennys. 732

Hayll! put furth thy dall! <sup>2</sup>

I bryng the bot a ball:

Haue and play the with-all,

And go to the tenys. 736

MARIA. The Fader of heuen, / God omny-  
potent,

That sett all on seuen, <sup>3</sup> / his Son has he sent.

My name couth he neuene <sup>4</sup> / and lyght <sup>5</sup> or  
he went.

I conceyuyd hym full euen, / thugh myght  
as he ment;

And now he is borne. 741

He kepe you fro wol!

I shall pray hym so.

Tell, furth as ye go,

And myn on this morne. 745

I. PASTOR. Farewell, lady, / so fare to be-  
holde,

With thy childe on thi kne! /

II. PASTOR. Bot he lygys full cold.

Lord, well is me! / Now we go, thou be-  
hold.

III. PASTOR. For sothe, all redy / it semys  
to be told

Full oft. 750

I. PASTOR. What grace we haue fun!

II. PASTOR. Com furth; now ar we won! <sup>6</sup>

III. PASTOR. To syng ar we bun:

Let take on loft! 754

[*They go out singing.*]

*Explicit pagina Pastorum.*

<sup>1</sup> Garment.

<sup>2</sup> Fist.

<sup>3</sup> Usually "to venture everything"; here, possibly,  
"That made all things."

<sup>4</sup> Name.

<sup>5</sup> Alighted (an allusion to the incarnation).

<sup>6</sup> Saved.

## THE MAGI, HEROD, AND THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS <sup>1</sup>

[Acted by the Shearmen and Taylors of Coventry.]

*There the profetis gothe furthe and Erod  
cumnyth in, and the messenger.*

NONCEOSE.<sup>1</sup> Faytes pais, dñys, baronys  
de grande reynowme!

Payis, seneoris, schevaleris de nooble po-  
sance!

Pays, gentis homos, companeonys petis  
egrance!

Je vos command dugard treytus sylance.

Payis, tanque vottur nooble Roie syre ese  
presance!

Que nollis persone ese non fawis perwynt  
dedfferance,

Nese harde de frappas; mayis gardus to to  
paceance, —

Mayis gardus voter seneor to cor reyuer-  
ance;

Care lat vottur Roie to to puygance.

Anof de leo, pase tos! je vose cummande,

E lay Roie erott la grandeaboly vos vm-  
port. 485

<sup>1</sup> With the help of the suggestions by Manly (some, he states, were secured from Sheldon and Kittredge), I have ventured to reconstruct the French verses which have been so sadly corrupted through oral tradition:

Faites paix, domnes [i.e. lords], barons de grand  
renom!

Paix, seigneurs, chevaliers de noble puissance!

Paix, gentilshommes, compagnons petits et grands!

Je vous commande de garder trestous silence.

Paix, tant que votre noble Roi sera ici présent!

Que nulle personne ici ne fasse point différends  
Ni se hasarde de frapper; mais gardez toute pa-  
tience —

Mais gardez votre seigneur toute révérence:

Car il est votre Roi tout puissant.

Au nom de lui, paix tous! je vous commande

Eat le Roi Hérode le grand.

Le Diable vous emporte!

ERODE. *Qui statis in Jude et Rex Iseraell,*<sup>1</sup>

And the myghttyst conquerowre that  
eyuer walkid on grownd!

For I am evyn he thatt made bothe hevin  
and hell;

And of my myghte powar holdith vp this  
world rownd.

Magog and Madroke, bothe the[m] did I  
confownde,

And with this bryght bronde <sup>2</sup> there bonis I  
brak on-sunder,

Thatt all the wyde worlde on those rappis  
did wonder. 492

I am the cawse of this grett lyght <sup>3</sup> and  
thunder;

Ytt ys throgth my fure that the[y] soche  
noyse dothe make.

My feyrefull contenance the clowdis so  
doth incumbur

That oftymis for drede ther-of the verre  
yerth doth quake.

Loke! when I with males <sup>4</sup> this bryght  
brond <sup>2</sup> doth schake,

All the whole world, from the north to the  
sowthe,

I ma them dystroie with won worde of my  
mowthe! 499

To reycownt vnto you myn innevmerabull  
substance,

Thatt were to moche for any tong to  
tell!

<sup>1</sup> Possibly this is to be read as "And King of the  
Israelites who dwell in Judea."

<sup>2</sup> Sword.

<sup>3</sup> Lightning.

<sup>4</sup> Malices.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from Thomas Sharp's *A Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries Anciently Performed at Coventry by the Trading Companies of that City*, 1825. The manuscript, formerly in the possession of Sharp, was burned with the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Birmingham in 1879. The Shearmen and Taylors' Play, and the Weavers' Play (also burnt) are the sole remnants of the famous cycle acted at Coventry — a cycle which, it is almost certain, Shakespeare witnessed as a boy. Allusions in his works to Herod and to the slaughter of the innocents are probably recollections of the play here printed. I have omitted the first 474 lines, which include a prologue by Isaiah, the Annunciation to Mary, the Doubt of Joseph, the Journey to Bethlehem, the Nativity, the Visit of the Shepherds, and a long Dialogue between two prophets. In preparing the text I have taken advantage of the reprints by Manly, *Sperimens*, 1897, and by Hardin Craig, *Two Corpus Christi Plays*, edited for the Early English Text Society, 1902, both of which necessarily reproduce Sharp's text of 1825.

For all the whole Orent ys vnder myn ob-  
beydeance,

And Prynce am I of Purgatorre, and  
Cheff Capten of Hell!

And those tyranous trayturs be force ma  
I compell

Myne enmyis to vanquese, and evyn to  
dust them dryve,

And with a twynke of myn iee <sup>1</sup> not won to  
be lafte alyve. 506

Behold my contenance, and my colur,

Bryghtur then the sun in the meddis of  
the dey!

Where can you haue a more grettur succur  
Then to behold my person that ys soo  
gaye,

My fawcun <sup>2</sup> and my fassion, with my  
gorgis araye?

He thatt had the grace all-wey ther-on to  
thynke,

Lyve he <sup>3</sup> myght all-wey with-owt othur  
meyte or drynke. 513

And thys my tryomfande fame most hylist  
dothe a-bownde

Throgh-owt this world in all reyggeons  
abrod,

Reysemyng the fauer of thatt most  
myght Mahownd;<sup>4</sup>

From Jubytor be descent, and cosyn to  
the grett God,

And namyd the most reydowndid<sup>5</sup> Kyng  
Eyrodde,

Wyche thatt all pryncis hath under sub-  
jeccion,

And all there whole powar vndur my pro-  
teccion. 520

And therefore, my hareode <sup>6</sup> here, callid  
Calcas,

Warne thow cyuer[e] porte thatt noo  
schyppis a-ryve,

Nor also aleond <sup>7</sup> stranger throg my realme  
pas,

But the[y] for there truage <sup>8</sup> do pay  
markis <sup>9</sup> fyve.

Now spede the forth hastele;

<sup>1</sup> Eye. <sup>2</sup> Falchion (or falcon).

<sup>3</sup> MS. the; *corr. by Manly.* <sup>4</sup> Mahomet.

<sup>5</sup> Redoubtable. <sup>6</sup> Herald.

<sup>7</sup> Alien. <sup>8</sup> Toll.

<sup>9</sup> 13s. 4d. was the value of a mark.

For the[y] thatt wyll the contrare

Apon a galowse hangid schalbe;

And, be Mahownde, of me the[y] gett noo  
gace! 528

NONCIOS. Now, Lord and mastur, in all  
the hast,

Thy worethe <sup>1</sup> wyll ytt schall be wrought,

And thy ryall cuntreys schalbe past

In asse schort tyme ase can be thoght. 532  
[Exit.]

ERODE. Now schall owre regcons throg-  
owt be soght

In eyuer[e] place, bothe est and west.

Yff any kathyffs to me be broght,

Yt schalbe nothyng for there best.

And the whyle thatt I do resst,

Trompettis, viallis, and othur armone <sup>2</sup>

Schall bles the wakyng of my maieste. 539

*Here Erod goth away, and the iij Kyngis  
speykyth in the strete.*

[Enter the First King.]

I. REX. Now blessid be God of his swet  
sonde! <sup>3</sup>

For yondur a feyre, bryght star I do see!

Now ys he comon vs a-monge,

Asse the profet <sup>4</sup> seyde thatt yt schuld  
be. 543

A <sup>5</sup> seyde there schuld a babe be borne,

Comyng of the rote of Jesse,

To sawe <sup>6</sup> mankynd that wasse for-lorne.<sup>7</sup>

And truly comen now ys he. 547

Reyuerence and worschip to hym woll I do  
Asse God and man, thatt all made of  
noght.

All the profettis acordid and seyde evyn soo,

That with hys presscos <sup>8</sup> blod mankynd  
schuld be boght.<sup>9</sup> 551

He grant me grace,

Be yonder star that I see,

And in-to thatt place

Bryng me

<sup>1</sup> Worthy. <sup>2</sup> Harmony, music.

<sup>3</sup> Messenger (or dispensation?).

<sup>4</sup> MS. profettis; *corr. by Manly.*

<sup>5</sup> He. MS. asseyd; *corr. by Manly.* <sup>6</sup> Save.

<sup>7</sup> Lost. <sup>8</sup> Precious. <sup>9</sup> Redeemed.



Thatt I ma hym worschipe with umel-  
lete <sup>1</sup>  
And se hys gloreose face. 557

[Enter the Second King.]

II. REX. Owt off my wey I deme <sup>2</sup> thatt I  
am,  
For toocuns <sup>3</sup> of thys cuntrey can I non  
see.  
Now, God, thatt on yorth <sup>4</sup> madist man,  
Send me sum knoleyye where thatt I  
bel 561

Yondur, me thynke, a feyre, bryght star I  
see;  
The wyche be-tocunyth the byrth of a  
chylde  
Thatt hedur ys cum to make man fre,  
He borne of a mayde, and sche nothyng  
defyld. 565

To worschipe thatt chylde ys myn in-tent.  
Forth now wyll I take my wey.  
I trust sum cumpany God hathe me sent,  
For yonder I se a kyng labour on the  
wey. 569

To-warde hym now woll I ryde.

[Approaches the First King.]

Harke, cumly kyng! I you pray,  
In-to whatt co[a]st wyll ye thys tyde,  
Or weddur <sup>5</sup> lysis youre journey? 573

I. REX. To seke a chylde ys myne in-tent,  
Of whom the profetis hathe ment.  
The tyme ys cum, now ys he sent,  
Be yondur star here ma [you] see.

II. REX. Sir, I prey you, with your ly-  
sence,  
To ryde with you vnto his presence.  
To hym wyll I offur frank-in-sence,  
For the hed of all Whole <sup>6</sup> Church schall  
he be. 581

[Enter the Third King.]

III. REX. I ryde wanderyng in veyis <sup>7</sup> wyde,  
Ouer montens and dalis: I wot not where  
I am.

<sup>1</sup> Humility. In this stanza, and elsewhere, I have  
followed Manly's line division.  
<sup>2</sup> Judge. <sup>3</sup> Tokens. <sup>4</sup> Earth.  
<sup>5</sup> Whither. <sup>6</sup> Holy. <sup>7</sup> Ways.

Now, Kyng off all kyngis, send me soche  
gyde  
Thatt I myght haue knoleyye of thys  
cuntreys name. 585

A! yondur I se a syght, be-smyng <sup>1</sup> all  
afar,  
The wyche be-tocuns sum nevis, <sup>2</sup> ase I  
troo;  
Asse me thynke, a chylde peryng <sup>3</sup> in a stare.  
I trust he be cum that schall defend vs  
from woo. 589

T[w]o kyngis yondur I see,  
And to them woll I ryde  
Forto haue there cumpane;  
I trust the[y] wyll me abyde.

[He approaches the two kings.]

Hayle, cumly kyngis and gent! <sup>4</sup>  
Good surs, I pray you, whedder ar ye  
ment? 595

I. REX. To seke a chylde ys owre in-tent,  
Wyche be-tocuns yonder star, asse ye  
ma see.

II. REX. To hym I purpose thys present.  
III. REX. Surs, I pray you, and thatt  
ryght vmblee,  
With you thatt I ma ryde in cumpane.

[The Kings join, and say in unison:]

[ALL.] To all-myghte God now prey we  
Thatt hys pressiose persone we ma se. 602

[They retire, riding.]

Here Erode cumyth in ageyne, and the mes-  
sengere seyth:

NUNCIOS. Hayle, lorde most off myght!  
Thy commandement ys right;  
In-to thy land ys comyn this nyght  
iij kyngis, and with them a grett cum-  
pany.

EROD. Whatt make those kyngis in this  
cuntrey?

NONCIOS. To seke a kyng and a chylde,  
the[y] sey.

ERODE. Of whatt age schuld he bee?

<sup>1</sup> Seemingly. <sup>2</sup> News. <sup>3</sup> Appearing.  
<sup>4</sup> "Hail, kings, comely and noble." MS. augent.  
I have adopted Manly's suggested emendation.

NONCIOS. Skant twelle deyis old  
fulle. 610

EROD. And wasse he soo late borne?

NONCIOS. E, syr, soo the[y] schode me  
thys same dey in the morne.

EROD. Now, in payne of deyth, bryng  
them me beforne! <sup>1</sup>

And there-fore, harrode, <sup>2</sup> now hy the in  
hast,

In all spede thatt thow were dyght <sup>3</sup>

Or thatt those kyngis the cuntrey be  
past;

Loke thow bryng them all iij before my  
syght. 617

And in Jerusalem inquere more of that  
chylde.

But I warne the that thy wordis be mylde,  
For there must thow hede <sup>4</sup> and crafte  
wey[ld]e <sup>5</sup>

How to for-do <sup>6</sup> his powere; and those iij  
kyngis shalbe begild. 621

NONCIOS. Lorde, I am redde att youre  
byddyng

To sarve the ase my lord and kyng.

For joye there-of, loo, how I spryng  
With lyght hart and fresche gamboldyng

Alofte here on this molde!

ERODE. Then sped the forthe hastely,  
And loke that thow beyre the eyvinly; <sup>7</sup>

And also I pray the hartely  
Thatt thow doo comand <sup>8</sup> me

Bothe to yong and olde. 631

[The three Kings, returning, are saluted by  
the messenger.]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, syr kyngis, in youre  
degre!

Erood, kyng of these cuntreys wyde,  
Desyrith to speyke with you all thre, 634  
And for youre comyng he dothe abyde.

I. REX. Syr, att his wyll we be ryght  
bayne. <sup>9</sup>

Hy us, brethur, vnto thatt lordis place;  
To speyke with hym we wold be fayne.

<sup>1</sup> Before.

<sup>2</sup> Set about it.

<sup>3</sup> Supplied by Manly.

<sup>4</sup> Destroy.

<sup>5</sup> Commend.

<sup>6</sup> Herald.

<sup>7</sup> Heed, care.

<sup>8</sup> Evenly, craftily.

<sup>9</sup> Ready.

Thatt chylde thatt we seke, he grant us of  
his grace! 639

[The messenger leads them to Herod.]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, lorde with-owt pere!

These iij kyngis here have we broght.

ERODE. Now welcum, syr kyngis, all in-  
fere; <sup>1</sup>

But of my bryght ble, <sup>2</sup> surs, bassche <sup>3</sup> ye  
noght! 643

Sir kyngis, ase I vndurstand,

A star hathe gyddid you into my land,  
Where-in grett harting <sup>4</sup> ye haue fonde

Be reysun of hir beymis bryght.

Wherefore I pray you hartely

The vere truthe thatt ye wold sertefy,

How long yt ys, surely,

Syn of that star you had furst syght. 651

I. REX. Sir kynge, the vere truthe to sey,

And forto schoo you ase hit ys best,

This same ys evin the xij<sup>th</sup> dey

Syth yt aperid to vs be <sup>5</sup> west. 655

ERODE. Brethur, then ys there no more to  
sey

But with hart and wyll kepe ye your jur-  
ney,

And cum whom <sup>6</sup> by me this same wey,  
Of your nevis <sup>7</sup> thatt I myght knoo.

You schall tryomfe in this cuntre

And with grett conquorde <sup>8</sup> bankett with  
me;

And thatt chylde myself then woll I see,  
And honor hym also. 663

II. REX. Sir, youre commandement we  
woll fullfyll,

And humbly abaye <sup>9</sup> owreself there-tyll.

He thatt weldith <sup>10</sup> all thyng at wyll

The redde <sup>11</sup> way hus teyche,

Sir kyng, thatt we ma passe your land in  
pes!

ERODE. Yes, and walke softly eyvin at  
your one e[as]; 669

<sup>1</sup> Together.

<sup>2</sup> Color.

<sup>3</sup> Quail, be dismayed.

<sup>4</sup> Cheer, encouragement; MS. harie; corr. by  
Manly.

<sup>5</sup> By.

<sup>6</sup> Home.

<sup>7</sup> News.

<sup>8</sup> Concord.

<sup>9</sup> Bow, subject.

<sup>10</sup> Ruleth.

<sup>11</sup> Direct.

Youre passe-porte for a C<sup>1</sup> deysis  
 Here schall you haue of clere cummand;  
 Owre reme<sup>2</sup> to labour<sup>3</sup> any weyis  
 Here schall you haue be spessschall  
 grante. 673

III. REX. Now fare-well, kyng of hy  
 degre;

Humbly of you owre leyve we take.  
 ERODE. Then adev, sir kyngis all thre!  
 And whyle I lyve, be bold of me.  
 There ys nothyng in this cuntre  
 But for youre one<sup>4</sup> ye schall yt take. 679

[*Exeunt the three kings.*]

Now these iij kyngis ar gon on ther wey;  
 On-wysely and on-wyttely<sup>5</sup> haue the[y]  
 all wroghte.

When the[y] cum ageyne, the[y] schall dy  
 that same dey,

And thus these vyle wreychis to deyth  
 the[y] schalbe broght, —

Soche ys my lykyng.

He that agenst my lawis wyll hold,  
 Be he kyng or keysar neyuer soo hold,  
 I schall them cast in-to caris<sup>6</sup> cold,  
 And to deyth I schall them bryng. 688

*There Erode goth his weyis, and the iij  
 kyngis cum in ageyne.*

I. REX. O blessid God, moche ys thy  
 myght! 689

Where ys this star thatt gawe<sup>7</sup> vs lyght?

II. REX. Now knele we downe here in this  
 presence,

Be-sekyng that Lord of hy maugnefecens  
 That we ma see his hy exsellece

Yff thatt his swet wyl[l] be. 694

III. REX. Yondur, brothur, I see the  
 star,

Where-by I kno he ys nott far;  
 Therefore, lordis, goo we nar

Into this pore place. 698

*There the iij kyngis gois in to the jesen,<sup>8</sup>  
 to Mare and hir child.*

I. REX. Hayle, Lorde thatt all this world,  
 hath wroght!

<sup>1</sup> Hundred.

<sup>2</sup> Own.

<sup>3</sup> Gave.

<sup>4</sup> Realm.

<sup>5</sup> Foolishly.

<sup>6</sup> Childbed.

<sup>7</sup> Travel.

<sup>8</sup> Cares.

Hale, God and man to-gedur in-fere!<sup>1</sup>  
 For thow hast made all thyng of noght,  
 Albe-yt thatt thow lyst porely here.  
 A cupe-full golde here I haue the broght  
 In toconyng thow art with-owt pere. 704

II. REX. Hayle be thow, Lorde of hy  
 maugnyfecens!

In toconyng of preste[h]lod and dyngnete  
 of offee,

To the I offur a cupe full off in-sence,  
 For yt be-hovith the to haue soche sacre-  
 fyce. 708

III. REX. Hayle be thow, Lorde, longe  
 lokid fore!

I haue broght the myre<sup>2</sup> for mortalete  
 In to-cunyng thow schalt mankynd restore  
 To lyff be thy deyth apon a tre. 712

MARE. God haue marce, kyngis, of yowre  
 goodnes!

Be<sup>3</sup> the gydyng of the Godhed hider  
 ar ye sent.

The provysson off my swete sun your  
 weyis whom<sup>4</sup> reydres,

And gostely reywarde you for youre  
 present. 716

[*The kings withdraw from the stable.*]

I. REX. Syr kyngis, aftur owre promes,  
 Whome be Erode I mvst nedis goo.

II. REX. Now truly, brethur,<sup>5</sup> we can noo  
 las.

But I am soo far-wachid<sup>6</sup> I wott not wat  
 to do. 720

III. REX. Ryght soo am I; where-fore I  
 you pray,

Lett all vs rest vs awchyle upon this  
 grownd.

I. REX. Brethur, youer seying ys right  
 well vnto my pay.<sup>7</sup>

The grace of thatt swet chylde saue vs  
 all sownde! 724

[*They lie down and fall asleep. Enter an  
 angel.*]

ANGELLUS. Kyng of Tawrus, Sir Jespar!  
 Kyng of Arraby, Sir Balthasar!

<sup>1</sup> United, in company.

<sup>2</sup> Myrrh.

<sup>3</sup> By.

<sup>4</sup> MS. berthur; corr. by Manly.

<sup>5</sup> Tired.

<sup>6</sup> Liking.

<sup>7</sup> Home.

Melchor, Kyng of Aginare!

To you now am I sent.

For drede of Eyrode, goo you west whom.<sup>1</sup>

In-to those parties<sup>2</sup> when ye cum downe

Ye schalbe byrrid with gret reynowne.

The Wholle Gost thus knolegye hath sent.  
[*Exit Angelus.*] 732

I. REX. Awake, sir kyngis, I you praye!

For the voise of an angell I hard in my dreyme.

II. REX. Thatt ys full tru thatt ye do sey,  
735

For he reyherssid owre names playne.

III. REX. He bad thatt we schuld goo downe be west

For drede of Eyrodis fawls be-traye.

I. REX. Soo forto do yt ys the best.

The child that we haue soght, gyde vs the wey!  
740

Now fare-well, the feyryst of schapp soo swete!

And thankid be Jhesu of his sonde,<sup>3</sup>

Thatt we iij to-geder soo suddenly schuld mete,

Thatt dwell soo wyde and in straunge lond,  
744

And here make owre presentacion

Vnto this Kyngis Son clensid soo cleyne

And to his moder for ovre saluacion.

Of moche myrth now ma we meyne,<sup>4</sup>

Thatt we soo well hath done this obblacion.<sup>5</sup>  
749

II. REX [*bowing*]. Now farewell, Sir Jaspas, brothur, to youe,

Kyng of Tawrus the most worthe!

Sir Balthasar, also to you I bow.

And I thanke you bothe of youre good company

Thatt we togeddur haue had.

He thatt made vs to mete on hyll,

I thanke hym now, and eyuer I wyll;

For now may we goo with-owt yll,

And off owre offerynge be full glad.<sup>6</sup> 758

III. REX. Now syth<sup>1</sup> thatt we mvst nedly goo

For drede of Erode thatt ys soo wrothe,

Now fare-well brothur, and brothur also;

I take my leve here at you bothe

This dey on fete.<sup>2</sup>

Now he thatt made vs to mete on playne

And offur<sup>3</sup> to Mare in hir jeseyne,<sup>4</sup>

He geve vs grace in heyvin a-gayne

All to-geyder to mete!  
767

[*Exeunt the three kings severally. Enter the messenger running to Herod.*]

NUNCIOS. Hayle, kynges, most worthist in wede!

Hayle, mantearin of curtese throgh all this world wyde!

Hayle, the most myghtyst that eyuer bestrod a stede!

Ha[y]ll, most monfullist mon in armor man to abyde!

Hayle, in thyné hoonowre!

Thesse iij kyngis that forthe were sent,

And schuld haue cum ageyne before the here present,

Another wey, lorde, whom the[y] went,  
Contrare to thyn honowre.  
776

ERODE. A-nothur wey? owt! owt! owtt!

Hath those fawls trayturs done me this ded?

I stampe! I stare! I loke all abowtt!

Myght I them take, I schuld them bren at a glade!<sup>5</sup>

I rent!<sup>6</sup> I rawe!<sup>7</sup> and now run I wode!<sup>8</sup>

A! thatt these velen<sup>9</sup> trayturs hath mard this my mode!

The[y] schalbe hangid, yf I ma cum them to!  
783

Here Erode ragis in the pagond and in the strete also.

E! and thatt kerne<sup>10</sup> of Bedlem, heschalbe ded,<sup>11</sup>

And thus schall I for-do his prof-eece.<sup>12</sup>  
785

<sup>1</sup> Since.

<sup>2</sup> MS. fote; corr. by Manly.

<sup>3</sup> MS. offurde; corr. by Manly.

<sup>4</sup> Childbed.

<sup>5</sup> Fire.

<sup>6</sup> Tear (the hair, etc.).

<sup>7</sup> Run.

<sup>8</sup> Mad.

<sup>9</sup> Villain.

<sup>10</sup> Rascal.

<sup>11</sup> Killed.

<sup>12</sup> Prophecy.

<sup>1</sup> Home.

<sup>2</sup> Parts.

<sup>3</sup> Dispensation.

<sup>4</sup> Have in mind.

<sup>5</sup> Act of devotion.

<sup>6</sup> MS. fayne; corr. by Manly.

How sey you, sir knyghtis, ys not this the best red?

Thatt all yong chyldur for this schuld be dede,

Wyth sworde to be slayne?

Then schall I, Erode, lyve in lede,<sup>1</sup>

And all folke me dowe and drede,

And offur to me bothe gold, rychesse and mede;

Thereto wyll the[y] be full fayne. 792

I. MYLES. My lorde, Kyng Erode be name,

Thy wordis agenst my wyll schalbe.

To see soo many yong chylder dy ys shame;

Therefore consell ther-to gettis thou non of me! 796

II. MYLES. Well seyde, fello, my trawth I plyght!

Sir kyng, perseyye,<sup>2</sup> right well you may Soo grett a morder to see of yong frute

Wyll make a rysyng in thi noone cuntry. 800

ERODE. A rysyng? Owte! owte! owte! 801

*There Erode ragis ageyne, and then seyth thus:*

Owte! velen wrychis,<sup>3</sup> har<sup>4</sup> apon you I cry!

My wyll vturly luke that yt be wrought,—

Or apon a gallowse bothe you schall dy,  
Be Mahownde most myghtyeste, that me dere hath boght! 805

I. MYLES. Now, cruell Erode, syth we schall do this dede —

Your wyll nedefully in this realme mvst be wrought —

All the chylder of that age dy the[y] mvst nede.

Now with all my myght the[y] schall be vpsoght.<sup>5</sup> 809

II. MYLES. And I woll sweyre here apon your bryght swerde,<sup>6</sup>

All the chylder thatt I fynd, sclayne the[y] schalbe;

Thatt make many a moder to wepe and be full sore aferde

In owre armor bryght when the[y] hus see. 813

[*Herod makes them swear upon his sword.*]

ERODE. Now you have sworne, forth that ye goo,

And my wyll thatt ye wyrke bothe be dey and nyght;

And then wyll I for fayne<sup>1</sup> trypp lyke a doo.<sup>2</sup>

But when the[y] be ded, I warne you bryng [t]ham be-fore my syght. 817

[*Exeunt. An angel appears and speaks to Mary and Joseph.*]

ANGELLUS. Mare and Josoff, to you I sey, Swete word from the Fathur I bryng you full ryght:

Owt of Bedlem in-to Eygypte forth goo ye the wey,

And with you take the Kyng, full of myght,

For drede of Eroddis rede!<sup>3</sup>

[*Exit Angelus.*]

JOSOFF. A-ryse up, Marc, hastely and sone! Owre Lordis wyll nedys mvst be donc,

Lyke ase the angell vs bad. 825

MARE. Mekely, Josoff, my none<sup>4</sup> spowse, Towarde that cuntrey let vs reypeyre;

Att Eygyp to sum cun<sup>5</sup> off howse, God grant hus grace saff to cum there! 829

*Here the women cum in wythe there chyldur, syngyng them; and Mare and Josoff goth away cleyne.*

[*The song.<sup>6</sup>*]

*Lully, lulla, thou littell tyme child;*

*By by, lully, lullay, thou littell tyme child;*

*By by, lully, lullay!*

O sisters too,

How may we do

<sup>1</sup> Joy. <sup>2</sup> Doe. <sup>3</sup> Design. <sup>4</sup> Mine own.

<sup>5</sup> Kind; MS. sum tocan; em. by Kittredge.

<sup>6</sup> In the MS. the song is put at the end; I have inserted it here, though without numbering the lines. The music may be found in Sharp, pp. 116-17.

<sup>1</sup> Leadership. <sup>2</sup> Perceive. <sup>3</sup> Wretches.

<sup>4</sup> Plague? <sup>5</sup> Sought out.

<sup>6</sup> MS. sworde; corr. by Manly.

For to preserve this day  
This pore yongling  
For whom we do singe  
By by, lully, lullay?

Herod, the king,  
In his raging,  
Chargid he hath this day  
His men of might  
In his owne sight  
All yonge children to slay, —

That wo is me,  
Pore child, for thee,  
And ever morne and may <sup>1</sup>  
For thi parting  
Nether say nor singe,  
By by, lully, lullay.]

I. WOMON. I lolie - my chyldre wondrously swete,

And in my narmis <sup>2</sup> I do hyt kepe,  
Be-cawse thatt yt schuld not crye.

II. WOMAN. Thatt babe thatt ys borne in  
Bedlem, so meke,  
He saue my chyld and me from vel-  
any! 834

III. WOMAN. Be styll, be styll, my lyttull  
chyld!

That Lorde of lordis saue bothe the and  
me!  
For Erode hath sworne with wordis wyld  
Thatt all yong chyldur sclayne the[y]  
schalbe. 838

[Enter the soldiers.]

I. MYLES. Sey, ye wyddurde wyvis, <sup>4</sup>  
whydder ar ye a-wey?  
What beyre you in youre armis nedis  
mvst we se.

Yff the[y] be man-chyldur, dy the[y] mvst  
this dey,  
For at Eroddis wyll all thyng mvst  
be. 842

II. MYLES. And <sup>5</sup> I in handis wonys <sup>6</sup>  
them hent,<sup>7</sup>  
Them forto sley noght woll I spare!

<sup>1</sup> MS. say; *em. by Kittredge.*

<sup>2</sup> Lull.

<sup>3</sup> Mine arms.

<sup>4</sup> Married women.

<sup>5</sup> If.

<sup>6</sup> Once.

<sup>7</sup> Seise.

We mvst full-fyll Erodis commandement,  
Elis be we asse trayturs, and cast all in  
care. 846

I. WOMAN. Sir knyghtis, of youre curtes-  
see,

Thys dey schame not youre chevaldre, <sup>1</sup>

But on my child haue pytte

For my sake in this styde. <sup>2</sup>

For a sympull selaghtur yt were to sloo <sup>3</sup>

Or to wyrke soche a chyld woo,

That can noder speyke nor goo,

Nor neuer harme did. 854

II. WOMON. He thatt sleyis my chyld in  
syght,

Yff thatt my strokis on hym ma lyght,

Be he skwyar <sup>4</sup> or knyght,

I hold hym but lost.

Se, thow fawls losyngere, <sup>5</sup>

A stroke schalt thow beyre me here

And spare for no cost! 861

[Striking him.]

III. WOMAN. Sytt he neyuer soo hy in  
saddull,

But I schall make his braynis addull,

And here with my pott-ladull

With hym woll I fyght.

[Brandishing her pot-ladle.]

I schall ley on hym a[s] thog[h] <sup>6</sup> I wode <sup>7</sup>  
were,

With thys same womanly geyre;

There schall noo man steyre, <sup>8</sup>

Wheddur thatt he be kyng or knyght. 869

[The soldiers overcome the women and  
slay the children. Exeunt the women  
lamenting.]

I. MYLES. Who hard eyuær soche a cry  
Of wemen thatt there chyldur haue lost?

And grettly reybukyng chewaldry <sup>9</sup>

Throgh-owt this reme in eyuere cofalst;

Wyche many a mans lyff ys lyke to cost.

For thys grett wreyche <sup>10</sup> that here ys done

I feyre moche wengance ther-off woll  
cum. 876

<sup>1</sup> Chivalry.

<sup>2</sup> Place.

<sup>3</sup> Slay.

<sup>4</sup> Squire.

<sup>5</sup> Rascal.

<sup>6</sup> Though. MS. athog; *corr. by Manly.*

<sup>7</sup> Mad.

<sup>8</sup> Stir.

<sup>9</sup> Chivalry.

<sup>10</sup> Pain, suffering.

II. MYLES. El brothur, soche talis may  
we not tell;

Where-fore to the kyng lett vs goo,  
For he ys lyke to beyre the perell,  
Wyche wasse the cawser that we did soo.  
Yett must the[y] all be broght hym to  
With waynis <sup>1</sup> and waggyns fully fryght.<sup>2</sup>  
I tro there wolbe a carefull syght. 883

[*They take the dead children to Herod.*]

I. MYLES. Loo! Eyrode, kyng, here  
mast thow see

How many M' <sup>3</sup> thatt we haue slayne!

II. MYLES. And nedis thy wyll full-fyllid  
must be;

There ma no mon sey there-ageyne. 887

[*Enter Nuntius running.*]

NUNCIOS. Eyrode, kyng, I schall the tell,  
All thy dedis ys cum to noght;

This chyld ys gone in-to Eygypte to dwell.

Loo! sir, in thy none <sup>4</sup> land what wondurs  
byn wrought! 891

EROD. Into Eygypte? Alas, for woo!  
Lengur in lande here I canot abyde.

<sup>1</sup> Carts. <sup>2</sup> Frightful (or perhaps "freighted").

<sup>3</sup> Thousands. <sup>4</sup> Thine own.

Saddull my palfrey, for in hast wyll I goo;  
Aftur yondur trayturs now wyll I ryde,  
Them for to slool  
Now all men hy fast  
In-to Eygypte in hast!  
All thatt cuntrey woll I tast,<sup>1</sup>  
Tyll I ma cum them to. 900

*Fynes lude de taylars and scharmen.*

T[h]ys matter  
nevly correcte be Robart Croo  
the xiiij dey of Marche,  
fenysschid in the yere of our Lorde God  
MCCCCC and xxxiiij<sup>te</sup>.  
then beyng mayre mastur Palmar,  
also mastris of the seyd fellyschipp Hev  
Corbett,  
Randull Pynkard, and  
John Baggeley.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Search out.

<sup>2</sup> Attached are three songs, sung by the shepherds  
and by the women, with the following heading:  
"Theise Songes belonge to the Taylors and Sheare-  
mens Pagant. The first and the laste the shepheardes  
sing, and the second, or middlemost, the women  
sing. Thomas Mawdycke die decimo tertio Maij,  
anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo nonagesimo  
primo. Prætor fuit ciuitatis Couentrie D. Mathæus  
Richardson, tunc Consules Johanes Whitehead et  
Thomas Grauerer."

CHRIST'S MINISTRY <sup>1</sup>

[Acted by the Glovers of Chester.]

Pagina Decima Tertia de Chelidonio Ceco  
et de Resurrectione Lazari.<sup>1</sup>

The Glovers.

[SCENE I.]

[Enter Jesus and his disciples.]

Iesus. *Ego sum lux mundi; qui sequitur  
me, non ambulat in tenebris, sed habebit  
lumen vitæ.*Brethren, I am Filius Dei, the light of this  
world;He that followeth me, walketh not in  
darknes;But hath the light of lyfe — the scriptures  
so record —As patriarchs and prophetts of me bereth  
witnes,Both Abraham, Isaac, and Iacob in their  
sondry testimonies,Vnto whom I was promised before the  
world began,

To pay ther ransome and to become man. 7

*Ego et Pater unum sumus:* my Father and I  
are all one,Wiche hath me sent from his throne sempi-  
ternall,To preach and declare his will unto man,  
Because he loveth him aboue his creatures  
all,As his treasure and darling most principall,  
Man, I say agayne, which is his owne elect  
Aboue all creaturs, peculiarly select. 14Wherefore, dere brethren, it is my mynd and  
willTo goe to Bethany, that standeth hereby,  
My Fathers hestes and commandementis  
to fulfill;For I am the good sheapheard, that put-  
teth his lyfe in ioperdyTo save his flocke which I loue so tenderly,  
As it is written of me — the scriptures  
beareth witnes:*Bonus pastor ponit animam suam pro ovibus  
suis.* 21Go we therefore, brethren, while the day is  
light,To doe my Fathers workes, as I am fully  
minded,To heale the sick and restore the blynd to  
sight,That the prophesy of me may be fulfilled;  
For other sheep I haue, which are to me  
committed;They be not of this flocke, yet will I them  
regarde,That ther may be one flocke and one shep-  
heard. 28But, or we goe hence, print thes sayinges in  
your mynd and hart;Record them, and oft keep them in memory;  
Continue in my word, from it doe not  
depart;Therby shall all men know most perfectly  
That you are my disciples and of my fam-  
ilye.Goe not before me, but let my word be your  
guyde;Then in your doinges you shall allway well  
speede. 35*Si vos manseritis in sermone meo, veri  
discipuli mei eritis et cognoscetis verita-  
tem; et veritas liberabit vos.*[Enter a boy leading Chelidonius, the blind  
man.<sup>1</sup>]PUER. If pittie may moue your gentell hart,  
Remember, good people, the pore and the  
blynd,With your charitable almes this poore man  
to comfort,<sup>1</sup> MS. *Puer ducens cecum.*<sup>1</sup> Pigeant thirteen, of the blind Chelidonius, and  
of th' Raising of Lazarus from the Dead.<sup>1</sup> I have reproduced the text from *The Chester Plays*, Part II, re-edited from the MSS. by Dr. Mat-  
thews, for the Early English Text Society, 1916; but I have altered the punctuation, modernized the use  
of capitals, changed the stanzaic division, and added, in brackets, scene divisions and stage-directions.



That is your owne neighbour and of your  
owne kynde. 39

CHELIDONIUS. Your almes, good people,  
for charity!

To me that am blynd and never did see,  
Your neighbour, borne in this citty.  
Helpe me, or I goe hence! 43  
Petrus. Mayster, instruct us in this case,  
Why this man blynd borne was.  
Is it for his owne trespas,  
Or ells for his parentes? 47

IOHN. Was sinne the cause originall, —  
Wherin we be conceived all, —  
That this blynd man was brought in thrall,  
Or his forfathers offence? 51

IESUS. Hit was neither for his offence,  
Neither the sinnes of his parentes,  
Nor other fault or negligence,  
That he was blind borne.  
But for this cause specially,  
To set forth Gods great glory,  
His power to shew manifestly,  
This mans sight to reforme. 59

While the day is fayre and bright,  
My Fathers workes I must worke right,  
Untill the cominge of the night  
That light be gone away.  
In this world, when I am here,  
I am the light that shyneth clear;  
My light to them shall well appeare  
Which cleave to me alway. 67

*Then Iesus spits upon the ground and  
makes a clay and rubs the eyes of the  
blind man with his hands: and then let  
him say: 1*

IESUS. Do, man, as I say to thee:  
Goe to the water of Siloe  
And washe thyne eyes, and thou shalt see;  
And geue to God the prayse.

*Then the blind man seeks the water, and  
Jesus went away: 2*

CHELIDONIUS. Lead me, good child, right  
hastely

Unto the water of Siloe. 73

*Then he washes, and afterwards let him say: 1*

Praised be God omnipotent,  
Which now to me my sight hath sent!  
I see all things now here present.  
Blessed be God alwayes! 77

When I had done, as Christ me badd,  
My perfect sight forth-with I hadd;  
Wherefore my hart is now full gladd,  
That I dowt wher I am.

[SCENE II.]

*[Chelidonius meeting the neighbors.]*

I. PROXIMUS. Neighbour, if I the truth  
should say,  
This is the blind man which yesterday  
Asked our almes, as we came this way.  
It is the very same! 85

II. VICINUS. No, no, neighbour, it is not  
hee;  
But is the likest to him that ever I see!  
One man to another lyke may bee,  
And so is he to him.  
CHELIDONIUS. Good men, truly I am he,  
That was blynd, and now I se.  
I am no other, verely;  
Enquier of all my kynne. 93

I. VICINUS. Then tell the truth, we thee  
pray,  
And how this is happened, to us say,  
Thou, that even yesterday  
Couldst se no earthly thinge,  
And now seeth so perfectly.  
No want of sight in thee we see;  
Declare to us therefore truly  
Without more reasoninge. 101

CHELIDONIUS. The man, which we call  
Iesus,  
That worketh miracles dayly with us,  
And whom we fynde so gracious,  
Anoynted my eyes with clay,  
And to the water of Siloei  
He badd me goe immediatly,  
And wash myne eyes, and I should see.  
And thidder I tooke the way. 109

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Tunc Iesus super terram spuit et lutum faci-  
et et oculos ceci manibus fricabit, postea dicat.*

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Tunc cecus querit aquam, et abiit Iesus.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Tunc lavat, et postea dicat.*

When the water on myne eyes light,  
Immediately I had my sight!  
Was ther neuer earthly wight  
So joyfull in his thought. 113

II. VICINUS. Wher is he now, we thee pray?  
CHELIDONIUS. I know not wher he is by  
this day.

II. VICINUS. Thou shalt with us come on  
this way,  
And to the phariseses these wordes say;  
But if thou wouldst these thinges denay,  
It shall helpe thee right nought. 119

*[They approach the Pharisees.]*

Looke up, lordings and iudges of right,  
We have brought you a man that had no  
sight,  
And on the Sabaoth Day, throughe one  
mans might,  
Was healed and restored, for-sooth.

I. VICINUS. Declare to them, thou wicked  
wight,  
Who did restore thee to thy sight,  
That we may know anon right  
Of this matter the truthes. 127

CHELIDONIUS. Iesus anoynted myne eyes  
with clay,  
And badd me wash in Siloe;  
And before I came away  
My perfect sight I hadd.

I. PHARISEUS. This man, the truth if I  
should say,  
Is not of God — my head I lay —  
Which doth violate the Sabaoth Day;  
I iudge him to be madd. 135

II. PHARISEUS. It can not enter into my  
thought,  
That he which hathe this marvayle  
wrought  
Should be a sinner. I lecue it nought;  
It is not in my creed. 139

Say, what is he that did thee heale?

CHELIDONIUS. A prophet he is, withe-out  
fayle.

I. PHARISEUS. Surely, thou art a knave of  
kynd,

And faynest thy selfe for to be blynd;  
Wherfor now this is my mynd,  
The truth to trye, in deed: 145

His father and mother, both in feere,<sup>1</sup>  
Shall come declare the matter here,  
And then the truth shall soone appeare,  
And we putt out of dowbt.  
Goe forth, messenger, anon in hye,<sup>2</sup>  
And fetch his parentis by and by.  
This knave can nought but prate and  
lye;  
I would his eyes were out! 153

NUNTIVS. Your biddinge, maisters, I shall  
fulfill

And do my duty, as is good skylle;  
From this day hither, I know, they will,  
And I shall spy them out.

*Then he looks about, and says<sup>3</sup> [to the  
Father and Mother of the blind man]:*

Sir and dame, booth in feer,  
You must afore the phariseses appeare;  
What ther will is, ther shall you here.  
Have done, and come your way! 161

MATER. Alas! man, what doe we here?  
Must we afore the phariseses appeare?

A vengeance on them, far and neere!  
The[y] neuer did poore man good.

PATER. Dame, ther is no other way,  
But ther commandement we must obay;  
Or ells they would without delay  
Cursse us and take our good. 169

*[The messenger leads them to the Pharisees.]*

NUNTIVS. Here I haue brought, as you  
badd me,

These two persons, that aged be;  
They be the parentis of him, truly,  
Which sayd that he was blynde.

I. PHARISEUS. Come near to us, bothe  
two,

And tell us truly, or that you goe,  
Whether this be your sonne or no.  
Looke, no deceit we fynd! 177

PATER. Maisters, we know certaynly  
Our sonne he is; we can not denye;

<sup>1</sup> Together.

<sup>2</sup> Hastily.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Tunc circumspexit, et loquitur.*

And blynd was borne, undoubtedly.  
And that we will depose. 181

But who restored him to his sight,  
We be uncertayne, by God almight!  
Wherfore of him, as it is right,  
The truth you must enquier.

MATER. For he hath age, his tale to tell,  
And his mother tonge to utter it well,  
Althoughe he could never buy nor sell.  
Let him speak, we desyre. 189

I. PHARISEUS. Geue prayse to God, thou  
crafty knave!

And looke, hereafter, thou doe not rave  
And say that Iesus did thee save,  
And restored thee to thy sight.

II. PHARISEUS. He is a sinner, and that  
we know,

Deceiving the people, too and free.  
This is'most true that we thee show;  
Beleev us, as is right. 197

CHELIDONIUS. If he be sinnfull, I doe not  
know;

But this is truth that I doe show:  
When I was blynd, and in great wo,  
He cured me, as you see. 201

I. PHARISEUS. What did he, thow lither  
swayne?

CHELIDONIUS.<sup>1</sup> I towld you once; will you  
here it agayne?

Or his disciples will you become,  
Of all your sinnes to have remission? 205

II. PHARISEUS. O cursed caytafe! ill mott  
thou thee!

Would thou haue us his disciples to be?  
No, no! Moyses disciples been all we,  
For God with him dyd speak. 209

But whence this is, we never knew.

CHELIDONIUS. I marvaile of that, as I  
am true,

That you know not whenc he should bee,  
That hath me cured that never did see,  
Knowing this most certainly:  
God will not sinners heare;  
But he that honoureth God truly,

<sup>1</sup> MS. Cæcus.

Him will he heare by and by,  
And graunt his askinge graciously,  
For that man to him is deare. 219

And to this I darr be bould:  
Ther is no man that ever could  
Restore a creature unto his sight  
That was blynd borne and never saw  
light,  
If he of God were not, iwis;  
He could never worke such things as  
this! 225

I. PHARISEUS. What, sinfull knave, wilt  
thou teach us,  
Which all the scriptures can discusse,  
And of our lyving be so vertuous?  
We curse thee out of this place! 229

[SCENE III.]

[*Chelidonius, Jesus and the Jews.*]

IESUS. Beleuest thou in Gods Sonne truly?

CHELIDONIUS. Yea, gracious Lord; who is  
hee?

IESUS. Thou hast him seene with thine  
eye:

He is the same that talketh with thee.

CHELIDONIUS. Then hear I honour him  
with hart free,  
And ever shall serve him, untill I dye. 235

I. IUDEUS. Say, man, that makes such  
maystery,

Or thou our soules do any anye,  
Tell us here apertly,  
Christ if that thou bee.

IESUS. That I speak unto you openly,  
And workes that I doe verely  
In my Fathers name almighty,  
Beareth witnes of me. 243

But you beleve not as you seene,  
For of my shepe you ne beene;  
But my flock, withouten weene,<sup>1</sup>  
Hear my voyce alway.

And I know them well echon,  
For with me alway the[y] gone,  
And for them I ordayned in my one <sup>2</sup>  
Everylasting lyfe for aye. 251

<sup>1</sup> Doubt.

<sup>2</sup> Habitation.

No man shall reave my shepe from me;  
For my Father in maiesty  
Is gretter then bene all yee,  
Or any that ever was.

II. IEW. Thou shalt aby, by my bone, or  
thou heathen <sup>1</sup> passe! 256

Help, fellow, and gather stones,  
And beat him well, for Cokes bones!  
He scorns us quintly, for the nones,  
And dothe us great anye.

*Then they collect stones.<sup>2</sup>*

Yea, stones anow here I haue  
For this ribauld that thus can rave.  
One strock, as God me save,  
He shall haue sone in hye! 264

IESUS. Wretches, many a good deed  
I haue done you in great need;  
Now quite you foule my meed  
To stone me on this maneer!

I. IEW. For thy good deed that thou hast  
wrought,

At this tyme stone we thee nought,  
But for thy leasings, falsely wrought,  
Thou shewest apearly here. 272

Thou that art man, as well as I,  
Makes thy self God here openly.  
Ther thou lyst foule and falcely,  
Bothe in word and thought!  
IESUS. But I do well and truly,  
My Fathers biddinge by and by;  
Ells you may hope well I lye,  
And then leeves you me nought. 280

But sithen you will not leeven me,  
Nor my deeds which you now see,  
To them belevinge takes yee,  
For nothing may be sother.<sup>3</sup>  
So you may know well and veray:  
In my Father that I am aye,  
And he in me, [the] sothe to say,  
And eyther of us in other. 288

*Then they shall collect stones, and straightway  
Jesus shall disappear.<sup>4</sup>*

II. IEW. Out, out, alas! wher is our fone?

<sup>1</sup> Hence. <sup>2</sup> MS. *Tunc lapides colligunt.*

<sup>3</sup> Truer.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *Tunc colligenti lapides, et statim evanescet Iesus.*

Quintly that he is heathen gone!  
I would haue taken him, and that anone,  
And fould him all-to-frapped.<sup>1</sup>  
Yea, make we never so much mone,  
Now ther is no other wone; <sup>2</sup>  
For he and his men everichon  
Are from us clearly scaped. 296

I. IUDEUS. Now, by the deathe I shall on  
dye,  
May I see him with my eye,  
To sir Cayphas I shall him wry,<sup>3</sup>  
And tell that shall him dere.<sup>4</sup>  
Se I never none, by my fay,  
When I had stones, so sone away!  
But yet no force; an other day  
His tabret <sup>5</sup> we shall fere.<sup>6</sup> 304

[SCENE IV.]

*[Enter Mary and Martha.]*

MARIA. A Lord Iesu, that me is woo  
To wit <sup>7</sup> my Brother sickly so.  
In feble tyme Christ yode <sup>8</sup> me fro.  
Well were we, and <sup>9</sup> he were heer.

MARTHA. Yea, suster, about I will goe  
And seeke Iesu, to and fro.  
To help him he would be thro,  
And he wist how it were. 312

*Then Jesus comes [with his disciples].<sup>10</sup>*

A my Lord, swet Iesu, mercy!  
Lazar, that thou lovest tenderly,  
Lyeth sick a little hereby  
And suffereth much teene.  
IESUS. Yea, woman, I tell thee witterly,  
That sicknes is not deadly,  
But Gods Sonne to glorify,  
By him as may be seene. 320

*[Jesus and his disciples depart.]*

*Then Martha shall go to Mary.<sup>11</sup>*

MARIA. A! Martha, suster, alas! alas!  
My brother is dead since thou here was.  
Had Iesu, my Lord, been in this place,  
This case had not befallen.  
MARTHA. Yea, suster, neer is God[e]s grace.

<sup>1</sup> Rained blows upon.

<sup>2</sup> Betray.

<sup>3</sup> Injure.

<sup>4</sup> Accompany? Frighten?

<sup>5</sup> Went.

<sup>6</sup> If.

<sup>7</sup> MS. *Tunc venit Iesus.*

<sup>8</sup> MS. *Tunc ibit Martha ad Mariam.*

<sup>9</sup> One?

<sup>10</sup> Tabor.

<sup>11</sup> Know.

Many a man he holpen hase;  
Yet may he doe for us in this case,  
And him to lyfe call[en]. 328

MARIA. Here will I sitt and mourninge  
make,

Tyll that Iesu my sorrow slake.  
My teene to hart, Lord, [that] thou take,  
And leech<sup>1</sup> me of my woe.

MARTHA. In sorrow and wo here will I  
wake,

And lament for Lazar my brothers sake;  
Though I for could<sup>2</sup> and penance quake,  
Heathen<sup>3</sup> will I not goe. 336

*Then they shall seat themselves near the  
sepulchre of Lazarus, lamenting.<sup>4</sup>*

[SCENE V.]

[Jesus and his disciples.] And Jesus says:

IESUS. Brethren, goe we to Iudy!

PETRUS. Maister, right now thou might  
well see,

The Iewes would haue stoned thee,  
And yet thou wilt agayne?

IESUS. Wot you not well, this is veray,  
That xij hours are in the day,  
And who so walketh that tyme his way,  
Trespaseth not, the sooth to say[n]. 344

He offendeth not that goeth in light;  
But who so walketh about in night,  
He trespaseth all against the right,  
And light in him is none.  
Why I say this, as I haue tight,<sup>5</sup>  
I shall tell you sone in height;<sup>6</sup>  
Haue mynd on it through your might,  
And thinkes well therupon. 352

To the day my self may likned be,  
And to the twelue howers all ye,  
That lightned bene through following me  
That am most lyking light.  
For world[e]s light I am veray,  
And who so followeth me, sooth to say,  
He may goe no chester<sup>7</sup> way,  
For light in him is dight. 360

<sup>1</sup> Heal.

<sup>2</sup> Cold.

<sup>3</sup> Hence.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *Tunc pariter iuxta sepulchrum Lazari, sedebunt  
plorantes, et ait Iesus.*

<sup>5</sup> Good breeding (a rhyme-tag).

<sup>6</sup> At once.

<sup>7</sup> Chaster?

*Oportet me operari opera eius, qui misit  
me, donec dies est; venit nox, quando nemo  
est operari; quam diu sum in mundo, lux  
sum mundi. Iohannis Cap. 10 de Lazaro  
resuscitato.*

Brethren, I tell you tydinge:

Lazar my frend is slepinge.

Thider must we be goinge,

Upon him for to call.

IOHANNES EVAN. Lord, if he sleep, safe  
he may be;

For in his sleep no peryll is he.

Therefore it is not good for thee

To goe thider for so small. 368

IESUS. I tell you, brethren, certaynly:

Lazar is dead, and thyder will I.

Fayne I am you wott that I

Was not ther, as you may see.

THOMAS. Follow him, brethren, to his  
anoy,

And dye with him devoutly;

For other it will not be.

Goe we thider in hye! 376

*Then Jesus shall go to the place where  
Mary and Martha are sitting.<sup>1</sup> [He comes  
first to Martha.]*

MARTHA. A! Lord Iesu, hadst thou bene  
here leade,<sup>2</sup>

Lazar, my brother, had not bene dead.

But well I wott thou wilt us read,<sup>3</sup>

Now thou art with us here.

And this I leeue and hope aright:

What thing thou askest of God almight,

He will graunt it thee in height,

And graunt thee thy prayer. 384

IESUS. Martha, thy brother shall ryse, I  
say.

MARTHA. That leeve I, Lord, in good  
fay,

That he shall ryse the last day.

Then hope I him to see.

IESUS. Martha, I tell thee, without nay,

I am rysinge and lyfe veray;

Which lyfe, I say, shall last for aye,

And never shall ended bee. 392

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Tunc versus locum ibit Iesus, ubi Maria et  
Martha sedent.*

<sup>2</sup> Led here.

<sup>3</sup> Advise.

Whosoever leeveth stidfastly  
In me, I tell the truly,  
Though he dead be, and down lye,  
Shall lyve and fare well.  
Leevest thou, woman, that this may  
bee? 397

MARTHA. Lord, I lecue, and lecue mon,<sup>1</sup>  
That thou art Christ, Gods Sonne,  
And commen into this world to woon,<sup>2</sup>  
Mans boot for to bee.  
Thus haue I leued stidfastly:  
Therefore on me thou haue mercy,  
And on my suster ecke, Mary!  
I will fetch her to thee. 405

*Then Martha shall go and call Mary, saying:*<sup>3</sup>

A! Mary, suster, leefe and deer,  
Hye thee quickly and come neare!  
My swet Lord Iesu, he is here,  
And calleth thee him too.  
MARIA. A! well were we, and it so were!  
But had my louely Lord of leere,<sup>4</sup>  
Seene my brother lye on bere,<sup>5</sup>  
Some boot might haue bene do.<sup>6</sup> 413

But now he stinketh, sooth to say;  
For now this is the fourth[c] day,  
Since he was buried in the clay,  
That was to me so leefe.  
But yet, my Lord I will assay,  
And with all my hart him will I pray,  
To comfort us, if that he may,  
And mend all our mischefe. 421

*Then let Mary, seeing Jesus, fall at his  
feet, saying:*<sup>7</sup>

A! Lord Iesu, hadst thou bene here,  
Lazar, my brother, thy owne dere,  
Had not bene dead in this maner.  
Much sorrow is me upon.  
IESUS. Wher haue you layd him? tell[es]  
me.  
MARIA. Lord, come thither and thou may  
see;  
For buried in this place is he  
Four days now agon. 429

<sup>1</sup> Must. <sup>2</sup> Dwell.  
<sup>3</sup> MS. *Tunc Martha ibi et vocabit Mariam, di-*  
*cens.*  
<sup>4</sup> Face. <sup>5</sup> Bier. <sup>6</sup> MS. done.  
<sup>7</sup> MS. *Tunc Maria, videns Iesum, prostrnat se ad*  
*pedes, dicens:*

*Then come the Jews, of whom let the first say:*<sup>1</sup>

I. IEW. Se, fellow, for Cock[els] sowle!  
This freak beginneth to reem and youle,<sup>2</sup>  
And make great dole for a gole,<sup>3</sup>  
That he loved well befor[n]e.  
II. IEW. If he had cunnigne, me think he  
might  
From death haue saved Lazar by right,  
As well as send that man his sight,  
That which so blynd was borne. 437

IESUS. Haue done, and putt away the  
stonne!

MARTHA. A, Lord! iiij dayes be now gone  
Sith he was buried, blood and bone.  
He stinkes, Lord, in good fay.  
IESUS. Martha, sayd I not to thee,  
If that thou leaved fullye in me,  
Gods grace soone shouldst thou see?  
Therefore doe as I thee say. 445

*Then they shall remove the stone from the  
sepulchre; and Jesus, turning his back,  
with hands lifted up, says:*<sup>4</sup>

Father of heaven, I thank it thee,  
That so sone hast hard me!  
Well I wist, and soothly see,  
Thou hearest my entent.  
But for this people that stand hereby,  
Speak I the more openly,  
That they may lecue stidfastly  
From thee that I was sent. 453

Lazar, come forth, I bydd thee!

*[Lazarus comes out of the sepulchre bound in  
burial cloths.]*

LAZARUS. A! Lord, blessed most thou be!  
From death to lyfe hast rayسد me  
Through thy mickle might.  
Lord, when I hard the voyce of thee,  
All hell fayled of ther posty,<sup>5</sup>  
So fast from them my soule can flee,  
All devills were afright.<sup>6</sup> 461

IESUS. Loose him now, and let him goe!

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Tunc veniunt Iudei, quorum dicit primus.*  
<sup>2</sup> This fellow begins to weep and howl.  
<sup>3</sup> Fellow?  
<sup>4</sup> MS. *Tunc deponent lapidem de sepulchro; et*  
*Iesus, tergum vertens, manibus levatis dicit.*  
<sup>5</sup> Power. <sup>6</sup> MS. a frayd.

[*Martha and Mary kneel before Jesus.*]

MARTHA. A! Lord, honored be thou  
oo,<sup>1</sup>

That us hath saved from much woe,  
As thou hast ofte before;  
For well I wit, it should be so,  
When you were full far me free.  
The, Lord, I honour, and no more,  
Kneeling upon my knee. 469

MARY. A! Lord Iesu, much is thy  
might!

For now my hart is gladd and light,  
To see my brother rise in my sight,  
Here before all these men.<sup>2</sup>  
Well I hoped, that soon in height,  
When thou came, it should fare aright.

<sup>1</sup> Always.

<sup>2</sup> People, throng.

Thee, Lord, I honour with all my might,  
Kneeling upon my knee. 477

MARTHA. A! Lord Iesu, I thank thee,  
That on my brother hast pity.  
By very signes now men may see  
That thou art God[de]s Sonne.  
With thee, Lord, ever will I be,  
And serve thee with hart free,  
That this day hast gladdened me,  
And alway with thee wonne.<sup>1</sup> 485

IESUS. Have good day, my daughter dear!  
Wherever you go, far or near,  
My blessing I give you here.  
To Ierusalem I take the way. 489

*Finis decimæ tertiæ paginæ.*

<sup>1</sup> Dwell.

THE BETRAYING OF CHRIST <sup>1</sup>

[Acted at N. towne.]

*[Jhesus addresses his disciples.]*[JESUS.] Now, my dere frendys and  
bretheryn echone,<sup>1</sup>

Remembyr the wordys that I xal sey:

The tyme is come that I must gon

For to fulfyll the prophesey 4

That is seyde of me that I xal dey,

The fendys power fro yow to flem;<sup>2</sup>

Weche deth I wole not deny, 7

Mannys sowle, my spovse, for to redem.

The oyle of mercy is grawntyd playn

Be this jorne that I xal take.

Be my Fadyr I am sent, sertayn,

Be-twix God and man an ende to  
make. 12

Man for my brother may I not for-sake,

Norshewe hym vn-kendenesse be no wey;

In peynys for hym my body schal schake,

And for love of man, man xal dey. 16

*Here Jhesus and his discipulys go toward  
the mount of Olyvet; and whan he comyth  
a lytyl ther be-syde, in a place lyche<sup>3</sup> to a  
park, he byddyt his discipulys a-bide hym  
ther, and seyth to Petyr or he goth:*Petyr, with thi felawys here xalt thou  
a-bide,And weche<sup>4</sup> tyl I come a-geyn.

I must make my prayere here you be-syde;

My flesch qwakyth sore for fere and  
peyn. 20PETRUS. Lord, thi request doth me  
constreyn;

In this place I xal abyde styлле,

Not remeve tyl that thou comyst ageyn,

In confermyng, Lord, of thi wylle. 24

*Here Jhesu goth to Olyvet and settyth hym  
downe one his knees, and prayth to his  
Fadyr, thus seying:*

O, Fadyr! Fadyr! for my sake

This gret passyone thou take fro me,

Weche arn<sup>1</sup> ordeyned that I xal take

Yf mannys sowle savyd may be. 28

And yf it be-hove, Fadyr, for me

To save mannys sowle that xuld spylle,<sup>2</sup>

I am redy in eche degre,

The vyl<sup>3</sup> of the for to fulfyll. 32*Here Jhesus goth to his discipulys and  
fyndyth hem slepyng, Jhesus thus  
seyng to Petyr:*

Petyr! Petyr! thou slepyst fast!

A-wake thi felawys, and slepe no  
more.

Of my deth ye are not agast;

Ye take your rest, and I peyn sore. 36

*Here Cryst goth ageyn the second tyme to  
Olyvet, and seyth knelyng:*

Fadyr in hevyn, I be-seche the

Remeve my peynes be thi gret grace,

And lete me fro this deth fle,

As I dede nevyr no trespace! 40

The watyr and blood owth of my face

Dvstylyth for peynes that I xal take;

My flesche qwakyth in ferful case,

As thow the joyntys a-sondre xuld  
schake. 44*Here Jhesus goth a-gen to his discipulys  
and fyndyth hem asclepe; Jhesus thus  
seyng, latyng hem lyne:<sup>4</sup>*

Fadyr, the thrydde tyme I come a-geyn,

Fulleche myn erdon<sup>5</sup> for to spede.

Delyuere me, Fadyr, fro this peyn,

Weche is reducyd with ful gret drede. 48

On-to thi sone, Fadyr, take hede!

Thou wotyst I dede nevyr dede but  
good!

It is not for me this peyn I lede,

But for man I swete bothe watyr and  
blode. 52<sup>1</sup> Each one.<sup>2</sup> Like.<sup>3</sup> Drive, banish.<sup>4</sup> Watch.<sup>5</sup> Is (are).<sup>6</sup> Lie.<sup>7</sup> Be lost.<sup>8</sup> Errand.<sup>9</sup> Will.



*Here an aungel descendyth to Jhesus, and bryngyth to hym a chalys, with an host<sup>1</sup> there-in.*

ANGELUS. Heyl, bothe God and man indede!

The Fadyr hath sent the this present.  
He bad that thou xuldyst not drede,  
But fulfyll his intent, 56  
As the parlement of hefne hath ment  
That mannys sowle xal now redemyd be.

From hefne to herd,<sup>2</sup> Lord, thou wore sent;  
That dede appendyth<sup>3</sup> on-to the. 60

This chalys ys thi blood, this bred is thi body,

For mannys synne evyr offeryd xal be;  
To the Fadyr of heffne, that is al-mythty,  
Thi dyscypulis and alle presthood xal offere fore the. 64

*Here the aungel ascendyth a-gen sodeynly.*

JHESU. Fadyr, thi wyl flufyllid xal be;  
It is nowth to say a-gens the case;  
I xal fulfyll the prophesye,  
And sofre deth ffor mannys trespass. 68

*Here goth Cryst a-geyn to his dyscypulys, and fyndyth hem slepyng styлле.*

A-wake, Petyr! thi rest is ful long;  
Of slep thou wylt make no delay.  
Judas is redy, with pepyl strong,  
And doth his part me to be-tray. 72

Ryse up, serys, I you pray!  
On-close your eyne for my sake.  
We xal walke in-to the way,  
And sen<sup>4</sup> hem come that xul me take. 76

Petyr, whan thou scyst I am for-sake  
Amonge myn frendys, and stond alone,  
Alle the cher that thou kanst make  
Geve to thi bretheryn every-chone. 80

*Here Jhesus with his dyscypulis goth in-to the place, and ther xal come in a x. personys weyl be-seen<sup>5</sup> in white arneys,<sup>6</sup> and breganderys,<sup>7</sup> and some dysgyssed in*

*odyr garmentys, with swerdys, gleyrys,<sup>1</sup> and other straunge wepone, as cressellys with feyr, and lanternys and torchis lyth;<sup>2</sup> and Judas formest of al conveyng hem to Jhesu be contenawns.<sup>3</sup> Jhesus thus sleyn:*

Serys, in your wey ye haue gret hast  
To seke hym that wyl not fle.  
Of yow I am ryth nowth a-gast.  
Telle me, serys, whom seke ye? 84

LEYONE. Whom we seke here I telle the now, —

A tretour, is worthy to suffer deth.  
We knowe he is here a-mong yow;  
His name is Jhesus of Nazareth. 88

JHESU. Serys, I am here that wyl not fle,

Do to me all that ye kan.  
For-sothe I telle yow I am he,  
Jhesus of Nazareth, that same man. 92

*Here alle the Jewys falle sodeynly to the erde whan thei here Cryst speke, and quan [he] byddyth hem rysyn thei rysyn agen, Cryst thus seyng:*

A-ryse, serys! Whom seke ye? Fast haue ye gone.

Is howth<sup>4</sup> your comyng hedyr for me?

I stond be-forn yow here echone,  
That ye may me bothe knowe and se. 96

RUFYNE. Jhesus of Nazareth we seke,  
And we myth hym here a-spye.

JHESU. I told yow now with wordys meke,

Be-forn yow alle, that it was I. 100

JUDAS. Welcome, Jhesu, my mayster dere!

I haue the sowth<sup>5</sup> in many a place!  
I am ful glad I fynd the here,  
For I wyst never wher thou wace.<sup>6</sup> 104

*Here Judas kyssyth Jhesus, and a-noon alle the Jewys come a-bowth hym, and ley handys on hym, and pullyn hym as thei*

<sup>1</sup> The bread consecrated in the Eucharist.

<sup>2</sup> From heaven to earth.

<sup>3</sup> Belongs. <sup>4</sup> See.

<sup>5</sup> Arrayed. <sup>6</sup> Armor.

<sup>7</sup> Armor worn by foot-soldiers.

<sup>1</sup> Spears.

<sup>2</sup> Countenance.

<sup>3</sup> Sought.

<sup>2</sup> Lighted.

<sup>4</sup> Aught.

<sup>6</sup> Wast.

*were wode,<sup>1</sup> and makyn on hym a gret cry  
all at-onys; and aftyр this Petyl seyth;*

PETRUS. I drawe my swerd now this sel; <sup>2</sup>  
Xal I smyte, mayster? fayn wolde I  
wete! <sup>3</sup>

*And forth-with he smythyth of Malcheus  
here,<sup>4</sup> and he cryeth "Help myn here! myn  
here!" and Cryst blyssyth it, and tys hol.*

JHESUS. Put thy swerd in the shede <sup>5</sup>  
fayr and wel,  
For he that smyth with swerd, with  
swerd xal be smete. 108

A, Judas! this treson cowntyrfetyd <sup>6</sup> hast  
thou!

And that thou xalt ful sore repent!  
Thou haddyst be bettyr a ben vn-born  
now; 111  
Thi body and sowle thou hast shent! <sup>7</sup>

GAMALYEL. Lo, Jhesus, thou mayst not  
the cace refuse;

Bothe treson and eresye <sup>8</sup> in the is  
fownde;

Stody now fast on thin excuse,  
Whylys that thou gost in cordys  
bownde. 116

Thou kallyst the <sup>9</sup> kyng of this werd <sup>10</sup>  
rownde,

Now lete me se thi gret powere!  
And save thi-self here, hool and sownde,  
And brynge the out of this dawngere!

LEYONE. Bryng forth this tretoure!  
Spare hym nowth! 121

On-to Cayphas thi jewge <sup>11</sup> we xal the  
leddc.

In many a place we haue the sowth;  
And to thi werkys take good hede! 124

RUFYNE. Com on, Jhesus, and folwe me;  
I am ful glad that I the haue;  
Thou xalt ben hangyn up-on a tre, —  
A melyon <sup>12</sup> of gold xal the not save! 128

LEYONE. Lete me leyn hand on hym in  
heye,

On-to his deth I xal hym bryng.  
Shewe forth thi wyche-crafte and nygra-  
mansye! <sup>1</sup>

What helpyth ye now al thi fals  
werkynge? 132

JHESU. Frendys, take hede! Ye don  
vn-ryth

So vn-kendely with cordys to bynd me  
here,

And thus to falle on me be nyth, <sup>2</sup>  
As thow I were a thevys fere. <sup>3</sup> 136

Many tyme be-forn yow I dede a-pere;  
With-inne the Temple sen <sup>4</sup> me ye have.  
The lawys of God to teche and lere, <sup>5</sup>  
To hem that wele here sowlys sawe. <sup>6</sup> 140

Wy dede ye not me dysprave, <sup>7</sup>  
And herd me preche, both lowd and  
lowe?

But now as wood <sup>8</sup> men ye gynne to rave,  
And do thyng that ye notwth knove. <sup>9</sup>

GAMALY[EL]. Serys, I charge yow not o <sup>10</sup>  
word more this nyth, 145

But on-to Cayphas in hast loke ye hym  
lede.

Have hym forth with gret dyspyte,  
And to his wordys take ye non hede. 148

*Here the Jewys lede Cryst outh of the place  
with gret cry and noyse, some drawyng  
Cryst forward and some bakwarde, and so  
ledyng forth, with here weponys a-lofte and  
lytys brennyng. And in the mene tyme  
Marye Magdalene xal rennyng to oure  
Lady, and telle here of oure Lordys  
takyng, thus seyng:*

MARIA MAGDELENE. O, in-maculate  
modyr, of alle women most meke!  
O devowtest, in holy medytacion evyr  
a-bydyng! <sup>1</sup>

The cawse, Lady, that I to your person  
seke, 151

Is to wetyn <sup>11</sup> yf ye heryn ony tydyng

Of your swete sone, and my reverent lord,  
Jhesu,

<sup>1</sup> Neeromancy.

<sup>2</sup> Night.

<sup>3</sup> Companion.

<sup>4</sup> Seen.

<sup>5</sup> Expound.

<sup>6</sup> Save.

<sup>7</sup> Disprove.

<sup>8</sup> Mad.

<sup>9</sup> Know not what.

<sup>10</sup> One.

<sup>11</sup> Know.

<sup>1</sup> Mad.

<sup>2</sup> Occasion.

<sup>3</sup> Know.

<sup>4</sup> Ear.

<sup>5</sup> Shenth.

<sup>6</sup> Counterfeited.

<sup>7</sup> Destroyed.

<sup>8</sup> Heresy.

<sup>9</sup> Callest thyself.

<sup>10</sup> World.

<sup>11</sup> Judge.

<sup>12</sup> Million.

That was your dayly solas, your gostly  
consolacyone!

MARYA. I wold ye xuld telle me, Mawde-  
lyn, and <sup>1</sup> ye knew,  
For to here of hym it is alle myn  
affecyone. 156

MARIA MAGD[ALEN]. I wold fayn telle,  
Lady, and <sup>1</sup> I myth for wepyng.

For sothe, Lady, to the Jewys he is solde;  
With cordys thei haue hym bownde and  
haue hym in kepyng;

Thei hym bety spetously, and haue hym  
fast in holde. 160

MARIA VIRGO. A! A! A! how myn  
hert is colde!

A! hert, hard as ston, how mayst thou lest?  
Whan these sorweful tydyngys are the told,  
So wold to God, hert, that thou mytyst  
brest. 164

A! Jhesu! Jhesu! Jhesu! Jhesu!

Why xuld ye sofer this trybulacyon and  
advercyte?

How may thei fynd in here <sup>2</sup> hertys yow to  
pursewe,

That nevyr trespassyd in no maner  
degre? 168

For nevyr thyng but that was good thowth  
ye.

Where-fore than xuld ye sofer this gret  
peyne?

I suppoce verly it is for the tresspace of  
me,

And I wyst that myn hert xuld cleve on  
tweyne. 172

For these langowrys <sup>3</sup> may I [not] susteyne,  
The swerd of sorwe hath so thyryld <sup>4</sup> my  
meende.

<sup>1</sup> If.

<sup>2</sup> Their.

<sup>3</sup> Sorrows.

<sup>4</sup> Pierced.

Alas! what may I do? alas! what may I  
seyne?

These prongys myn herte a-sondyr thei  
do rende. 176

O Fadyr of hefne! wher ben al thi be-  
hestys <sup>1</sup>

That thou promysyst me, whan a modyr  
thou me made?

Thi blyssyd Sone I bare be-twyx tweyn  
bestys,

And now the bryth <sup>2</sup> colour of his face  
doth fade. 180

A, good Fadyr! why woldyst that thin  
owyn dere Sone xal sofer al this?

And dede he nevyr agens thi precept, but  
evyr was obedyent,

And to every creature most petyful, most  
jentyll, and benyng, i-wys;

And now for alle these kendnessys is now  
most shameful schent. <sup>3</sup> 184

Why wolt thou, gracyous Fadyr, that it  
xal be so?

May man not ellys be savyd be non other  
kende? <sup>4</sup>

Yet, Lord Fadyr, than that xal comforte  
myn wo,

Whan man is savyd be my chylde, and  
brwth to a good ende. 188

Now, dere sone, syn thou hast evyr be so  
ful of mercy,

That wylt not spare thi-self for the love  
thou hast to man,

On alle man-kend now haue thou pety, —

And also thyng on thi modyr, that hevvy  
woman. 192

<sup>1</sup> Promises.  
<sup>2</sup> Injured.

<sup>3</sup> Bright.  
<sup>4</sup> Way.

## THE TRIAL OF CHRIST :

[Acted at N. towne.]

*Here xal a massanger com in-to the place rennyng and cryng, "Tydyngys! tydynges!" and so round abowth the place, "Jhesus of Nazareth is take! Jhesus of Nazareth is take!" and forth-with heyllyng the prynces, thus seyng :*

MASSANGER. Alle heyle, my lordys, princys of prestys! <sup>1</sup>

Sere Cayphas and sere Annas, lordys of the lawe!

Tydyngys I brynge you! Reseyve them in your brestys:

Jhesus of Nazareth is take! Ther-of ye may be fawe! <sup>2</sup> 4

He xal be browth <sup>3</sup> hedyr to you a-non, I telle you trowly, with a gret rowth. <sup>4</sup>

Whan he was take I was hem among, 7  
And ther was I ner to kachyd a clowte. <sup>5</sup>

Malcus bar a lanterne, and put hym in pres; <sup>6</sup>

A-noon he had a towche <sup>7</sup> — and of went his ere! <sup>8</sup>

Jhesus bad his dysciple put up his sward and ces,

And sett Malcus ere ageyn as hool as it was ere! 12

So mot Y the, <sup>9</sup> methowut it was a strawnge syth!

Whan we cam fyrst to hym he cam vs a-geyne, <sup>10</sup>

And haskyd whom we sowth that tyme of nyth.

We seyde, "Jhesus of Nazareth; we wolde haue hym fayn." 16

<sup>1</sup> Priests.<sup>2</sup> Glad.<sup>3</sup> Brought.<sup>4</sup> Crowd.<sup>5</sup> Near to have caught a blow.<sup>6</sup> Throng.<sup>7</sup> Touch, blow.<sup>8</sup> Ear.<sup>9</sup> Prosper.<sup>10</sup> Into our presence, face to face with us.

And he seyde, "It is I, that am here in your syth."

With that word we ovyr-throwyn bakward every-chone; <sup>1</sup>

And some on [t]her bakkys lyeng up-ryth, But standyng up-on fote manly <sup>2</sup> ther was not one. 20

Cryst stode on his fete as meke as a lom, <sup>3</sup>

And we loyn <sup>4</sup> styлле lyche ded men, tyl he bad us ryse.

Whan we were up, fast handys we leyde hym up-on;

But yet me-thought I was not plesyd with the newe gyse. <sup>5</sup> 24

Ther-fore takyth now your cowncel, and a-vyse you ryth <sup>6</sup> weyl,

And beth ryth ware that he make you not a-mat; <sup>7</sup>

For, be my thryfte, I dare sweryn at this sey! <sup>8</sup>

Ye xal fynde hym a strawnge watt! <sup>9</sup> 28

*Here bryng thei Jhesus be-forn Annas and Cayphas], and on xal seyn thus:*

Lo! lo! lordys, here is the man

That ye sent us fore.

ANNAS. Therefore we cone <sup>10</sup> you thanke than,

And reward ye xal haue the more. 32

Jhesus, thou art welcome hedyr to oure presens;

Ful oftyen-tymes we han the besyly do sowth. <sup>11</sup>

We payd to thi dysciple for the thretty pens,

<sup>1</sup> Every one.<sup>2</sup> Boldly.<sup>3</sup> Lamb.<sup>4</sup> Lay.<sup>5</sup> Guise, fashion.<sup>6</sup> Right.<sup>7</sup> Dismayed.<sup>8</sup> Time.<sup>9</sup> Fellow.<sup>10</sup> Give.<sup>11</sup> Had thee sought for.

<sup>1</sup> For the source of the text, and a discussion of the N. towne Plays see page 81, note 2. I have followed Halliwell's division of the play, which seems to me more logical than that indicated by the numbering in the manuscript.

And as an ox or an hors we trewly the  
bowth; 36

Ther-fore now art oure <sup>1</sup> as thou standyst  
us be-fore.

Sey, why thou [h]ast trobelyd us, and  
subuertyd oure lawe?

Thou hast ofte concludyd <sup>2</sup> us, and so thou  
hast do more;

Wher-fore it were ful nedful to bryng the  
a dawe. <sup>3</sup> 40

CAPHAS. What arn thi dyscyplys that  
folwyn the a-boute?

And what is thi doctryne that thou dost  
preche?

Telle me now some-whath, and bryng us  
out of doute,

That we may to othere men thi prechyng  
forth teche. 44

JHESUS. Al tymes that I haue prechyd,  
opyn it was done

In the synagog or in the Temple, where  
that alle Jewys come:

Aske hem what I haue seyde, and also what  
I have done;

Thei con telle the my wordys; aske hem  
everychone. 48

I. JUDEUS. What, thou fel! to whom  
spekyst thou?

Xalt thou so speke to a buschop?

Thou xalt haue on the cheke, I make a  
vow,

And yet ther-to a knok. 52

*Here he xal smyte Jhesus on the cheke.*

JHESUS. Yf I haue seyde amys,  
Ther-of wytnesse thou mayst bere;

And yf I haue seyde but weyl in this,  
Thou dost amys me to dere! <sup>4</sup> 56

ANNAS. Serys, takyth hed now to this  
man,

That he dystroie not oure lawe;

And brynge ye wytnesse a-gens hym that  
ye can,

So that he may be browt of dawe. <sup>5</sup> 60

<sup>1</sup> Ours.

<sup>2</sup> Kill thee.

<sup>3</sup> Injure.

<sup>4</sup> Confuted.

<sup>5</sup> Slain.

I. DOCTOR. Sere, this I herd hym with his  
owyn mowth seyn:

"Brekyth down this Temple with-out  
delay,

And I xal settynt up ageyn  
As hool as it was, by the thrydde  
day." 64

II. DOCTOR. Ya, ser, and I herd hym seyn  
also

That he was the Sone of God;  
And yet many a fole wenyth <sup>1</sup> so,  
I durst leyn ther-on myn hod. 68

III. DOCTOR. Ya! Ya! and I herd hym  
preche meche <sup>2</sup> thing,

And a-gens oure lawe every del; <sup>3</sup>  
Of wheche it were longe to make rekenyng,  
To tellyn alle at this seel. <sup>4</sup> 72

CAPHAS. What seyst now, Jhesus? Whi  
answeryst not?

Heryst not what is seyde a-gens the?  
Spek, man! Spek! Spek, thou fop!  
Hast thou scorn to speke to me? 76

Heryst not in how many thyngys thei the  
acuse?

Now I charge the and conjure, be the  
sonne and the mone,  
That thou telle us and <sup>5</sup> thou be Goddys  
Sone. 79

JHESUS. Goddys Sone I am; I sey not nay  
to the!

And that ye alle xal se at Domys-day,  
Whan the Sone xal come in gret powere  
and majeste,

And deme <sup>6</sup> the qweke <sup>7</sup> and dede, as I  
the say. 83

CAPHAS. A! Out! Out! Allas! What  
is this!

Heryth ye not how he blasfemyth  
God?

What nedyth us to haue more wytnesse?  
Here ye han herd alle his owyn word! 87

Thynk ye not he is worthy to deye?

<sup>1</sup> Thinketh.

<sup>2</sup> Every bit.

<sup>3</sup> If.

<sup>4</sup> Many.

<sup>5</sup> Time.

<sup>6</sup> Judge.

<sup>7</sup> Living.

*And all shall cry out:*<sup>1</sup>

Yis! yis! yis! Alle we seye he is worthy  
to dey, ya! ya! ya!

ANNAS. Takyth hym to yow and betyth  
hym some del,<sup>2</sup>  
For hese blasfemyng at this sel.<sup>3</sup> 91

*Here thei xal bete Jhesus a-bout the hed and  
the body, and spyttyn in his face, and  
pullyn hym down, and settyn hym on a  
stol, and castyn a cloth ouyr his face; and  
the fyrst xal seyn:*

I. JUDEUS. A! felawys, beware what ye  
do to this man,  
For he prophceye weyl kan.

II. JUDEUS. That xal be a-sayd<sup>4</sup> be this  
batte.<sup>5</sup>  
What thou, Jhesus! ho gaff the that? 95

*And he shall strike him on the head.*<sup>6</sup>

III. JUDEUS. What? what? now wole I  
Wetyn<sup>7</sup> how he can prophcey.  
Ho was that? [Strikes him.]

IV. JUDEUS. A! and now wole I a newe  
game begynne,  
That we mon pley at, alle that arn here-  
inne;<sup>8</sup> 100  
Whele and pyll!<sup>9</sup> whele and pylle!  
Comyth to halle ho so wylle. [Strikes him.]  
Ho was that? 103

*Here xal the woman come to [the] Jewys and  
seyn:*

I. ANCILLA. What, serys, how take ye on  
with this man?  
Se ye not on of hese dysciplys how he be-  
heldyth you than?

*Here xal the tother woman seyn to Peter.*

II. ANCILLE. A! good man, me semyth be  
the  
That thou on of hese dysciplys xulde  
be.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Et clamabunt omnes.*

<sup>2</sup> Somewhat.

<sup>3</sup> Time. <sup>4</sup> Tested. <sup>5</sup> Blow.

<sup>6</sup> MS. *Et percussit super caput.*

<sup>7</sup> Know. <sup>8</sup> Here.

<sup>9</sup> Wheel and pillage (the name of an old game?).

PETRUS. A! woman, I sey nevyr er this  
man 108  
Syn that this werd<sup>1</sup> fyrst be-gan.

*And the cock shall crow.*<sup>2</sup>

I. ANCILLA. What? thou mayst not sey  
nay! Thou art on of hese men!  
Be thi face wel we may the ken. 111

PETRUS. Woman, thou seyst a-mys of  
me;  
I knowe hym not, so mote I the.

I. JUDEUS. A! fela myn, wel met,  
For my cosynys ere thou of smet, 115  
Whan we thi mayster in the yerd toke;  
Than alle thi ffelawys hym for-soke,  
And now thou mayst not hym for-sake,  
For thou art of Galyle, I vndyr-take. 119

PETRUS. Sere, I knowe hym not, be hym  
that made me!  
And ye wole me be-leve ffor an oth,  
I take record of alle this compayne,  
That I sey to yow is soth. 123

*And the cock shall crow.*<sup>2</sup> *And than  
Jhesus xal lokyn on Petyr, and Petyr xal  
wepyn, and than he xal gon out and seyn:*  
A! weel-a-way! weel-a-way! Fals hert,  
why whylt thou not brest,<sup>3</sup>  
Syn thi maystyr so cowardly thou hast  
forsake?  
Alas! qwher xal I now on erthe rest,  
Tyl he of his mercy to grace wole me  
take? 127

I haue for-sake my mayster and my lord,  
Jhesu,  
Thre tymes, as he tolde me that I xulde  
do the same;  
Wherfore I may not haue sorwe a-now,  
I, synful creature, am so meche to  
blame. 131

Whan I herd the cok crowyn, he kest<sup>4</sup> on  
me a loke,  
As who seyth, "Be-thynke the what I  
seyd be-fore!"  
Alas, the tyme that I evyr hym for-soke!

<sup>1</sup> World.

<sup>2</sup> Burst.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Et cantabit gallus.*

<sup>4</sup> Cast.

And so wyl I thynkyn from hens evyr-  
more.

CAYPHAS. Massangere! Massangere!

MASSANGERE. Here, lord, here! 137

CAYPHAS. Massanger, to Pylat in hast  
thou xalt gon,

And sey hym we comawnde <sup>1</sup> us in word  
and in dede;

And prey hym that he be at the mot-halle  
a-noon,

For we han a gret matere that he must  
nedys spede. 141

In hast now go thi way,

And loke thou tery nowth,

MASSANGER. It xal be do, lord, be this day;  
I am as whyt <sup>2</sup> as thought. 145

*Here Pylat syttyth in his skaffald, and the  
massanger knelyth to hym, thus seying:*

Al heyl! sere Pylat, that semly <sup>3</sup> is to se!

Prynce of al this Jure, and kepere of the  
lawe!

My lord, busshop Cayphas, comawndyd  
hym to the,

And prayd the to be at the mot-halle by  
the day dawe.<sup>4</sup> 149

PYLAT. Go thi way, praty masanger, and  
comawnde me also.

I xal be there in hast, and so thou mayst  
say:

Be the oure of prime I xal comyn hem to;  
I tery no longer, no make no delay. 153

*Here the massanger comith agen and  
bryngith an ansuere, thus seying:*

MASSANGER. Al heyl! myn lordys, and  
buschoppys, and princys of the lawe!

Ser Pylat comawndyth hym to you, and  
bad me to you say,

He wole be at the mot-halle in hast sone  
after the day dawe,

He wold ye xuld be ther be prime with-  
outh lenger de-lay.

CAYPHAS. Now weyl mote thou fare,<sup>5</sup> my  
good page;

Take thou this for thi massage. 159

<sup>1</sup> Commend.

<sup>2</sup> Swift.

<sup>3</sup> Prosper.

<sup>4</sup> Lovely.

<sup>5</sup> Dawn.

*Here enteryth Judas on-to the Jewys, thus  
seying:*

JUDAS. I, Judas, haue synyd, and treson  
haue don,

For I haue be-trayd this rythful <sup>1</sup> blood;  
Here is your mony a-gen, alle and some.

For sorwe and thowth <sup>2</sup> I am wax  
wood.<sup>3</sup> 163

ANNAS. What is that to us? A-vyse the  
now,

Thou dedyst with us counawnt make,  
Thou soldyst hym us as hors or kow;

Therefore thin owyn dedys thou must  
take! 167

*Than Judas castyth down the mony, and  
goth and hangyth hym-self.*

CAYPHAS. Now, serys, the nyth is passyd,  
the day is come;

It were tyme this man had his jewge-  
ment;

And Pylat abydyth in the mot-halle  
alone,

Tyl we xuld this man present; 171

And ther-fore go we now forth with hym  
in hast.

I. JUDEUS. It xal be don, and that in  
short spas.

II. JUDEUS. Ya! but loke yf he be bownd  
ryth wel and fast.

III. JUDEUS. He is saff a-now! Go we  
ryth <sup>4</sup> a good pas! 175

*Here thei ledyn Jhesu a-bout the place tyl  
thei come to the halle.*

CAYPHAS. Sere Pylat, takyht hede to this  
thyng!

Jhesus we han be-forn the browth,  
Wheche owre lawe doth down bryng, 178

And mekyl schame he hath us wrowth.

ANNAS. From this cetye in-to the lond of  
Galyle,

He hath browth oure lawys neyr <sup>5</sup> in-to  
confusyon;

With hese craftys wrowth be nygra-  
manceye,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Righteous.

<sup>2</sup> Right.

<sup>3</sup> Thought, grief.

<sup>4</sup> Near.

<sup>5</sup> Mad.

<sup>6</sup> Necromancy

Shewyth to the pepyl be fals sym-  
ulacyon. 183

I. DOCTOR. Ya! Yet, ser, a-nother, and  
west of alle!

Agens Sesare, oure Emperour that is so  
fre,

Kyng of Jewys he doth hym <sup>1</sup> calle,  
So oure Emperourys power nowth <sup>2</sup>  
xuld bel 187

II. DOCTOR. Sere Pylat, we kan not telle  
half the blame

That Jhesus in oure countre hath  
wrowth;

Therefore we charge the, in the Emperourys  
name, 190

That he to the deth in hast be browth!

PYLAT. What seyst to these compleyntys,  
Jhesu?

These pepyl hath the sore acusyd,  
Be-cause thou bryngyst up lawys newe,  
That in oure days were not vsyd. 195

JHESUS. Of here a-cusyng, me rowth  
nowth,<sup>3</sup>

So that thei hurt not here soulys, ne non  
mo.

I haue nowth yet founde that I haue  
sowth,<sup>4</sup> 198

For my Faderys wyl forth must I go.

PYLAT. Jhesus, be this, than, I trowe  
thou art a kyng,

And the Sone of God thou art also, —  
Lord of erth and of alle thing, —  
Telle me the trowth, if it be so. 203

JHESUS. In hefne is knowyn my Faderys  
intent,

And in this werlde I was born;  
Be my Fadyr I was hedyr sent,  
For to seke that was for-lorn. 207

Alle that me heryn,<sup>5</sup> and in me belevyn,  
And kepyn here feyth stedfastly,

Thow thei weryn dede <sup>6</sup> I xal them recuryn,  
And xal them bryng to blysse end-  
lesly. 211

<sup>1</sup> Himself.  
<sup>4</sup> Bought.

<sup>2</sup> Nought.  
<sup>5</sup> Hear, obey.

<sup>3</sup> I rue me not.  
<sup>6</sup> Dead.

PILATE. Lo! serys, now ye an erde <sup>1</sup> this  
man, how thynk ye?

Thynke ye not alle, be youre reson,  
But as he seyth it may wel be,  
And that xulde be be this incheson?<sup>2</sup> 215

I fynde in hym non obecyon <sup>3</sup>  
Of errour, nor treson, ne of no maner  
gylt;

The lawe wele, in no conclusyon, 218  
With-owte defawth <sup>4</sup> he xuld be spylt <sup>5</sup>

I. DOCTOR. Sere Pylat, the lawe restyth  
in the,

And we knowe veryly his gret trespas.  
To the Emperour this mater told xal be,  
Yf thou lete Jhesus thus from the  
pas! 223

PYLAT. Serys, than telle me o thyng:  
What xal be his a-cusyng?

ANNAS. Sere, we telle the, alto-gedyr,  
For his evyl werkys we browth hym  
hedyr; 227

And yf he had not an evyl doere be,  
We xuld not a browth hym to the.

PYLAT. Takyth hym, than, after your  
sawe,<sup>6</sup>  
And demyth hym aftyr your lawe. 231

CAYPHAS. It is not lefful <sup>7</sup> to vs, ye seyn,  
No maner man for to slen;  
The cawse why we bryng hym to the,  
That he xuld not oure kyng be. 235  
Weyl thou knowyst kyng we haue non,  
But oure Emperour alon.

PYLAT. Jhesu, thou art kyng of Jure?

JHESUS. So thou seyst now to me. 239

PYLAT. Tel me than, where is thi kyng-  
ham?

JHESUS. My kyngham is not in this  
werld,

I telle the at o word. 242  
Yf my kyngham here had be,  
I xuld not a be delyveryd to the.

<sup>1</sup> Have heard.  
<sup>3</sup> Obstacle.  
<sup>5</sup> Saying, speech.

<sup>2</sup> Reason, occasion.  
<sup>4</sup> Fault.  
<sup>6</sup> Killed.  
<sup>7</sup> Lawful.



PYLAT. Seres, a-vyse yow as ye kan.  
I can fynde no defawth in this man. 246

ANNAS. Sere, here is a gret record; take  
hed ther-to!

And knowyng gret myschef in this  
man, —

And not only in o<sup>1</sup> day or to,

It is many yerys syn he began, — 250

We kan telle the tyme where and whan,  
That many a thowsand turnyd hath  
he;

As alle this pepylle record weyl kan,

From hens in-to the lond of Galye. 254

*And they shall cry out<sup>2</sup> "Ya! Ya! Ya!"*

PILAT. Serys, of o thyng than gyf me  
relacyone,

If Jhesus were out-born in the lond of  
Galeye;

For we han no poer,<sup>3</sup> ne no jurediccyone,  
Of no man of that contre. 258

Ther-fore the trewth ye telle me,

And a-nother wey I xal provyde.

If Jhesus were born in that countre,

The jugement of Herowdys he must  
a-byde. 262

CAYPHAS. Sere, as I am to the lawe trewly  
sworn,

To telle the trewth I have no fer;

In Galeye I know that he was born;

I can telle in what place and where. 266

Agens this no man may answere,

For he was born in Bedlem Jude;

And this ye knowe, now alle I haue don  
here,

That it stant in the lond of Galeye. 270

PYLAT. Weyl, serys, syn that I knowe  
that it is so,

The trewth of this I must nedys se;

I vndyrstand ryth now what is to do.

The jugement of Jhesu lyth not to  
me; 274

Herowde is kyng of that countre,

To jewge that regyon in lenth and in  
brede;

The jursdyccyon of Jhesu now han must  
he.

Ther-fore Jhesu in hast to hym ye  
lede. 278

In halle<sup>1</sup> the hast that ye may spede,

Lede hym to the Herownde a-non  
present,

And sey I comawnde me, with worde and  
dede,

And Jhesu to hym that I haue sent. 282

I. DOCTOR. This erand in hast sped xal  
be,

In alle the hast that we can do;

We xal not tary in no degre, 285

Tyl the Herowdys presens we come to.

*Here thei take Jhesu and lede hym in gret  
hast to the Herowde; and the Herowdys  
scafold xal vn-close, shewyng Herowdes in  
astat, alle the Jewys knelyng, except Annas  
and Cayphas, thei xal stondyn, etcetera.*

I. DOCTOR. Heyl, Herowde, most excyllent  
kyng!

We arn comawndyd to thin presens;

Pylat sendyth the be us gretying, 289

And charyth us, be oure obedyens, —

II. DOCTOR. That we xuld do oure dylygens  
To bryng Jhesus of Nazareth on-to  
the,

And charyth us to make no resystens,

Be-cawse he was born in this coun-  
tre. 294

ANNAS. We knowe he hath wrowth gret  
fole<sup>2</sup>

A-geyns the lawe shewyd present;

Ther-fore Pylat sent hym on-to the, 297

That thou xuldyst gyf hym jugement.

HEROWDE REX. Now, be Mahound, my  
god of grace!

Of Pylat this is a dede ful kende!

I for-gyf hym now his gret trespace,

And schal be his frend with-owtyn  
ende. 302

Jhesu to me that he wole sende,

I desyred ful sore hym for to se;

Gret ese in this Pylat xal fynde. 305

And, Jhesus, thou art welcome to me!

I. JUDEUS. My sovereyn lord, this is the  
case:

The gret falsnesse of Jhesu is opynly  
kname;

<sup>1</sup> All.

<sup>2</sup> Mischief.

<sup>1</sup> One. MS. <sup>2</sup> *Et clamabunt.*

<sup>3</sup> Power.

Ther was nevyr man dede so gret trespas,  
For he hath al-most destroyd oure  
lawe. 310

II. JUDEUS. Ya! be fals crafte of sositye,<sup>1</sup>  
Wrowth opynly to the pepylle alle,  
And he sotyl poyntys of nygramanceye,  
Many thowsandys fro oure lawe be  
falle. 314

CAYPHAS. Most excellent kyng, ye must  
take hede!

He wol dystroye alle this cowntre, bothe  
elde and ying,  
Yf he ten monthis more procede.

Be his meraclys and fals prechyng, 318  
He bryngyth the pepyl in gret fonnyng,<sup>2</sup>  
And seyth dayly a-mong hem alle,  
That he is Lord, and of the Jewys kyng;  
And the Sone of God he doth hym  
calle 322

REX HEROWDE. Serys, alle these materys  
I haue herd sayd,  
And meche more than ye me telle;  
Alle to-gedyr thei xal be layde,  
And I wyl take there-on cowncelle. 326

*[Turning to Jesus.]*

Jhesus, thou art wel-come to me!  
I kan <sup>3</sup> Pylat gret thank for his sendyng;  
I haue desyryd ful longe the to se,  
And of thi meracles to haue know-  
yng. 330

It is told me thou dost many a wondyr  
thyng, —

Crokyd to gon, and blynd men to sen,  
And thei that ben dede gevyst hem levyng,  
And makyst lepers fayre and hool to  
ben. 334

These arn wondyr werkys wrougth of the,  
Be what way I wolde knowe the trew  
sensens.

Now, Jhesu, I pray the, lete me se  
O meracle wrougth in my presens. 338  
In hast, now, do thi dylygens,  
And per-aventure I wyl shew favour to  
the;

For, now thou art in my presens,  
Thyn lyf and deth here lyth in me. 342

<sup>1</sup> Sositye.

<sup>2</sup> Foolishness.

<sup>3</sup> Give.

*And here Jhesus xal not speke no word to  
the Herowde.*

Jhesus, why spekyst not to thi kyng?  
What is the cawse thou standyst so styлле?  
Thou nowyst I may deme <sup>1</sup> alle thyng.  
Thyn lyf and deth lyth at my wylle! 346

What! Spek Jhesus, and telle me why  
This pepyl do the so here acuse?  
Spare not, but telle me now, on hey,<sup>2</sup>  
How thou canst thi-self excuse. 350

CAYPHAS. Loo! serys, this is of hym a  
false sotylte;  
He wyl not speke but whan he lyst.  
Thus he dysceyvvyth the pepyl in eche degre;  
He is ful fals, ye veryly tryst.<sup>3</sup> 354

REX HEROWDE. What, thou on-hangyd  
harlot! why wylt thou not speke?  
Hast thou skorne to speke on-to thi  
kyng?

Be-cawse thou dost oure lawys breke,  
I trowe thou art a-ferd of oure talk-  
yng. 358

ANNAS. Nay, he is not aferde, but of a fals  
wyle,<sup>4</sup>

Be-cawse we xuld not hym a-cuse;  
If that he answerd yow on-tylle,  
He knowyth he can not hym-self ex-  
cuse. 362

REX HEROWDE. What! Spek I say, thou  
foulyng! Eylv mot thou fare!  
Loke up! The devyl mote the cheke!  
Serys, bete his body with scorgys bare,  
And a-say to make hym for to speke!

I. JUDEUS. It xal be do with-outyn  
teryeng. 367  
Come on, thou tretour, eylv mot thou the!  
Whylt thou not speke on-to oure kyng?  
A new lesson we xal lere the! 370

*Here thei pulle of Jhesus clothis, and betym  
hym with whyppys.*

II. JUDEUS. Jhesus, thi bonys we xal not  
breke,

<sup>1</sup> Judge.

<sup>2</sup> Trust, believe.

<sup>3</sup> At once.

<sup>4</sup> Stratagem.

But we xal make the to skyppe!  
Thou hast lost thi tonge? Thou mayst not  
speke?

Thou xalt a-say now of this whippe. 374

III. JUDEUS. Serys, take these whyppys  
in your hande,  
And spare not whyl thei last;  
And bete this tretoure that here doth  
stonde.

I trowe that he wyl speke in hast! 378

*And gwan thei han betyn hym tyl he is alle  
bloody, than the Herownde seyth:*

[HEROWDE.] Sees,<sup>1</sup> seres, I comawnde you  
be name of the devyl of helle!  
Jhesus, thynkyst this good game?  
Thou art strong, to suffyr schame;  
Thou haddyst levyr<sup>2</sup> be betyn lame,  
Than thi defawtys for to telle. 383

But I wyl not thi body alle spyl,  
Nor put it here in-to more peyne.

<sup>1</sup> Cease.

<sup>2</sup> Rather.

Serys, takyth Jhesus at your owyn wyl,  
And lede hym to Pylat hom agcyne. 387  
Grete hym weyl, and telle hym, serteyne,  
Alle my good frenchep xal he haue.

I gyf hym powere of Jhesus, thus ye hym  
seyn, 390  
Whether he wole hym dampne<sup>1</sup> or save.

I. DOCTOR. Sere, at your request it xal  
be do;

We xal lede Jhesus at your demaw[n]de,  
And delyver hym Pylat on-to,  
And telle hym alle, as ye comawnde. 395

*Here enteryth Satan in-to the place in the  
most orryble wyse; and qwyll that he pleyth,  
thei xal don on<sup>2</sup> Jhesus clothis and ouerest<sup>3</sup>  
a whyte clothe, and ledyn hym ab-owth the  
place, and than to Pylat be the tyme that  
hese wyf hath pleyd.<sup>4</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Condemn.

<sup>2</sup> Put on.

<sup>3</sup> Uppermost.

<sup>4</sup> The play that immediately follows is *Pilate's  
Wife's Dream*.

THE HARROWING OF HELL <sup>1</sup>

[Acted by the Cooks and Innkeepers of Chester.]

Pagina Decima Septima de Descensu  
Christi ad Inferos.

The Cookes and Inkepers.

[The interior of Hell. A "great light" begins  
to shine. Adam advances.]ADAMUS. A! Lord and severayne Sav-  
iour,Our comfort and our counselor,  
Of this light thou art author,  
As I se well in sight. 4  
This is a signe thou would succour  
Thy folke that bene in great langour,  
And of the Devill be conquerour,  
As thou hast yore behight.<sup>1</sup> 8Me thou madest, Lord, of clay,  
And gaue me Paradice in to play;  
But after my sinne, sooth to say,  
Deprived I was therfro, 12  
And from that weale <sup>2</sup> putt away;  
And here haue lenged <sup>3</sup> sithen aye,  
In thesternes,<sup>4</sup> both night and day;  
And all my kynd also. 16Now, by this light that I now se,  
Ioy is comen, Lord, through thee;  
And of thy people thou hast pitty,  
To putt them out of payne. 20  
Sicker <sup>5</sup> it may none other be,  
But now thou hast mercy on me;  
And my kynd, through thy posty,<sup>6</sup>  
Thou wilt restore agayne. 24

[Isaiah advances.]

ESAY. Yea, sicklerly, this ilke <sup>7</sup> light  
Comes from Gods Sonne almight;  
For so I prophesyed aright,  
Whyلة that I was lyvinge.  
Then I to all men beheight,  
As I ghostly <sup>8</sup> sawe in sight,<sup>1</sup> Promised of yore.<sup>5</sup> Happiness.<sup>2</sup> Tarried.<sup>4</sup> Darkness.<sup>6</sup> In truth.<sup>3</sup> Power.<sup>7</sup> Same.<sup>8</sup> Spiritually.This word that I through Gods might  
Shall rehearse without taringe: 32*Populus qui ambulabat in tenebris vidit  
lucem magnam. Isa. lx, 3.*The people, that tyme I sayd expresse,  
That went about in thesternes,  
Se a full great lightnes,  
As we done now, echone. 36  
Now is fulfilled my prophesy,  
That I, the Prophet Esay,  
Wroth in my books that will not lye,  
Who so will looke thereon. 40

[Simeon the Just advances.]

8 SIMEON IUSTUS. And I, Symeon, sooth to  
say,  
Will honor God, all that I may;  
For when Christ a child was, in good  
fay,12 In Temple I him tooke. 44  
And as the Holy Ghost that day  
Taught me, or I went away,  
These wordes I sayd to God[ē]s pay,  
As men may fynd in booke: 48*Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine,  
secundum verbum tuum in pace. St.  
Luke ii, 29.*20 Ther I prayd, with-out[ē] lesse,  
That God would lett me dye in peace,  
For he is Christ that comen was, — 52  
I had both feld and seene, —  
24 That he had ordayned for mans heale,  
Ioy to the people of Israell.  
Nowe is it wonnen, that ilk weale,<sup>1</sup>  
To vs, withouten weene.<sup>2</sup> 56

[John the Baptist advances.]

28 IOHANNES BAPTISTA. Yea, Lord, I am  
that ilk Iohn,  
That followed thee in flood Iordan,  
And that in world about can gone <sup>3</sup><sup>1</sup> Now is it won, that very happiness.<sup>2</sup> Doubt.<sup>3</sup> Did go.

To warne of thy comminge. 60  
 And with my finger I shewed expresse  
 A meke lamb in thy lyknes,  
 In token that thou common was  
 Mankynd of bale to bringe. 64  
*Ecce agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccata mundi.*

[*Seth advances.*]

SETH. And I, Sethe, Adams sonne, am  
 here,  
 That lyvinge went, without[en] were,<sup>1</sup>  
 To aske at paradyce a prayer  
 At God, as I shall say. 68  
 That he would graunt an angell in hye,  
 To geue oyle of his mercy,  
 To anynt my father in his nye,<sup>2</sup>  
 In sicknes when he lay. 72

Then to me appered Michaell,  
 And bade me travell<sup>3</sup> never a deale,  
 And sayd wepinge nor prayers fell<sup>4</sup>  
 Avayled me nothing to seeke. 76  
 Nay of that oyle might I haue none,  
 Made I neuer so much mone,  
 Vntill fyve thousand years were gone,  
 And fyve hundreth eeke. 80

*All bending the knee*<sup>5</sup> [*as King David advances.*]

DAVID. A! high God and king of blisse,  
 Worshipped be thy name, iwis!  
 I hope that tyme now come[n] is  
 To deliuer vs of danger. 84  
 Come, Lord! come to Hell anone,  
 And take out thy folk, everychon,  
 For those years are fully gone  
 Sith mankynd first came heare. 88

*Then let Satan sitting on his throne say to the devils:*<sup>6</sup>

SATHAN. Hell hownds, all that be here,  
 Make you bowne<sup>7</sup> with bost and bere;<sup>8</sup>  
 For to this fellowship in feere<sup>9</sup>  
 Ther hyes a fearly freak.<sup>10</sup> 92  
 A noble morsell you haue mon:<sup>11</sup>  
 Iesu, that is Gods Sonne,

<sup>1</sup> Doubt. <sup>2</sup> Annoyance, suffering.

<sup>3</sup> Worry, suffer. <sup>4</sup> Many.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *Omnes genu flectantes.*

<sup>6</sup> MS. *Tunc Satan sedens in cathedra dicat demonibus.*

<sup>7</sup> Ready. <sup>8</sup> Clamor. <sup>9</sup> Together.

<sup>10</sup> Terrible fellow. <sup>11</sup> Must.

Comes hither with vs to wonne.<sup>1</sup>  
 On him now ye you wreake!<sup>2</sup> 96

A man he is fullye, in faye,  
 For greatly death he dredd to day,  
 And these wordes I hard him say:  
 "My soule is thirste vnto death:" 100  
*Tristis est anima mea vsque ad mortem.*

Such as I made halt and blynd,  
 He hath healed into ther kynd;  
 Therfor that boyster<sup>3</sup> looke that you  
 bynde  
 In bale of hell breath! 104

II. DEMON. Sir Sathanas, what man is he  
 That should thee pryve of thy posty?  
 How dare he doe agaynst thee,  
 And dread his death to day? 108  
 Gretter then thou he semes to bee;  
 For degraded of thy degree  
 Thou must be soone, well I see,  
 And pryv'd of thy pray.<sup>4</sup> 112

III. DEMON. Who is this, so stiff and  
 stronge,  
 That maisterly comes vs amonge,  
 Our fellowship that he would fonge?  
 But therof he shall fayle. 116  
 Wete<sup>5</sup> he vs with any wrong,  
 He shall singe a sory song.  
 But on the, Sathanas, it is long,  
 And<sup>6</sup> his will ought avayle. 120

SATHAN. Against this shrew, that comes  
 here,  
 I tempted the folke in fowle manere;  
 Ayesell<sup>7</sup> and gall to his dinner  
 I made them for to dight, 124  
 And hange him on a rood trec.  
 Now is he dead right so throw me;  
 And to Hell, as you shall se,  
 He comes anone in height. 128

II. DEMON. Sathan, is not this that syre  
 That rayسد Lazar out of the fyre?

SATHAN. Yea, this is he that wil conspyre  
 Anone to reave<sup>8</sup> vs all. 132

III. DEMON. Out! Out! Alas! Alas!  
 Hear I coniure the, Sathanas,

<sup>1</sup> Dwell. <sup>2</sup> Avenge yourselves.

<sup>3</sup> Boaster. <sup>4</sup> Prey.

<sup>5</sup> Blame, censure. <sup>6</sup> If.

<sup>7</sup> Vinegar. <sup>8</sup> Rob.

Thou suffer him not to come to this place,  
For ought that may befall. 136

II. DEMON. Yea, sicklerly, and he come  
here,

Passed is cleane our power;  
For all this fellowship in feere  
He may take away when he would, 140  
For all be at his commandment.  
Lazar, that was with vs lent,  
Mawger<sup>1</sup> our teeth away he went,  
And him might we not howld. 144

*Then shall come Jesus, and a clamor shall be  
made, or a loud sound of things striking  
together, and let Jesus say: "Lift up your  
heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye ever-  
lasting doors, and the King of Glory shall  
come in." 2*

IHEUS. Open Hell gates anone!  
You princes of payn, every chon!  
That Gods Sonne may in gone,  
And the Kinge of Blisse! 148

II. DEMON. Goe hence, poplard,<sup>3</sup> from  
this place!

Or thou shalt haue a sory grace!  
For all thy boste and thy manase<sup>4</sup>  
These men thou shalt[is] misse. 152

SATHAN. Out! Alas! What is this?  
See I never so much blisse  
Toward Hell come, iwisse,  
Sith I was prince here. 156  
My maisterdome now fares amisse,  
For yonder a stubborn fellow is,  
Right as wholly Hell were his  
To reve me of my power. 160

III. DEMON. Yea, Sathanas, thy sover-  
ainity

Fayl[e]s cleane! Therefore flee,  
For no longer in this see<sup>5</sup>  
Here shalt thou not sytt. 164  
Goe forth! Feight for thy degree!  
Or ells our prince shall thou not be;  
For now passeth thy postye,  
And hence thou must flitt. 168

*Then let them hurl Satan from his seat.<sup>1</sup>*

SATHAN. Out! Alas! I am shent!  
My might fayles verament!  
This prync that is now present  
Will spoyle from me my pray. 172  
Adam, by my intycement,  
And all his bloud, through me, were blent.<sup>2</sup>  
Now hence thy shall all be hent,<sup>3</sup>  
And I in Hell for aye. 176

IHEUS. Open vp Hell gates, yet I say,  
You princes of pine<sup>4</sup> that be present,  
And lett the Kinge of Blisse this way,  
That he may fulfill his intent! 180

SATHAN. Say, what is he, that Kinge of  
Blisse?

IHEUS. That Lord the which almighty is.  
Ther is no power lyke to his;  
Of all ioy he is kinge. 184  
And to him is none lyk, iwis,  
As is soothly scene by this,  
For man, that sometyme did amis,  
To his blisse he will bringe. 188

*Then Jesus shall take Adam by the hand.<sup>5</sup>*

IHEUS. Peace to the, Adam, my darlinge,  
And eke to all thy ofspringe,  
That righteous were in eirth lyvinge;  
From me you shall not sever. 192  
To blis[se] now I will you bringe;  
Ther you shall be without endinge.  
Michael, lead these men singinge  
To ioy that lasteth ever. 196

MICHAELL. • Lord, your will done shall be.  
Come forth, Adam! Come with me!  
My Lord vpon the rood tree  
Your sinn[e]s hath forbought.<sup>6</sup> 200  
Now shall you haue lyking and lee,<sup>7</sup>  
And be restored to your degree,  
That Sathan with his subtilty  
From bliss to bale hath brought. 204

*Then Michael shall lead Adam and the  
saints to Paradise; and in the way shall*

<sup>1</sup> In spite of.

<sup>2</sup> M.S. *Tunc venit Ihesus, et fiet clamor vel sonitus  
materialis magnus, et dicit Ihesus: "Attolite portas  
principes vestras, et eleuamini portas aeternales, et intro-  
bit Rex glorie."*

<sup>3</sup> A term of abuse.

<sup>4</sup> Menace.

<sup>5</sup> Throne.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Iaceant tunc Sathanam de sede sua.*

<sup>2</sup> Cheated.

<sup>3</sup> Carried away.

<sup>4</sup> Pain, suffering.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *Tunc Iesus accipiet Adam per manum.*

<sup>6</sup> Paid for.

<sup>7</sup> Happiness and protection.

*come Enoc and Elias and the saved thief;  
and let Satan say:*<sup>1</sup>

SATAN. Out, alas! Now goeth away  
My prisoners and all my pray!  
And I might not stirr one stray,<sup>2</sup>  
I am so streitly dight. 208  
Now comes Christ. Sorrow I may  
For me and my meny for aye.  
Never sith God made the first day,  
Were we so fowle of right. 212

*Then Adam, seeing Enoc and Elias, says:*<sup>3</sup>

ADAMUS. Say, what maner men bene yee,  
That bodely meten vs, as I sec,  
And, dead, come not to Hell as we,  
Since all men damned were? 216  
When I trespassed, God hett<sup>4</sup> me  
That this place closed always should be  
From earthly man to haue entry;  
And yet fynd I you here. 220

ENOCH. Sir, I am Enocké, sooth to say,  
Putt into this place to Gods pay;  
And here haue lyved euer since that day,  
At lyking all my fill. 224  
And my fellow here, in good fay,  
Is Hely, the prophett, as you se may,  
That ravished was in that aray,<sup>5</sup>  
As it was God[de]s will. 228

HELIAS. Yea, bodely death — leue thou  
me —  
Yet never suffred we;  
But here ordaynd we are to be,  
Till Ante Christ come with his. 232  
Feight against vs shall he,  
And slay vs in the holy citty;  
But, sickerly, with-in days three  
And half one we shall ryse. 236

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Tunc Michael adducet Adam et sanctos ad Paradisum et in obviam venient Henoc et Helias, latro salvatus; et Salhan dicat.*

<sup>2</sup> Straw, bit.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Tunc Adam, videns Enock et Heliam, ait.*

<sup>4</sup> Promised, assured.

<sup>5</sup> Attire, dress.

ADAM. And who is this that comes  
here

With crosse on shoulder in such manere?

LATRO. I am that theefe, my fader  
deere,

That honge on roode tree. 240

But for I leaved, without weere,<sup>1</sup>

That Christ might saue vs both in feere,

To him I made my prayer,

The which was graunted me. 244

When I see signes veray

That he was Gods Sonne, soth to say,

To him devoutly I can pray,<sup>2</sup>

In his realme when he come, 248

To think on me by all way.

And he answered and said: "This day

In Paradice with me thou shalt be aye."

So hither the way I noome.<sup>3</sup> 252

And he betooke<sup>4</sup> me this tokeninge,

A crosse vpon my backe hanginge,

The angell Michael for to bringe,

That I might haue entrye. 256

ADAMUS. Goe we to blisse, then, owld  
and yonge,

And worship God, alway weldinge,<sup>5</sup>

And afterward, I read,<sup>6</sup> we singe

With great solemnity: 260

"*Te deum laudamus, te Dominum con-*  
*fitemur.*"

*And thus they shall go out glorifying God,  
singing "Te Deum."*<sup>7</sup>

*Finis Paginæ Decime Septimæ.*<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Doubt.

<sup>2</sup> Took.

<sup>3</sup> Ruling.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *"Te Deum laudamus, te Dominum confitemur."*

*Et sic ibi glorificantes Deum, cantantes "Te Deum."*

<sup>5</sup> The other manuscripts add sixty lines, consisting of a lamentation by an unsewed ale-woman, and her welcome to hell by Satan and two devils, one of whom offers to wed her. It seems to be an addition to the play itself, and since it is not of any special merit, I have omitted it.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST <sup>1</sup>

[Acted at Wakefield.]

Resurreccio Domini.

PILATUS. Peasse, I warne you, woldys <sup>1</sup> in  
wytt!

And standys on syde, or els go sytt;  
For here ar men that go not yit,  
And lordys of me[kill] myght.  
We thynk to abyde, and not to flytt,<sup>2</sup>  
I tell you euery wyght!

6

Spare youre spech, ye brodelys <sup>3</sup> bold!  
And sesse youre cry, till I haue told  
What that my worship wold  
Here in thise wonys; <sup>4</sup>  
Whoso that wyghtly nold <sup>5</sup>  
Full hy bese hanged his bonys!

12

Wote ye not that I am Pilate,  
That satt apon the iustyce late,  
At Caluarie where I was att  
This day at morne?  
I am he, that great state,  
That lad has all to-torne.<sup>6</sup>

18

Now sen <sup>7</sup> that lothly losell <sup>8</sup> is thus ded,  
I haue great ioy in my manhede;  
Therfor wold I in ilk sted <sup>9</sup>  
It were tayn hede,  
If any felowse felow his red,<sup>10</sup>  
Or more his law wold lede.<sup>11</sup>

24

For, and I knew it, cruelly  
His lyfe bees lost, and that shortly,  
That he were better hyng ful hy  
On galow tre!  
Therfor ye prelatys shuld aspy  
If any sich be.

30

As I am man of myghtys most,  
If ther be any that blow sich bost,

<sup>1</sup> Wielders, possessors of.<sup>2</sup> Depart.<sup>3</sup> Wretches.<sup>4</sup> Dwellings, places.<sup>5</sup> Quickly would not.<sup>6</sup> Torn to pieces.<sup>7</sup> Since.<sup>8</sup> Loathsome scamp.<sup>9</sup> In every place.<sup>10</sup> Follow his teaching.<sup>11</sup> Lead, follow.

With tormentys keyn bese he indost <sup>1</sup>  
For euermore.  
The devill to hell shall harry hys goost!  
Bot I say nomore.

36

CAIPHAS. Sir, ye thar nothyng be dredand,<sup>2</sup>  
For Centurio, I vnderstand,  
Youre knyght, is left abydand <sup>3</sup>  
Right ther behynde;  
We left hym ther for man most wyse,  
If any rybaldys wold oght ryse,<sup>4</sup>  
To sesse theym to the next assyse,<sup>5</sup>  
And then forto make ende.

40

44

*Then shall come the Centurion like a knight,  
riding.<sup>6</sup>*

CENTURIO. A, blyssyd Lord Adonay,<sup>7</sup>  
What may this meruell sygnify  
That here was shewyd so openly  
Vnto oure sight,  
When the rightwys man can <sup>8</sup> dy  
That Ihesus hight?

50

Heuen it shoke abone;<sup>9</sup>  
Of shynyng blan <sup>10</sup> both son and moyne;  
And dede men also rose vp sone,  
Outt of thare grafe;  
And stones in wall anone  
In sonder brast and clafe.

56

Ther was seen many a full sodan sight.  
Oure prynces, for sothe, dyd nothyng  
right;  
And so I saide to theym on hight,<sup>11</sup>  
As it is trew,  
That he was most of myght,  
The Son of God, Ihesu.

62

Fowlys in the ayer and fish in floode

<sup>1</sup> Loaded.<sup>2</sup> You need dread nothing.<sup>3</sup> Abiding.<sup>4</sup> If any rabble would make insurrection.<sup>5</sup> Session of court.<sup>6</sup> *M.S. Tunc venit Centurio velut miles equitans.*<sup>7</sup> One of the names given to the Supreme Being.<sup>8</sup> Died.<sup>9</sup> Above.<sup>10</sup> Ceased.<sup>11</sup> At once.



That day changid thare mode,  
 When that he was rent on rode,<sup>1</sup>  
 That Lord veray;  
 Full well thay vnderstode  
 That he was slayn that day. 68  
 Therfor, right as I meyn, / to theym fast  
 will I ryde,  
 To wyt withoutten weyn<sup>2</sup> / what they  
 will say this tyde  
 Of this enfray.<sup>3</sup>  
 I will no longer abyde,  
 Bot fast ride on my way. 73

[*He approaches Pilate and the High Priests.*]

God saue you, syrs, on euery syde!  
 Worship and welth in world so wyde!  
 PILATUS. Centurio, welcom this tyde,  
 Oure comly knyght!  
 CENTURIO. God graunt you grace well  
 forto gyde,  
 And rewll you right. 79

PILATUS. Centurio, welcom; draw nere  
 hand!  
 Tell vs som thythyngys here emang;  
 For ye haue gone thurghoutt oure land,  
 Ye know ilk dele.  
 CENTURIO. Sir, I drede me ye haue done  
 wrang  
 And wonder yll. 85

CAYPHAS. Wonder yll! I pray the why?  
 Declare that to this company!  
 CENTURIO. So shall I, sir, full securly,  
 With all my mayn;  
 The rightwys man, I meyn hym by,<sup>4</sup>  
 That ye haue slayn. 91

PILATUS. Centurio, sese of sich saw!<sup>5</sup>  
 Ye ar a greatt man of oure law,  
 And if we shuld any wytncs draw  
 To vs excuse,  
 To mayntene vs euermore ye aw,<sup>6</sup>  
 And noght refuse. 97

CENTURIO. To mayntene trowth is well  
 worthy.  
 I saide, when I sagh hym dy,  
 That it was Godys Son almyghty

That hang thore;  
 So say I yit, and abydys therby  
 For euermore! 103

ANNA. Yee, sir, sich resons<sup>1</sup> may ye  
 rew!<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou shuld not neuene<sup>3</sup> sich notes new,  
 Bot thou couth<sup>4</sup> any tokyns trew  
 Vntill vs tell.

CENTURIO. Sich wonderfull case neuer ere  
 ye knew  
 As then befell. 109

CAYPHAS. We pray the tell vs, of what  
 thyng?

CENTURIO. Of elymentys, both old and  
 ying,  
 In thare manere maide greatt mowrnyng  
 In ilka stede;<sup>5</sup>  
 Thay knew by contenance that thare  
 Kyng  
 Was done to dede. 115

The son for wo it waxed all wan;  
 The moyn and starnes of shynnyng blan;  
 And erth it tremlyd, as a man  
 Began to speke;  
 The stone, that neuer was styrryd or  
 than,  
 In sonder brast and brecke; 121

And dede men rose vp bodely, both greatt  
 and small.

PILATUS. Centurio, bewar with-all!  
 Ye wote the clerkys the clyppys<sup>6</sup> it call,  
 Sich sodan sight,  
 That son and moyne a seson shall  
 Lak of thare light. 127

CAYPHAS. Sir, and if that dede men ryse  
 vp bodely,  
 That may be done thurgh socery;<sup>7</sup>  
 Therfor nothyng we sett therby,  
 That be thou bast.<sup>8</sup>

CENTURIO. Sir, that I saw truly,  
 That shall I euermore trast. 133

Not for that ilk warke that ye dyd wyrke,  
 Not oonly for the son wex myrke,

<sup>1</sup> Cross.                      <sup>2</sup> To know without doubt.  
<sup>3</sup> Affray.                    <sup>4</sup> I have him in mind.  
<sup>5</sup> Speech.                   <sup>6</sup> Owe.

<sup>1</sup> Sayings.                <sup>2</sup> Repent.                <sup>3</sup> Name.  
<sup>4</sup> Could.                   <sup>5</sup> In every place.  
<sup>6</sup> Eclipse.                <sup>7</sup> Sorcery.  
<sup>8</sup> Abast, abashed, astonished

Bot how the vayll rofe in the kyrke,<sup>1</sup>  
Fayn wyt I wold.

PILATUS. A, sich tayles full sone wold  
make vs yrke,<sup>2</sup>  
If thay were told. 139

Harlot! wherto commys thou vs emang .  
With sich lesyngys <sup>3</sup> vs to fang? <sup>4</sup>  
Weynd furth! Hy myght thou hang,  
Vyle fatur! <sup>5</sup>

CAYPHAS. Weynd furth in the wenyande!  
And hold styll thy clattur! 145

CENTURIO. Sirs, sen ye set not by my saw,  
/ haues now good day!  
God lene you grace to know / the sothe all  
way. 147

ANNA. With-draw the fast, sen thou the  
dredys;  
For we shall well mayntene oure dedys.

[Exit Centurio.]

PILATUS. Sich wonderfull resons <sup>6</sup> as now  
redys <sup>7</sup>  
Were neuer beforne!

CAYPHAS. To neuen this note <sup>8</sup> nomore vs  
nedys,  
Nawder <sup>9</sup> euen nor morne, 153

Bot forto be-war of more were <sup>10</sup>  
That afterward myght do vs dere; <sup>11</sup>  
Therfor, sir, whils ye ar here  
Vs all emang,  
Avyse you of this sawes sere <sup>12</sup>  
How thay will stand. 159

For Ihesus saide full openly  
Vnto the men that yode <sup>13</sup> hym by, —  
A thyng that grevys all Iury,  
And right so may, —  
That he shuld ryse vp bodely  
Within the thryde day. 165

If it be so, as myght I spede,  
The latter dede is more to drede  
Then was the fyrst, if we take hede  
And tend therto.

<sup>1</sup> The veil split apart in the church.

<sup>2</sup> Feel distressed.

<sup>3</sup> Lies.

<sup>4</sup> Seize.

<sup>5</sup> Deceiver.

<sup>6</sup> Incidents.

<sup>7</sup> Spoken of.

<sup>8</sup> Affair.

<sup>9</sup> Neither.

<sup>10</sup> Doubt.

<sup>11</sup> Harm.

<sup>12</sup> Several sayings.

<sup>13</sup> Passed.

Avyse you, sir, for it is nede,  
The best to do. 171

ANNA. Sir, neuer-the-les if he saide so,  
He hase no myght to ryse and go,  
Bot his dyscypyls steyll his cors vs fro  
And bere away.  
That were till vs, and othere mo,  
A fowll enfray.<sup>1</sup> 177

Then wold the pepyll say euerilkon  
That he were rysen hym self alon;  
Therfor ordan to kepe that stone  
With knyghtys heynd <sup>2</sup>  
To thise thre dayes be commen and gone  
And broght till ende. 183

PILATUS. Now, certys, sir, full well ye say!  
And for this ilk poynt to puruay  
I shall, if that I may,  
He shall not ryse,  
Nor none shall wyn hym thens away  
Of nokyns <sup>3</sup> wyse. 189

[He addresses his soldiers.]

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys dughty,<sup>4</sup>  
And chosen for chefe of cheualry,  
As I may me in you affy,<sup>5</sup>  
By day and nyght,  
Ye go and kepe Ihesu body  
With all youre myght; 195

And for thyng that be may,<sup>6</sup>  
Kepe hym well vnto the thryd day,  
That no tratur steyll his cors you fray <sup>7</sup>  
Out of that sted;  
For if ther do, truly I say,  
Ye shall be dede! 201

I. MILES. Yis, sir Pilate, in certan,  
We shall hym kepe with all oure mayn;  
Ther shall no tratur with no trayn <sup>8</sup>  
Steyll hym vs fro!  
Sir knyghtys, take gere <sup>9</sup> that best may gayn,  
And let vs go. 207

II. MILES. Yis, certys, we are all redy  
bowne;<sup>10</sup>  
We shall hym kepe till youre renowne.

<sup>1</sup> Affray.

<sup>2</sup> Gracious.

<sup>3</sup> No kind of.

<sup>4</sup> Doughty.

<sup>5</sup> For anything that may happen.

<sup>6</sup> Trust.

<sup>7</sup> Guile, deceit.

<sup>8</sup> Weapons.

<sup>9</sup> From.

<sup>10</sup> Prepared.

[*They cross over to the sepulchre.*]

On euery syde lett vs sytt downe,

We all in fere;<sup>1</sup>

And I shall fownde<sup>2</sup> to crak his crowne

Whoso commys here. 213

I. MILES. Who shuld be where,<sup>3</sup> fayn  
wold I wytt.

II. MILES. Euen on this syde wyll I sytt.

III. MILES. And I shall fownde<sup>2</sup> his feete  
to flytt.<sup>4</sup>

IV. MILES. We, ther, shrew, ther!

Now by Mahowne, fayn wold I wytt

Who durst com here 219

This cors with treson forto take!

For if it were the burnand drake<sup>5</sup>

Of me styfly he gatt a strake,

Haue here my hand.

To thise thre dayes be past,

This cors I dar warand.<sup>6</sup>

[*Christ rises from the tomb; the soldiers fall  
into a stupor.*]

*Then the angels shall sing "Christus resur-  
gens"; and afterwards Jesus shall speak.<sup>7</sup>*

IHEUS. Erthly man, that I haue wroght,

Wightly wake, and slepe thou noght!

With bytter bayll I haue the boght,

To make the fre.

Into this dongeon depe I soght,

And all for luf of the. 231

Behold how dere I wold the by!<sup>8</sup>

My woundys ar weytt and all bloody!

The, synfull man, full dere boght I

With tray and teyn;<sup>9</sup>

Thou fyle the noght eft for-thy,<sup>10</sup>

Now art thou cleyn. . . .<sup>11</sup> 237

Bot luf, noght els, aske I of the,

And that thou fownde<sup>2</sup> fast syn to fle;

Pyne<sup>12</sup> the to lyf in charyte

<sup>1</sup> Together. <sup>2</sup> Endeavor.

<sup>3</sup> Where should each (of us) be?

<sup>4</sup> Strive with.

<sup>5</sup> Dragon.

<sup>6</sup> Warrant.

<sup>7</sup> MS. *Tunc cantabunt angeli "Christus resurgens";  
postea dicet Iesus.*

<sup>8</sup> Redeem. <sup>9</sup> Suffering and pain.

<sup>10</sup> Defile thyself not again, therefore.

<sup>11</sup> At this point I omit 77 lines of Christ's long ora-  
tion to man.

<sup>12</sup> Labor, try.

Both nyght and day;

Then in my blys that neuer shall mys

Thou shall dwell ay. 321

For I am veray Prynce of Peasse,

And synnes seyr I may releasse.

And whoso will of synnes seasse,

And mercy cry,

I grauntt theym here a measse<sup>1</sup>

In brede — myn awne body. 327

That ilk veray brede of lyfe

Becommys my fleshe in wordys fyfe;

Whoso it resaues in syn or stryfe

Bese dede for euer;

And whoso it takys in rightwys lyfe

Dy shall he neuer. 333

[*Jesus retires, and the three Maries advance.*]

MARIA MAGDALENE. Alas! to dy with

doyll<sup>2</sup> am I dyght!

In warld was neuer a wofuller wight!

I drope, I dare,<sup>3</sup> for seying of sight

That I can se!

My lord, that mekill was of myght,

Is ded fro me. 339

Alas! that I shuld se hys pyne!<sup>4</sup>

Or that I shuld his lyfe tyne!<sup>5</sup>

For to ich<sup>6</sup> sore he was medecyne,

And boytte<sup>7</sup> of all,

Help and hold to euer ilk hyne<sup>8</sup> 345

To hym wold call.

MARIA IACOBI. Alas! how stand I on my  
fecte

When I thynk on his woundys wetel

Ihesus, that was on luf so swete,

And neuer dyd yll,

Is dede and grafen vnder the grete,<sup>9</sup>

Withoutten skyl. 351

MARIA SOLOMEE. Withoutten skyl thise  
Iues ilkon

That luffy Lord thay haue hym slone;<sup>10</sup>

And trespass dyd he neuer none,

In nokyn<sup>11</sup> sted.

<sup>1</sup> Mess (alluding to the Sacrament).

<sup>2</sup> Dole, sorrow.

<sup>3</sup> Gaze fixedly.

<sup>4</sup> Pain.

<sup>5</sup> Suffer deprivation of.

<sup>6</sup> Each.

<sup>7</sup> Remedy.

<sup>8</sup> Person.

<sup>9</sup> Buried under the earth.

<sup>10</sup> Slain. <sup>11</sup> No kind of.

To whom shall we now make oure mone?  
Oure Lord is ded. 357

MARIA MAGDALENE. Sen he is ded, my  
systers dere,  
Weynd we will with full good chere,  
With oure anyontmentys fare and clere  
That we haue broght,  
For to anyontt his woundys sere,<sup>1</sup>  
That Iues hym wrought. 363

MARIA IACOBI. Go we then, my systers  
fre,  
For sore me longis his cors to see.  
Bot I wote neuer how best may be;  
Help haue we none;  
And which shall of vs systers thre  
Remefe the stone? 369

MARIA SALOME. That do we not bot we  
were mo,<sup>2</sup>

For it is hogh<sup>3</sup> and heuy also.

MARIA MAGDALENE. Systers, we thar<sup>4</sup> no  
farther go  
Ne make mowrnyng;  
I se two syt where we weynd to,  
In whyte clothyng. 375

MARIA IACOBI. Certys, the sothe is not to  
hyde;

The graue stone is put besyde.

MARIA SALOME. Certys, for thyng that  
may betyde,  
Now will we weynde  
To late the luf,<sup>5</sup> and with hym byde,  
That was oure freynde. 381

[*They approach the sepulchre.*]

I. ANGELUS. Ye mowrnyng women in  
youre thoght,

Here in this place whome haue ye soght?

MARIA MAGDALENE. Ihesu that vnto ded  
was broght,

Oure Lord so fre.

II. ANGELUS. Certys, women, here is he  
noght;

Com nere and se. 387

I. ANGELUS. He is not here, the sothe to  
say;

<sup>1</sup> Many. <sup>2</sup> Unless we were more.  
<sup>3</sup> Huge. <sup>4</sup> Need. <sup>5</sup> To find the dear one.

The place is voyde ther in he lay;  
The sudary<sup>1</sup> here se ye may  
Was on hym layde.

He is rysen and gone his way,  
As he you sayde. 393

II. ANGELES. Euen as he saide, so done  
has he;

He is rysen thurgh his pauste;<sup>2</sup>

He shalbe fon in Galale,

In fleshe and fell.<sup>3</sup>

To his dyscepyls now weynd ye,  
And thus thaym tell. 399

MARIA MAGDALENE. My systers fre, sen  
it is so,

That he is resyn the deth thus fro,

As saide till vs thise angels two,

Oure Lord and leche,<sup>4</sup>

As ye haue hard, where that ye go

Loke that ye preche. 405

MARIA IACOBI. As we haue hard so shall we  
say.

Mare, oure syster, haue good day!

MARIA MAGDALENE. Now veray God,  
as he well may,

Man most of myght,

He wysh you, systers, well in youre way,

And rewle you right. 411

[*Exeunt Maria Jacobi and Maria Salome;  
manet Maria Magdalene.*]

Alas, what shall now worth on me?<sup>5</sup>

My catyf hart wyll breke in thre

When that I thynk on that ilk bodye

How it was spylt;

Thurgh feete and handys nalyd was he

Withoutten gylt. 417

Withoutten gylt then was he tayn,<sup>6</sup>

That lufly Lord; thay haue hym slayn,

And trypas dyd he neuer nane,

Ne yit no mys.

It was my gylt he was fortayn,<sup>7</sup>

And nothing his. 423

How myght I, bot<sup>8</sup> I lufyd that swete

That for me suffred woundys wete,

<sup>1</sup> Sudarium.

<sup>2</sup> Physician.

<sup>3</sup> Taken.

<sup>4</sup> Power.

<sup>5</sup> Become of me.

<sup>6</sup> Taken away.

<sup>7</sup> Skin.

<sup>8</sup> Unless.

Sythen <sup>1</sup> to be grafen vnder the grete,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sich kyndnes kythe;<sup>3</sup> 427  
 Ther is nothyng till that we mete  
 May make me blythe.

[*Mary Magdalene stands aside weeping.  
 The soldiers awake one after the other.*]

I. MILES. Outt, alas! what shall I say?  
 Where is the cors that here-in lay?

II. MILES. What alys the man? He is  
 away

That we shuld tent?

I. MILES. Ryse vp and se.

II. MILES. Harrow! thefe! for ay  
 I cownte vs shent!<sup>4</sup> 435

III. MILES. What devyll alys you two  
 Sich no[i]se and cry thus forto may?

II. MILES. For he is gone!

III. MILES. Alas, wha?

II. MILES. He that here lay.

III. MILES. Harrow! Devill! How-swa  
 gat he away? 441

IV. MILES. What! is he thus-gatys <sup>5</sup> from  
 vs went?

The fals tratur that here was lenth,<sup>6</sup>

That we truly to tent <sup>7</sup>

Had vndertane?

Certainly I tell vs shent <sup>8</sup>  
 Holly, ilkan.<sup>9</sup> 447

I. MILES. Alas, what shall I do this day  
 Sen this tratur is won away?

And safely, syrs, I dar well say

He rose alon!

II. MILES. Wytt sir Pilate of this enfray  
 We mon be slone.<sup>10</sup> 453

IV. MILES. Wote ye well, he rose in dede!

II. MILES. I sagh <sup>11</sup> myself when that he  
 yede.<sup>12</sup>

I. MILES. When that he styrryd out of the  
 steed

None couth it ken.

IV. MILES. Alas, hard hap was on my  
 hede

Emang all men! 459

<sup>1</sup> Then.

<sup>2</sup> Proclaim, acknowledge.

<sup>3</sup> In this fashion.

<sup>4</sup> I account us ruined.

<sup>5</sup> Must be slain.

<sup>6</sup> Grit, earth.

<sup>7</sup> Diagrased, ruined.

<sup>8</sup> Placed.

<sup>9</sup> Watch.

<sup>10</sup> Wholly, everyone.

<sup>11</sup> Saw.

<sup>12</sup> Went.

III. MILES. Ye, bot wyt sir Pilate of this  
 dede,

That we were slepand when he yede,

We mon forfett, withoutten drede,

All that we haue.

IV. MILES. We must make lees,<sup>1</sup> for that  
 is nede,

Oure self to saue. 465

I. MILES. That red <sup>2</sup> I well, so myght I go.

II. MILES. And I assent therto also.

III. MILES. A thowsand shall I assay,<sup>3</sup>  
 and mo,

Well armed ilkon,

Com and toke his cors vs fro,

Had vs nere slone. 471

IV. MILES. Nay, certys, I hold ther none  
 so good

As say the sothe <sup>4</sup> right as it stude,

How that he rose with mayn and mode,<sup>5</sup>

And went his way.

To sir Pilate, if he be wode,<sup>6</sup>

Thus dar I say. 477

I. MILES. Why, and dar thou to sir Pilate  
 go

With thise thythngys, and tell hym so?

II. MILES. So red I that we do also.

We dy bot oones.

III. MILES ET OMNES. Now he that  
 wrought vs all this wo,

Wo worth his bones! 483

IV. MILES. Go we sam,<sup>7</sup> sir knyghtys  
 heynd,<sup>8</sup>

Sen we shall to sir Pilate weynd;

I trow that we shall parte no freynd,

Or that we pas.

[*They come to Pilate.*]

I. MILES. Now and I shall tell ilka word  
 till ende,

Right as it was. 489

Sir Pilate, prynce withoutten peyr,

Sir Cayphas and Anna both in fere,

And all the lordys aboute you there,

To neuen <sup>9</sup> by name;

<sup>1</sup> Lies.

<sup>2</sup> Truth.

<sup>3</sup> Mad.

<sup>4</sup> Gracious.

<sup>5</sup> Counsel.

<sup>6</sup> Strength.

<sup>7</sup> Together.

<sup>8</sup> Name.

<sup>9</sup> Said.

Mahowne you saue on sydys sere <sup>1</sup>  
Fro syn and shame! 495

PILATUS. Ye ar welcom, oure knyghtys so  
keyn!

A mckill myrth now may we meyn; <sup>2</sup>  
Bot tell vs som talkyng vs betwene,  
How ye haue wrought.

I. MILES. Oure walkyng, lord, withoutten  
wene; <sup>3</sup>  
Is worth to noght. <sup>4</sup> 501

CAYPHAS. To noght? Alas, scasse of sich  
saw!

II. MILES. The prophete Ihesu, that ye  
well know,

Is rysen, and went fro vs on raw; <sup>5</sup>  
With mayn and myght.

PILATUS. Therfor the devill the all to-  
draw! <sup>6</sup>  
Vyle recrayd knyght! 507

What! combred <sup>7</sup> cowardys I you call!  
Lett ye hym pas fro you all?

III. MILES. Sir, ther was none that durst  
do bot small  
When that he yede.

IV. MILES. We were so ferde we can  
downe fall,  
And qwoke for drede. 513

I. MILES. We were so rad, <sup>8</sup> euerilkon,  
When that he put besyde the stone,  
We quoke for ferd, and durst styr none;  
And sore we were abast.

PILATUS. Whi, bot rose he bi hym self  
alone?

II. MILES. Ye, lord, that be ye trast. 519

We hard neuer, on euyn ne morne,  
Nor yit oure faders vs beforene,  
Sich melody, myd-day ne morne,  
As was maide thore.

PILATUS. Alas! Then ar oure lawes  
forlorne <sup>9</sup>

For euer more! 525

A, devill! what shall now worth <sup>10</sup> of this?  
This world farys with quantys. <sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Many.

<sup>2</sup> Doubt.

<sup>3</sup> In a line, straight.

<sup>7</sup> Benumbed.

<sup>2</sup> Call to mind.

<sup>4</sup> Come to nought.

<sup>6</sup> Pull to pieces.

<sup>8</sup> Frightened.

I pray you, Cayphas, ye vs wys <sup>1</sup>  
Of this enfray. <sup>2</sup>

CAYPHAS. Sir, and I couth <sup>3</sup> oght, by my  
clergys,  
Fayn wold I say. 531

ANNA. To say the best, for sothe, I shall;  
It shalbe profett for vs all:

Yond knyghtys behovys thare wordys  
agane call,  
How he is myst;

We wold not, for thyng that myght befall,  
That no man wyst: <sup>4</sup> 537

And therfor of youre curtesie  
Gyf theym a rewarde for-thy.

PILATUS. Of this counsell well paid <sup>5</sup> am I;  
It shalbe thus.

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys doghty,  
Take tent till vs: 543

Herkyns now, how ye shall say,  
Where so ye go, by nyght or day,  
Ten thowsand men of good aray  
Cam you vntill,  
And thefyshly toke his cors you fray  
Agans youre will. 549

Loke ye say thus in euery land;  
And therto, on this couande, <sup>6</sup>  
Ten thowsand pounds haue in youre hande  
To youre rewarde;  
And my frenship, I vnderstande,  
Shall not be sparde. 555

Bot loke ye say as we haue kende! <sup>7</sup>

I. MILES. Yis, sir, as Mahowne me mende,  
In ilk contree where-so we lende <sup>8</sup>  
By nyght or day,  
Where-so we go, where-so we weynd,  
Thus shall we say. 561

PILATUS. The blyssyng of Mahowne be  
with you nyght and day!

[Jesus appears at the sepulchre in the disguise  
of a gardener. Mary Magdalene ad-  
vances to him.]

MARIA MAGDALENE. Say me, garthynere,  
I the pray,

<sup>1</sup> Teach, advise.

<sup>3</sup> Knew.

<sup>4</sup> Knew.

<sup>2</sup> Affray.

<sup>5</sup> Pleased.

If thou bare oght my Lord away.  
Tell me the sothe, say me not nay,  
Where that he lyys;  
And I shall remeue hym, if I may,  
On any kyn wyse. 568

IHEsus. Woman, why wepys thou? Bestyll!  
Whome sekys thou? Say me thy wyll,  
And nyk <sup>1</sup> me not with nay. 571

MARIA MAGDALENE. For my Lord I  
lyke <sup>2</sup> full yll.

The stede thou bare his body tyll  
Tell me, I the pray;  
And I shall, if I may, / his body bere with me.  
Vnto myn endyng day / the better shuld I  
be. 576

IHEsus. Woman, woman, turn thi thought!  
Wyt thou well I hyd hym noght,  
Then <sup>3</sup> bare hym nawre <sup>4</sup> with me. 579  
Go seke; loke if thou fynde hym oght.

MARIA MAGDALENE. In fayth I haue hym  
soght,  
Bot nawre he will fond be. 582

IHEsus. Why, what was he to the, / in  
sothfastnes to say?

MARIA MAGDALENE. A! he was to me /  
no longer dwell I may.

IHEsus. Mary, thou sekys thy God —  
and that am I. 585

[Recognizing him, Mary falls at his feet.]

MARIA MAGDALENE. Rabony! My  
Lord so dere!

Now am I hole that thou art here.  
Suffer me to negh the nere,  
And kys thi feete;  
Myght I do so, so well me were,  
For thou art swete. 591

IHEsus. Nay, Mary, neghe thou not me,  
For to my Fader, tell I the,  
Yit stevynd <sup>5</sup> I noght. 594

Tell my brethere I shall be  
Before theym all in Trynyte,  
Whose will that I haue wroght.  
To peasse now ar thay boght / that pry-  
sond were in pyne; <sup>6</sup>

Wherfor thou thank in thoght / God, thi  
Lord and myne. 599

Mary, thou shall weynde me fro;  
Myn erand shall thou grathly <sup>1</sup> go,  
In no fowndyng <sup>2</sup> thou fall; 602  
To my dyscepyls say thou so,  
That wylsom <sup>3</sup> ar and lappyd in wo,  
That I thaym socoure shall.

By name Peter thou call, / and say that I  
shall be  
Before hym and theym all / my self in  
Galyle. 607

MARIA MAGDALENE. Lord, I shall make  
my vyage <sup>4</sup>  
To tell theym hastily;  
Fro thay here that message  
Thay will be all mery. 611

[Exit Jesus.]

This Lord was slayn, alas for-thy,  
Falsly spyllt, noman wyst why,  
Whore he dyd mys.  
Bot with hym spake I bodely;  
For-thi commen is my blys! 616

Mi blys is commen, my care is gone!  
That luffly haue I mctt alone!  
I am as blyth in bloode and bone  
As euer was wight!  
Now is he resyn that ere <sup>5</sup> was slone;  
Mi hart is light! 622

I am as light as leyfe on tre,  
For ioyfull sight that I can se,  
For well I wote that it was he  
My Lord Ihesu!  
He that betrayde that fre <sup>6</sup>  
Sore may he rew. 628

To Galyle now will I fare,  
And his dyscepyles cach from care.  
I wote that thay will mowrne n<sup>o</sup> mare;  
Commyn is thare blys!

[To the audience.]

That worthi childe that Mary bare,  
He amende youre mys. 634

*Explicit Resurreccio Domini.*

<sup>1</sup> Deny.                   <sup>2</sup> Look.                   <sup>3</sup> Thence.  
<sup>4</sup> Nowhere.           <sup>5</sup> Ascended.           <sup>6</sup> Pain.

<sup>1</sup> Promptly.           <sup>2</sup> Temptation.  
<sup>3</sup> Bewildered.       <sup>4</sup> Journey.  
<sup>5</sup> Formerly.       <sup>6</sup> That noble one.

THE JUDGMENT DAY <sup>1</sup>

[Acted by the Mercers of York.]

*Deus incipit.*

[DEUS.] Firste when I this worlde hadde wrought,

Woode and wynde and wateris wan,  
 And all-kynne thyng that nowe is oght,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fulle wele, me-thoght, that I did thanne;  
 Whenne thei were made, goode me thame thoght.

Sethen <sup>2</sup> to my liknes made I man;  
 And man to greue me gaffe he noght.  
 Therefore me rewis that I the worlde began.<sup>3</sup> 8

Whanne I had made man at my will,  
 I gaffe hym wittis hym-selue to wisse;<sup>4</sup>  
 And Paradise I putte hym till,  
 And bad hym halde it all as his.  
 But of the tree of goode and ill  
 I saide, "What tyme thou etis of this,  
 Manne, thou spedes thi-selue to spill;<sup>5</sup>  
 Thou arte broght oute of all blisse." 16

Belyue <sup>6</sup> brak manne my bidding.  
 He wende <sup>7</sup> haue bene a god therby;  
 He wende haue wittynne <sup>8</sup> of all-kynne thyng,

In worlde to haue bene als wise as I.  
 He ete the appill I badde schulde hyng;<sup>9</sup>  
 Thus was he begilid thurgh glotony.  
 Sithen both hym and his ospring  
 To pyne<sup>10</sup> I putte thame all for-thy.<sup>11</sup> 24

To lange and late <sup>12</sup> me thoghte it goode  
 To catche <sup>13</sup> thois caitiffis oute of care.  
 I sente my Sone, with full blithe moode,  
 Till erthe to salue thame of thare sare.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Aught, anything.<sup>2</sup> Afterwards.<sup>3</sup> The metre would be improved by omitting "the world"; but it need not be supposed that the early writers were meticulous in such details.<sup>4</sup> Govern.<sup>5</sup> Ruin.<sup>6</sup> Quickly.<sup>7</sup> Thought to.<sup>8</sup> Known.<sup>9</sup> Hang.<sup>10</sup> Punishment.<sup>11</sup> Therefore.<sup>12</sup> At last?<sup>13</sup> Snatch.<sup>14</sup> Woe.

For rewthe of thame he reste on roode,  
 And boughte thame with his body bare;  
 For thame he shedde his harte and bloode.  
 What kyndnesse myght I do thame  
 mare? 32

Sethen, aftirwarde, he heryed <sup>1</sup> hell,  
 And toke oute thois wrechis that ware  
 thare-inne;  
 Ther faughte that free <sup>2</sup> with feendis feeles <sup>3</sup>  
 For thame that ware sounkyn for synne.  
 Sethen in erthe than gonne he dwelle;  
 Ensaumpill he gaue thame heuene to  
 wyne,  
 In Tempill hym-selfe to teche and tell,  
 To by thame blisse that neuere may  
 blynne.<sup>4</sup> 40

Sethen haue thei founde me full of mercye,  
 Full of grace and for-giffenesse.  
 And thei als wrecchis, wittirly,<sup>5</sup>  
 Has ledde ther liffe in lithirnesse;<sup>6</sup>  
 Ofte haue thei greued me greuouly: —  
 Thus haue thei quitte me my kyndi-  
 nesse.  
 Ther-fore no lenger, sekirlye,<sup>7</sup>  
 Thole <sup>8</sup> will I thare wikkidnesse. 48

Men seis the worlde but vanite,  
 Yitt will no-manne be ware ther-by;  
 Like a day ther mirroure may thei se,  
 Yitt thynke thei noght that thei schall  
 dye.  
 All that euer I saide schulde be  
 Is nowe fulfilled thurgh prophecie.  
 Ther-fore nowe is it tyme to me  
 To make endyng of mannes folie. 56

I haue tholed mankynde many a yere  
 In luste and likyng for to lende;<sup>9</sup>  
 And vnethis <sup>10</sup> fynde I ferre or nere

<sup>1</sup> Harrowed, despoiled.<sup>2</sup> Noble one.<sup>3</sup> Many.<sup>4</sup> Truly.<sup>5</sup> Wickedness.<sup>6</sup> Certainly.<sup>7</sup> Endure.<sup>8</sup> Remain.<sup>9</sup> Scarcely.

<sup>1</sup> The *Judgment Day* of the Wakefield Cycle (which closely parallels the York play) and of the N. towne Cycle are both incomplete; that of the Chester Cycle is far less interesting and unduly long. For the source of the text see page 142, note 1.



A man that will his misse amende.  
In erthe I see butte synnes seere.<sup>1</sup>  
Therefore myne aungellis will I sende  
To blawe ther bemys <sup>2</sup> that all may here.  
The tyme is comen I will make ende. 64

Aungellis, blawes youre bemys belyue,<sup>3</sup>  
Ilike a creatoure for to call!  
Leerid and lewde,<sup>4</sup> both man and wiffe,  
Ressayue ther dome this day thei schall,  
Ilike a leede <sup>5</sup> that eure hadde liffe;  
Bese none for-getyn, grete ne small.  
Ther schall thei see the woundes fyve  
That my Sone suffered for them all. 72

And sounderes <sup>6</sup> thame be-fore my sight!  
All same in blisse schall thei not be.  
My blissid childre, as I haue hight,<sup>7</sup>  
On my right hande I schall thame see;  
Sethen schall ilke a weried wight <sup>8</sup>  
On my lifte side for ferdnesse <sup>9</sup> flee.  
This day ther domys thus haue I dight,  
To ilke a man as he hath serued me. 80

I. ANG. Loued be thou, Lorde, of myghtis  
moste,  
That aungell made to messengere!  
Thy will schall be fulfillid in haste,  
That heuene and erthe and helle schalle  
here.

*[The angels blow their trumpets.]*

[I. ANG.] Goode and ill, eucry ilke a <sup>10</sup> gaste,  
Rise and fecche youre flessch, that was  
yours feere! <sup>11</sup>  
For all this worlde is broght to waste.  
Drawes to youre dome! It neghes  
nere! 88

II. ANG. Ilke a creature, bothe olde and  
yhing,  
Be-lyue I bidde you that ye ryse!  
Body and sawle with you ye bring,  
And comes be-fore the high justise!  
For I am sente fro heuene kyng  
To calle you to this grette assise.  
Therefore rise vppe, and geue rekenyng  
How ye hym serued vpon sere wise.<sup>12</sup> 96

<sup>1</sup> Many.      <sup>2</sup> Trumpets.      <sup>3</sup> Quickly.  
<sup>4</sup> Learned and unlettered.      <sup>5</sup> Person.  
<sup>6</sup> Separate.      <sup>7</sup> Promised.      <sup>8</sup> Cursed person.  
<sup>9</sup> Terror.      <sup>10</sup> Every single.  
<sup>11</sup> Companion.      <sup>12</sup> In various ways.

*[The dead arise in their shrouds.]*

I. ANIMA BONA. Loued be thou, Lorde,  
that is so schene,<sup>1</sup>  
That on this manere made vs to rise,  
Body and sawle to-gedir, clene,  
To come before the high justise.  
Of oure ill dedis, Lorde, thou not mene,<sup>2</sup>  
That we haue wrought vpon sere wise;  
But graunte vs for thy grace, be-dene,<sup>3</sup>  
That we may wonne <sup>4</sup> in paradise. 104

II. AN. BONA. A! loued be thou, Lorde of  
all,  
That heuene and erthe and all has  
wroght,  
That with thyn aungellis wolde vs call  
Oute of oure graues, hidir to be broght.  
Ofte haue we greued the, grette and small;  
Ther-aftir, Lorde, thou deme vs noght;  
Ne suffir vs neuere to fendis to be thrall,  
That ofte in erthe with synne vs  
soght! 112

I. ANIMA MALA. Allas! allas! that we  
were borne!  
So may we synfull kaytiffs say.  
I here wele be <sup>5</sup> this hydous horne  
Itt drawes full nere to domesday.  
Allas! we wrecchis that ar for-lorne,<sup>6</sup>  
That never yitt serued God to paye,  
But ofte we haue his flessch for-sworne.  
Allas! allas! and welaway! 120

What schall we wrecchis do for drede?  
Or whedir for ferdnes may we flee,  
When we may bringe forthe no goode dede  
Before hym that oure juge schall be?  
To aske mercy vs is no nede,  
For wele I wotte dampned be we.  
Allas! that we swilke <sup>7</sup> liffe schulde lede  
That dighte <sup>8</sup> vs has this destonye! 128

Oure wikkid werkis thei will vs wreye,<sup>9</sup>  
That we wende <sup>10</sup> never schuld haue bene  
weten.<sup>11</sup>  
That we did ofte full pruely,  
Appertely <sup>12</sup> may we se them wreten.

<sup>1</sup> Shining.      <sup>2</sup> Remember.      <sup>3</sup> Indeed.  
<sup>4</sup> Dwell.      <sup>5</sup> By.      <sup>6</sup> Lost.  
<sup>7</sup> Such.      <sup>8</sup> Prepared.  
<sup>9</sup> Destroy.      <sup>10</sup> Thought.  
<sup>11</sup> Known.      <sup>12</sup> Openly.

Allas, wrecchis! dere mon we by! <sup>1</sup>  
 Full smerte with helle-fyre be we smetyn.  
 Nowe mon neuere saule ne body dye,  
 But with wikkid peynes euermore be  
 betyne. <sup>2</sup> 136

Allas! for drede sore may we quake!  
 Oure dedis beis oure dampnacioune.  
 For oure mys-menyng <sup>3</sup> mon we make;  
 Helpe may none excusacioune.  
 We mon be sette for our synnes sake  
 For-euere fro oure saluacioune,  
 In helle to dwelle with feendes blake,  
 Wher neuer schall be redempcioune. 144

II. AN. MALA. Als carefull caitiffis may  
 we ryse!

Sore may we ringe oure handis and wepel  
 For cursidnesse and for covetise  
 Dampned be we to helle full depe!  
 Rought we neuere of Goddis seruise;  
 His comaundementis wolde we noght  
 kepe;  
 But ofte than made we sacrafise  
 To Satanas when othir slepe. 152

Allas! now wakens all oure were! <sup>4</sup>  
 Oure wikkid werkis may we not hide,  
 But on oure bakkis vs muste them bere;  
 Thei wille vs wreye <sup>5</sup> on ilke a side.  
 I see foule feendis that wille vs feere, <sup>6</sup>  
 And all for pompe of wikkid pride.  
 Wepe we may with many a teere.  
 Allas, that we this day schulde bide! 160

Before vs playnly bese fourth brought  
 The dedis that vs schall dame be-dene.  
 That eres has herde, or harte has thoght,  
 Sen any tyme that we may mene, <sup>7</sup>  
 That fote has gone, or hande has wroght,  
 That mouthe has spoken, or ey has sene,  
 This day full dere thanne bese it boght.  
 Allas, vnborne and we hadde bene! 168

[The angel separates the good from the bad.]

III. ANG. Standis noght to-gedir! Parte  
 you in two!

All sam schall ye noght be in blisse.

<sup>1</sup> Pay for it.

<sup>2</sup> Beaten.

<sup>3</sup> Lamentation. (Smith prints mys-meunyng; corr. by M<sup>ny</sup>.)

<sup>4</sup> Doubt, confusion.

<sup>5</sup> Destroy.

<sup>6</sup> Frighten.

<sup>7</sup> Remember.

Ye <sup>1</sup> Fadir of heuene woll it be soo,  
 For many of yowe has wrought amys.  
 The goode, on his right-hande ye goe,  
 The way till heuene he will you wisse; <sup>2</sup>  
 Ye weryed <sup>3</sup> wightis, ye flee hym froo,  
 On his left-hande, as none of his. 176

[Jesus speaks above.]

JESUS. <sup>4</sup> This woffull worlde is brought till  
 ende;

My Fadir of heuene he woll it be.  
 Therefore till erthe nowe will I wende, <sup>5</sup>  
 Mi-selue to sitte in mageste.  
 To deme my domes I woll descende.  
 This body will I bere with me;  
 How it was dight, <sup>6</sup> mannes mys <sup>7</sup> to mende,  
 All mankynde there schall it see. 184

[Jesus descends to the earth and addresses  
 the Apostles.]

JESUS. Mi postelis and my darlyngis dere,  
 The dredfull dome this day is dight.  
 Both heuen and erthe and hell schall here  
 Howe I schall holde that I haue hight, <sup>8</sup>  
 That ye schall sitte on seetis sere <sup>9</sup>  
 Be-side my-selffe, to se that sight,  
 And for to deme folke ferre and nere  
 Aftir ther werkynge wronge or right. 192

I saide also, whan I you sente  
 To suffre sorowe for my sake,  
 All tho that wolde thame right repente  
 Schulde with you wende and wynly  
 wake; <sup>10</sup>

And to youre tales who toke no tente  
 Shulde fare <sup>11</sup> to fyre with fendis blake.  
 Of mercy nowe may noght be mente;  
 Butt, aftir wirkyng, welth or wrake. 200

My hetyng haly <sup>12</sup> schall I fullfille.  
 Therefore comes furth and sittis me by  
 To here the dome of goode and ill.  
 I. APOSTOLUS. I loue the, Lord God all-  
 myghty!

Late and herely, <sup>13</sup> lowde and still,  
 To do thy bidding bayne <sup>14</sup> am I.  
 I obblissh <sup>15</sup> me to do this will

<sup>1</sup> MS. Mi.

<sup>2</sup> Show.

<sup>3</sup> Cursed.

<sup>4</sup> MS. Deus from here on.

<sup>5</sup> Go.

<sup>6</sup> Maltreated?

<sup>7</sup> Sin.

<sup>8</sup> Promised.

<sup>9</sup> Several thrones.

<sup>10</sup> Go and joyfully awake (from the dead).

<sup>11</sup> Go.

<sup>12</sup> Promise wholly.

<sup>13</sup> Early.

<sup>14</sup> Ready.

<sup>15</sup> Oblige, bind.

With all my myght, als is worthy. 208

II. APOST. A! myghtfull God, here is it  
sene

Thou wilt fulfille thi forward right,  
And all thi sawes thou wilt maynteyne.

I loue the, Lorde, with all my myght,  
That for <sup>1</sup> vs that has erthely bene

Swilke dingnitees has dressed and dight.  
JESUS. Comes fourthe! I schall sitte you  
betwene,

And all fulfille that I haue hight. 216

*Here he goes to the seat of judgment, with the  
singing of angels.<sup>2</sup>*

*[The Devils advance.]*

I. DIABOLUS. Felas, arraye vs for to fight,  
And go we faste oure fee to fange.<sup>3</sup>

The dredefull dome this day is dight;  
I drede me that we dwelle full longe.

II. DIAB. We schall be sene euere in ther  
sight,

And warly <sup>4</sup> waite, ellis wirke we wrange;  
For if the domisman do vs right,

Full grete partie with vs schall gang. 224

III. DIAB. He schall do right to foo and  
frende,

For nowe schall all the soth be sought.

All weried wightis with vs schall wende;

To payne endles thei schall be brought. 228

JESUS. Ilke a creature, takes entent

What bodworde <sup>5</sup> I to you bringe:

This wofull worlde away is wente,

And I am come as crouned kynge.

Mi Fadir of heuene he has me sente

To deme youre dedis, and make ending.

Comen is the day of jugement;

Of sorowe may ilke a synfull synge. 236

The day is comen of kaydyfnes,<sup>6</sup>

All tham to care that are vnclene,

The day of bale and bittirnes;

Full longe abedyn has it bene!

The day of drede to more and lesse,

Of care, of trymbelyng, and of tene,<sup>7</sup>

That ilke a wight that weried is

May say, "Allas, this daye is sene!" 244

<sup>1</sup> MS. ther-fore; corr. by Holthausen.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Hic ad sedem iudicii cum cantu angelorum.*

<sup>3</sup> Seize.

<sup>4</sup> Watchfully.

<sup>5</sup> Message.

<sup>6</sup> Wretchedness.

<sup>7</sup> Sorrow.

Here may ye see my woundes wide,

The whilke I tholed <sup>1</sup> for youre mysdede,  
Thurgh harte and heed, foote, hande and  
hide, —

Nought for my gilte butt for youre nede.  
Beholdis both body, bak, and side,

How dere I bought youre brotherhede!  
Thes bittir peynes I wolde abide;

To bye you blisse, thus wolde I bleede. 252

Mi body was scourged with-ouen skill;<sup>2</sup>

As theffe full thrally <sup>3</sup> was [I] thrette;

On crosse thei hanged me on a hill,

Blody and bloo, as I was bette,

With croune of thorne throsten full ill;

This spere vnto my side was sette;

Myne harte bloode spared nocht thei for to  
spill.

Manne, for thy loue wolde I not lette. 260

The Jewes spitte on me spitously;

Thei spared me nomore than a theffe.

When thei me strake, I stode stilly;

Agaynste tham did I no-thing greue.

Behalde, mankynde, this ilke is I,

That for the suffered swilke mischeue.

Thus was I dight for thy folye.

Man, loke, thy life was me full leffe.<sup>4</sup> 268

Thus was I dight thi sorowe to slake;

Manne, thus behoued the to borrowed <sup>5</sup>  
be.

In all my woo toke I no wrake;<sup>6</sup>

Mi will itt was for the loue of the.

Man, sore aught the for to quake,

This dredfull day this sight to see.

All this I suffered for thi sake.

Say, man, what suffered thou for me? 276

*[Addressing the Good Souls.]*

Mi blissid childre on my right hande,

Your dome this day ye thar <sup>7</sup> not drede,

For all youre comforte is command;

Your life in likyng <sup>8</sup> schall ye lede.

Commes to the kyngdome ay lastand

That you is dight <sup>9</sup> for youre goode dede.

Full blithc may ye be where ye stande,  
For mekill in heuene schall be youre  
mede.<sup>10</sup> 284

<sup>1</sup> Suffered.

<sup>2</sup> Reason.

<sup>3</sup> Angriely, furiously.

<sup>4</sup> Dear.

<sup>5</sup> Redeemed.

<sup>6</sup> Vengeance.

<sup>7</sup> Need.

<sup>8</sup> Pleasure.

<sup>9</sup> Prepared.

<sup>10</sup> Reward.

Whenne I was hungry, ye me fedde;  
 To slake my thirste youre harte was free;  
 Whanne I was clothles, ye me cledde;  
 Ye wolde no sorowe vpon me see;  
 In harde prisoun <sup>1</sup> whan I was stedde,  
 Of my paynes ye hadde pitee;  
 Full seke whan I was brought in bedde,  
 Kyndely ye come to coumforte me. 292

Whanne I was wikke <sup>2</sup> and werieste,  
 Ye herbered me full hartefully; <sup>3</sup>  
 Full gladd theanne were ye of youre geste,  
 And pleynd <sup>4</sup> my pouerte piteuously;  
 Be-lyue ye brought me of the beste,  
 And made my bedde full esly.  
 Therefore in heuene schall be youre reste,  
 In ioie and blisse to be me by. 300

I. ANIMA BONA. Whanne hadde we,  
 Lorde that all has wroght,  
 Meete and drinke the with to feede?  
 Sen we in erthe hadde neuere noght  
 But thurgh the grace of thy godhede.

II. AN. BONA. Whanne waste that we the  
 clothes brought?  
 Or visite the in any nede?  
 Or in thi sikenes we the sought?  
 Lorde, when did we [to] <sup>5</sup> the this  
 dede? 308

JESUS. Mi blissid childir, I schall you  
 saye  
 What tyme this dede was to me done:  
 When any that nede hadde, nyght or day,  
 Askid you helpe and hadde it sone;  
 Your fre hartis saide them neuere nay,  
 Erely ne late, mydday ne none;  
 But als ofte sithis <sup>6</sup> as thei wolde praye,  
 Thame thurte but bide, <sup>7</sup> and haue ther  
 bone. 316

[Addressing the Bad Souls.]

Ye cursid caytifis of Kaymes <sup>8</sup> kynne,  
 That neuere me comforte in my care,  
 I and ye for-euer will twynne, <sup>9</sup>  
 In dole to dwelle for-cuermare.  
 Your bittir bales schall neuer blynnne

That ye schall haue whan ye come thare.  
 Thus haue ye serued <sup>1</sup> for youre synne,  
 For derfie <sup>2</sup> dedis ye haue done are. 324

Whanne I had mistir <sup>3</sup> of mete and drynke,  
 Caytifis, ye cacched <sup>4</sup> me fro youre gate;  
 Whanne ye were sette as sirs on benke, <sup>5</sup>  
 I stode ther-oute werie and wette;  
 Was none of yowe wolde on me thyнке,  
 Pyte to haue of my poure state:  
 Ther-fore till hell I schall you synke, —  
 Weele are ye worthy to go that gate! <sup>6</sup>

Whanne I was seke and soriest, 333  
 Ye visitte me noght, for I was poure;  
 In prisoun faste when I was feste, <sup>7</sup>  
 Was none of you loked howe I fore; <sup>8</sup>  
 Whenne I wiste neuere where for to reste,  
 With dyntes <sup>9</sup> ye draffe me fro your  
 dore;  
 Butte euer to pride thanne were ye preste;  
 Mi flesch, my bloode, ofte ye for-  
 swore. 340

Clothles whanne I was ofte and colde,  
 At nede of you, yede I full naked;  
 House ne herborow, helpe ne holde,  
 Hadde I none of you, thof <sup>10</sup> I quaked;  
 Mi mischeffe sawe ye many-folde;  
 Was none of you my sorowe slaked,  
 Butt euere for-soke me, yonge and alde.  
 Therefore schall ye now be for-saked. 348

I. ANIMA MALA. Whan had thou, Lorde,  
 that all thyng has,  
 Hungir or thirste, sen thou God is?  
 Whan was that <sup>11</sup> thou in prisonne was?  
 Whan was thou naked or herberles?

II. AN. MALA. Whan was it we sawe the  
 seke, alas?  
 Whan kid <sup>12</sup> we the this vnkyndnesse?  
 Werie or wette to late the passe,  
 When did we the this wikkidnesse? 356

JESUS. Caitifis, als ofte als it be-tidde  
 That nedfull aught askid in my name,  
 Ye herde them noght, youre eris ye hidde,

<sup>1</sup> MS. presse; the reading supplied from the Towneley play by Herttrich.

<sup>2</sup> Feeble.

<sup>3</sup> Pited.

<sup>4</sup> Times.

<sup>5</sup> Cain's.

<sup>6</sup> Heartily, cordially.

<sup>7</sup> Supplied by Manly.

<sup>8</sup> They needed but ask.

<sup>9</sup> Separate.

<sup>10</sup> Deserved.

<sup>11</sup> Drove.

<sup>12</sup> Bound.

<sup>13</sup> Blows.

<sup>14</sup> Inserted from the Towneley play by Holthausen.

<sup>15</sup> Showed.

<sup>16</sup> Wicked.

<sup>17</sup> Bench.

<sup>18</sup> Fared.

<sup>19</sup> Though.

<sup>20</sup> Need.

<sup>21</sup> Way.

Your helpe to thame was noght at  
hame, —

To me was that vnkyndines kyd!

There-fore ye <sup>1</sup> bere this bittir blame.

To lest or most when ye it did,

To me ye did the selue and the same. 364

[*Turning to the Good Souls.*]

Mi chosen childir, comes vnto me!

With me to wonne nowe schall ye  
wende;

There joie and blisse schall euer be

Your liffe in lyking schall ye lende.

[*To the Bad Souls.*]

Ye cursed kaitiffis, fro me ye flee,

In helle to dwelle with-outen ende.

<sup>1</sup> *Inserted from the Towneley play by Manly.*

Ther ye schall neuere butt sorowe see  
And sitte be Satanas the fende. 372

Nowe is fulfillid all my for-thoght,<sup>1</sup>

For endid is all erthely thyng.

All worldly wightis that I haue wrought

Aftir ther werkis haue nowe wonnyng: <sup>2</sup>

Thei that wolde synne and sessid noght,

Of sorowes sere now schall thei syng;

And thei that mendid <sup>3</sup> thame whils thei  
moght, 379

Schall belde <sup>4</sup> and bide in my blissing.

*And thus he makes an end, with the song of  
angels crossing from place to place.<sup>5</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Design.

<sup>2</sup> Reward.

<sup>3</sup> Amended.

<sup>4</sup> Find shelter.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *Et sic facit finem cum melodia angelorum  
transiens a loco ad locum.*

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**VI**  
**NON-CYCLE PLAYS**

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DUK MORAUD <sup>1</sup>

[SCENE I.]

[Enter Duk Moraud and his wife.]

[DUK MORAUD. Emperoures and kynges  
be kende,<sup>1</sup>

Erllys and barunnys <sup>2</sup> bolde,  
Bachelerys <sup>3</sup> and knytes to mende,<sup>4</sup>  
Sueveres and yemen <sup>5</sup> to holde,  
Knaus and pagys to sende, <sup>6</sup>  
So parfyt <sup>7</sup> that aryn to be solde, <sup>8</sup>  
I prey yow, lordynges so hende,<sup>9</sup>  
No yangelynges <sup>10</sup> ye mak in this folde <sup>11</sup>  
To day.

Als <sup>12</sup> ye are louely in fas,<sup>13</sup> <sup>10</sup>  
Set yow alle semly in plas,  
And I xal with outyn falas <sup>14</sup>  
Shewe resounus here to youre pay.<sup>15</sup>

Welthys I welde <sup>16</sup> at my wylle;  
In werd <sup>17</sup> I am knowyn ful wyde; <sup>15</sup>  
I [h]aue hert and hynd vp on hille;  
I am gay on grounde for to glyde;  
Semly ther I syt vp on sille,<sup>18</sup>  
My wyf and my mene <sup>19</sup> by my syde.  
I [command] yow tende me tylle, <sup>20</sup>  
Or ellys I xal bate <sup>21</sup> yowre pride  
Wyt dynt! <sup>22</sup>

And ther-for I warne you, infere,<sup>23</sup>  
That ye mak neyther cryng ne bere!<sup>24</sup>  
If ye do, with outyn duere,<sup>25</sup> <sup>25</sup>  
Strokes at yow xal I mynt.<sup>26</sup>

Duk Morawd I hot <sup>27</sup> be name.  
Korteyser <sup>28</sup> lord may be none.

<sup>1</sup> By right of birth. <sup>2</sup> Earls and barons.  
<sup>3</sup> Knights-bachelor, knights of the lower order.  
<sup>4</sup> To bear in mind. <sup>5</sup> Squires and yeomen.  
<sup>6</sup> Perfect. <sup>7</sup> Gracious. <sup>8</sup> Janglings, noises.  
<sup>9</sup> Enclosure. <sup>10</sup> As. <sup>11</sup> Face.  
<sup>12</sup> Deception. <sup>13</sup> Satisfaction.  
<sup>14</sup> Wealth I control. <sup>15</sup> World.  
<sup>16</sup> Still, floor (i.e. in my house). <sup>17</sup> Retainers.  
<sup>18</sup> Listen to me. <sup>19</sup> Abate, let down.  
<sup>20</sup> With a blow. <sup>21</sup> All together.  
<sup>22</sup> Outery. <sup>23</sup> Doubt. <sup>24</sup> Aim.  
<sup>25</sup> Am called. <sup>26</sup> A more courteous.

Wol fer than rengnyt <sup>1</sup> my fame  
To be comly korownyt <sup>2</sup> from one. <sup>30</sup>  
I geue gode <sup>3</sup> gyftys with game,<sup>4</sup>  
And saue iche <sup>5</sup> lordynges fro fone.<sup>6</sup>  
Me bowyn <sup>7</sup> bothe wylde and tame,  
Quethire <sup>8</sup> so thei rydyn, er gone,  
Ore scheppe.<sup>9</sup> <sup>35</sup>  
I am dowty in dede!  
I am worly in wede! <sup>10</sup>  
I am semly on stede! <sup>11</sup>  
No weleny <sup>12</sup> to me wyl I kyppe.<sup>13</sup>

[His wife announces that she will make a  
journey, probably to visit relatives or  
friends.]

[MORAUD.] Dam, do now thi wylle, <sup>40</sup>  
Thi wyage <sup>14</sup> to fulfille.  
To the wyl I be beyne.<sup>15</sup>  
For loue, I the pray,  
Rap <sup>16</sup> the faste in thi way,  
And cum hom sone ageyne. <sup>45</sup>

[WYF. . . . .]

[MORAUD.] Thorow the grace of that ich  
kyngk <sup>17</sup>  
That formyt vs alle with winne,<sup>18</sup>  
I xal me kepyn from fondyng,<sup>19</sup>  
And als from blame and synne,  
With gras. <sup>50</sup>

Iesu, als thou me wrowtes,<sup>20</sup>  
And with woundys sore me bowtes,<sup>21</sup>  
Sae me fro wykylt thowtes,  
Iesu, fayr in fas!

[WYF. . . . .]

[MORAUD.] Fare wel, my worlych <sup>22</sup> wyf! <sup>55</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rangeth, extends. <sup>2</sup> Crowned. <sup>3</sup> Good.  
<sup>4</sup> Delight. <sup>5</sup> Each, every. <sup>6</sup> Foes.  
<sup>7</sup> To me bow. <sup>8</sup> Whether.  
<sup>9</sup> Or walk, or sail. <sup>10</sup> Lovely in costume.  
<sup>11</sup> Place. <sup>12</sup> Villainy, vile deed.  
<sup>13</sup> Embrace. <sup>14</sup> Voyage. <sup>15</sup> Ready, obedient.  
<sup>16</sup> Haste. <sup>17</sup> Very King.  
<sup>18</sup> Joy. Heuser reads *wonne*.  
<sup>19</sup> Folly. <sup>20</sup> Wrought, created.  
<sup>21</sup> Bought, redeemed. <sup>22</sup> Excellent.

<sup>1</sup> Printed by W. Heuser, in *Anglia*, xxx (1907), 180, from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library. The text, written in the fourteenth century, appears "on a margin (cut off) of an Assize Roll for Norfolk and Suffolk of the second half of the thirteenth century, a small part of which is left." We have only the speeches of the actor who took the part of Duke Moraud. I have attempted to edit his speeches in such a way as to give some suggestion of the play as a whole. Unfortunately portions of the manuscript are now illegible.



Fare wel, loue in lond!  
 Fare[wel], thou semlyest lyf!<sup>1</sup>  
 Fare[wel], thou happy in hond!

## [SCENE II.]

[Duk Moraud addresses his daughter.]

[MORAUD.] Maydyn, so louely and komly  
 of syte,<sup>2</sup>I prey the for loue thou wyl lystyn to  
 me! 60To here my resun I prey the wel tythe!<sup>3</sup>  
 Loue so deryn<sup>4</sup> me most schewe to the.My loue to thi body is castyn so bryth<sup>5</sup>My wyl me most aue<sup>6</sup> of the.Thou art louely to leykyn!<sup>7</sup> and brythest  
 with ryth!<sup>8</sup> 65I loue the in thowt, thou semly of ble,  
 Be name!Thou maydyn that moryst<sup>9</sup> thi merthis  
 with myth,Derne dedys<sup>10</sup> me most do be day and be  
 nyth.Be the worthiest woundyn,<sup>11</sup> wythtest  
 wyt.<sup>12</sup> 70[Th]e sothe<sup>13</sup> tale I telle with outyn  
 ony blame.

[DAUGHTER. . . . .]

[MORAUD.] My fere<sup>14</sup> so graciouse in gras,  
 Thanc thou xalt auen of me;For thou art louely in fas,  
 And therto bryth berende of ble!<sup>15</sup> 75Now wyl I makyn solas,  
 For my deryn loue xalt thou be. 0Kys me now, par amour, in plas,  
 Als thou art worly<sup>16</sup> to se

In syte. 80

Damysel, fayrest to fonde,<sup>17</sup>  
 Als thou art semly to stonde,<sup>18</sup>Rap we vs to wendyn<sup>19</sup> in honde  
 To thi chambyr that is so louely of  
 lythe.<sup>1</sup> Seemliest person.<sup>2</sup> Comely of sight.<sup>3</sup> Grant.<sup>4</sup> Dark, secret, evil.<sup>5</sup> Bright.<sup>6</sup> Have.<sup>7</sup> To sport with (in an amorous sense).<sup>8</sup> Right.<sup>9</sup> Increasest.<sup>10</sup> Evil deeds.<sup>11</sup> By the worthiest wounded one (i.e. Christ).<sup>12</sup> Noblest being.<sup>13</sup> True.<sup>14</sup> Companion.<sup>15</sup> Bright looking of appearance.<sup>16</sup> Lovely.<sup>17</sup> Be found.<sup>18</sup> Stand.<sup>19</sup> Let us hasten to go.

## [SCENE III.]

[The Wyf, having returned and discovered  
 the incestuous relations of Moraud with  
 his daughter, threatens to expose them  
 publicly.]

## [SCENE IV.]

[Enter Duk Moraud and his daughter.]

[MORAUD.] A! I am wondyn<sup>1</sup> in gret  
 dolour! 85With danger and tene<sup>2</sup> I am bownde!To me thou geue tent,<sup>3</sup> par amour,And lystne quat I say this stounde.<sup>4</sup>

Th[at] traytowr xal be-wrey vs this oure,

I telle the, semly on grownde. 90

Than xul<sup>5</sup> we aue no socowr,But carys<sup>6</sup> to vs xal be fownde,I-wys.<sup>7</sup>I ne may neuér be fawe<sup>8</sup>Tyl that traytowr be slaw<sup>9</sup> 95That is so rebel in sawe<sup>10</sup> —

Sorow mot ay to her kys!

[The daughter goes out, kills her mother,  
 and returns.]

[MORAUD.] [Have] thou now slayne, be  
 thi fay,The fo[o]l that dede vs that tene? <sup>11</sup>

[DAUGHTER. . . . .]

[MORAUD.] A! now am I mery this  
 stound<sup>12</sup> 100That che<sup>13</sup> is browt to that ded!For che suld a wreyd<sup>14</sup> vs on grownd,That ilke old schrewed qued!<sup>15</sup>

To sorowe che xuld vs a found.

That [had] ben to vs an ewyl red!<sup>16</sup> 105

In care, for-sothe, is che wownd.

Ther-for I am mery to led,<sup>17</sup>

And gay!

Damysel, louely of chere,

Mak we mery here! 110

For care with outyn duere<sup>18</sup>

Is want away for ay.

<sup>1</sup> Enveloped. <sup>2</sup> Harm. <sup>3</sup> Give heed.<sup>4</sup> Time. <sup>5</sup> Shall. <sup>6</sup> Cares.<sup>7</sup> Indeed. <sup>8</sup> Glad in mind. <sup>9</sup> Slain.<sup>10</sup> Speech, in her talk. <sup>11</sup> Harm. <sup>12</sup> Time.<sup>13</sup> She. <sup>14</sup> Have betrayed.<sup>15</sup> That same old malignant filth. <sup>16</sup> Occurrence.<sup>17</sup> Lead. <sup>18</sup> Doubt.

[SCENE V.]

[The daughter presents to Moraud a newly-born child.]

[MORAUD.] [A! h]ave I be-gotyn this stownd<sup>1</sup>

A schyld<sup>2</sup> so louely of the?

I am [in] sorowe wownd! 115

For care me most fle.

I prey the in welt<sup>3</sup> now wownd<sup>4</sup>

[This chyld?!] myth I se.

[DAUGHTER. . . . .]

[MORAUD.] [Damisel], fayr and bryt

Go out of my syt — 120

For thowt I am ny sclawe!<sup>5</sup> —

[And slay] it in present.<sup>6</sup>

That i[s] mly commaundement.

Fast bry[n]g it of dawe.<sup>7</sup>

For al this lond I wold nowt 125

That lordes of this lond ad<sup>8</sup> yt thowt

That I ad synd be the!

For sorow and care that we xuld drywe,<sup>9</sup>

We xuld leden lyf ful rywe,<sup>10</sup>

And ther-on ay to be. 130

Ther-for, I prey the,

For loue of me,

Slo yt with thin hond!

[And al] we ben in pes,

With outyn ony lees,<sup>11</sup> 135

And ayn merth in lond.

[The daughter goes out, kills the child, and returns to Moraud with the news.]

[MORAUD.] [ ]<sup>12</sup> syng!

Ther I sytte louely in thowr!<sup>13</sup>

I thank the, louely thing,

[For ]nges this oure; 140

For that parfyt tydyng

[I geue the allys] and bour.<sup>14</sup>

[For thou], with outyn lesyng,<sup>15</sup>

[Pottyst m]e fro[m] scham and dolowr.

In to [ ] I wyl wend,<sup>16</sup> 145

<sup>1</sup> Time.

<sup>2</sup> Child.

<sup>3</sup> A strip of cloth.

<sup>4</sup> Wound.

<sup>5</sup> For sadness I am nigh slain.

<sup>6</sup> At once.

<sup>7</sup> Quickly deprive it of life.

<sup>8</sup> Had.

<sup>9</sup> Endure.

<sup>10</sup> Rueful.

<sup>11</sup> Without any lies.

<sup>12</sup> At this point the manuscript becomes in part illegible.

<sup>13</sup> Tower.

<sup>14</sup> Halls and bower[s].

<sup>15</sup> Lying.

<sup>16</sup> Go.

To a place bothe fer and hend,<sup>1</sup>

[ ] mend

[ ] mete.with [ ] frend

[ ] 150

Betyd me god or ille

In to [contre fle I wylle]

[ ]

But I prey the this oure,

My der swet par amowre, 155

[Take it to ]

I xal no [onore stond]

But, serres, I xal f[ond]

With outyn [ to com.] |

[SCENE VI.]

[The danger of discovery being over, Duk Moraud returns, to greet his daughter with joy.]

[MORAUD.] [Ha] godday, worlych wyth!<sup>2</sup>

Ha godday, louely in lyth! 161

Thou xal [sittyn] semly in syth

[So] comly [ ]

[DAUGHTER. . . . .]

[MORAUD.] I am mythful and mery,  
markyd in mynd!

I am flour fayrest [ble fryt for to fare!<sup>3</sup>

I am fayrest in fas ferly<sup>4</sup> to fynd! 166

I am louliche in lond, lyttest in lare!<sup>5</sup>

I am comly and curteys and crafty of  
kynd!

I am comly castyn fro knottes of care!

I am lordly to leykyn lyt<sup>6</sup> vndyr lynd!<sup>7</sup>

I am semly to syttun syttes so sare!<sup>8</sup>

I wyl pres me in pride.

Quan alle tho lordes of this lond are  
gadered infere,<sup>9</sup>

I am flour of hem alle, with outyn duere.<sup>10</sup>

And ellys I were woxyd of blamys<sup>11</sup> ryt  
here 175

But I be ryal in rayis<sup>12</sup> forto ryde.

[The church bell rings.]

A! now I here

<sup>1</sup> Far and near.

<sup>2</sup> Lovely person.

<sup>3</sup> By frith (i.e. a wood) to go.

<sup>4</sup> Far.

<sup>5</sup> Countenance.

<sup>6</sup> To sport lightly.

<sup>7</sup> Linden.

<sup>8</sup> To go on journeys so arduous.

<sup>9</sup> Together.

<sup>10</sup> Doubt.

<sup>11</sup> Grown blameworthy.

<sup>12</sup> (Robes of) striped cloth, gay clothes.

A bell ryngant ful nere,  
Yendyr in the kyrk.  
Thether I wyl fare,<sup>1</sup> 180  
For I am in gret care  
There sum god ded to work.

## [SCENE VII.]

[*Duk Moraud returns from the church penitent.*]

[MORAUD.] A synful kaytyf I am!  
Synfully I aue wrowt blam  
Be gret tyme of my lyfe. 185  
Now, Cryst, ast thou<sup>2</sup> me bowt,  
For-geue me that blam that I aue wrowt,  
And mak me sum-quat blythe!<sup>3</sup>  
For in this werd<sup>4</sup> may be none  
That ever tok lyf with flesch and bone 190  
That auyt<sup>5</sup> so gret blam.  
But<sup>6</sup> I aue gras<sup>7</sup> and help of the,  
I am lost fro[m] the so fre  
In helle to be be-nam.<sup>8</sup>  
A prest<sup>9</sup> now me most aue, 195  
If [I] xal be saue  
Ageynus<sup>10</sup> Cryst of myth,  
To telle hym my blam  
That I aue wrowt be nam.  
That is my thowt now ty[th]<sup>11</sup> 200  
To day.  
Iesu, heuene flowr,<sup>12</sup>  
Pot me from dolour,  
And geue me gras this oure  
A prest to auyn, I say! 205

[*Enter a priest.*]

[MORAUD.] A! blyssyd be thou ay  
That thou com to-day  
To here my dedly syn!  
Quylys<sup>13</sup> we are infere<sup>14</sup>  
I wyl schrywe<sup>15</sup> me here, 210  
For now wil I be-gyn:  
I aue led my lyf  
In sorow and in stryf,  
With cursydnessys and care.  
Yet is more in my th[o]wt. 215  
Synnus I aue wrowt  
Be my douter in lare;<sup>16</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Go. <sup>2</sup> Hast thou.  
<sup>3</sup> Somewhat blithe. <sup>4</sup> World.  
<sup>5</sup> Hath. <sup>6</sup> Unless. <sup>7</sup> Grace.  
<sup>8</sup> Confined. <sup>9</sup> Priest.  
<sup>10</sup> In the presence of. <sup>11</sup> Quickly.  
<sup>12</sup> Flower. <sup>13</sup> While. <sup>14</sup> Together.  
<sup>15</sup> Shrive, confess. <sup>16</sup> Daughter in her bed.

And chylde che bar be me,  
Quyke<sup>1</sup> was fayr and fre 220  
Bothe in body and fas;  
And I myt neuer be fawe<sup>2</sup>  
Tyl we had hym sclawe.<sup>3</sup>  
I sey the sothe<sup>4</sup> cas!  
Yet more I wyl telle now.  
My wyf ther che sclow 225  
Thowr egment me.<sup>5</sup>  
And thus is my lyf spend.  
Lord omnipotent,  
Grant me my synnus to fle!  
[PRIEST. . . . . ]  
[MORAUD.] I wyl blely,<sup>6</sup> my leue<sup>7</sup> frend,  
Do penawns,<sup>8</sup> bothe fer and hend,<sup>9</sup> 231  
To saue my sowle fro wra[th].

## [SCENE VIII.]

[*Duk Moraud returns home and greets his daughter.*]

[MORAUD.] Heyl, douter, louely of syt!  
Heyl, louely leuende<sup>10</sup> to-day!  
Cryst, that is mytty in myt, 235  
Saue the ermor<sup>11</sup> and ay!  
[DAUGHTER. . . . . ]  
[MORAUD.] Lat be, my douter dere!  
Lat be, louely in lere!<sup>12</sup>  
I aue for-sakyn here  
My blam and my syn. 240  
My syn I aue forsake,  
And to penawns I aue me take;  
For that wykkyd wrake<sup>13</sup>  
Now is time to blyn.<sup>14</sup>  
And ther-for I prey the, 245  
Sertes,<sup>15</sup> with herte fre,  
That thou mak now me  
To falle in no mor blam.  
Now wyl I don<sup>16</sup> away  
My tresorys<sup>17</sup> ryche and gay, 250  
[And] traueylyn<sup>18</sup> I wyl ay  
For my wykkyt fam.

<sup>1</sup> Which. <sup>2</sup> Joyful.  
<sup>3</sup> Slain. <sup>4</sup> True.  
<sup>5</sup> Through my incitement.  
<sup>6</sup> Willingly. <sup>7</sup> Dear.  
<sup>8</sup> Penance. <sup>9</sup> Near.  
<sup>10</sup> Living one.  
<sup>11</sup> Evermore.  
<sup>12</sup> Face. <sup>13</sup> Sin.  
<sup>14</sup> Cease.  
<sup>15</sup> Certes, assuredly. <sup>16</sup> Put.  
<sup>17</sup> Treasures. <sup>18</sup> Travel.

[SCENE IX.]

[*Duk Moraud, coming to his death,  
addresses his daughter.*]

[MORAUD.] Now my lyf wyl pase  
Fro me this ilk stonde!<sup>1</sup>

I am smetyn in the fas  
With carful strokes and rownde.

Iesu, ful of gras,  
For-geue the this trespass  
That thou ast don to me!

<sup>1</sup> Time.

255

And geue the gras to blyn<sup>1</sup> 260  
Of that wykyd syn

Quylk thou ast don so fre.  
My tyme comyt faste to  
That I xal pas yow fro,<sup>2</sup>

In othir plas to duelle. 265  
*In manus tuas Domine!*<sup>3</sup>

Iesu, haue mercy on me,  
And saue my sowle fro helle!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cease.

<sup>2</sup> From.

<sup>3</sup> "Into thy hands, O Lord."

<sup>4</sup> The end of the fragment, and apparently the end of the play.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL<sup>1</sup>[FIRST STATION. JERUSALEM.]<sup>1</sup>

## [PROLOGUE.]

POETA. *Rex glorie*, Kyng omnipotent,  
 Redemer of the world by the pouer  
 diuine,  
 And Maria, that pure vyrgy[n], quene  
 most excellent,  
 Wyche bare that blyssyd babe Iesu, that  
 for vs sufferd pyne,<sup>2</sup>  
 Vnto whoys goodnes I do inclyne  
 Besechyng that Lord, of hys pytous influ-  
 ens,  
 To preserue and gouerne thys wyrshypfull  
 audyens. 7

Honorable frendes, besechyng yow of ly-  
 cens

To procede owr processe,<sup>3</sup> we may, vnder  
 your correccon,

[Show]<sup>4</sup> the conuersyon of Seynt Paule, as  
 the Byble gyf experyens.<sup>5</sup>

Whoo lyst to rede the booke *Actum Ap-  
 ostopolorum*,<sup>6</sup>

Ther shall he haue the very notycyon.<sup>7</sup>

But, as we can, we shall vs redres,<sup>8</sup>  
 Brefly, with yowr fauour, begynnyng owr  
 proces. [Exit.] 14

Dauunce.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The "station" was a *platea*, or open space, sur-  
 rounded by spectators (some of them seated, see line  
 505). There were probably a scaffold, or "mansion,"  
 for the High Priests Caiaphas and Anna, and a stable.

<sup>2</sup> F. prints *payne*; corr. by M.

<sup>3</sup> To proceed with our story.

<sup>4</sup> Supplied by M.; cf. ll. 160-67.

<sup>5</sup> Information.

<sup>6</sup> See The Acts of the Apostles ix, 1-31.

<sup>7</sup> Information.

<sup>8</sup> Address ourselves to our task.

<sup>9</sup> Added in a later hand. Apparently the audi-  
 ence found the play tiresome, and an effort was made  
 to render it more attractive.

*Here entryth Saule, goodly besene<sup>1</sup> in the  
 best wyse lyke an aumerous<sup>2</sup> knygh, thus  
 sayyng:*

SAULUS. Most dowtyd<sup>3</sup> man I am lyuyng  
 vpon the ground!

Goodly besene with many a riche garne-  
 ment!<sup>4</sup>

My pere on lyue I trow ys nott found.

Thorow the world, fro the oryent to the  
 occydent,

My fame ys best knowyn vndyr the  
 fyrmament.

I am most drad of pepull vnyuersall;

They dare not dysp[le]ase me<sup>5</sup> most  
 noble. 21

Saule ys my name. — I wyll that ye no-  
 tyfy, —

Whych conspyreth<sup>6</sup> the dyseyplys with  
 threite and menace;<sup>7</sup>

Be-fore the prynces of prestes most noble  
 and hye<sup>8</sup>

I bring them to punyshement for ther  
 trespace.

We wyll them nott suffer to rest in no  
 place,

For they go a-boughte to preche and gyff  
 exemplis

To destroye our lawes, sinagoges, and  
 templis. 28

<sup>1</sup> Apparelled.

<sup>2</sup> Adventurous.

<sup>3</sup> Dreaded.

<sup>4</sup> F. *garlement*; corr. by M.

<sup>5</sup> F. *my*; corr. by M.; but the line seems to be cor-  
 rupt.

<sup>6</sup> Used in its etymological sense "to breathe to-  
 gether," possibly echoing Acts ix, 1: "And Saul, yet  
 breathing out threatenings" (*Saulus autem adhuc  
 spirans minarum*).

<sup>7</sup> F. *threites and menaces*; corr. by M.

<sup>8</sup> F. *hye and noble*; corr. by M.

<sup>1</sup> From the Digby MS., which contains four (one a fragment) late fifteenth-century plays. I have based the text on F. J. Furnivall's *The Digby Mysteries*, 1882 (F.), and have availed myself of certain valuable emendations by Manly (M.). I have also adopted the stanzaic form employed by Manly, since Furnivall gives no indication of the metrical scheme. The play was probably written by an East Midland author. The method of performance shows that it was designed for presentation in a small village. Three "stations" were used, and the audience, as well as the actors, moved in a body from one station to another. The reader should compare the play with the liturgical *Conversio Beati Pauli Apostoli* printed on page 51. The Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul came on January 25, and we may suppose that both these plays were designed for performance on that day.

By the god Bellyall, I schall make progresse  
 Vnto the princes, both Caypha and  
 Anna,  
 Wher I schall aske of them, in suernes,  
 To persue thorow all Dammask and  
 Liba;  
 And thus we schall soone after than  
 Bryng them that so do lyff in-to Ierusalem,  
 Both man and child, that I fynd of them. 35

*Her cummyth Sale to Caypha and Anna,  
 prestes of the tempyll.*

Nobyll prelates and princes of regalyte,  
 Desyryng and askyng of your benyngne  
 wurthynges  
 Your letters and epystolys of most sou-  
 erente  
 To subdue rebellyous<sup>1</sup> that wyll, of  
 frawdardnes,  
 A-gaynst our lawes rebell or transgresse,  
 Nor wyll not inclyne but mak obiecc[i]on.  
 To pursue all such I wyll do proteccion.<sup>2</sup> 42

CAYPHA. To your desyer we gyf perfyth  
 sentens,<sup>3</sup>  
 Accordyng to your petycions that ye  
 make postulacion;<sup>4</sup>  
 By-cause we know your trewe delygens  
 To persue all tho that do reprobacion  
 A-gayns owur lawes by ony redargua-  
 cion.<sup>5</sup>

Wherefor shortly we gyf in commandment  
 To put down them that be dy[s]obedy-  
 ent. 49

ANNA. And by thes letturs, that be most  
 reuerent —  
 Take them in hand, full agre<sup>6</sup> ther-to —  
 Constreyn all rebellys by owur hole assent;  
 We gyf yow full power so to doo.  
 Spare not, hardly, for frend nor foo!  
 All thos ye fynd of that lyfe in thys realme,  
 Bounde loke ye bryng them in-to Ierusa-  
 lem. 56

*Her Saule resayuyth ther letters.*

SAULUS. Thys precept here I take in  
 hande,

To fullfyll after yowur wylls both;  
 Wher I shall spare with-in this londe  
 Nother man nor woman, — to this I  
 make an oth, —  
 But to subdue I wyll not be loth.  
 Now folow me, knytnys and seruantes  
 trewe,  
 In-to Damaske as fast as ye can sewe.<sup>1</sup> 63

I. MILES. Vnto your commaundment I do  
 obeysaunce.  
 I wyll not gaynsay nor make delacion,<sup>2</sup>  
 But with good mynd and harty plesaunce  
 I shall yow succede and make perambu-  
 lacion  
 Thorow-oute Damaske with all delecta-  
 cion;  
 And all thoo [who] rebell and make resys-  
 tens,  
 For to oppres I wyll do my delygens. 70

II. MILES. And in me shalbe no neeclygens,  
 But to thys precept my-self I shall ap-  
 plye,  
 To do yow behest<sup>3</sup> with all conuenyens,  
 With-owt eny frowardnes or eny obsty-  
 nacy, —  
 Non shall appere in me; but, verely,  
 With all my mynd, I yow insure,<sup>4</sup>  
 To resyst tho rebelles I wyll do my cure.<sup>5</sup> 77

SAULUS. Truly to me yt ys grett consolacion  
 To here thys report that ye do avauus.<sup>6</sup>  
 For your sapyencyall wyttes I gyf com-  
 mendacion;  
 Euer at my nede I haue founde yow  
 constant.  
 But, knytnes and seruantes, that be so  
 plesaunt,  
 I pray yow anon my palfray ye bryng,  
 To spede my iurney with-owt lettyng. 84

*Here goyth Sale forth a lytyll a-syde for to  
 make hym redy to ryde, the seruuant thus  
 seyng:*

SERUUS. How, hosteler! how! A peck of  
 otyes and a botell<sup>7</sup> of haye!  
 Com of a-pase, or I wyll to a-nother inne!

<sup>1</sup> F. *rebelyons*; corr. by M.; cf. ll. 135, 142.

<sup>2</sup> Give protection.

<sup>3</sup> Perfect sentence (complete authority?).

<sup>4</sup> Request.

<sup>5</sup> Reprehensible conduct.

<sup>6</sup> Agree.

<sup>1</sup> Follow.

<sup>2</sup> Delay.

<sup>3</sup> Command

<sup>4</sup> Make pledge, assure.

<sup>5</sup> I will apply myself diligently.

<sup>6</sup> Advance.

<sup>7</sup> Bundle.

What, hosteler! why commyst not thy way?

Hye the faster, I beshrew thi skynne!

STABULARYUS. I am non hosteler, nor non hostelers kynne,

But a ientylmanys seruuant, if<sup>1</sup> thou dost know!

Such crabyysh wordes do aske a blow. 91

SERUUS. I cry yow mercy, sir! I wyst well sum-what ye were,

Owther a gentylman, or a knaue, me thynkyth by your physnomy!

Yf on[e] loke yow in the face that neuer se yow ere,<sup>2</sup>

Wold thynk ye were at the next dore by.

In good fayth, I wenyd<sup>3</sup> yow had bene an hosteler, verely:

I sye<sup>4</sup> suche a-nother ientylman with yow a barowfull bare

Of horsdowng, and dogges tordes, and sych other gere. 98

And how yt happenyd, a mervelous chance be-tyde:

Your felow was not suer of foote, and yet he went very brode,

But in a cow tord both dyd ye slyde, —

And, as I wene, your nose ther-in rode, Your face was be-payntyd with sowters code.<sup>5</sup>

I sey<sup>6</sup> neuer sych a syght, I make God a vow!

Ye were so be-grymlyd and yt had bene a sowe. 105

STAB. In fayth, thou neuer syest me tyll this day.

I haue dwellyd with my master thys vij yere and more;

Full well I haue pleasyd hym — he wyll not say nay —

And mykyl<sup>7</sup> he makyth of me therfore.

SERUUS. By my growth, than be ye changyd to a new lore!<sup>8</sup>

A scruand ye are, and that a good, Ther ys no better lokyth owt of a hood. 112

STAB. For soth, and a hood I vse for to were;

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by M.

<sup>2</sup> Thought.

<sup>3</sup> Cobbler's wax.

<sup>4</sup> Much.

<sup>5</sup> Saw you before.

<sup>6</sup> Saw.

<sup>7</sup> Saw.

<sup>8</sup> Rule of behavior.

Full well yt ys lynyd with sylk and chamlett;<sup>1</sup>

Yt kepyth me fro the cold that the wynd doth me not dere,<sup>2</sup>

Nowther frost nor snow that I therby do sett.

SERUUS. Yea, yt ys a dobyll hood, and that a fett!<sup>3</sup>

He was a good man that made yt, I warant yow;

He was nother horse ne mare, nor yet yokyd sow! 119

*Here commyth the fyrst knyth to the stabyl-grom, sayng:*

1. MILES. Now, stabyl grom, shortly bryng forth away

The best horse, for owur lorde wyll ryde.

STAB. I am full redy. Here ys a palfray.

There can no man a better bestryde!

He wyll conducte owur lorde and gyde Thorow the world; he ys sure and abyll;

To bere a gentyllman he [is] esy and proph-etabyll. 126

*Her the knyth cummyth to Saule with a horse.*

1. MILES. Behold, sir Saule, your palfray ys com,

Full goodly besene, as yt ys yowr desyer To take yowur vyage thorow euery regyon.

Be nott in dowt he wyll spede your mater.

And we, as your seruauntes, with glad chere

Shall gyf attendance; we wyll nott gayn-say,

But folow you where ye go be nyght or day. 133

SAULUS. Vnto Damask I make my progressyon,

To pursue all rebellyous, beyng froward and obstynat,

Agayns our lawes be only transgressyon.

With all my delygens my-self I wyll prepare<sup>4</sup>

Concernyng my purpose to oppres and separate;

Non shall reioyce that doth offend,

<sup>1</sup> Camlet, a beautiful and costly fabric.

<sup>2</sup> Harm.

<sup>3</sup> A fine one.

<sup>4</sup> F. prepare; emend. by M.

But vtterly to reprove with mynde and  
intende. 140

*Her Sale rydyth forth with hys seruantes  
a-bout the place,<sup>1</sup> [and] out of the p[lace].*

CAYPHA. Now Saule hath takyn hys  
wurthy wyage<sup>2</sup>

To pursue rebellyous, of what degre thei  
be.

He wyll non suffer to raygne nor haue pas-  
sage

With-in all thys regyon, we be in ser-  
tayn[te].<sup>3</sup>

Wherefor I commende hys goodly dyg-  
nyte,

That he thus aluay takyth in hande

By hys power to gouerne thus all thys  
lande. 147

ANNA. We may lyue in rest, by hys con-  
solacion.

He defendyth vs; where-for we be  
bownde

To loue hym intyrelly with our harttes  
affeccion,

And honour hym as champion in euery  
stownde.<sup>4</sup>

Ther ys non suche lyuyng vpon the  
grownde

That may be lyke hym nor be hys pere,  
Be<sup>5</sup> est nor west, ferre nor nere. 154

POETA — *si placet*.<sup>6</sup>

CONCLUSYON.

Dauunce.<sup>7</sup>

[EPILOGUE.]

[POETA.] Fynally, of this stac[i]on<sup>8</sup> thus  
we mak a conclusyon,

Besechyng thys audyens to folow and  
succeede

With all your delygens this generall proces-  
syon.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I.e. the *platea*, or open space surrounded by the  
spectators.

<sup>2</sup> Journey.

<sup>3</sup> Added by M.

<sup>4</sup> Continually.

<sup>5</sup> By.

<sup>6</sup> This refers, apparently, to the "Conclusyon" or  
Epilogue. "Dauunce" was later inserted.

<sup>7</sup> Added in a later hand.

<sup>8</sup> F. *stacon*; corr. by M.

<sup>9</sup> It is clear that the audience had to walk in pro-  
cession to the next station.

To vnderstande this matter, wo lyst to  
rede

The Holy Bybyll for the better spede,  
Ther shall he haue the perfyth intellygens.  
And thus we comyt yow to Crystys mag-  
nyfyens. 161

*The end of that station, and another follows:*<sup>1</sup>

[SECOND STATION. DAMASCUS.]<sup>2</sup>

[PROLOGUE.]

POETA. Honorable frendes, we beseche  
yow of audyens

To here our intencion and also our pros-  
ses.

Vpon our matter, be your fauorable  
lycens,

A-nother part of the story we wyll re-  
dres.

Here shalbe brefly shewyd with all our  
besynes.<sup>3</sup>

At thys pagent, Saynt Poullys conuerecyon.  
Take ye good hede and ther-to gyf affec-  
cion. [Exit.] 168

*Here commyth Saule rydyng in with hys  
seruantes.*

SAULUS. My purpose to Damask fully I  
intende.

To pursewe the dyscypulys my lyfe I  
apply.

For to breke down the chyrchys thus I  
condescende,

Non I wyll suffer that [they] shall  
edyfey.<sup>4</sup>

Perchaunce owur lawes than myghte  
[peyre]<sup>5</sup> ther-by,

And the pepull also turne and conuerte;  
Whych shuld be gret heuynes vnto myn  
hart. 175

Nay, that shall nott be butt layd a-part!

The prynces haue gouyn<sup>6</sup> me full potes-  
tacion.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Finis istius stacionis, et altera sequitur.*

<sup>2</sup> Again the audience is gathered about an open  
space, or *platea*. Within the *platea* are constructed,  
it seems, a "mansion" for Annanie, a "mansyon"  
(see lines 269-71) for Saul, and Heaven.

<sup>3</sup> Diligence.

<sup>4</sup> Build.

<sup>5</sup> Become impaired. *Supplied by Kittredge, in M.*

<sup>6</sup> Given.

<sup>7</sup> Power.



All that I fynd, thei shall nott start,<sup>1</sup>  
 But bounde, to Ierusalem, with furyous  
 vyolacion,  
 Be-for Cesar, Caypha and Annas [haue] <sup>2</sup>  
 presentacion.  
 Thus shalbe subduyd the wretchys of that  
 lyfe,  
 That non shall in-ioy, nother man, chy[l]de,  
 nor wyfe. 182

*Here commyth a feruent [flame] <sup>2</sup> with gret  
 tempest, and Saule faulyth down of hys  
 horse; that done, Godhed spekyth in heuyn.*

DEUS. Saule! Saule! why dost thou me  
 pursue?

Yt ys hard to pryke a-gayns the spore!  
 I am thi Savyour, that ys so trwe,  
 Whych made heuyn and erth and eche  
 creature.

Offende nott my goodnes! I wyll the  
 recure! <sup>3</sup>

SAULUS. O Lord, I am a-ferd! I trymble  
 for fere!

What woldyst I ded? <sup>4</sup> Tell me here! 189

DEUS. A-ryse, and goo thou wyth glad  
 chere

In-to the cyte a lytyll be-syde,  
 And I shall the socor in euery dery,<sup>5</sup>

That no maner of yll xal be-tyde;  
 And I wyll ther for the prouyde  
 By my grete goodnes what thou shalt  
 doo.

Hy the as fast thether as thou mast goo. 196

[*Deus withdraws.*]

SAULUS. O mercyfull God, what aylyth  
 me?

I am lame; my legges be take me fro;

My sygh <sup>6</sup> lykwyse; I may nott see;

I can nott tell whether <sup>7</sup> to goo.

My men hath forsake me also.

Whether shall I wynde? or whether shall I  
 pas?

Lord, I beseche the, helpe me, of thy  
 grace. 203

I. MILES. Syr, we be here to help the in  
 thi nede

<sup>1</sup> Escape.

<sup>2</sup> Redeem, save.

<sup>3</sup> Injury. <sup>4</sup> Sight.

<sup>5</sup> Supplied by M.

<sup>6</sup> Did, should do.

<sup>7</sup> Whither.

With all our affyance; <sup>1</sup> we wyll not seise.<sup>2</sup>  
 SAULUS. Than, in Damask, I pray yow,  
 me lede,

I[n] Godes name, accordyng to my prom-  
 yse.

II. MILES. To put forth yowur hand loke  
 ye dresse.<sup>3</sup>

Cum on your way. We shall yow bryng  
 In-to the cyte with-owt taryng. 210

*Here the knyghtes lede forth Sale in-to a  
 place,<sup>4</sup> and Cryst apperyth to Annanie,  
 saying:*

DEUS. Ananie! Ananie! Where art  
 thou, Ananie?

ANAN. Here, Lord; I am here, trwly. 212

DEUS. Go thy way and make thi curse,<sup>5</sup>  
 As I shall assyng <sup>6</sup> the by myn aduysse,

Into the strete *qui dicitur rectus*,<sup>7</sup>  
 And in a certayn house, of warantyse,<sup>8</sup>

Ther shall ye fynd Saule in humble  
 vyse,<sup>9</sup>

As a meke lambe, that a wolf before was  
 namyd.

Do my behest; be nothyng a-shamyd! 219

He wantyth hys syth,<sup>10</sup> by my punysshment  
 constrayned.

Prayeng vnto me, I assure, thou shalt  
 hym fynd.

With my stroke of pyte sore ys he paynyde,  
 Wantyng hys sygth, for he ys truly  
 blynyde.

ANAN. Lord, I am aferd; for aluay in my  
 mind

I here so myche of hys furyous cruelte,  
 That for spekyng of thi name to deth he  
 will put me. 226

DEUS. Nay, Ananie; nay, I assure the!  
 He wulbe glad of thy cummyng.

ANAN. A! Lord, but I know, 'of a cer-  
 tain[te],<sup>11</sup>

That thy seyntes in Ierusalem to deth he  
 doth bryng.

<sup>1</sup> Duty, loyalty.

<sup>2</sup> Cease.

<sup>3</sup> Address yourself.

<sup>4</sup> Obviously the "mansyon" or house indicated in  
 lines 216, 269-71.

<sup>5</sup> Course.

<sup>6</sup> Assign.

<sup>7</sup> "Which is called straight."

<sup>8</sup> Without fail.

<sup>9</sup> Wise, condition.

<sup>10</sup> Sight.

<sup>11</sup> Added by M.

Many ylls of hym I haue bekennyng,<sup>1</sup>  
For he hath the pour<sup>2</sup> of the princes alle  
To saue or spylle,<sup>3</sup> do which he schall. 233

DEUS. Be nothyng a-drad! He ys a  
chosen wessell

To me, assyngned by my godly eleccion.  
He shall bere my name be-fore the kynges  
and chylder of Israell,

By many sharpe shoures<sup>4</sup> sufferyng cor-  
reccion,

A gret doctor, of benyngne conpleccion,  
The trwe precher of the hye deuynete,  
A very pynacle of the fayth, I ensure  
the. 240

ANAN. Lorde, thy commandment I shall  
fullfyll.

Vn-to Saule I wyll take my waye.

DEUS. Be nothyng in dowte for good nor yll.  
Fare-well, Ananie! Tell Saule what I do  
say.

*Let God depart.<sup>5</sup>*

ANAN. Blyssyd Lord, defende me, as thou  
best may!

Gretly I fere hys cruell tyranny.  
But to do thi precept my-self I shall ap-  
plye. 247

*Here Ananias goth toward Saule.*

I. MILES. I maruayle gretly what yt doth  
mene,

To se owur master in thys hard stounde.<sup>6</sup>  
The wonder grett lythtys<sup>7</sup> that were so  
shene<sup>8</sup>

Smett hym doune of hys hors to the  
grownde;

And me thowt that I hard a sounde  
Of won spekyng with voyce delectable,  
Whych was to [vs]<sup>9</sup> wonderfull myr-  
able.<sup>10</sup> 254

II. MILES. Sertenly thys lyght was fere-  
full to see;

The sperkys of fyre were very feruent;

<sup>1</sup> Knowledge. F. prints *be kennyng*; but see  
N.E.D. *sub* bekennyng.

<sup>2</sup> Power, authority.

<sup>3</sup> Pangs, ettasks of pain.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *Et exiat Deus*.

<sup>5</sup> Fierce attack, shock.

<sup>6</sup> Lights.

<sup>7</sup> Supplied by M.

<sup>8</sup> Destroy.

<sup>9</sup> Bright.

<sup>10</sup> Marvellous.

Yt inflamyd so greuouely about the cowntre  
That, by my trowth, I went<sup>1</sup> we shuld a  
ben brent.<sup>2</sup>

But now, serys, lett vs relente<sup>3</sup>  
Agayne to Caypha and Anna, to tell this  
chaunce

How yt be-fell to vs thys greuauns. 261  
[*The two soldiers depart for Jerusalem.*]

*Her Saule ys in contemplacion.*

SAULUS. Lord, of thi counfort moch I  
desyre,

Thou myghty Prince of Israell, Kyng of  
pyte,

Whyche me hast punyshyd as thi presoner,  
That nother ete nor dranke thys dayes  
thre.

But, gracyos Lorde, of thi vysytacyon I  
thanke the;

Thy seruant shall I be as long as I haue  
breth,

Though I therfor shuld suffer dethe. 268

*Here commyth Anania to Saule, sayeng:*

ANAN. Pease be in thys place and goodly  
mansyon!

Who ys with-in? Speke, in Crystys holy  
name!

SA[ULUS]. I am here, Saule. Cum in, on  
Goddess benyson!

What ys your wyll? Tell, with-owten  
blame.

ANAN. From Almyghty God, sertainly, to  
the sent I am;

And Ananie men call me wher-as I dwell.

SAULUS. What wold ye haue, I pray yow  
me tell. 275

ANAN. Gyfe me your hand for your  
awayle.<sup>4</sup>

For, as I was commaundyed by hys gra-  
cyos sentens,

He bad<sup>5</sup> the be stedfast, for thou shalt be  
hayle.<sup>6</sup>

For thys same cause he sent me to thi  
presens.

Also he bad the remember hys hye  
excellens,

<sup>1</sup> Thought.

<sup>2</sup> Burned.

<sup>3</sup> Return.

<sup>4</sup> Avail, benefit.

<sup>5</sup> F. & bad. Manly reads *I byd*; but cf. II. 280, 289.

<sup>6</sup> Whole, healed.

Be the same tokyn that he dyd the  
mete<sup>1</sup>

Toward the cyte, when he apperyd in the  
strete. 282

Ther mayst thou know hys power celes-  
tyall,

How he dysposyth euery thyng as hym  
lyst;

No thyng may withstand hys myghte es-  
sencyall.

To stond vp-ryght, or els down to  
thruste,<sup>2</sup>

Thys ys hys powur; yt may not be  
myste,

For who that yt wantyth, lackyth a frende.  
Thys ys the message that he doth the  
sende. 289

SAULUS. Hys marcy to me ys ryght wel-  
com;

I am ryght glad that yt ys thus.

*Here the Holy Spirit shall appear above him.*<sup>3</sup>

ANAN. Be of good chere and perfyte  
iubylacion,

*Discendet super te Spiritus Sanctus,*<sup>4</sup>

Whych hath with hys grace illumynyd  
vs.

Put fo[r]th thi hond and goo wyth me.

A-gayne to thy syght here I restore the. 296

SAULUS. Blyssyd Lord, thankys to yow  
euer bee!

The swame<sup>5</sup> ys fallyn from my eyes  
twayne!

Where I was blynyd and coud nott see,  
Lord, thou hast sent me my syght  
agayne.

From sobbyng and wepyng I can not  
refrayne.

My pensyue hart [is] full of contryccion;  
For my offences my body shal haue puny-  
cyon;<sup>6</sup> 303

And, where I haue vsed so gret persecucion  
Of thi descyplys thorow all Ierusalem,

<sup>1</sup> Meet.

<sup>2</sup> Thrust.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Hic aparebit Spiritus Sanctus super eum.*  
Cf. John i, 32: "I saw the Spirit descending from  
heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him."

<sup>4</sup> "The Holy Spirit descends upon thee."

<sup>5</sup> Scale.

<sup>6</sup> Punishment.

I wyll [aid] and defende ther predycacyon<sup>1</sup>  
That th[e]ly dyd tech on all this reme.<sup>2</sup>

Wherefor, Ananie, at the watery streme  
Baptyse me, hartely I the praye,  
A-mong your numbyr that I cleete and  
chosen be may. 310

ANAN. On-to this well<sup>3</sup> of mych vertu

We wyll vs hyc with all our delygens.

SAULUS. Go yow be-fore, and after I shall  
sewe,

Laudyng and prayсыng our Lordes be-  
nevolens.

I shall neuer offend hys myghty magnyf-  
ycens,

But aluay obserue hys preceptys and  
kepe.

For my gret vnkyndnes my hart doth  
wepe. 317

*[They arrive at the place of baptism.]*

ANAN. Knele ye down vpon thys grownde,  
Receyuyng thys crystenyng with good  
intent,

Whyche shall make yow hole of your dedly  
wound,

That was infecte with venom nocent.<sup>4</sup>

Yt purgyth synne; and fendes poures<sup>5</sup> so  
fraudent

It putyth a-syde; where thys doth at-  
tayne,

In euery stede, he may not obtayne. 324

I crysten yow with mynd full perfyght,

Reseyuyng yow in-to owur relygyon,  
Euer to be stedfast and neuer to flyt,<sup>6</sup>

But euer constant with-owt varyacyon.

Now ys fulfyllyd all our obseruacyon;

Concludyng, thou mayst yt ken,

*In nomine Patris et Filij et Spiritus Sancti,*  
*Amen!* 331

SAULUS. I am ryght glad as foule on flyte<sup>7</sup>  
That I haue receyuyd this blyssyd sacre-  
ment.

ANAN. Com on your way, Saule; for noth-  
yng lett.<sup>8</sup>

Take yow sum coumforth for your  
bodyes noryschment.

<sup>1</sup> Preaching.

<sup>2</sup> Realm.

<sup>3</sup> Probably a baptismal font set in the *platea*

<sup>4</sup> Injurious.

<sup>5</sup> Fiends' power.

<sup>6</sup> Deviate.

<sup>7</sup> Bird on wing.

<sup>8</sup> Delay.

Ye shall abyde with the dyscyplys, verament,  
Thys many dayes in Damask cyte,  
Vn-tyll the tyme more perfyt ye may be. 338

SAULUS. As ye commande, holy father  
Ananie;

I full[y] <sup>1</sup> assent at yow[r] request,  
To be gydyd and rulyd as ye wyll haue me,  
Evyn at your pleasur, as ye thynk best.

I shall not offend for most nor lest.  
Go forth yowur way; I wyll succede  
In-to what place ye wyll me lede. 345

[*Exeunt.*]

CONCLUSYO[N].

Dauce.<sup>2</sup>

### [EPILOGUE.]

POETA. Thus Saule ys conuertyd, as ye se  
expres,

The very trw seruaut of our Lord Iesu.  
Non may be lyke to hys perfyght holynes,  
So nobyll a doctor, constant and trwe;  
Aftyr hys conuersyon neuer mutable,  
but styll insue

The lawys of God to teche euer more and  
more.

As Holy Scryptur tellyd who-so lyst to  
loke ther-fore. 352

Thus we comyte yow all to the Trynyte,  
Conkludyng thys stacion as we can or  
may,

Vnder the correccyon of them that letteryd  
be;

How-be-yt vnable, as I dare speke or  
say,

The compyler her-of shuld translat veray  
So holy a story, but with fauorable correc-  
cyon

Of my fauorable masters of ther benygne  
supplexion.<sup>3</sup> 359

*The end of that second station, and the third  
follows.<sup>4</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Added by M.

<sup>2</sup> In a later hand (though not so stated by F.).

<sup>3</sup> Supplementation.

<sup>4</sup> MS *Finis actus secunde stacionis, et sequitur  
tercia.*

### [THIRD STATION. JERUSALEM.] <sup>1</sup>

#### [PROLOGUE.]

POETA. The myght of the Fadires poten-  
ciall deite

Preserue thys honorable and wurshyp-  
full congregation

That here be present of hye and low degre,  
To vnderstand thys pagent at thys lytyll  
stacion,

Whych we shall procede with all our  
delectac[i]on,

Yf yt wyll plesse yow to gyf audyens fauor-  
able.

Hark wysely ther-to; yt ys good and  
profetable. [*Exit.*] 366

*[The two soldiers from Damascus come up to  
Caiaphas and Anna.]*

I. MILES. Nobyll prelates, take hede to  
owur sentens!

A wundryfull chaunce fyll <sup>2</sup> and dyd be-  
tyde

Vn-to owr master Saull, when he departyd  
hens,

In-to Damaske purposyd to ryde.

A meruelous lyght fro thelement <sup>3</sup> dyd  
glyde,

Whych smet doun hym to grunde, both  
horse and man,

With the ferfulest wether that euer I in  
cam. 373

II. MILES. It rauysshid hym, and his  
spirites did benome.

A swete, dulcet voyce spake hym vnto,  
And askyd wherfor he made suche persecu-  
cyon

A-geynst hys dyscyplys, and why he dyd  
soo.

He bad hym in-to Damaske to Ananie  
goo,

<sup>1</sup> Not without some hesitation I have labeled this Jerusalem. All the action seems to take place there, although the Bible represents some of this as occurring in Damascus. We may suppose that the author, or the actors, were forced by the conditions of performance to take liberties with the Biblical story. Or it may be that the text of the play has been re-vamped for a three-station performance. There seems to have been on the *platea* the house of Caiaphas and Anna, a scaffold for the devils, and a pulpit (or possibly a house) for Saul.

<sup>2</sup> Fell, befell.

<sup>3</sup> The element, the sky.

And ther he shuld reseyue baptym, truly.  
And now clene a-geyns owur lawys he ys  
trwly. 380

CAYPHA. I am sure thys tale ys not trw!  
What! Saule conuertyd from our law!  
He went to Damask for to pursue  
All the dyscyplys that dyd with-draw  
Fro owur fayth: thys was hys sawe.<sup>1</sup>  
How say ye, Anna, to thys mater? This ys  
a mervelos chans!  
I can not beleve that thys ys of assur-  
ans! 387

ANNA. No, Caypha! My mynde trwly  
do [I] tell:  
That he wyll not turne in no maner wyse,  
Eut rather to deth put and expell  
All myscreauntes and wretchys that  
doth aryse  
Agaynst our lawes by ony enterpryse.

[Turning to the soldiers.]

Say the trwth with-[owt] ony cause frawd-  
elent,  
Or els for your talys ye be lyke to be  
shent! 394

I. MILES. Ellys owur bodyes may [ye] <sup>2</sup>  
put to payn! <sup>3</sup>  
All that we declare I sye yt with my nye; <sup>4</sup>  
Nothyng offendyng, but trwly do iusty-  
fyne. 397

CAYPHAS. By the gret God, I do maruayle  
gretly!  
And <sup>5</sup> thys be trw that ye do reherse,  
He shall repent hys rebellyous treytory,  
That all shalbe ware <sup>6</sup> of hys falsnes.  
We wyll not suffer hym to obtayne <sup>7</sup> dowl-  
les,

For meny perellys that myght be-tyde  
By hys subtyll meanys on euery syde. 404

ANNA. The law ys commytttyd to owur  
aduysment;  
Wherfor we wyll not se yt decay,

<sup>1</sup> Saying. <sup>2</sup> Supplied by M.  
<sup>3</sup> As Manly points out, four lines seem to be miss-  
ing here.  
<sup>4</sup> Mine eye. <sup>5</sup> If.  
<sup>6</sup> Cautious in avoiding.  
<sup>7</sup> Prevail, gain the day.

But rather vphold yt, help, and augment,  
That ony reprove to vs fall may  
Of Cesar, themprour, by nyght or day.  
We shall to such maters harke and at-  
tende,  
According to the lawes our wyttes to  
spende. 411

<sup>1</sup> [Here to enter a dyvel with thunder and  
fyre, and to awaunte <sup>2</sup> hym sylfe, saying as  
folowyth; and, hys spech spokyn, to syt  
downe in a chayre.]

BELYALL. Ho! ho! Be-holde me, the  
myghte prince of the partes in-  
fernall!

Next vnto Lucyfer I am in magestye!  
By name I am nominate the god Belyall;  
Non of more myghte, nor of more excel-  
lencye!

My powre ys princypall, and now of  
most soferaynte.

In the temples and synogoges who deneyth  
me to honore,

My busshopes, throw my motyon, <sup>3</sup> thei  
wyl hym sone devoure. 418

I have movyd my prelates, Cayphas and  
Anna,

To persew and put downe by powre  
ryall,

Thorow the sytyes of Damask and Liba,  
All soch as do worship the hye God su-  
pernall.

Ther deth ys conspyryd with-owt any  
faoure at all.

My busshopys hathe chosyne won most  
rygorus

Them to persew, howse <sup>4</sup> name ys  
Saulus. 425

Ho! Thus as a god, most hye in magestye,  
I rayne and I rule ouer creatures hu-  
mayne!

With souerayne sewte sowghte to ys my  
deyte.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At this point, and extending through the stage  
direction following line 502 (I have enclosed the  
scene in brackets), a later writer has inserted on three  
separate leaves a comic episode between Belial and  
Mercury. His purpose seems to have been to ren-  
der the play more entertaining.

<sup>2</sup> Vaunt, brag about. (F. asauce.)  
<sup>3</sup> Suggestion. <sup>4</sup> Whose. <sup>5</sup> Deity.

Mans mynd ys applicant as I lyst to ordeyne.

My law styll encreasyth; wherof I am fayne.

Yet of late I haue hard of no newys truly;  
Wherfor I long tyll I speke with my messenger Mercurye. 432

*Here shall entere a-nother devyll, callyd Mercury, with a fyeryng,<sup>1</sup> commyng in hast, cryeng and roryng, and shal say as folowyth:*

MARCURY. Ho! owght! owght! Alas thys sodayne chance!

Well may we bewayle this cursyd aduenture!

BELYAL. Mercurye, what alyse thou? Tell me thy grevaunce!

Ys ther any that hath wrowghte vs dyspleasure?

MERC. Dyspleasure i-nowgh, therof ye may be sure!

Our law at lengthe yt wylbe clene downe layd,

For yt decayth sore; and more wyl, I am a-frayd. 439

BEL. Ho! how can that be? Yt ys not possyble!

Co[n]syder, thou foole, the long contynuanance!

Decaye, quod a? <sup>2</sup> Yt ys not credyble!  
Of fals tydynges thou makyst here vtterance.

Behold how the peple hath no pleasaunce  
But in syn and to folow our desyere,  
Pryde and voluptuosyte ther hartes doth so fyre. 446

Thowghe on[e] do swauer <sup>3</sup> away from our lore,

Yet ys our powre of suche nobyltye  
To haue hym a-gayne, and twoo therfore  
That shal preferre the prayse of owre maiestye.

What ys the tydynges? Tell owt! Lett vs see!

Why arte thou amasyd so? Declare afore vs

What fury ys fallyn that troblyth the thus! 453

MERCURY. Ho! owght! owght! He that I most trustyd to,

And he that I thowghte wold haue ben to vs most specyall,

Ys now of late turnyd, and our cruell foor!  
Our specyall frynd, our chosen Saull,

Ys be-commе seruante to the hye God eternall!

As he dyd ryde on our enemyes persecutyon,

He was sodenly strykyn by the hye provysyon; 460

And now ys baptysyd, and promys he hath made

Neuer to vary; and soch grace he hath opteynyd

That ondwtyd <sup>1</sup> hys fayth from hym can-not fade.

Wherfor to complayne I am constraynyd,

For moch by hym shuld we haue preyayld.

BELYAL. Ho! owght! owght! What! haue we loste

Our darlyng most dere, whom we lovyd moste? 467

But ys yt of trowth that thou doyst here specyfyf?

MERCURY. Yt ys so, ondwghtyd. Why shuld I fayne?

For thowghte I can, do non other but crye!

*Here thei shal rore and crye; and then Belyal shal saye:*

BELYAL. Owghte! This grevyth vs worse than hell payne!

The conuersyon of [one] synner, certayne,

Ys more payne to vs and persecutyon  
Than all the furies of the infernall don-  
gyon. 474

MERCURY. Yt doyth not avayl vs thus to lament;

But lett vs provyd for remedy shortlye.  
Wherfor let vs both by on[e] assent

<sup>1</sup> Without doubt.

<sup>1</sup> An explosion of powder; cf. *The Castle of Perseverance*, stage-direction after line 2199. (But *N.E.D.* explains this as "a quantity of burning fuel.")

<sup>2</sup> Says he.

<sup>3</sup> Decline.

Go to the busshopys and moue them  
pryvelye  
That by some sotyl meane thei may  
cause hym to dye.  
Than shal he in our law make no dysturb-  
aunce,  
Nor here-after cause vs to haue more greu-  
aunce. 481

BELYAL. Wel sayd, Mercury! Thy  
cowncel ys profytable.

Ho, Saul, thou shalt repent thy vnstable-  
nes!

Thou hadyst ben better to haue byn con-  
fyrable

To our law; for thys deth, dowltes,  
Yt ys conspyryd to reward thy falsnes.

Though on[e] hath dyssayvyd<sup>1</sup> vs, yet  
now a days

Twentie doyth gladly folow oure layes: 488

Some by Pryde, some thorowgh Envye;  
Ther rayneth thorow my myght so moch  
dysobedyauce,

Ther was neuer a-mong Crystyans lesse  
charyte

Than ys at this howre; and as for Con-  
cupysence,

[He]<sup>2</sup> rayneth as a lord thorow my  
violence.

Glotony and Wrath euery man doth de-  
vyse;

And most now ys praysyd my cosyn Cov-  
ytyce. 495

Cum, Mercury, let vs go and do as we haue  
sayd;

To delate yt any lenger yt ys not best.  
MERCURY. To bryng yt a-bowght I wold  
be wel apayd;<sup>3</sup>

Tell yt be done let vs not rest.

BELYAL. Go we than shortly, let vs departe,  
Hys deth to devyse, syth he wyl not  
revert.<sup>4</sup> 502

*Here thei shal vanyshe away with a fyrye  
flame and a tempest.<sup>5</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Deceived.

<sup>2</sup> Supplied by M.

<sup>3</sup> Contented, pleased.

<sup>4</sup> Return (after estrangement).

<sup>5</sup> Probably made by pots and kettles beaten to-  
gether.

*Her apperyth Saule in a disciplis wede,<sup>1</sup>  
sayng:*

SAULUS. That Lord that ys shaper of see  
and of sond

And hath wrowth with hys woord all  
thyng at hys wyll,

Saue thys semely<sup>2</sup> that here syttyth or  
stonde,<sup>3</sup>

For his meke marcy, that we do not  
spyll!

Grant me, good Lord, thy pleasur to ful  
fyll,

And send me suche speche that I the trwtl  
say,

My entencions proph[i]table to meve yf I  
may. 509

Welbelouyd frendes, ther be vij mortall  
synnes . . .<sup>4</sup>

*[From among those listening to Saul, the  
servant of the High Priests speaks up.]*

SERUUS. Whate! Ys not thys Saule that  
toke hys vyage

In-to Ierusalem,<sup>5</sup> the dyscyplys to op-  
presse?

Bounde he wold bryng them, yf ony dyd  
rage

Vpon Cryst, — this was hys processe.  
To the princes of prestys, he sayde  
dowltes:

Thorow all Damask and also Ierusalem  
Subdwe all templys that he founde of  
them. 579

SA[UL]US. Yes, sertaynly, Saule ys my  
proper name,

That had in powr the full dominion —  
To hyde yt fro you yt were gret shame

And mortall synne, as in my opynyon, —  
Vnder Cesar and priestes of the relygyon

And templys of Iues, that be very hedy-  
ous

A-gayns almyghty Cryst, that kyng so  
precyous. 586

<sup>1</sup> Costume.

<sup>2</sup> Assembly.

<sup>3</sup> Possibly scaffolds were erected with seats for  
some of the spectators.

<sup>4</sup> I have omitted Saul's long sermon on the Seven  
Deadly Sins, for the same reason that impelled the  
later writer to add the comic scene of Belial and Mer-  
cury. The sermon has no dramatic value.

<sup>5</sup> Possibly, as F. notes, an error for Damascus.

SERUUS. To Anna and Caypha ye must  
make your recurse.<sup>1</sup>

Com on your way, and make no dela-  
cion!

SAULUS. I wyll yow succede, for better or  
wors,

To the prynces of pristis with all delecta-  
cion.

[*The Servant leads Saul to Caiaphas and  
Anna.*]

SERUUS. Holy pristis of hye potestacion,  
Here ys Saule! Lok on hym wysely!

He ys a-nother man than he was, verely. 593

SAULUS. I am the seruant of Ihesu Al-  
myghty,

Creator and maker of see and sonnd,  
Whiche ys kyng conctypotent<sup>2</sup> of heuyn  
glory,

Chef comfort and solace both to fre and  
bonde,

A-gayns whos power nothyng may  
stonde.

Emperowr he ys both of heuyn and hell,  
Whoys goodnes and grace al thyng doth  
excell. 600

*Saul withdraws for a little while.<sup>3</sup>*

CAYPHA. Vn-to my hart thys ys gret ad-  
myracion,

That Saule ys thus mervelously changyd!  
I trow he ys bewythyd by sum coniura-  
cion,

Or els the devyll on hym ys auengyd.

Alas<sup>1</sup> to my hart yt ys dessendyd<sup>4</sup>  
That he ys thus takyn fro our relygyon!  
How say ye, Anna, to thys conuercyon? 607

ANNA. Full mervelously, as in my concep-  
cion,

Thys wunderfull case how yt be-fell,  
To se thys chaunce so sodenly don,

Vn-to my hart yt doth grete yll.

But for hys falsnes we shall hym spyll!<sup>5</sup>  
By myn assent to deth we wyll hym  
bryng,

Lest that more myschef of hym may  
spryng. 614

CAYPHA. Ye say very trew; we myght yt  
all rewe!

But shortly in thys we must haue ad-  
uysement,

For thus a-gayns vs he may nott con-  
tynew;

Perauentur than of Cesar we may be  
shent.<sup>1</sup>

ANNA. Nay, I had leuer in fyre he were  
brent

Than of Cesar we shuld haue dysp[er]leasure  
For sych a rebell and subtyl fals treator.

CAYPHA. We wyll command the gates to  
be kept aboute 622

And the walles suerly on euery stede,  
That he may not eskape no-where owghte.

For dye he shall, I ensuer yow indede.

ANNA. Thys traytour rebcllyous, evyll  
mut<sup>2</sup> he spede,

That doth this vnhappynges a-gayns all!  
Now euery costodyer kepe well hys wall!

SERUUS. The gatys be shytt, he can not  
eskapec!<sup>3</sup> 629

Euery place ys kepte well and sure,  
That in no wyse he may, tyll he be take,

Gett owt of the cyte, by ony coniecture.  
Vpon that caytyf and fals traytour

Loke ye be auengyd with deth mortall.  
And iudge hym as ye lyst to what end he  
shall. 635

[*An angel appears to Saul.*]

ANGELUS. Holy Saule, I gyf yow mony-  
cyon,<sup>4</sup>

The princes of Iues entende, sertayn,  
To put yow to deth. But by Goddes pro-  
vysson

He wyll ye shall lyue lenger, and op-  
tayne,

And after thy deth thou shalt rayng<sup>5</sup>  
Above in heuyn, with owr Lordes grace.

Conuay yowr-self shortly in-to a-nother  
place. 642

SAULUS. That Lordes pleasur euer mut be  
down

Both in heuyn and in hell, as hys wyll ys!

<sup>1</sup> Return.

<sup>2</sup> All-powerful.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Recedit paulisper.*

<sup>4</sup> Descended.

<sup>5</sup> Destroy.

<sup>1</sup> Disgraced.

<sup>2</sup> F. *note skape*; corr. by M.

<sup>3</sup> Warning.

<sup>4</sup> May.

<sup>5</sup> Reign.



In a beryng-baskett or a lepe,<sup>1</sup> a-non  
 I shall me co[n]uay with help of the  
 dyscyplys,  
 For euery gate ys shett and kept with  
 multytud of pepull[ys];<sup>2</sup>  
 But I trust in owr Lord, that ys my socour,  
 To resyst ther malyce and cruell furour.649

CONCLUSYO[N].

[EPILOGUE.]

POETA. Thus leve we Saule with-in the  
 cyte,  
 The gates kep by commandment of  
 Caypha and Anna;  
 But the dyscyplys in the nyght ouer the  
 wall, truly,

<sup>1</sup> In a carrying-basket or a basket.

<sup>2</sup> Added by M.

As the Bybull sayeth: *dim[i]serunt eum  
 summittentes* <sup>1</sup> *in sporta*;  
 And Saule after that, in Ierusalem, vera,  
 Ioyned hym-self and ther accompenyed  
 With the dyscyplys, wher thei were vn-  
 fayned.<sup>2</sup> 656

Thys lytyll pagent thus conclud we  
 As we can, lackyng lytturall scyens; <sup>3</sup>  
 Besechyng yow all, of hye and low degre,  
 Owr sympylnes to hold excusyd and  
 lycens,  
 That of retoryk haue non intellygens;  
 Commyttyng yow all to owr Lord Ihesus,  
 To whoys lawd ye syng: *Exullet celum  
 laudibus!* 663

*Finis Co[n]uersionis Sancti Pauli.*

<sup>1</sup> F. *summittens*; corr. by M. See the Vulgate, *Actus Apostolorum* ix, 25.

<sup>2</sup> Not feigned, unconcealed.

<sup>3</sup> Literary skill.

MARY MAGDALENE <sup>1</sup>

[The stage of the Emperor Tiberius  
Caesar, Rome. The Emperor, Serbyl,  
Provost, and others.]

INPERATOR. I command sylyns, in the  
peyn of forfetur,

To all myn avdyeans present general.

Of my most hyst and mytyst wolunte,<sup>1</sup>

I woll it be knowyn to al the word <sup>2</sup> vny-  
versal, <sup>4</sup>

That of heven and hell chyff rewlar am  
I,

To w[h]os magnifycens non stondyt  
egall,<sup>3</sup>

For I am soveren of al soverens subjugall <sup>4</sup>

On-to myn empere, beyng in-comparable,

Tyberys Sesar, w[h]os power is potencyall.

I am the blod ryall <sup>5</sup> most of soverente; 10

Of all empowers and kynges my byrth is  
best,

And all regeouns obey my myty volunte.

Lyfe and lem <sup>6</sup> and goodes, all be at my  
request.

So of all soverens, my magnifycens most  
mytyst

<sup>1</sup> Will.

<sup>2</sup> Subject.

<sup>3</sup> World.

<sup>4</sup> Royal.

<sup>5</sup> Equal.

<sup>6</sup> Limb.

May nat be a-gayn-sayd of frend nor of  
foo; <sup>15</sup>

But all abydyn ivgment and rewle of my  
lyst.<sup>1</sup>

All grace up-on erth from my goodnes  
commyt fro,<sup>2</sup>

And that bryng-is <sup>3</sup> all pepell in blysse so.

For the most worthyest, woll I rest in my  
sete.

[He seats himself in his throne.]

SERYBYL. Syr, from your person growyt <sup>4</sup>  
moch grace. <sup>20</sup>

INPERATOR. Now for thin answer, Belyall  
blysse thi face!

Mykyl presporyte <sup>5</sup> I gyn to porchase;

I am wonddyn <sup>6</sup> in welth from all woo.

Herke thou, Provost, I gyff the in com-  
mandment,

All your pepull preserve in pesabyl pos-  
session. <sup>25</sup>

Yff ony ther be to my goddes [dis]obedyent,

Dyssever tho[s] harlottes,<sup>7</sup> and make to me  
declaracyon,

<sup>1</sup> Pleasure, will.

<sup>2</sup> Bringeth.

<sup>3</sup> Great prosperity.

<sup>4</sup> Separate out those rascals.

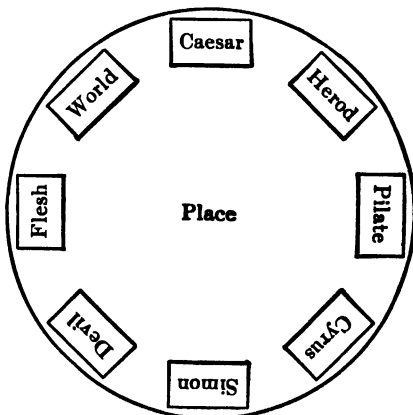
<sup>5</sup> From.

<sup>6</sup> Groweth.

<sup>7</sup> Wound, wrapt.

<sup>1</sup> The text is preserved in a manuscript, Bodleian Digby MS. 133, containing four plays (three complete plays on Biblical themes, and a fragment of a morality) accidentally brought together. The manuscript is probably to be dated in the early part of the sixteenth century, but the plays themselves were composed in the latter half of the fifteenth century. The play here reproduced, dealing with the legendary history of Mary Magdalene, belongs to the midland section of England, though the exact place of its origin cannot be indicated. The text is based on the edition by F. J. Furnivall, *The Digby Mysteries*, 1882. I have, of course, modernized the punctuation and the use of capitals; and I have added in brackets a few stage-directions in order to enable the student to visualize the performance. The actors, it is clear, employed a series of "stages" or small platforms, arranged in a circle about a *platea* or unlocated region (called "the place"), and the attention of the audience was shifted from one platform to the other, or to "the place," as the necessity of the text demanded. The accompanying diagram, though not intended to be exact, will help to make the stage arrangement clear.

The play, which is of great length, was probably acted in two parts; the first part, dealing with the fall and conversion of Mary (here reprinted), was acted, we may suppose, in the forenoon, the second part, dealing with the voyage of Mary to Marcyll<sup>6</sup> and her conversion of the King and Queen of Marcyll to Christianity, in the afternoon. It is true that the transcript of the play gives no indication of a break in the performance; but the second half constitutes a separate unit of action after a lapse of time, and involves an almost entirely new set of stages.



And I xall make all swych to dye,  
Thos precharse <sup>1</sup> of Crystys incarnacyon.

PROVOST. Lord of all lorddes, I xall gyff  
yow in-formacyon. 30

INPERATOR. Lo, how all the word obeyit <sup>2</sup>  
my domynacyon!

That person is nat born that dare me dysse-  
obey.

Syrybbe, I warne yow se that my lawys  
In all your partyys <sup>3</sup> have dew obeysavns.  
In-quere and aske, eche day that davnnes,  
Yf in my pepul be fovnd ony weryouns,<sup>4</sup>  
Contrary to me in ony chansse, 37  
Or with my goldyn goddes groeth or  
grone;<sup>5</sup>

I woll marre swych <sup>6</sup> harlottes with morder  
and myschance!

Yff ony swyche remayn, put hem in re-  
preffe, 40

And I xall yow releff.

SERYBB. Yt xall be don, lord, with-owtyn  
ony lett <sup>7</sup> or with-owt doth.<sup>8</sup>

INPERATOR. Lord and lad, to my law  
doth lowte.<sup>9</sup>

Is it nat so? sey yow all with on showte.

*Here answeyryt all the pepul at ons,  
"Ya, my lord, ya."*

INPERATOR. So, the froward folkes, now  
am [I] plesyd. 45

Sett wyn and spyceys to my consell full cler.  
Now have I told yow my hart, I am wyll  
plesyd;

Now lett vs sett don alle, and make good  
chyrr.

[*They seat themselves at the council table.*]

[*The stage of Cyrus, the Castle of Maud-  
ley, Bethany. Cyrus, Mary, Martha,  
and Lazarus.*]

*Her entyr Syrus, the fader of Mary  
Mavdlyn.*<sup>10</sup>

SYRUS. Emperor, and ky[n]gges, and con-  
querors kene,

Erlys, and borons, and knytes that byn <sup>1</sup>  
bold, 50

Berdes <sup>2</sup> in my bower, so semely to sene,<sup>3</sup>  
I commav[n]d yow at onys my hestes <sup>4</sup> to  
hold. <sup>5</sup>

Be-hold my person, glysteryng in gold,  
Semely be-syn of all other men!  
Cyrus is my name. Be cleffys so cold, 55  
I command yow all, obedyent to beyn;  
W[h]o-so woll nat, in bale I hem bryng,  
And knett swyche cayfyyys <sup>6</sup> in knottes of  
care.

Thys Castell of Mavdley is at my wyld-  
dyng,<sup>7</sup>

With all the contre, bothe lesse and more,  
And Lord of Ierusalem. Who agens me  
don dare? 61

Alle Beteny <sup>8</sup> at my beddyng be.

I am sett in solas from al syyng <sup>9</sup> sore;

And so xall all my posteryte,  
Thus for to leuen in rest and ryalte.<sup>10</sup> 65

I have her a sone that is to me ful trew,  
No comlyr creatur of Goddes creacyon;  
T[w]o amyabyll dovectors <sup>11</sup> full brygth of  
ble.<sup>12</sup>

Ful gloryos to my syth, an[d] ful of de-  
lectacyon,

Lazarus my son, in my resseccyon;<sup>13</sup> 70  
Here is Mary, ful fayr, and ful of femynyte;  
And Martha, ful [of] bevte and of delycyte,  
Ful of womanly merrorys <sup>14</sup> and of be-  
nyngyte.

They haue fullyllyd my hart with conso-  
lacyon.

Here is a coleccyon of cyrcumstance, 75  
To my cognysshon <sup>15</sup> never swych  
a-nothyr,

As be demonstracyon knett incontynens,  
Save a-lonly my lady, that was ther mother.  
Now, Lazarus, my sonne, wech art ther  
brothyr,

The lordshep of Ierusalem I gyff the after  
my <sup>16</sup> dysses;<sup>17</sup> 80

And Mary, thys castell, a-lonly, an non  
othyr;

And Martha xall haue Beteny, I sey  
expresse.

<sup>1</sup> Preachers. <sup>2</sup> World obeyeth.  
<sup>3</sup> Parts, regions. <sup>4</sup> Variance, disagreement.  
<sup>5</sup> Grumble or groan; F. reads on, instead of or.  
<sup>6</sup> Destroy such. <sup>7</sup> Hindrance, delay.  
<sup>8</sup> Doubt. <sup>9</sup> Bow. <sup>10</sup> Magdalene.

<sup>1</sup> Be. <sup>2</sup> Maidens. <sup>3</sup> Sec.  
<sup>4</sup> Commands. <sup>5</sup> Keep. <sup>6</sup> Caitiffs.  
<sup>7</sup> Command, rule. <sup>8</sup> Bethany. <sup>9</sup> Sighing.  
<sup>10</sup> Royalty. <sup>11</sup> Daughters. <sup>12</sup> Countenance.  
<sup>13</sup> Regard. <sup>14</sup> Shining qualities.  
<sup>15</sup> Knowledge. <sup>16</sup> MS. mo. <sup>17</sup> Decease.

Thes gyftes I gravnt yow with-owtyn les,<sup>1</sup>  
Whyll that I am in good mynd.

LAZARUS. Most reuerent father, I thank  
yow hartely 85  
Of yower grett kyndnes shuyd on-to me!  
Ye haue gravntyd swych a lyfelod,<sup>2</sup>  
worthy

Me to restreyn from all nessesyte.  
Now, good Lord, and hys wyll it be,  
Gravnt me grace to lyue to thy plesow-  
ans,<sup>3</sup> 90

And a-gens hem so to rewle me,  
Thatt we may have ioye with-owtyn  
weryauns.<sup>4</sup>

MARY MAVDLEYN. Thatt God of pes and  
pryncypall covnsell,  
More swetter is thi name than hony be  
kynd!<sup>5</sup>

We thank yow, fathyr, for your gyftes  
ryall, 95

Owt of peynes of poverte vs to on-bynd;  
Thys is a preseruatyff from streytnes,<sup>6</sup> we  
fynd,

From worldly labors to my covmfortyng;  
For thys lyfflod is abyll<sup>7</sup> for the dowtter<sup>8</sup>  
of a kyng,

Thys place of plesavns, the soth to seye.

MARTHA. O, ye good fathyr of grete  
degre, 101

Thus to departe with your ryches,  
Consederyng ower lowlynnes and humyl-  
yte,

Vs to save from wordly dessettes,  
Ye shew vs poyntes of grete ientylnes, 105  
So mekly to meyntyn vs to your grace.

Hey in heuen a-wansyd mot<sup>9</sup> yow be  
In blysse, to se that Lordes face,  
Whan ye xal hens passe!

CYRUS. Now I reioyse with all my  
myghtes! 110

To enhance<sup>10</sup> my chyldryn, it was my  
delyte.

Now wyn and spycys, ye ientyll knyttes,  
On-to thes ladyes of ientylnes.

*Here xal they be servyd with wyn and  
spycys.*

<sup>1</sup> Lie, deceit.

<sup>2</sup> Pleasure.

<sup>3</sup> By nature.

<sup>4</sup> Fit.

<sup>5</sup> Advanced may.

<sup>6</sup> Livelihood.

<sup>7</sup> Variance.

<sup>8</sup> Hardship.

<sup>9</sup> Daughter.

<sup>10</sup> Advance.

*[The stage of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar,  
Rome.]*

INPERATOR. Syr Provost, and Skrybe,  
iugges<sup>1</sup> of my rem,<sup>1</sup>

My messenger I woll send in-to ferre  
cuntre, 115

On-to my sete of Ierusalem,  
On-to Herowdes, that regent ther ondyr  
me,

And on-to Pylat, iugges of the covntre:  
Myn entent I woll hem teche.

Take hed, thou Provost, my precept  
wretyn<sup>2</sup> be, 120

And sey I cummavnd hem, as they woll be  
owght wrech,<sup>3</sup>

Yf ther be ony in the cuntre, ageyn<sup>4</sup> my  
law doth prech,

Or ageyn my goddes ony trobyll telles,  
That thus agens my lawys rebelles,

As he is regent, and in that reme dwelles,  
And holdyth hys crowne of me be ryth, 126

Yff ther be ony harlettes that a-gens me  
make replycacyon,<sup>5</sup>

Or ony moteryng<sup>6</sup> agens me make with  
malynacyon.<sup>7</sup>

PROVOST. Syr, of all thys they xall have  
in-formacyon,

So to vp-hold yower renovn and ryte.<sup>8</sup> 130

[INPERATOR.] Now, massenger, with-  
owtyn taryyng,

Have here gold on-to thi fe.<sup>9</sup>

So bere thes lettyrs to Herowdes the  
kyng,

And byd hem make in-quyrans in euery  
cuntre,

As he is iugge in that cuntre beyng. 135

NVNCYUS. Soueren, your arend<sup>10</sup> it xall  
be don ful redy

In alle the hast that I may;

For to fullfyll your byddyng

I woll nat spare nother be nyth nor be  
day.

*Here goth the masenger to-ward  
Herowdes.*

<sup>1</sup> Realm.

<sup>2</sup> Written.

<sup>3</sup> As they wish to be free from punishment.

<sup>4</sup> Against.

<sup>5</sup> Answer.

<sup>6</sup> Muttering.

<sup>7</sup> Feeling of ill-will.

<sup>8</sup> Right.

<sup>9</sup> Reward, pay.

<sup>10</sup> Errand.

[*The Stage of Herod, Jerusalem. Herod, Philosophers, Soldiers, and others.*]

HEROWDES. In the wyld wanyng word,<sup>1</sup>  
pes all at onys! 140

No noyse, I warne yow, for greveyng of  
me!

Yff yow do, I xal hovrle<sup>2</sup> of yower hedes,  
be Mahondes<sup>3</sup> bones,

As I am trew kyng to Mahond so fre.

Help, help, that I had a swerd!

Fall don, ye faytours,<sup>4</sup> flatt to the grovnd!

Heve of your hodes and hattes, I cum-  
mavnd yow alle: 146

Stond bare-hed, ye beggars! W[h]o made  
yow so bold?

I xal make yow know your kyng ryall!

Thus woll I be obeyyd thorow al the  
wor[l]d;

And who-so wol nat, he xal be had in  
hold; 150

And so to be cast in carys cold,

That werkyn ony wondyr a-gens my  
magnifyceens.

Be-hold these ryche rubyys, red as ony fyr,  
With the goodly grene perle ful sett  
a-bowgth!<sup>5</sup>

What kyng is worthy or egall<sup>6</sup> to my  
power? 155

Or in thys word,<sup>7</sup> who is more had in dowt<sup>8</sup>  
Than is the hey name of Herowdes, Kyng  
of Ierusalem,

Lord of Alapye,<sup>9</sup> Assye,<sup>10</sup> an Tyr,

Of Abyron,<sup>11</sup> Bergaby,<sup>12</sup> and Bedlem?<sup>13</sup>

All thes byn ondyr my governours. 160

Lo, all thes I hold with-owtyn reprobacon.

No man is to me egall, save a-lonly the  
emperower

Tyberius, as I have in provostyeacyon.<sup>14</sup>

How sey the, phyllyssoverys, be my ryche  
reyn?

Am nat I the grettest governower? 165

Lett me ondyr-stond whatt can ye seyn.

PHELYSOFYR. Soueren, and it plect<sup>15</sup>

yow, I woll expresse:

Ye be the rewlar of this regyon,

<sup>1</sup> Wild waning world (an imprecation).

<sup>2</sup> Hurl.

<sup>3</sup> About.

<sup>4</sup> Fear.

<sup>5</sup> Hebron.

<sup>6</sup> Regency.

<sup>7</sup> Mahomet's.

<sup>8</sup> Equal.

<sup>9</sup> Aleppo?

<sup>10</sup> Beersheba.

<sup>11</sup> If it please.

<sup>12</sup> Rascals.

<sup>13</sup> World.

<sup>14</sup> Asia.

<sup>15</sup> Bethlehem.

And most worthy sovereyn of nobylnes  
That euer in Iude<sup>1</sup> barre domyna-  
cyon! 170

Bott, syr, skreptour<sup>2</sup> gevytt informacyon,  
And doth reherse it werely,<sup>3</sup>

That chylde xal remayn of grete renovn,  
And all the word<sup>4</sup> of hem shold magnify, —  
*Et ambulabunt gentes in lumine, et reges* 175  
*In splendore ortus tui.*

HEROWDES. And whatt seyst thou?

II. PHY[LOSOFYR.] The same veryfyyt<sup>5</sup>  
my bok; as how,

As the skryptour doth me tell,  
Of a myty duke xal rese<sup>6</sup> and reyn, 180

Whych xall reyn and rewle<sup>7</sup> all Israell.

No kyng a-gens hys worthynes xall  
opteyn;<sup>8</sup>

The whech in profesy hath grett elo-  
quence, —

*Non auferetur septum Iuda, et dux de*  
*Femore eius, donec veniet Imilendus est.* 185

HEROWDES. A, owt! owt! now am [I]  
grevyd all with the worst!

Ye dastardus! ye dogges! the dylfe mote  
yow draw!<sup>9</sup>

With fleyyng flappes<sup>10</sup> I byd yow to a fest.  
A swerd! a swerd! thes lordeynnes<sup>11</sup> wer  
slaw! 11

Ye langbaynnes!<sup>12</sup> loselles! for-sake ye  
that word! 190

That caytyff xall be cawth,<sup>13</sup> and suer I xall  
hem flaw;<sup>14</sup>

For hym, many mo xal be marry<sup>15</sup> with  
mordor.

I. MILES. My sovereyn lord, dyssemay  
yow ryth now!

They ar but folys,<sup>16</sup> ther eloquens wantyng,  
For in sorow and care sone they xall be  
cawt; 195

A-gens vs they can mak no dysstonddyng.<sup>17</sup>

II. MILES. My lord, all swych xall be  
browte before your avdyens,<sup>18</sup>

And leuyn<sup>19</sup> ondyr your domynacyon,

<sup>1</sup> Judea.

<sup>2</sup> World.

<sup>3</sup> Tear in pieces.

<sup>4</sup> Lurdans, rascals.

<sup>5</sup> Longbones.

<sup>6</sup> Marred.

<sup>7</sup> Withstanding.

<sup>8</sup> Presence.

<sup>9</sup> Scripture.

<sup>10</sup> Verifyeth.

<sup>11</sup> Rise.

<sup>12</sup> Slain.

<sup>13</sup> Caught.

<sup>14</sup> Marred.

<sup>15</sup> Fools.

<sup>16</sup> Live.

<sup>17</sup> Verily.

<sup>18</sup> Prevail.

<sup>19</sup> Playing blows.

Or elles dammyd to deth with mortal  
sentense,  
Yf we hem gett onder ower gubernacyon.<sup>1</sup>

HEROWDES. Now thys is to me a grac-  
yows exsortacyon, 201  
And gretly reioysyth to my sprytes in-  
dede.

Thow thes sottes a-gens me make reply-  
cacyon,  
I woll suffer non to spryng of that kenred; <sup>2</sup>  
Some ways <sup>3</sup> in my lond shall sprede, 205  
Prevely or pertely <sup>4</sup> in my lond a-bowth.  
Whyle I haue swych men, I nede nat to  
drede  
But that he xal be browt onder, with-  
owtyn do[w]th.

*Her comyt the Emperowers [masenger] thus  
saying to Herowdes:*

MASENGER. Heyll, prynse of bovnty-  
ownnesse!  
Heyll, myty lord of to magnify! 210  
Heyll, most of worchep of to expresse!  
Heyll, reytys <sup>5</sup> rewlar in thi regensy!  
My sofereyn, Tyberyuus, chyff of chyfalty, <sup>6</sup>  
His soveren sond <sup>7</sup> hath sent to yow here:  
He desyrth yow, and preyyt, <sup>8</sup> on eche  
party 215  
To fulfyll his commavndment and desyre.

*Here he xall take <sup>9</sup> the lettys on-to the  
kyng.*

HERAWDES. Be he sekyr <sup>10</sup> I woll natt  
spare  
For [to] complyshe his cummavnddment,  
With scharp swerddes to perce the bare, <sup>11</sup>  
In all covntres with-in thys regent, , 220  
For his love, to fulfyll his in-tentt:  
Non swych xall from ower handys stertt, <sup>12</sup>  
For we woll fulfyll his ryall iuggement,  
With swerd and spere to perce thorow the  
hartt.

But, masenger, reseyyve thys letter wyth, <sup>13</sup>  
And berytt <sup>14</sup> on-to Pylatt-ys syth. 226

<sup>1</sup> Governance.

<sup>2</sup> Woos; qy, shrowys, rascals.

<sup>3</sup> Secretly or openly.

<sup>4</sup> Chief of chivalry.

<sup>5</sup> Prayeth. <sup>6</sup> Give.

<sup>11</sup> The bare skin, the flesh. Professor Strunk  
points out that this speech is repeated in the Digby  
*Killing of the Children*, ll. 97-104.

<sup>12</sup> Escape.

<sup>3</sup> Kindred.

<sup>5</sup> Righteous.

<sup>7</sup> Message.

<sup>10</sup> Sure.

Professor Strunk

<sup>14</sup> Bear it.

MESSENGER. My lord, it xall be don ful  
wyth; <sup>1</sup>  
In hast I woll me spede. [Exit.]

*[The stage of Pilate, Jerusalem. Pilate,  
two Sergeants.]*

PYLATT. Now ryally I reyne in robys of  
rych[c]sse,  
Kyd <sup>2</sup> and knowyn both ny and ferre 230  
For Iuge of Ierusalem, the trewth to ex-  
presse,  
Ondyr the emperower Tyberius Cesar.  
Therfor I rede <sup>3</sup> yow all, be-warre  
Ye do no pregedyse <sup>4</sup> a-gen the law,  
For, and ye do, I wyll yow natt spare 235  
Tyl he haue iugment to be hangyd and  
draw;

For I am Pylat, pr[o]mmyssary and  
pres[c]dent,  
Alle renogat robber inper-rowpent, <sup>5</sup>  
To put hem to peyn, I spare for no pete. <sup>6</sup>  
My ser-jauntes semle, <sup>7</sup> quat sey ye? 240  
Of this rehersyd, <sup>8</sup> I wyll natt spare.  
Plesauntly, serryys, avnswer to me,  
For in my herte I xall haue the lesse care.

I. SERIUNT. As ye haue seyde, I hold it for  
the best,

Yf ony swych a-mong vs may we know.

II. SERJAWNT. For to gyff hem iugment I  
holdd yt best; 246  
And so xall ye be dred of hye and low.

PYLAT. Al now I am restoryd to felycyte.

*Her comyt the Emprores masenger to  
Pylat.*

MASENGER. Heyll, ryall in rem, <sup>9</sup> in robis  
of rychesse!  
Heyl, present thou prynsys <sup>10</sup> pere! 250  
Heyl, Iugge of Ierusalem, the trewth to  
expresse!  
Tyberyus, the Emprower, sendyt wrytyng  
herre,  
And prayyt yow, as yow be his lover dere,  
Of this wrytyng to take a-vysement <sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Quickly.

<sup>2</sup> Known.

<sup>3</sup> Advise.

<sup>4</sup> Prejudice, violence.

<sup>5</sup> Professor Sampson suggests the emendation in  
pressour pent. Cf. Lydgate, *De Guil. Pilgr.*: "In a  
pressour off gret peyne I kan ful ofte a man dis-  
treynne." (N.E.D.)

<sup>6</sup> Pity.

<sup>7</sup> Seemly.

<sup>8</sup> Foresaid.

<sup>9</sup> Royal in realm.

<sup>10</sup> Princes'.

<sup>11</sup> Adviseement.

In strenthyng<sup>1</sup> of his lawys cleyr, 255  
As he hath set yow in the state<sup>2</sup> of iug-  
ment.

*Her Pylat takyt the lettys with grete  
reverens.*

PYLAT. Now, be Martes<sup>3</sup> so mythy, I xal  
sett many a snare,  
His lawys to strenth in al that I may.  
I rejoyse of his renown and of his wyfare;  
And for thi tydyngges, I geyff the this  
gold to-day. 260

MASSENGER. A largeys,<sup>4</sup> ye lord, I crye  
this day;  
For this is a gift of grete degre.

PYLAT. Masenger, on-to my sovereyn  
thou sey,  
On the most specyall wyse [I] recummend  
me.

*Her a-voydtyt the masengyr, and Syrus takyt  
his deth.*

*[The Stage of Cyrus, the Castle of Maudleyn,  
Bethany.]*

SYRUS. A! help! help! I stond in drede!  
Syknes is sett onder my syde! 266  
A! help! Deth wyll a-qtyte me my mede!<sup>5</sup>  
A! gret Gode! Thou be my gyde.  
How I am trobyllyd both bak and syde!  
Now wythly<sup>6</sup> help me to my bede. 270  
A! this rendyt my rybbys! I xall never  
goo nor ryde!

The dent<sup>7</sup> of deth is hevyrar than led.  
A! Lord! Lord! what xal I doo this tyde?  
A! gracyows God! have ruth on me,  
In thys word<sup>8</sup> no lengar to a-byde. 275  
I blys yow, my chyldyrn, God mot with vs  
be!

*Her a-voydtyt Syrus sodenly, and than [thus]  
sayyng Lazarus:*

[LAZARUS.] Alas, I am sett in grete  
hevynesse!

Ther is no tong my sorow may tell,  
So sore I am browth in dystresse!  
In feyntnes I falter for [th]is fray fell;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Strengthening.

<sup>2</sup> By Mars.

<sup>3</sup> Meed, merited reward.

<sup>4</sup> Quickly.

<sup>5</sup> World.

<sup>6</sup> Seat.

<sup>7</sup> Reward.

<sup>8</sup> Blow.

<sup>9</sup> Conflict cruel.

Thys dewresse<sup>1</sup> wyl lett me no longer  
dwelle. 281

But God of grace sone me redresse.  
A! how my peynes don me repelle!  
Lord, with-stand this duresse!

MARY. The in-wyttissimus<sup>2</sup> God, that  
euer xal reyne, 285  
Be his help, an sowlys sokor!  
To whom it is most nedfull to cumplayn,  
He to bry[n]g vs owght of ower dolor.  
He is most mytyst governowr,  
From soroyng,<sup>3</sup> vs to restryne. 290

MARTHA. A! how I am sett in sorowys  
sad,  
That long my lyf Y may nat indevre!  
Thes grawous<sup>4</sup> peynes make me ner mad!  
Vndyr clower<sup>5</sup> is now my fathyr's cure,<sup>6</sup>  
That sumtyme was here ful mery and  
glad. 295

Ower Lordes mercy be his mesure,  
And defeynd hym from peynes sad!

LAZARUS. Now, systyrs, ower fatherys  
wyl we woll expresse:  
Thys castell is owerys, with all the fee.<sup>7</sup>

MARTHA. As hed and governower, as  
reson is, 300  
And on this wyse abydyn with yow, wyll  
wee;  
We wyll natt desevyr,<sup>8</sup> whatt so be-falle.

MARIA. Now, brothyr and systyrs,  
welcum ye be.  
And ther-of specyally I pray yow all.<sup>9</sup>

*[The stage of the World.]*

*Her xal entyr the Kyng of the word<sup>10</sup> [at-  
tended by Pride and Covetousness]; thus  
seyng the Word:*

[WORLD.] I am the Word, worthyest that  
euyr God wrowth!<sup>11</sup> 305

<sup>1</sup> Affliction.

<sup>2</sup> Sorrowing.

<sup>3</sup> Grassy ground, turf.

<sup>4</sup> Property, wealth.

<sup>5</sup> At this point in the MS. appears the general

stage-direction: "Her xal entyr the Kyng of the  
word; [then on his stage the Kyng of the Flesch; and  
[then on his stage] the Dylyfe; with the Seuen Dredly  
Synnes [distributed on the three stages], a Bad Angyl  
an an Good Angyl: thus seyng the Word." Since  
all except the first clause is repeated later, I have  
relegated this general direction to the footnotes.

<sup>10</sup> World.

<sup>11</sup> Wrought, created.

<sup>6</sup> Infinitissimus (Latin).

<sup>7</sup> Grievous.

<sup>8</sup> Care? Cover?

<sup>9</sup> Separate.

And also I am the prymatt portatur<sup>1</sup>  
 Next heueyn, yf the trewth be sowth,<sup>2</sup> —  
 And that I iugge me<sup>3</sup> to skryptur; —  
 And I am he that lengest xal induer,<sup>4</sup>  
 And also most of domynacyon. 310

Yf I be hys foo, w[h]oo is abyll to re-  
 cure?

For the whele of fortune with me hath sett  
 his sentur.<sup>5</sup>

In me restyt<sup>6</sup> the ordor of the metelles  
 seun,<sup>7</sup>

The whych to the seuen planyttes<sup>8</sup> ar  
 knett ful sure;

Gold perteynyng to the sonne, as astron-  
 omer nevyng;<sup>9</sup> 315

Sylvyr, to the mone, whyte and pure;  
 Iryn, onto the Maris, that long may en-  
 dure;

The fegetyff<sup>10</sup> mercury, on-to Mercuryus;  
 Copyr, on-to Venus red in his merroure;<sup>11</sup>

The frangabyll tyn, to Iubyter, yf ye can  
 dyscus; 320

On this planyt Saturne, ful of rancur,  
 This soft metell led, nat of so gret puer-  
 nesse.

Lo, alle this rych tresor with the Word  
 doth indure —

The vij prynsys of hell of gret bowntos-  
 nesse.

Now, who may presume to com to my  
 honour? 325

PRYDE. Ye worthy Word, ye be grond-  
 dar<sup>12</sup> of gladnesse,

To them that dwellyng ondyr yower  
 domynacyon.

COVETISE. And who-so wol nat, he is sone  
 set a-syde,

Wher-as I, Couetyse, take mynystracyon.

WORLD.<sup>13</sup> Of that I pray yow make no  
 declaracyon; 330

Make swych to know my soverreynte,  
 And than they xal be fayn to make supply-  
 cacyon

Yf that they stond in only nesessyte.

<sup>1</sup> Chief supporter.

<sup>2</sup> Sought.

<sup>3</sup> I appeal to, or prove by.

<sup>4</sup> Endure.

<sup>5</sup> Centre.

<sup>6</sup> Resteth.

<sup>7</sup> The seven metals.

<sup>8</sup> Planets.

<sup>9</sup> Declare.

<sup>10</sup> Fugitive.

<sup>11</sup> Mirror (reflection?).

<sup>12</sup> Grounder, establisher.

<sup>13</sup> This personage is variously named "World" and  
 "Mundus"; I have employed "World" throughout.

[The Stage of the Flesh.]

Her xal entyr the Kyng of Flesch with  
 Slowth, Gloteny, Lechery.

FLESCH. I, Kyng of Flesch, florychyd ir  
 my flowers;

Of deyntys<sup>1</sup> delycyows I have grett domy-  
 nacyon. 335

So ryal a kyng was neuyr borne in bowrys,<sup>2</sup>  
 Nor hath more delyth<sup>3</sup> ne more delecta-  
 cyon;

For I haue comfortatyws<sup>4</sup> to my comfor-  
 tacyon:

Dya galonga, ambra, and also margaret-  
 ton,<sup>5</sup> —

Alle this is at my lyst<sup>6</sup> a-gens alle vex-  
 acyon; 340

Alle wykkyt<sup>7</sup> thynges I woll sett a-syde, —  
 Clary,<sup>8</sup> pepur long,<sup>9</sup> with granorum  
 paradysy,<sup>10</sup>

Gengbyr<sup>11</sup> and synamom at euery tyde.

Lo, alle swych deyntys delycyus vse I;

With swyche deyntys I have my blysse.

Who woll covett more game and gle 346

My fayer spowse Lechery to halse<sup>12</sup> and  
 kysse?

Here ys my knyth, Gloteny, as good reson  
 is,

With this plesavnt lady to rest be my syde.

Here is Slowth, anothyr goodly of to  
 expresse. 350

A more plesavnt compeny doth no-wher  
 a-byde.

LECHERY.<sup>13</sup> O ye prynse! how I am ful of  
 ardent lowe,<sup>14</sup>

With sparkylles ful of amerowsnesse!

With yow to rest fayn wold I a-prowe,

To shew plesavns<sup>15</sup> to your ientylnesse.

THE FLESCH. O ye bewtews byrd, I must  
 yow kysse! 356

I am ful of lost<sup>16</sup> to halse yow this tyde.

<sup>1</sup> Dainties.

<sup>2</sup> Bowers, dwellings.

<sup>3</sup> Delight.

<sup>4</sup> Cordials, restoratis (cf. O. Fr. *confortatif*). MS.  
 has *confortat yows* (emendation by Strunk).

<sup>5</sup> Remedies made with galingale, with amber,  
 and also with pearls (see N.E.D., *dia*).

<sup>6</sup> Pleasure.

<sup>7</sup> Noxious.

<sup>8</sup> A plant with medicinal value.

<sup>9</sup> Long pepper.

<sup>10</sup> Grains of Paradise.

<sup>11</sup> Ginger.

<sup>12</sup> Embrace.

<sup>13</sup> The name of this speaker sometimes appears as  
*Luzuria*. I have used throughout the English form.

<sup>14</sup> Love.

<sup>15</sup> Pleasure.

<sup>16</sup> Desire.



## [The stage of the Devil.]

*Here xal entyr the prynse of dylles  
[Satan, attended by Wrath and Envy] in a  
stage, and Helle ondyr-neth that stage, thus  
seyng the dylfe:*

[SATAN.] Now I, prynse pyrked,<sup>1</sup> prykyd<sup>2</sup>  
in pryde, 360

Satan, [y]lower sovereyn, set with euery  
cyrcumstanse,

For I am atyred in my tower to tempt yow  
this tyde. 360

As a kyng ryall I sette at my plesavns,<sup>3</sup>

With Wroth [and] Invy at my ryall  
retynawns;<sup>4</sup>

The boldest in bower I bryng to a-baye;  
Mannis sowle to be-segyn<sup>5</sup> and bryng to  
obeysavns,<sup>6</sup>

Ya, [with] tyde and tyme I do that I may,  
For at hem I haue dyspyte that he hold  
haue the ioye 366

That Lycyfer, with many a legyown,<sup>7</sup> lost  
for ther pryde.

The snares that I xal set wher never set at  
Troye,<sup>8</sup>

So I thynk to besegyn hem be every waye  
wyde;

I xal getyn hem from grace, wher-so-euer  
he abyde, 370

That body and sowle xal com to my hold,<sup>9</sup>  
Hym for to take.

Now, my knyghtes so stowth,  
With me ye xall ron in rowte,<sup>10</sup>

My consell to take for a skowte,<sup>11</sup> 375  
Whytly<sup>12</sup> that we wer went for my sake.

WRATH. With wrath orwyhylls we xal  
hyrre wyne.

ENVY. Or with sum sotyllte<sup>13</sup> sett hur in  
synne.

SATAN.<sup>14</sup> Com of, than, let vs be-gynne  
To werkyn hur sum wrake. 380

*Her xal the Deywl [attended by Wrath and  
Envy] go to the Word with his compeny.*

<sup>1</sup> Prince made spruce.

<sup>2</sup> Attired.

<sup>3</sup> Pleasure.

<sup>4</sup> Retinue.

<sup>5</sup> Besiege.

<sup>6</sup> Obedience.

<sup>7</sup> Legion.

<sup>8</sup> Troy.

<sup>9</sup> Stronghold.

<sup>10</sup> In a troop.

<sup>11</sup> A scheme.

<sup>12</sup> Quickly.

<sup>13</sup> Subtlety.

<sup>14</sup> This speaker's name appears variously as "Satan," "Dylfe," "Rex Diabolus," etc. I have kept the form "Satan" throughout.

## [The stage of the World.]

*[Satan, attended by Wrath and Envy, moun  
the stage of the World.]*

SATAN. Heyle, Word, worthiest o  
a-bowndans!

In hast we must a conseyll take:

Ye must aply yow with all your afayvns,<sup>1</sup>

A woman of whorshep<sup>2</sup> ower servant t  
make.

WORLD. Satan, with my consell I wyll th  
a-wansse.<sup>3</sup> 380

I pray the cum vp on-to my tent.

Were the Kyng of Flesch her with hi  
asemlaunvs!<sup>4</sup>

Masenger, a-non that thu werre went  
Thys tyde!

Sey<sup>5</sup> the Kyng of Flesch with grete re  
nown, 390

With his consell that to hym be bown,

In alle the hast that euer they mown,<sup>6</sup>

Com as fast as he may ryde.

MASSENGER. My lord, I am your servant  
Sensvalyte.

Your masege to don, I am of glad chyr;

Ryth sone in presens ye xal hym se, 390

Your wyl for to fulfille her.

*Her he goth to the Flesch, thus seyngye:*

## [The stage of the Flesh.]

## [The Messenger ascends the stage.]

[MESSENGER.] Heyl, lord in lond, let  
with lykyn!

Heyl, Flesch in Lust, fayyrest to be-hold!

Heyl, lord and ledar of empror and kyng!

The worthy Word, be wey and wold,<sup>8</sup> 40

Hath sent for yow and your consell.

Satan is sembled with his howshold,

Your covnseyll to haue, most fo[r] a-weyle.

FLESCH. Hens! In hast, that we the  
wh[c]re!<sup>9</sup> 40

Lett vs make no lengar delay!

MESSENGER.<sup>10</sup> Gret myrth to ther herte  
shold yow arerc,<sup>11</sup>

Be my trowth, I dare safly saye.

<sup>1</sup> Assurance.

<sup>2</sup> Worship.

<sup>3</sup> Assist.

<sup>4</sup> Assembly.

<sup>5</sup> Tell, say to.

<sup>6</sup> May.

<sup>7</sup> Chee.

<sup>8</sup> By highway and country.

<sup>9</sup> Avail.

<sup>10</sup> MS. senawalite.

<sup>11</sup> Raise.

[The stage of the World.]

*Her comyt the Kyng of Flesch [attended by Lechery, Sloth, and Gluttony] to the Word, thus seyyng:*

[FLESC.] Heyl be yow, soverens lefe<sup>1</sup>  
and dere!

Why so hastily do ye for me send? 410

WORLD. Al we ar ryth glad we haue yow  
here,

Ower covnsell to-gethyr to comprehend!

Now, Satan, sey your devyse.

SATAN. Serys, now ye be set, I xal yow  
say:

Syrus dyyd this odyr day; 415

Now Mary his dowctor, that may,<sup>2</sup>

Of that castel beryt the pryse.<sup>3</sup>

WORLD. Sertenly, serys, I yow telle,  
Yf she in vertu style may dwelle,  
She xal byn abyll to dystroye helle, 420  
But yf<sup>4</sup> your covnseyll may othyrwyse  
devyse.

FLESC. Now, the lady Lechery, yow  
must don your attendans,

For yow be flower fayrest of femynyte;

Yow xal go desyvr servyse, and byn at hur  
atendavns,

For ye xal sonest enter, ye heral of bewte.<sup>5</sup>

LECHERY. Serys, I abey your covnsell in  
eche degre; 426

Strytt waye thethyr woll I passe.

SATAN. Spirits malyngny<sup>6</sup> xal com to the,  
Hyr to tempt in euery phase.

Now alle the vj that her be, 430

Wysely to werke, hyr fawor to wyne,  
To entyr hyr person be<sup>7</sup> the labor of

Lechery,

That she at the last may com to helle.

How, how, spirits malyng; thou wottyst<sup>8</sup>  
what I mene!

Cum owht, I sey! Heryst nat what I  
seye? 435

BAD ANGYLL. Syrrus,<sup>9</sup> I obey your  
covnsell in eche degre;

Strytt-waye thethyr woll I passe.

Speke soft, speke soft! I trotte hyr to  
tene.<sup>1</sup>

I prey the pertly make no more noyse.

[The Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany.]

*Her xal alle the vij Dedly Synnes be-sege  
the castell tyll [Mary] a-gre to go to  
Ierusalem. Lechery xal entyr the castell  
with the Bad Angyl, thus seyyng Lechery.*

[LECHERY.] Heyl, lady most lavdabyll of  
alyaavns! <sup>2</sup> 440

Heyl, oryent as the sonne in his reflexite!

Myche<sup>3</sup> pepul be comfortyd be your  
bcnyng afayvns.<sup>4</sup>

Bryter than the bornyd<sup>5</sup> is your bemys o  
bewte;

Most debonarius with your aungelly  
delycyte!

MARY. Qwat personne be ye that thus  
me comende?<sup>6</sup> 445

LECHERY. Your servant to be, I wold  
comprehende.

MARY. Your debonarius obedyavns  
ravysst<sup>7</sup> me to tranquelyte!

Now, syth<sup>8</sup> ye desyre in eche de-gree,  
To receyve yow I have grett delectacyon.

Ye be hartely welcum on-to-me! 450

Your tong is so amyabyll devydyd with  
reson.

LECHERY. Now, good lady, wyll ye me  
expresse,

Why may ther no gladdnes to yow re-  
sort?

MARY. For my father, I haue had grett  
heuynesse;

Whan I remembyr, my mynd waxit  
mort.<sup>9</sup> 455

LECHERY. Ya lady, for all that, be of  
good comfort,

For swych obusyouns<sup>10</sup> may brede myche  
dysese;<sup>11</sup>

Swych descepyouns,<sup>12</sup> potyt peynes to  
export,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Injure.

<sup>2</sup> Much, many.

<sup>3</sup> Burnished.

<sup>4</sup> Ravisheth.

<sup>5</sup> Abuses, deceptions.

<sup>6</sup> Such deceptions.

<sup>7</sup> Alliance.

<sup>8</sup> Benign assurance.

<sup>9</sup> MS. comendyde.

<sup>10</sup> Since.

<sup>11</sup> Dead.

<sup>12</sup> Distress.

<sup>13</sup> Expel pains.

<sup>1</sup> Dear, beloved.

<sup>2</sup> Maid.

<sup>3</sup> Prize.

<sup>4</sup> Unless.

<sup>5</sup> Beryl of beauty.

<sup>6</sup> Evil.

<sup>7</sup> By.

<sup>8</sup> Knowest.

<sup>9</sup> Sirs.

Prynt<sup>1</sup> yow in sportes whych best doth  
yow plesse.

MARY. For-sothe ye be welcum to myn  
hawdyens!<sup>2</sup> 460

Ye be my hartes leche.<sup>3</sup>  
Brother Lazarus, and it be yower plesauns,  
And ye, systyr Martha, also in substawns,  
Thys place I commend on-to your  
governons,<sup>4</sup>

And on-to God I yow be-take.<sup>5</sup> 465

LAZARUS. Now, systyr, we xal do your  
intente,  
In thys place to be resydent  
Whyلة that ye be absent,  
To kepe this place from wreche.<sup>6</sup>

*Here takyt Mary hur wey to Ierusalem  
with Lechery.*

*[The place of the Taverner, in Ierusalem.]*

*And they [Mary and Lechery] xal resort  
to a taverner, thus seyy[n]g the taverner:*

[TAVERNER.] I am a taverner, wytty and  
wyse, 470

That wynys<sup>7</sup> haue to sell gret plente.  
Of all the taverners I bere the pryse  
That be dwellyng with-inne the cete.<sup>8</sup>  
Of wynys I haue grete plente,  
Both whyte wynne and red that [ys] so  
cleyr: 475

Here ys wynne of mawt,<sup>9</sup> and malmeseyn,  
Clary<sup>10</sup> wynne, and claret, and other moo,  
Wyn of Gyldyr<sup>11</sup> and of Galles,<sup>12</sup> that  
made at the Grome,<sup>13</sup>

Wyn of Wyan<sup>14</sup> and Vernage, I seye also.  
Ther be no better, as ferre as ye can  
goo. 480

LECHERY. Lo, lady, the comfort and the  
sokower.<sup>15</sup>

Go we ner and take a tast;  
Thys xal bryng your sprytes to fawor.  
Taverner, bryng vs of the fynnest thou  
hast.

<sup>1</sup> Stamp, impress.

<sup>2</sup> Audience, presence.

<sup>3</sup> Physician.

<sup>4</sup> Rule.

<sup>5</sup> Commit. As F. points out, the rhyme suggests

"beteche."

<sup>6</sup> Harm, ruin.

<sup>7</sup> Wines.

<sup>8</sup> City.

<sup>9</sup> Malta?

<sup>10</sup> Claret.

<sup>11</sup> Guelder.

<sup>12</sup> France.

<sup>13</sup> Groine, in Spain.

<sup>14</sup> Guyenne.

<sup>15</sup> Comfort and succor thyself.

TAVERNER. Here, lady, is wyn, a re-  
past 485

To man and woman, a good restoratyff.  
Ye xall nat thynk your mony spent in  
wast;

From stodys<sup>1</sup> and hevynes it woll yow  
relyff.

MARY. I-wys ye seye soth, ye grom<sup>2</sup> of  
blysse;

To me ye be covrtes and kynde. 490

*Her xal entyr a galawnt [Curiosity] thus  
seyyng:*

GALAVNT. Hof! hof, hof! a frysch new  
galawnt!

Ware of thyrst, ley that a-doune!  
What! wene ye, syrrys, that I were a mar-  
chant

Be-cavse that I am new com to town?  
With sum praty taspysster<sup>3</sup> wold I fayne  
rown<sup>4</sup> 495

I haue a shert of reynnes<sup>5</sup> with slevys  
pencawnt,<sup>6</sup>

A lase<sup>7</sup> of sylke for my lady constant.  
A! how she is bewtefull and ressplend-  
ant!

Whan I am from hyr presens, Lord, how I  
syhe!

I wol a-wye<sup>8</sup> sovereyns; and soiettes<sup>9</sup> I  
dys-deyne. 500

In wynter a stomachyr,<sup>10</sup> in somer non att  
al;

My dobelet and my hossys euer to-gether  
a-hyde.

I woll, or euen, be shavyn, for to seme  
ying.

With her a-gen the her,<sup>11</sup> I love mych  
pleyyng;

That makyt me ilegant and lusty in  
lykyng. 505

Thus I lefe in this word; I do it for no  
pryde.

LECHERY. Lady, this man is for yow, as I  
se can;

To sett yow [in] sporttes and talkyng this  
tyde.

<sup>1</sup> Studies.

<sup>2</sup> Man.

<sup>3</sup> Pretty tapstress, barmaid.

<sup>4</sup> Whisper.

<sup>5</sup> Cloth of Raines.

<sup>6</sup> Hanging, loose? (Pendeawnt?)

<sup>7</sup> Lace.

<sup>8</sup> Emulate.

<sup>9</sup> Subjects.

<sup>10</sup> Stomacher.

<sup>11</sup> Hair against the hair.

MARY. Cal hym in, taverner, as ye my  
loue wyl han;<sup>1</sup>  
And we xall make ful mery yf he wolle  
a-byde 510

TAVERNER. How, how, my Mastyr  
Coryossyte!

CORYOSTE. What is your wyll, syr? what  
wyl ye with me?

TAVERNER. Her ar ientyll women dysyor<sup>2</sup>  
your presens to se,  
And for to dryng<sup>3</sup> with yow thys tyde.

CORYOSTE. A dere dewchesse,<sup>4</sup> my  
daysys ice!<sup>5</sup> 515

Splendavnt of colour, most of femynyte,  
Your sofreyn coloures set with synseryte!  
Conseder my loue in-to yower alye,<sup>6</sup>  
Or elles I am smet with peynnes of per-  
plexite!

MARI. Why, sir, wene<sup>7</sup> ye that I were a  
kelle?<sup>8</sup> 520

CORYOSTE. Nay, prenses,<sup>9</sup> parde, ye be  
my hertes hele!<sup>10</sup>  
So wold to God ye wold my loue fele.

MARI. Qwat cavse that ye love me so  
sodenly?

CORYOSTE. O nedys I mvst, myn own  
lady!  
Your person, ittis so womanly, 525  
I can nat refreyn, me swete lelly.

MARI. Sir, curtesy doth it yow lere.<sup>11</sup>

CORYOSTE. Now, gracyus gost,<sup>12</sup> with-  
owtyn pere,  
Mych nortur<sup>13</sup> is that ye conne.<sup>14</sup>  
But wol yow dawns, my own dere? 530

MARY. Sir, I asent in good maner;  
Go ye be-fore; I sue<sup>15</sup> yow ner;  
For a-man at alle tymys beryt<sup>16</sup> reverens.

CORYOSTE. Now, be my trowth, ye be with  
other ten.<sup>17</sup>

Felle a pese,<sup>18</sup> Taverner! let vs sen<sup>19</sup> 535  
Soppes in wyne. How, love ye?

<sup>1</sup> Have. <sup>2</sup> Desire. <sup>3</sup> Drink. <sup>4</sup> Duchess.

<sup>5</sup> Eye. <sup>6</sup> Alliance. <sup>7</sup> Think.

<sup>8</sup> Woman of ill fame (cf. "callet").

<sup>9</sup> Princess. <sup>10</sup> Healing, cure. <sup>11</sup> Teach. <sup>12</sup> Spirit.

<sup>13</sup> Good breeding. <sup>14</sup> Know. <sup>15</sup> Follow.

<sup>16</sup> Bearth. <sup>17</sup> With other things grieved.

<sup>18</sup> Fill a cup. <sup>19</sup> See.

MARI. As ye don, so doth me.  
I am ryth glad that met be we;  
My loue in yow gynnyt to close.

CORYOSTE. Now, derlyng dere, wol yow  
do be my rede?<sup>1</sup> 540  
We haue dronkyn and ete lytyl brede.  
Wyll we walk to a-nother stede?<sup>2</sup>

MARI. Ewyn at your wyl, my dere  
derlyng!  
Thowe ye wyl go to the wordes eynd,  
I wol neuer from yow wynd,<sup>3</sup> 545  
To dye for your sake.

*Here xal Mary and the Galont a-woyd.*

[*The Stage of the World, where the World, the  
Flesh, and the Devil are still assembled.*]

*And the bad Angyll goth to the Word,  
the Flych, and the Dylse, thus saying the  
Bad Angyll.*

[BAD ANGYL.] A lorges,<sup>4</sup> a lorges, lorddes  
alle at onys!

Ye haue a scrvant fayer and afyabyll,  
For she is fallyn in ower grogly gromys!<sup>5</sup>  
Ya, Pryde, callyd Corioste, to hur is ful  
laidabyll, 550

And to hur he is most preysseabyll,<sup>6</sup>  
For she hath gravnttyd hym al his bones;<sup>7</sup>  
She thynkyt his person so amyabyll,  
To her syte he is semelyar<sup>8</sup> than any kyng  
in trones.<sup>9</sup>

SATAN. A! how I tremyl and trott for  
yese tydynges! 555  
She is a soveryn servant that hath hur fet<sup>10</sup>  
in synne.

Go thow agayn, and ewer be hur gyde.  
The laidabyll lyfe of lecherry let hur neu-  
er lynne,<sup>11</sup>

For of hur al helle xall make reioysseyng.

*Here goth the Bad Angyl to Mari a-gayn.*

SATAN. Fare-well, fare-well, ye t[w]o  
nobyl kynges this tyde!<sup>12</sup> 560  
For whom in hast I wol me dresse.

<sup>1</sup> Advice. <sup>2</sup> Place. <sup>3</sup> Go.

<sup>4</sup> Largess, reward.

<sup>5</sup> Grylsly (terrible)? harms.

<sup>6</sup> Precious. <sup>7</sup> Requests.

<sup>8</sup> Seemlier. <sup>9</sup> Thrones.

<sup>10</sup> Fetched. <sup>11</sup> Cease.

**WORLD.** Fare-well, Satan, prynsse of pryde!

**FLESCH.** Fare-well, sem[l]lyest all sorowys to sesse!

*Here xal Satan go hom to his stage, and Mari xal entyr in-to the place alone, save the Bad Angyl. And al the Seuen Dedly Synnes xal be conveyyd in-to the howse of Symont Leprows; they xal be a-rayyd lyke vij dylf, thus kept close.*

[The "Place," or middle region surrounded by the stages, supposed to be the city of Jerusalem. An arbour on one side.]

*Mari xal be in an erbyr, thus seyynge:*

**MARI.** A! God be with my valentyne,<sup>1</sup> My byrd swetyng, my lovys so dere! 565  
For they be bote for a blossom of blysse. Me mervellyt sore they be nat here. But I woll restyn in this erbyr  
Amons thes bamys<sup>2</sup> precyus of prysse, Tyll som lover wol apere, 570  
That me is wont to halse and kysse.

*Her xal Mary lye down, and slepe in the erbyr.*

[The stage of Simon the Leper, a house, with a table spread.]

**SYMONT LEPRUS.** Thys day holly<sup>3</sup> I pot in rememberowns

To solas my gastes to my power. I haue ordeynnyd a dynor of substawns,<sup>4</sup> My chyff freyndes therwith to chyr. 575  
In-to the sete<sup>5</sup> I woll a-pere, For my gastes to make porvyawns,<sup>6</sup> For tyme drayt ny to go to dynor, And my offyceys be redy with ther ordynowns.

So, wold to God, I myte have a-queyn-towns<sup>7</sup> 580

Of the Profyth of trew perfytnesse, To com to my place and porvyowns! It wold rejoyse my hert in gret gladnesse; For ye report of hys hye nobyll-nesse Rennyt<sup>8</sup> in contreys fer and ner; 585

<sup>1</sup> Valentines, lovers.

<sup>2</sup> Fragrant garden-herbs.

<sup>3</sup> Wholly.

<sup>4</sup> A grand dinner.

<sup>5</sup> Provision.

<sup>7</sup> Acquaintance.

<sup>8</sup> City.

<sup>8</sup> Runneth.

Hys precheying is of gret perfythnes, Of rythwysnesse, and mercy cleyr.

*Her entyr Symont in-to ye place.<sup>1</sup>*

[The "Place." Mary's arbour at one side.]

*The Good Angyl thus seyynge to Mary:*

[GOOD ANGYLL.] Woman, woman, why art thou so on-stabyll? Ful bytterly thys blysse it wol be bowth!<sup>2</sup> Why art thou a-gens God so veryabyll?<sup>3</sup> Wy thynkes thou nat God made the of nowth? 591

In syn and sorow thou art browth; Fleschly lust is to ye full delectabyll. Salue for thi sowle must be sowth; And leve thi werkes wayn<sup>4</sup> and very-abyll. 595

Remembyr, woman, for thi pore pryde, How thi sowle xal lynn<sup>5</sup> in helle fyr! A! remembyr how sorowful ittis to a-bye With-owtyn eynd in angur and ir[e]! Remembyr the on mercy; make thi sowle clyr! 600

I am the gost of goodnesse that so wold ye gydde.

**MARY.** A! how the spervt of goodnesse hat promtyt<sup>6</sup> me this tyde, And temtyd me with tytyll of trew perfythnesse!

A-las! how betternesse in my hert doth a-bye!

I am wonddyd<sup>7</sup> with werkes of gret dystresse. 605

A! how pynsynesse<sup>8</sup> potyt me to oppresse, That I haue synnyd on euery syde!

O Lord! w[h]o xall putt me from this peynfulnesse?

A! w[h]oo xal to mercy be my gostly gyde? I xal pursue the Prophett, wherso he be For he is the well of perfyth charyte; 61 Be<sup>9</sup> the oyle of mercy he xal me relyff.

With swete hawmyns<sup>10</sup> I wyl sekyn hym this syth,<sup>11</sup>

And sadly folow his lordshep in cche degre.

<sup>1</sup> The *platea* surrounded by the several "stages," here supposed to be "the city."

<sup>2</sup> Paid for.

<sup>3</sup> Vain.

<sup>4</sup> Prompted.

<sup>5</sup> Pensiveness.

<sup>10</sup> Balms, ointments.

<sup>6</sup> Variable.

<sup>7</sup> Lie.

<sup>8</sup> Enveloped.

<sup>9</sup> By.

<sup>11</sup> Time.

*Here xal entyr the Prophet with his  
desyphys [into the "Place," meeting  
Simon, and passing near Mary's arbour],  
thus seyng Symont Leprus:*

[SYMONT.] Now ye be welcom, mastyr,  
most of magnyfyens! 615  
I be-seche yow benyngly ye wol be so  
gracyows,  
Yf that it be lekyng on-to yower hye  
presens,  
Thys daye to com dyne at my hows.

IESUS. God a mercy, Symont, that thou  
wylt me knowe!  
I woll entyr thi hows with pes and vnyte;  
I am glad for to rest; ther grace gynnyt  
grow; 621  
For with-inne thi hows xal rest charyte,  
And the bemys of grace xal hyn illumynows.  
But syth thou wytyst-saff <sup>1</sup> a dyner on me,  
With pes and grace I entyr thi hows. 625

[*They go to the house of Simon the Leper.*]

[*The stage of Simon the Leper.*]

SYMONT. I thank yow, master, most  
benyng <sup>2</sup> and gracyus,  
That yow wol of your hye soverente.  
To me ittis a ioye most speceows,  
With-inne my hows that I may yow se!  
Now syt to the bord, mastyr alle. 630

*Her xal Mary folow a-longe, with this  
lamentacyon:*

MARY. O I, cursyd caytyff, that myche  
wo hath wroth <sup>3</sup>  
A-gens my makar, of mytes most!  
I have offendyd hym with dede and thowth.  
But in his grace is all my trost,  
Or elles I know well I am but lost, 635  
Body and sowle damdpnyd perpetuall.  
Yet, good Lord of lorddes, my hope  
perhenuall,<sup>4</sup>  
With the to stond in grace and fawour to  
se,  
Thow knowyst my hart and thowt in  
especcal;  
Therfor, good Lord, after my hart reward  
me. 640

<sup>1</sup> Vouchsafest.  
<sup>2</sup> Wrought.

<sup>3</sup> Benign.  
<sup>4</sup> Perennial.

*Her xal Mary wasche the fett of the  
Prophet with the terres of hur yys,<sup>1</sup>  
whyping hem with hur herre, and than  
a-nynt hym with a precyus noytment.  
Iesus dicit:*

[IESUS.] Symond, I thank ye speceally  
For this grett r[e]lpast that her hath be;  
But, Symond, I telle the fectually  
I have thynges to seyn to the.

SYMONT. Master, qwat your wyll be, 645  
And it plese yow, I well yow her;  
Seyth your lykyng on-to me,  
And al the plesawnt of your mynd and  
desyrr.

IESUS. Symond, ther was a man in this  
present lyf,  
The wyche had t[w]o dectours <sup>2</sup> well  
suer, 650  
The whych wher pore, and myth make no  
restoratyf,  
But stytle in ther debt ded in-duour;<sup>3</sup>  
The on[e] owght hym an hondyrd pense  
ful suer,  
And the other fefty, so be-fell the chanse;  
And be-cawse he coud nat his mony re-  
cure, 655  
They askyd hym forgewnesse; and he  
forgaf in substans.  
But, Symont, I pray ye, answer me to this  
sentens;  
Whych of thes t[w]o personnes was most  
be-holddyn to that man?

SYMONT. Master, and it plese your hey  
presens,  
He that most owght hym, as my reson gef  
can. 660

IESUS. *Recte indicasti!* <sup>4</sup> thou art a wyse  
man,  
And this quesson hast dempte <sup>5</sup> trewly.  
Yff thu in thi coneyens remembyr can,  
Ye t[w]o be ye dectours that I of specefy.  
But, Symond, be-hold this woman in al  
wyse, 665  
How she with teres of hyr better <sup>6</sup> wepyng  
She wassheth my fete, and dothe me  
servyse,

<sup>1</sup> Eyes.  
<sup>3</sup> Endure.  
<sup>5</sup> Judged.

<sup>2</sup> Debtors.  
<sup>4</sup> Thou hast rightly judged.  
<sup>6</sup> Bitter.

And anoy[n]tyt hem with onymentes, lowly knelyng,

And with her her,<sup>1</sup> fayer and brygth shynnyng,

She wypeth hem agayn with good in entent. 670

But, Symont, syth that I entyrd thi hows, To wasshe my fete thou dedyst nat aplye, Nor to wype my fete thou wer nat so faworus;

Wherfor in thi conscyens thou owttyst<sup>2</sup> nat to replye.

But, woman, I sey to the, werely,<sup>3</sup> 675 I forgeyffe the thi wrecchednesse, And hol in sowle be thou made therby!

MARIA. O blessyd be thou, Lord of euerlastyng lyfe!

And blyssyd be thi berth of that puer vergynne!<sup>4</sup>

Blyssyd be thou, repast contemplatyf, 680 A-gens my seknes, helth and medsyn!

And for that I haue synnyd in the synne of pryde,

I wol en-abyte<sup>5</sup> me with humelyte; A-gens wrath and envy, I wyl devyde 684

Thes fayer vertuys, pacyens and charyte.

IESUS. Woman, in contrysson thou art expert,

And in thi sowle hast inward mythe,<sup>6</sup>

That sumtyme were in desert, And from therknesse<sup>7</sup> hast purchasyd lyth.

Thy feyth hath savyt the, and made the bryth; 690

Wherfor I sey to the, "*vade in pace.*"<sup>8</sup>

*With this word vij dyllys zall de-woyde<sup>9</sup> frome the woman, and the Bad Angyll enter into hell with thondyr.*

[MARIA.] O thou gloryus Lord! This rehersyd for my sped,<sup>10</sup>

Sowle helth attes<sup>11</sup> tyme for-to recure.

Lord, for that I was in whanhope,<sup>12</sup> now stond I in dred,

But that thi gret mercy with me may endure; 695

<sup>1</sup> Hair.

<sup>2</sup> Oughtst.

<sup>3</sup> Verily.

<sup>4</sup> Pure Virgin.

<sup>5</sup> Array.

<sup>6</sup> Might, power.

<sup>7</sup> Darkness.

<sup>8</sup> Depart in peace.

<sup>9</sup> Go out. See the stage-direction following line

568.

<sup>10</sup> Advantage.

<sup>11</sup> At this.

<sup>12</sup> Despair.

My thowth thou knewyst with-owtyn ony drowth.

Now may I trost the techeyng of Izaye in scryptur,

W[h]os report of thi nobyllnesse rennyt fer abowt.

IESUS. Blyssyd be they at alle tyme That sen me nat<sup>1</sup> and have me in credens.

With contrysson thou hast mad a recum-pens, 701

Thi sowle to save from alle dystresse.

Be-war, and kepe the from alle neclygens, And after thou xal be pertener<sup>2</sup> of my blysse.

*Here devodyte Iesus with his desipylles, the Good Angyll reioysynge ofe Mawdleyne.*

GOOD ANGEL. Holy God, hyst of omnipotency, 705

The astat of good governouns to the I recummend,

Humblylly be-secheyng thyn inperall glorye,

In thi devyn vertu vs to comprehend.

And, delectabyll Iesu, soverreyn sapyens, Ower feyth we recummend on-to your

purpete,<sup>3</sup> 710 Most mekely prayyng to your holy aparens,<sup>4</sup>

Illumyn ower ygnorans with your devyn-yte!

Ye be clepyd Redempceyon of sowlys defens,

Whyche shal ben obscuryd be<sup>5</sup> thi blessyd mortalyte.

O *lux vera*,<sup>6</sup> gravnt vs yower lucense,<sup>7</sup> 715

That with the spryte of errour I nat seduct<sup>8</sup> be!

And Spertyus alme,<sup>9</sup> to yow most benyne, Thre persons in trenyte, and on[c] God

eterne, Most lowly ower feyth we consyngne,

That we may com to your blysse gloryfyd from malynge, 720

And with your gostely<sup>10</sup> bred to fede vs, we desyern.

<sup>1</sup> That see me not.

<sup>2</sup> Partner, partaker.

<sup>3</sup> Proprietorship.

<sup>4</sup> Appearance.

<sup>5</sup> By.

<sup>6</sup> True light.

<sup>7</sup> Light.

<sup>8</sup> Misled.

<sup>9</sup> Reviving (the Holy Spirit).

<sup>10</sup> Spiritual.

[*The stage of the Devil.*]

SATAN. A, owt! owt! and harrow! I am  
hampord with hate!

In hast wyl I set on iugment to se!  
With thes betyll-browyd bycheys <sup>1</sup> I am at  
debate.

How! Belfagour, and Belzabub! com vp  
here to me! 725

*Here aperytte t[w]o dyvyllys be-fore the  
master.*

II. DIABOLUS. Here, lord, here! Qwat  
wol ye?

SATAN.<sup>2</sup> The iugment of harlottes here to  
se,  
Settyng in iudycyal lyke a state.<sup>3</sup>  
How, thow Bad Angyll! a-pere before my  
grace!

BAD ANGEL. As flat as fox, I falle before  
your face. 730

SATAN. Thow theffe, wy hast thou don  
alle this trespas,  
To lett thea woman thi bondes breke?

BAD ANGEL. The speryt of grace sore ded  
hyr smyth,  
And temptyd so sore that ipocryte.

SATAN. Ya! thys hard balys <sup>4</sup> on thi  
bottokkys xall byte! 735

In hast on the I wol be wroke.  
Cum vp, ye horsons, and skore a-wey the  
yche! <sup>5</sup>

And with thys panne <sup>6</sup> ye do hym pycche! <sup>7</sup>  
Cum of, ye harlottes, that yt wer don!

*Here xall they serva all the seuyne as they do  
the freste.*

SATAN. Now have I a part of my  
desyer: 740

Goo in-to this howsse, ye lordeynnes,  
here,

And loke ye set yt on a feyer,  
And that xall hem a-wake.

<sup>1</sup> Beetle-browed bitches.

<sup>2</sup> MS. tercius diabolus. Possibly something has  
been dropped in the text.

<sup>3</sup> Judicial-like estate.

<sup>4</sup> Rods.

<sup>5</sup> Itch.

<sup>6</sup> Pan.

<sup>7</sup> Smeare with pitch.

*Here xall the tother deyilles sette the  
house <sup>1</sup> one a fyere, and make a sowth,<sup>2</sup>  
and Mari xall go to Lazar and to Martha.*

SATAN. So, now have we well afrayyd <sup>3</sup>  
these felons fials!

They be blasyd <sup>4</sup> both body and hals! <sup>5</sup> 745  
Now to hell lett vs synkyn als,  
To ower felaws blake.

[*The Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany.*]

[*Enter Mary to Lazarus and Martha.*]

MARI. O brother, my hartes consola-  
cyown!

O blessyd in lyffe, and solytary!  
The blyssyd Prophet, my comfortacy-  
own, 750

He hathe made me clene and delectary,<sup>6</sup>  
The wyche was to synne a subiectary.<sup>7</sup>  
Thys kyng, Cryste, consedyryd his crea-  
cyown;

I was drynychyn <sup>8</sup> in synne deversarye <sup>9</sup>  
Tyll that Lord relevyd me be his domyn-  
nacyon, 755

Grace to me he wold never de-nye;  
Thowe I were nevyr so synful, he seyde  
"revertere!" <sup>10</sup>

O, I synful creature, to grace I woll a-plye;  
The oyle of mercy hath helyd myn in-  
fyrmyte.

MARTHA. Now worchepyd be that hey  
name Iesu, 760

The wyche in Latyn is callyd Savyower!  
Fulfylling that word ewyn of dewe; <sup>11</sup>  
To alle synfull and seke he is sokour.

LAZARUS. Systyr, ye be welcum on-to  
yower towere!

Glad in hart of yower obessyawnese, 765  
Wheyl that I leffe, I wyl serve hym with  
honour,  
That ye have forsakyn synne and vary-  
awns.<sup>12</sup>

MARY. Cryst, that is the lyth and the  
cler daye,

<sup>1</sup> Presumably the superstructure over hell.

<sup>2</sup> Black smoke.

<sup>3</sup> Frightened.

<sup>4</sup> Burnt.

<sup>5</sup> Neck.

<sup>6</sup> Delectable.

<sup>7</sup> Subject.

<sup>8</sup> Overwhelmed.

<sup>9</sup> Divers.

<sup>10</sup> Turn again.

<sup>11</sup> By right, by just title. <sup>12</sup> Variance.



He hath on-curyd the therknesse <sup>1</sup> of the  
cloudy nyth;  
Of lyth the lucens and lyth veray, 770  
W[h]os prechyng to vs is a gracyows lyth.  
Lord, we be-seche the, as thou art most of  
myth,  
Owt of the ded slep of therknesse de-fend  
vs aye!  
Gyff vs grace cwyr <sup>2</sup> to rest in lyth,  
In quyet and in pes to serve the nyth and  
day! 775

*Here xall Lazar take his deth, thus seyynge:*

[LAZARUS.] A! help, help, systyrs! for  
charyte!  
A-las! dethe is sett at my hart;  
A! ley on handes! Wher ar ye?  
A! I faltyr and falle! I wax alle on-  
quarte! <sup>3</sup>  
A! I bome <sup>4</sup> a-bove! I wax alle swertt! <sup>5</sup>  
A, good Iesu, thow be my gyde! 781  
A! no lengar now I reverte!  
I yeld vp the gost! I may natt a-bye!

MARY. O, good brother, take covmforth  
and myth,  
And lett non heuynes in yower hart  
a-bye; 785  
Lett a-way <sup>6</sup> alle this feyntnesse and  
fretth,<sup>7</sup>  
And we xal gete yow leches,<sup>8</sup> yower peynes  
to-devyde.

MARTHA. A! I syth and sorow, and sey,  
a-las!  
Thys sorow ys a-poynt <sup>9</sup> to be my con-  
fusun.  
Ientyl syster, hye we from this place, 790  
For the Prophe[t] to hym hatt grett  
delectacyon.  
Good brother, take somme comfortacyon,  
For we woll go to seke yow cure.

*[The "Place"; Jesus walking with his  
disciples.]*

*Here goth Mary and Martha, and mett with  
Iesu, thus seyynge:*

[MARY AND MARTHA.] O Lord Iesu, ower  
mellefueus swettnesse,

<sup>1</sup> Darkness.      <sup>2</sup> Ever.      <sup>3</sup> Dismayed.  
<sup>4</sup> Hum, buzz (in the head).      <sup>5</sup> Black.  
<sup>6</sup> Allow to pass.      <sup>7</sup> Fretting.  
<sup>8</sup> Physicians.      <sup>9</sup> Appointed.

Thowe art grettest Lord in glorie! 795  
Lover to the Lord, in all lowlynesse  
Comfort thi creatur that to the crye!  
Be-hold yower lover, good Lord, specyally,  
How Lazar lyth seke in grett dystresse!  
He ys thi lover, Lord, suerly; 800  
On-bynd hym, good Lord, of his heuynesse!

IESUS. Of all in-fyrmyte, ther is non to deth,  
For of all peynnes that is inpossyble.  
To vndyr-stond be reson, to know the  
werke,

The ioie that is in Ierusalem heuenly, 805  
Can never be compylde be covnnyng of  
clerke, <sup>1</sup> —

To se the ioys of the Fathyr in glory,  
The ioys of the Sonne whych owth <sup>2</sup> to  
be magnyfyed,  
And of the Therd Person, the Holy Gost  
truly, 809  
And alle iij but on[e] in heuen gloryfyed.  
Now, women, that arn in my presens here,  
Of my wordys take a-wysement; <sup>3</sup>  
Go hom a-gen to yower brothyr Lazere;  
My grace to hym xall be sent.

MARY. O thow gloryus Lord, here present,  
We yeld to the salutacyon! 816  
In ower weyys we be expedyent.  
Now, Lord, vs defend from trybulacyon!

*Here goth Mary and Martha homward, and  
Iesu devodyte.*

*[The Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany.]*

LAZARUS. A! in woo I waltyr, <sup>4</sup> as wawys <sup>5</sup>  
in the wynd!  
A-wey ys went all my sokour! 820  
A! Deth, Deth, thou art on-kynd!  
A! a! now brystyt <sup>6</sup> myn hartt! This is a  
sharp shower!  
Fare-well, my systyrs, my bodely helth!

*Mortuis est.*<sup>7</sup>

MARY. Iesu, my Lord, be yower sokowr,  
And he mott be yower gostes welth! <sup>8</sup> 825  
I. MILES. Goddes grace mott be hys  
gouvour,  
In ioi euerlastyng for to be!

<sup>1</sup> Scholar.      <sup>2</sup> Ought, deserveth.  
<sup>3</sup> Advisement.      <sup>4</sup> Welter.  
<sup>5</sup> Waves.      <sup>6</sup> Bursteth.  
<sup>7</sup> He is dead.      <sup>8</sup> Spirit's welfare.

II. MILES. A-monge alle good sowlys send  
hym favour,  
As thi power ys most of dygnyte!

MARTHA. Now syn the chans is fallyn  
soo 830  
That deth hath drewyn hym don <sup>1</sup> this day,  
We must nedys ower devyrs <sup>2</sup> doo,  
To the erth to bryng hym with-owt delay.

MARY. As the vse is now, and hath byn  
aye,  
With wepers <sup>3</sup> to the erth yow hym  
bryng. 835  
Alle this must be donne as I yow saye,  
Clad in blake, with-owtyn lesyng.<sup>4</sup>

I. MILES. Gracyows ladyys of grett  
honour,  
Thys pepull is com here in yower syth,  
Wepying and welyng with gret dolour 840  
Be-cavse of my lordes dethe.

*Here the one knyght make redy the stone,<sup>5</sup>  
and other bryng in the wepars arayyd in  
blak.*

I. MILES. Now, good fryndes that here  
be,  
Take vp thys body with good wyll,  
And ley it in his sepoltur <sup>6</sup> semely to se.  
Good Lord, hym save from alle maner  
ille! 845

*Lay hym in. Here al the pepyll resort to the  
castell.*

*[The "Place"; Jesus walking with his  
disciples.]*

*Thus seyyng Iesus:*

[IESUS.] Tyme ys comyn, of very cognys-  
son.<sup>7</sup>

My dyssyplys, goth with me,  
For to fulfyll possybyll peticion.  
Go we to-gether in-to Iude,  
Ther Lazar, my frynd, is he; 850  
Gow we to-gether as chyldyurn of lyth;  
And, from grevos slepe, sawen <sup>8</sup> heym wyll  
we.

<sup>1</sup> Driven him down.

<sup>2</sup> Duties.

<sup>3</sup> Weepers, mourners.

<sup>4</sup> Lie.

<sup>5</sup> The tomb was arranged in the "Place" near the  
Castle of Maudleyn.

<sup>6</sup> Sepulchre.

<sup>7</sup> Knowledge.

<sup>8</sup> Save.

DISSIPULUS. Lord, it plesse yower myty  
volunte,<sup>1</sup>  
Thow he slepe, he may be savyd be skyll.

IESUS. That is trew, and be possybilyte;  
Therfor of my deth shew yow I wyll. 856  
My Fathyr, of nemyows <sup>2</sup> charyte,  
Sent me, his Son, to make redemcyon,  
Wyche was conseyyvd be puer <sup>3</sup> verginyte,  
And so in my mother had cler incarna-  
cyon; 860  
And therfor must I suffyr grewos <sup>4</sup> passyon  
Ondyr Povnse Pylat, with grett perplexite,  
Betyn, bobbyd, skoernyd, crownnyd with  
thorne:

Alle this shall be the soferons <sup>5</sup> of my deite.  
I, therfor, hastely folow me now, 865  
For Lazar is ded verely to preve;  
Whe[r]for I am ioyfull, I sey on-to yow,  
That I knowledge <sup>6</sup> yow ther-with, that ye  
may it beleve.

*Here xal Iesus com with his dissipules  
[walking toward the Castel of Maudleyn];  
and one Iew tellyt Martha:*

[IEW.] A! Martha, Martha! be full of  
gladnesse!  
For the Prophett ys comyng, I sey  
trewly, 870  
With his dyssypylles in grett lowlynesse;  
He shall yow comfortt with his mercy.

*Here Martha xall ronne a-gene Iesus [as he  
approaches the Castle of Maudleyn], thus  
seyyng:*

[MARTHA.] A, Lord! me, sympyl creatur,  
nat denyel  
Thow I be wrappyd in wrecchyddnesse!  
Lord, and thou haddyst byn her,  
werely <sup>7</sup> 875  
My brother had natt a byn ded; I know  
well thysse.

IESUS. Martha, docctor,<sup>8</sup> on-to the I sey  
Thy brother xall reyse agayn.

MARTHA. Yee, Lord, at the last day;  
That I be-leve ful pleyn. 880

IESUS. I am the resurreccyon of lyfe, that  
euer xall reynne; <sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Will.

<sup>2</sup> Exceeding.

<sup>3</sup> Pure.

<sup>4</sup> Grievous.

<sup>5</sup> Sufferance.

<sup>6</sup> Acquaint.

<sup>7</sup> Verily.

<sup>8</sup> Daughter.

<sup>9</sup> Reign.

And whoso be-levyt verely in me  
Xall have lyfe euerlastyng, the soth to  
seyn.<sup>1</sup>

Martha, be-levyst thou this [truly]?

MARTHA. Ye, forsoth, the Prynse of  
Blysch!<sup>2</sup> 885

I be-leve in Cryst, the Son of sapyens,  
Whyche with-owt eynd ryngne<sup>3</sup> xall be,<sup>4</sup>  
To redemyn vs freell<sup>5</sup> from ower iniquite.

*Here Mary xall falle to Iesus, thus seyyng  
Mary:*

MARY. O thou rythewys<sup>6</sup> regent, reyn-  
yng in equite!

Thou gracyows Lord! Thou swete  
Iesus! 890

And thou haddyst byn her, my brothyr  
a-lyfe had be.

Good Lord, myn hertt doth this dyscus.

IESUS. Wher have ye put hym? sey me  
thys.

MARY. In his mo[nu]ment, Lord, is he.

IESUS. To that place ye me wys;<sup>7</sup> 895  
Thatt grave I desyre to se.

*[They lead Iesus to the tomb of Lazarus in  
the "Place" near the Castle of Maudleyn.]*

Take of the ston of this monvment!  
The agrement of grace her shewyn I wyll.

MARTHA. A, Lord, yower preseptt ful-  
fyllyd xall be;

Thys ston I remeve with glad chyr. 900  
Gracyows Lord, I aske the mercy,  
Thy wyll mott be fullfyllyd here.

*Here xal Martha put ofe the grave-stone.*

IESUS. Now, Father, I be-seche thyn hey  
paternyte,  
That my prayour be resowndable to thi  
Fathyrod in glory,

<sup>1</sup> The truth to say.    <sup>2</sup> Bliss.    <sup>3</sup> Reigning.  
<sup>4</sup> MS. he.    <sup>5</sup> Frail beings.  
<sup>6</sup> Righteous.    <sup>7</sup> Guide.

To opyn theyn erys<sup>1</sup> to thi Son in hu-  
manyte! 905

Nat only for me, but for thi pepyll  
verely,

That they may be-leue, and be-take<sup>2</sup> to  
thi mercy.

Fathyr, for them I make supplycacyon.

Gracyows Father, gravnt me my bone!<sup>3</sup>

Lazer! Lazer! com hethyr to me! 910

*Here xall Lazer a-ryse, trossyd<sup>4</sup> with  
twelless, in a shete.<sup>5</sup>*

LAZAR. A! my makar! my Savyowr!  
blyssyd mott thou be!

Here men may know thi werkes of wondyr!  
Lord, no thy[n]g ys on-possybyll to the,

For my body and my sowle was departyd  
asonder!

I xuld a-rotyt, as doth the tondyr,<sup>6</sup> 915  
Fleysch from the bonys a-consumyd a-way.

Now is a-loft, that late was ondyr!

The goodnesse of God hath don for me  
here;

For he is bote of all balys<sup>7</sup> to on-bynd,  
That blyssyd Lord that here ded a-pere.

*Here all the pepull, and the Iewys, Mari,  
and Martha with one woys sey thes wordes:  
"We be-leve in yow Savyowr! Iesus! Iesus!  
Iesus!"*

[IESUS.] Of yower good hertes I have ad-  
vertacyounes,<sup>8</sup> 921

Where-thorow,<sup>9</sup> in sowle holl<sup>10</sup> made ye be;  
Be-twix yow and me be never varyacy-  
ounes,

Wherfor I sey, "*vade in pace.*"<sup>11</sup>

*Here devoydyt Iesus with his desypylles:  
Mary and Martha and Lazare gone home  
to the castell.*

<sup>1</sup> Ears.    <sup>2</sup> Commit themselves.  
<sup>3</sup> Request.    <sup>4</sup> Trussed, wrapped.  
<sup>5</sup> Sheet.    <sup>6</sup> Tinder.  
<sup>7</sup> Healer of all griefs.    <sup>8</sup> Advertisement.  
<sup>9</sup> By means of which.  
<sup>10</sup> Whole, well.    <sup>11</sup> Depart in peace.

THE PLAY OF THE SACRAMENT <sup>1</sup>

## [THE BANNS.]

I. VEXILLATOR. Now the Father and the  
Sune and the Holy Goste,  
That all this wyde worlde hat[h]  
wrowg[h]t,  
Save all thes semely,<sup>1</sup> bothe leste and  
moste,

And bryn[g]le yow to the blysse that he  
hath yow to bowght!<sup>2</sup>

We be ful purposed, with hart and with  
thowght,  
Off oure mater to tell the entent,  
Off the marvellis that wer wondurfely  
wrowght  
Off the holi and bleyssed Sacrament. 8

II. VEXILLATOR<sup>3</sup> Sid[s]eyns,<sup>4</sup> and yt lyke  
yow to here the purpoos of this play  
That [ys] representyd now in yower  
syght,  
Whych in Aragon was doon, the sothe<sup>5</sup> to  
saye,

In Eraclea, that famous cyte, aryght:  
Therin wonneth<sup>6</sup> a merchante off mek-  
yll<sup>7</sup> myght, —

Syr Arystorve was called hys name, —  
Kend<sup>8</sup> full fere with mani a wyght;<sup>9</sup>  
Full fer in the worlde sprong hys fame. 16

I. VEXILLATOR. Anon to hym ther cam a  
Jewe,  
With grete rychesse for the nonys,<sup>10</sup>  
And wonneth<sup>11</sup> in the cyte of Surrey, —  
this [is] full trewe, —

<sup>1</sup> Assembly.

<sup>2</sup> Redeemed.

<sup>3</sup> From this point on the MS. has *Secundus* and *Primus* alternately for the speakers' names.

<sup>4</sup> Citizens; emend. by Manly. But the MS., says Waterhouse, may be *Souereyns*.

<sup>5</sup> Truth.

<sup>6</sup> Dwelleth.

<sup>7</sup> Great.

<sup>8</sup> Known.

<sup>9</sup> Person.

<sup>10</sup> A metrical tag without special meaning.

<sup>11</sup> Dwelleth.

The wyche had gret plente off precyous  
stonys. 20

Off this Cristen merchante he freyned<sup>1</sup> sore,  
Wane<sup>2</sup> he wolde haue had hys entente.  
Twenti pownd, and merchandysse mor,  
He proferyd for the Holy Sacrament. 24

II. VEXILLATOR. But the Christen mer-  
chante theroff sed nay,  
Because hys profer was of so lityll val-  
ewe;  
An hunderd pownd but he wolde pay,  
No longer theron he shuld pursewe. 28

But mor off ther purpos they gun[n]e  
speke,  
The Holi Sacramente for to bye;  
And all for [that] the[i] wolde be wreke,<sup>3</sup>  
A gret sume off gold begune down ley. 32

I. VEXILLATOR. Thys Crysten merchante  
consentyd, the sothe to sey,  
And, in the nyght after, made hym de-  
lycuerance.  
Thes Jewes all grete joye made they.  
But off thys betyde a stranger chance: 36

They grevid our Lord gretly on grownd,<sup>4</sup>  
And put hym to cruell passyon —  
With daggers gouen<sup>5</sup> hym many a grieyuous  
wound;  
Nayled hym to a pyller; with pynsons<sup>6</sup>  
plukked hym doune. 40

II. VEXILLATOR. And sythe<sup>7</sup> thay toke  
that blysed brede so sownde,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Enquired.

<sup>2</sup> When.

<sup>3</sup> Avenged.

<sup>4</sup> On the earth (a metrical tag).

<sup>5</sup> Gave.

<sup>6</sup> Pincers.

<sup>7</sup> Then.

<sup>8</sup> Good.

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript, now preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, was written in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and apparently was the work of Irish scribes. The play itself, however, was unquestionably of English origin, the dialect belonging to the East Midland section. According to the Banns the performance was designed for Croxton; there are no less than seven places of this name in England, five being in the East Midland section. I have based the text on *The Non-Cycle Mystery Plays*, re-edited from the manuscripts for the Early English Text Society by Osborn Waterhouse, 1909; but I have carefully collated this with the editions by Manly and Stokes, and have adopted the stanzaic divisions of Manly, which seem to me more logical than those employed by Waterhouse. I have modernized the punctuation and have added, in brackets, stage directions.

And in a cawdron <sup>1</sup> they ded hym boyle,  
In a clothe full just they yt wounde,  
And so they ded hym sethe <sup>2</sup> in oyle; 44

And than thay putt hym to a new tormentry,

In an hoothe ouyn <sup>3</sup> speryd <sup>4</sup> hym fast:  
There he appyred <sup>5</sup> with woundis bloddy;  
The ovyne rofe <sup>6</sup> asondre and all tobrast.<sup>7</sup>

I. VEXILLATOR. Thus in ouer lawe they  
wer made stedfast;

The Holy Sacrament shewyd <sup>8</sup> them  
grette faueur;

In contrycyon th[e]y hertis wer cast,  
And went and shewyd ther lyues to a confesour. 52

Thus, be maracle off the Kyng of Hevyn,  
And by myght and power govyn to the  
prestis mowthe,

In an howshold wer convertyd, i-wys,  
elevyn.

At Rome this myracle ys knowen well  
kowthe.<sup>9</sup>

II. VEXILLATOR. Thys marycle at Rome  
was presented, for sothe,

Yn the yere of your Lord a M<sup>l</sup>cccclxi,  
That the Jewes that Holy Sacrament  
dyd with,

In the forest seyde of Aragon. 60

Below thus God at a tyme showyd hym  
there,

Thorwe hys mercy and hys mekyll  
myght;

- |                           |                               |                    |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> Cauldron.    | <sup>2</sup> Boil.            | <sup>3</sup> Oven. |
| <sup>4</sup> Shut.        | <sup>5</sup> Appeared out.    |                    |
| <sup>6</sup> Split, broke | <sup>7</sup> Burst to pieces. |                    |
| <sup>8</sup> Shewed.      | <sup>9</sup> Known.           |                    |

Vnto the Jewes he gan <sup>1</sup> appere  
That thei shuld nat lesse <sup>2</sup> hys hevenly  
lyght.

I. VEXILLATOR. So therfor, frendis, with  
all your myght

Vnto your gostly father shewe your synne;  
Beth <sup>3</sup> in no wanhope <sup>4</sup> daye nor nyght.  
No maner off dowghtis <sup>5</sup> that Lord put  
in; 68

For that the dowghtis the Jewys than in  
stode, —

As ye shall se pleyd,<sup>6</sup> both more and  
lesse, —

Was yff the Sacrament wer flesshe and  
blode;

Therfor they put yt to suche dystresse.

II. VEXILLATOR. And <sup>7</sup> yt place yow, thys  
gaderyng <sup>8</sup> that here ys,

At Croxston <sup>9</sup> on Monday yt shall be sen.  
To sen the conclusyon of this lytell proc-  
esse

Hertely welcum shall yow bene. 76

Now Jhesu yow sawe <sup>10</sup> from treyn and  
tene,<sup>11</sup>

To send vs hys hyhe ioies of hevyne,  
There myght ys withouton mynd <sup>12</sup> to  
mene!

Now, mynstrell, blow vp with a mery  
stevyn! 80

*Explicit.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. *gayn*; corr. by Manly.

<sup>2</sup> Be.

<sup>3</sup> Played.

<sup>4</sup> See page 243, note 1.

<sup>5</sup> Pain and vexation.

<sup>6</sup> More than one can calculate (see *N.E.D.*, mind, 7c, and 20).

<sup>7</sup> Iose.

<sup>8</sup> Doubts.

<sup>9</sup> Gathering.

<sup>10</sup> Save.

## HERE AFTER FOLOWETH THE PLAY OF THE CONUERSYON OF SER JONATHAS THE JEW BY MYRACLE OF THE BLYSSED SACRAMENT.

[*The Stage of the Christian Merchant,  
Aristorius. Aristorius, with his clerk,  
Peter Paul, and his chaplain, Sir Isoder.*]

ARISTORIUS MERCATOR. Now Cryst, that  
ys ouer Creatour, from shame he  
cure vs;

He maynteyn vs with myrth that meve  
vpon the mold;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Earth.

Vnto hys endlesse joye myghtly he restore  
vs,

All tho <sup>1</sup> that in hys name in peas well  
them hold!

For of a merchante most myght therof  
my tale ys told;

In Eraclea ys non suche, woso wyll vnder-  
stand.

For off all Araçon I am most myghty of  
syluer and of gold, —

For, and yt wer a countre to by, now wold I  
nat wond.<sup>1</sup> 8

Syr Arystory is my name,

A merchante myghty, of a royall araye.  
Ful wyde in this worlde spryngyth my  
fame,

Fere kend <sup>2</sup> and knowen, the sothe for to  
saye.

In all maner of londis, without any naye,  
My merchandyse renneth, the sothe for to  
tell;

In Gene, and in Jenyse, and in Gene-  
waye,  
In Surrey, and in Saby, and in Salern I  
sell; 16

In Antyoche and in Almayn moch ys my  
myght,

In Braban and in Brytayn I am full  
bold,

In Calabre and in Coleyn ther ryng <sup>3</sup> I full  
ryght,

In Dordrede and in Denmark [I] <sup>4</sup> be the  
chyffe told,<sup>5</sup>

In Alysander I haue abundaunse in the  
wyde world,

In France and in Farre fresshe be my  
flower[is],

In Gyldre and in Galys haue I bowght  
and sold,

In Hamborowe and in Holond moche mer-  
chantdyse ys owris; 24

In Jerusalem and in Jherico among the  
Jewes jentle,

Among the Caldeys and Cattlyngis kend  
ys my komyng;

In Raynes and in Rome to Seynt Petyrs  
temple

I am known certainly for bying and sell-  
yng; 28

In Mayne and in Melan full mery haue I  
be; <sup>6</sup>

Owt of Naverne to Naples moch good ys  
that I bryng;

In Pondere and in Portyngale moche ys my  
gle; <sup>7</sup>

In Spayne and in Spruce moche ys my  
spedyng;

In Lombardy and in Lachborun, there  
ledde ys my lykyng;

In Taryfe and in Turkey, there told ys my  
tale;

And in the Dukedom of Oryon moche  
haue I in weldyng; <sup>1</sup>

And thus thorowght all this world sett ys  
my sale. 36

No man in thys world may weld more  
rychesse;

All I thank God of hys grace, for he yt  
me sent;

And as a lordis pere thus lyve I in worthy-  
nesse.

My curat wayteth vpon me to know myn  
entent,

And men at my weldyng; and all ys me  
lent

My well for to worke in thys worlde so  
wyde.

Me dare they nat dysplese by no con-  
descent,

And who-so doth, he ys not able to  
abyde. 44

PRESBYTER. No man shall you tary ne  
toroble thys tyde,

But every man delygently shall do yow  
plesance; <sup>2</sup>

And I vnto my connyng <sup>3</sup> to the best shall  
hem guyde

Vnto Godis plesyng to serue to attruen-  
ance. <sup>4</sup>

For ye be worthy and notable in substance  
of good;

Off merchantes of Aragon ye haue no  
pere, —

And therof thank God that dyed on the  
roode, <sup>5</sup>

That was your makere, and hath yow  
dere. 52

ARISTORIUS. For soth, syr pryst, yower  
talking ys good;

And therfor after your talkyng I wyll  
atteyn

<sup>1</sup> Turn away.

<sup>2</sup> Reign.

<sup>3</sup> Counted.

<sup>4</sup> Known.

<sup>5</sup> Supplied by Manly.

<sup>6</sup> Been.

<sup>7</sup> Mirth.

<sup>1</sup> Control.

<sup>2</sup> Knowledge.

<sup>3</sup> Cross.

<sup>4</sup> Pleasure.

<sup>5</sup> Instruction.

To wourshyppe my God that dyed on the roode;

Neuer whyll that I lyve ageyn that wyl I seyn!<sup>1</sup>

But, Petyr Powle, my clark, I praye the goo wele pleyen<sup>2</sup>

Thorowght all Eraclea, that thow ne wonde,<sup>3</sup>

And wytte<sup>4</sup> yff any merchante be come to this reyn<sup>5</sup>

Of Surrey or of Sabe or of Shelysdown. 60

CLERICUS. At youer wyll for to walke I wyl not say nay,

Smerly to go serche at the wateris syde; Yff any pleasant bargyn be to your paye,<sup>6</sup>

As swyftly as I can I shall hym to yow gyde.

Now wyll I walke by thes pathes wyde, And seke the haven both vp and down

To wette<sup>7</sup> yf ony on know[e]th shyppes therin do ryde,

Of Surrey or of Saby [or] of Shelysdown. 68

*Now shall the merchantis man [Peter Paul] withdrawe hym, and the Jewe Jonathas shall make hys bost.*

[*The Stage of the Jewish Merchant, Jonathas. Jonathas with his four servants, Jason, Jasdon, Masphat, and Malcus.*]

JONATHAS. Now, almyghty Machomet, marke<sup>8</sup> in thi mageste,

Whose laws tendrely I have to fulfyll, After my dethe bryng me to thy hyhe see,<sup>9</sup>

My sowle for to save, yff yt be thy wyll!

For myn entent ys for to fulfyll, As my gloryus God the to honer.<sup>10</sup>

To do agen<sup>11</sup> thy entent, yt shuld gr[e]ue me yll

Or agen thyn lawe for to reporte; 76

For I thanke the hayly<sup>12</sup> that hast me sent Gold, syluer and presyous stonys;

And abu[n]ddance of spycis thou hast me lent,

As I shall reherse before yow onys:

I have amatystis<sup>1</sup> ryche for the nonys, And baryllis<sup>2</sup> that be bryght of ble,

And saphyre<sup>3</sup> semely I may show yow attonys,

And crystalys clere for to se; 84

I have dyamantis derewourthy so to dresse,

And emeraudis, ryche I trow they be, Onyx and achatis<sup>4</sup> both more and lesse,

Topazyons, smaragdis<sup>5</sup> of grete degre, Perlys precyous grete plente;

Of rubes ryche I have grete renown;

Crepawdis<sup>6</sup> and calcedonyes semely to se,

And curyous carbunclys here ye fynd moren;<sup>7</sup> 92

Spycis I have both grete and smale

In my shyppes, the sothe for to saye, Gyngere, lycorresse, and cannyngalle,<sup>7</sup>

And fygis fatte to plesse yow to paye,<sup>8</sup>

Peper, and saffyron, and spycis smale,

And datis wole<sup>9</sup> dulcett for to dresse,

Almundis, and reys,<sup>10</sup> full euery male,<sup>11</sup>

And reysones<sup>12</sup> both more and lesse; 100

Cloueyes, grenynis,<sup>13</sup> and gynger grene,

Mace, mastyk<sup>14</sup> that myght ys,

Synymone,<sup>15</sup> suger, as yow may sene,

Long peper, and Indas lycorys,

Orengis and apples of grete apryce,

Pungarnetis, and many other spycis, —

To tell yow all I haue now, i wys, —

And moche other merchandyse of sundry spycis. 108

Jew Jonathas ys my name;

Jazun and Jazdun thei waytyn on my wyll,

Masfat and Malchus they do the same,

As ye may knowe, yt ys bothe ryght<sup>16</sup> and skyll.

I telle yow all, bi dal and by hylle,

In Eraclea ys noon so moche of myght.

<sup>1</sup> Amethysts.

<sup>2</sup> Beryls.

<sup>3</sup> Agates.

<sup>4</sup> Emeralds.

<sup>5</sup> Toad-stones.

<sup>6</sup> The rhyme requires *moun*.

<sup>7</sup> Ganyngale, or galingale, an aromatic root.

<sup>8</sup> Gratification.

<sup>9</sup> Very.

<sup>10</sup> Rice.

<sup>11</sup> Sack.

<sup>12</sup> Raisins.

<sup>13</sup> Grains of paradise.

<sup>14</sup> Mastic.

<sup>15</sup> Cinnamon.

<sup>16</sup> Right.

<sup>1</sup> Say

<sup>2</sup> Directly.

<sup>3</sup> Desist.

<sup>4</sup> Know, learn.

<sup>5</sup> Realm.

<sup>6</sup> Satisfaction.

<sup>7</sup> Know.

<sup>8</sup> Murky, dark.

<sup>9</sup> Seat.

<sup>10</sup> This line, or line 76, seems to be corrupt.

<sup>11</sup> Against.

<sup>12</sup> Wholly.

Werfor ye owe tenderli to tende<sup>1</sup> me  
tyll,  
For I am chefe merchante of Jewes, I telle  
yow be ryght. 116

But, Jazun and Jazdun, a mater wolde I  
mene,<sup>2</sup> —

Mervelously yt ys ment in mynde, —  
The beleve<sup>3</sup> of thes Crysten men ys false,  
as I wene,

For the[y] beleve in a cake, — me thynk  
yt ys onkynde,<sup>4</sup> —

And all they seye how the prest dothe yt  
bynd,<sup>5</sup>

And be<sup>6</sup> the myght of hys word make yt  
flesshe and blode, —

And thus be a conceyte the[y] wolde  
make vs blynd, —

And how that yt shuld be he that deyed  
upon the rode. 124

JASUN. Yea, yea, master, a strawe for  
talis!

That ma not fae iln my beleve!

But myt we yt gete onys<sup>7</sup> within our  
pales,<sup>8</sup>

I trowe we shuld sone after putt yt in a  
preve!<sup>9</sup>

JAZDUN. Now, be Machomete so myghty,  
that ye doon of meuc,<sup>10</sup>

I wold I wyste how that we myght yt  
gete!

I swer be my grete god, and ellys mote I  
nat cheue,<sup>11</sup> 131

But wyghtly<sup>12</sup> theron wold I be wreke. 13

MASPHAT. Yea, I dare sey feythfulli that  
ther feyth [ys fals:]<sup>14</sup>

That was neuer he that on Caluery was  
kyld!

Or in bred for to be blode yt ys ontrewe  
als;<sup>15</sup>

But yet with ther wyles thei wold we  
were wyld.<sup>16</sup>

MALCUS. Yea, I am myghty Malchus,  
that boldly am byld.<sup>17</sup>

That brede for to bete byggly am I bent.

<sup>1</sup> Pay heed.

<sup>2</sup> Belief.

<sup>3</sup> Bind (with words).

<sup>4</sup> Limits.

<sup>5</sup> Prosper. <sup>6</sup> Proof.

<sup>7</sup> Supplied by Manly. <sup>8</sup> Swiftly.

<sup>9</sup> Deceived.

<sup>10</sup> Mention.

<sup>11</sup> Unnatural.

<sup>12</sup> By. <sup>13</sup> Once.

<sup>14</sup> Move, suggest.

<sup>15</sup> Avenged.

<sup>16</sup> Also.

<sup>17</sup> Built.

Onys out of ther handis and yt myght be  
exyled,  
To helpe castyn yt in care wold I con-  
sent. 140

JONAT[h]AS. Well, syrse,<sup>1</sup> than kype  
cunsel, I cummande yow all,  
And no word of all thys be wyst.  
But let us walke to see Arystories halle,  
And afterward more consell among vs  
shall caste.

With hym to bey and to sel I am of  
powere prest;<sup>2</sup>  
A bargyn with hym to make I wyll assaye;  
For gold and syluer I am nothyng agast  
But that we shall get that cake to ower  
paye.<sup>3</sup> 148

[The Stage of Aristorius.]

*Her shall ser Ysodyr, the prest, speke  
out[o] ser Arystori, seying on thys wyse to  
hym; and Jonat[h]as goo don of his stage.*

PRESBITER. Syr, be yowr leue, I may [nat]  
lengere dwell.

Yt ys fer paste none;<sup>4</sup> yt ys tyme to go to  
cherche,

There to saye myn evynsong, forsothe as I  
yow tell,

And syth<sup>5</sup> come home ageyne, as I am  
wont to werche.<sup>6</sup> 152

ARISTORIUS. Sir Isydor, I praye yow  
walke at yowr wylle.

For to serfe God yt ys well done;  
And, syr, come agene, ye shall suppe your  
fyll,

And walke then to yo[u]r chamber, as ye  
are wont to doon. 156

[On the platea.]

*Her shall the marchant's man<sup>7</sup> mete with the  
Jewes.*

JONATHAS. A! Petre Powle, good daye,  
and wele i-mett!

Wer ys thy master, as I the pray?  
CLERICUS. Long[er] from hym haue I not  
lett

<sup>1</sup> Sirs.

<sup>2</sup> Ready.

<sup>3</sup> Noon.

<sup>4</sup> Then.

<sup>5</sup> Accustomed to do.

<sup>6</sup> MS. marchant men; corr. by Stokes.

<sup>7</sup> Satisfaction.



Syt[h] I cam from hym, the sothe for to saye.

Wh[hat] tidying with yow, ser, I yow praye,

After my master that ye doo frayen? <sup>1</sup>

Haue ye ony bargaen that wer to hys paye?

Let me haue knowlech; I shall wete <sup>2</sup> hym to seyn. <sup>3</sup> 164

JHONATHAS. I haue bargenes royalle and ry[c]h

For a marchante with to bye and sell;

In all thys lond is ther non lyke

Off abondance of good, as I will tell. 168

[The Stage of Aristorius.]

*Her shall the clerk goon to ser Aristori, saluting him thus:*

CLERICUS. All hayll, master, and wel mot <sup>4</sup> yow be!

Now tydyngis can I yow tell:

The grettest marchante in all Surre

Ys come with yow to bey and sell;

Syr Jonathas ys hys nam,

A marchant of ryght gret fame.

This tale ryght well he me told:

He wolde sell yow, without blame,

Plente of clothe of golde. 177

ARISTORIUS. Petre Powle, I can <sup>5</sup> the thanke!

I prey the rychely araye myn hall

As owyth <sup>6</sup> for a marchant of the banke.

Lette non defawte <sup>7</sup> be fownd at all.

CLERICUS. Sekyrlly, <sup>8</sup> master, no more ther shall.

Styffly about I thynke to stere,

Hasterli to hange your parlowr with pall, <sup>9</sup>

As longeth for a lordis pere. 185

*Here shall the Jewe marchante and his men come to the Cristen marchante.*

JONATHAS. All haylle, syr Aristorye, semele <sup>10</sup> to se,

<sup>1</sup> Inquire.

<sup>2</sup> Say, tell.

<sup>3</sup> Give.

<sup>7</sup> Default, lack.

<sup>9</sup> Rich cloths.

<sup>3</sup> Know.

<sup>4</sup> May.

<sup>6</sup> Oweth, beseechment.

<sup>8</sup> Surely.

<sup>10</sup> Seemly.

The myghtyest merchante off Arigon!  
Off yower welfare fayn wet <sup>1</sup> wold we,  
And to bargeyn with you this day am I  
boun. 189

ARISTORIUS. Sir Jonathas, ye be welccum vnto myn hall!

I pray yow come vp and sit bi me,  
And tell me wat good ye haue to sell,  
And yf ony bargeyn mad may be. 193

JONATHAS. I haue clothe of gold, precyous stons, and spycis plente.

Wyth yow a bargaen wold I make; —

I wold bartre wyth yow in pryvyte.

On[e] lytell thyng, ye wyll me yt take <sup>2</sup>

Prevely on this stownd,

And I wolde sure yow, be thys lyght,

Neuer dystrie <sup>3</sup> yow daye nor nyght,

But be sworn to yow full ryght, —

And geve yow twenti pownde. 202

ARISTORIUS. Ser Jonathas, sey me, for my sake,

What maner of marchandis ys that ye mene?

JONATHAS. Yowr God, that ys full my-theti, in a cake, —

And thys good, anoon, shall yow seen.

[ARISTORIUS.] Nay, in feyth, that shall not bene.

I wollnot for an hunderd pownd

To stond in fere my Lord to tene, <sup>4</sup>

And for so lytell a walew <sup>5</sup> in conscyen[c]le to stond bownd. 210

JONATHAS. Ser, the entent ys if I myght knowe or vndertake

Yf that he were God all-myght.

Off all my mys <sup>6</sup> I woll amende make,

And doone hym wourshepe bothe day and nyght. 214

ARISTORIUS. Jonathas, trowth I shall the tell:

I stond in gret dowght to do that dede

To yow that bere all for to sell;

I fere me that I shuld stond in drede;

For, and I vnto the chyrche yede, <sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Know.

<sup>4</sup> Injure, grieve

<sup>6</sup> Misdeeds.

<sup>2</sup> Deliver.

<sup>5</sup> Value.

<sup>7</sup> Went.

<sup>3</sup> Betray.

And preste or clerke myght me aspye,  
To the bysshope thei wolde go tell that dede,

And apeche me of eresye. 222

JONATHAS. Sir, as for that, good shyffte  
may ye make,

And, for a vaylle,<sup>1</sup> to walkyne on a  
nyght

W[h]an prest and clerk to rest ben take;  
Than shall ye be spyde of no wyght.

ARISTORIUS. Now sey me, Jonathas, be  
this lyght!

W[h]at payment therfor wolde yow me  
make?

JONATHAS. Forty pownd, and pay yt ful-  
ryght,

Evyn for that Lorde sake. 230

ARISTORIUS. Nay, nay, Jonathas, there-  
agen;

I wold not for an hundder pownd.

JONATHAS. Ser, hir ys yow er askyng,  
toolde pleyne!

I shall yt tell <sup>2</sup> in this stownd. 234

[Counts out the money.]

Here is a hundder pownd, neyther mor  
nor lesse,

Of dokettis good, I dar well saye.

Tell <sup>2</sup> yt er yow from me passe.  
Me thynketh yt a royalle araye! 238

But fyrst, I pray yow, tell me thys:

Off thys thyng whan shall I hafe delyu-  
erance?

ARISTORI[US]. To morowe betymes. I  
shall not myse;

This nyght therfor I shall make pur-  
veance. 242

Syr Isodyr he ys now at chyrch,

There seyng hys evensong,

As yt ys worshepe for to werche.

He shall sone cum home, — he wyll nat  
be long, —

Hys soper for to eate;

And whene he ys buskyd to <sup>3</sup> hys bedde,  
Ryght sone there-after he shalbe  
spedd. —

<sup>1</sup> Veil, concealment.

<sup>2</sup> Has made ready for.

<sup>3</sup> Count.

No speche among yow ther be spredd;  
To kepe your toungis ye nott lett.<sup>1</sup> 251

JONATHAS. Syr, almyghty Machomyght  
be with yow!

And I shalle come agayn ryght sone.

ARYSTORIUS. Jonathas, ye wott <sup>2</sup> what I  
haue sayd, and how

I shall walke for that we haue to  
donna. 255

*Here goeth the Iewys away, and the preste  
commyth home.*

PRESBITER. Syr, almyghty God mott be  
yower gyde

And glad yow where-soo ye rest!

ARISTORIUS. Syr, ye be welcom home thys  
tyde!

Now, Peter, gett vs wyne of the best. 259

[Enter Peter with wine and bread.]

CLERICUS. Syr, here ys a drawte of Rom-  
ney Red, —

Ther ys no better in Aragon, —

And a lofe of lyght bred;

Yt ys holesame, as sayeth the fesy-  
cyoun.<sup>3</sup> [Exit Peter.] 263

ARYSTORIUS. Drynke off[f], ser Isoder, and  
be of good chere!

Thys Romney ys good to goo with to  
reste;

Ther ys no precyouser fer nor nere,

For alle wykkyd metys <sup>4</sup> yt wyll de-  
gest. 267

PRESBITER. Syr, thys wyne ys good at a  
taste,

And ther-of haue I drunke ryght welle.

To bed to gone thus haue I cast,

Euy n strayt after thys mery mele. 271

Now, ser, I pray to God send yow good  
nyght,<sup>5</sup>

For to my chamber now wyll I gonne.

ARISTORIUS. Ser, with yow be God al-  
myght,

And sheld yow euer from yowr fone! <sup>6</sup> 275

[Exit Presbiter to bed.]

<sup>1</sup> Forbear.

<sup>2</sup> Physician.

<sup>3</sup> MS. rest.

<sup>4</sup> Know.

<sup>5</sup> Indigestible foods.

<sup>6</sup> Foes.

*Here shall Aristorius call hys clarke to hys presens.*

Howe, Peter! In the ys all my trust,  
In especyall to kepe my consell:  
For a lytyll waye walkyne I must;  
I wyll not be longe. Trust as I the  
telle. 279

*[He enters the platea and walks toward the church.]*

Now preuely wyll I perseue<sup>1</sup> my pace,  
My bargayn thys nyght for to fulfill.  
Ser Isoder shall nott know of thys case,  
For he hath oftyn sacred,<sup>2</sup> as that ys  
skyll.

The chyrche key ys at my wyll;  
Ther ys no-thinge that me shall tary;  
I wyll nott abyde by dale nor hyll  
Tyll yt be browght, by Saynt Mary! 287

*Here shal he enter the chyrche and take the Hoost.*

Ah! now haue I all myn entent.  
Vnto Jonathas now wyll I fare.<sup>3</sup>  
To fullfyll my bargayn haue I ment;  
For that mony wyll amend my fare,<sup>4</sup>  
As thynketh me.

*[Exit from church to the platea.]*

But nowe wyll I passe by thes pathes  
playne;  
To mete with Jonathas I wold fayne.  
Ah! yonder he commyth in certayne;  
Me thynkyth I hym see! 296

*[Enter Jonathas.]*

Welcom, Jonathas, gentyll and trew,  
For well and trewly thou kepyst thyn  
howre.  
Here ys the Host, sacred newe.  
Now wyll I home to halle and bowre. 300

JONATHAS. And I shall kepe thys trusty  
treasure  
As I wold doo my gold and fee.  
Now in thys clothe I shall the couer,  
That no wyght shall the see. 304

<sup>1</sup> Waterhouse prints *preue*, Manly *perseue*.

<sup>2</sup> Consecrated the bread.

<sup>3</sup> Go.

<sup>4</sup> Condition, welfare.

*Here shall Arystory goo hys waye [and Jonathas shall return to his stage].*

*[The stage of the Jewish Merchant, Jonathas.]*

*And Jonathas and hys seruauantis shall goo to the tabylle, thus sayng:*

JONATHAS. Now, Jason and Jasdon, ye be  
Jewys jentyll,

Masfatt and Malchus, that myghty arn  
in mynd,

Thys merchant from the Crysten temple  
Hatne gett vs thys bred that make vs  
thus bynd.

Now, Jason, as jentyll as euer was the  
lynde,<sup>1</sup>

Into the forsayd parlour<sup>2</sup> preuely take thy  
pase;

Spredre a clothe on the tabyll that ye  
shall there fynd,

And we shall folow after to carpe<sup>3</sup> of thys  
case. 312

*Now the Jewys goom and lay the Ost on the tabyll, sayng:*

JONATHAS. Syris, I praye yow all, harkyn  
to my sawe!<sup>4</sup>

Thes Crysten men carpyn of a mer-  
velows case;

They say that this ys Ihesu that was at-  
taynted<sup>5</sup> in ower lawe,

And that thys ys he that crweyfyed  
was. 316

On thes worlys there lawe growndyd hath  
he

That he sayd on Sherethursday<sup>6</sup> at hys  
soper:

He brake the brede and sayd<sup>7</sup> *Accipite*,<sup>7</sup>

And gave hys dyscyplys them for to  
chere;

And more he sayd to them there,

Whyle they were all together and sum,

Syttvng at the table soo clere,

*Comedit; [hoc est] corpus meum*.<sup>8</sup> 324

<sup>1</sup> Linden, lime-tree.

<sup>2</sup> Dining room.

<sup>3</sup> Talk. <sup>4</sup> Saying.

<sup>5</sup> Condemned.

<sup>6</sup> Sheer Thursday, the Thursday in Holy Week.

<sup>7</sup> "Take."

<sup>8</sup> "Eat; this is my body." The words in brackets supplied from the Vulgate, *Matthaeus xxvi*, 26.

And thys powre he gaue Peter to proclame,  
And how the same shuld be sufficyent to  
all prechors.

The bysshoppys and curatis saye the same;  
And soo, as I vnderstond, do all hys  
progenytors. 328

JASON. Yea, sum men in that law reherse  
another:

They say of a maydyn borne was hec,  
And how Joachyms dowghter shuld be hys  
mother,

And how Gabrell apperyd and sayd *Aue*;  
And with that worde she shuld conceyud be,

And that in hyr shuld lyght<sup>1</sup> the Holy  
Gost.

Ageyns ower law thys ys false heresy, —  
And yett they saye he ys of myghtis  
most. 336

JASON. They saye that Ihesu to be ower  
kyng,

But I wene he bowght that full dere!

But they make a royall aray of hys vprys-  
yng;<sup>2</sup>

And that in euery place ys prechyd farre  
and nere,

And how he to hys dyscyples agayn dyd  
appere,

To Thomas, and to Mary Mawdelen;<sup>3</sup>

And syth how he styed<sup>4</sup> by hys own  
powre.

And thys, ye know well, ys heresy full  
playn. 344

MASPHAT. Yea, and also they say he sent  
them wytt and wysdom

For to vnderstond euery language,

When the Holy Gost to them came;

They faryd<sup>5</sup> as dronk men of pymente<sup>6</sup>  
or vernage;<sup>7</sup>

And sythen how that he lykenyd hym-  
self a lord of perage;<sup>8</sup>

On hys fatherys ryght hond he hym sett.

They hold hym wyser than euer was  
Syble sage,

And stronger than Alexander, that all the  
worde<sup>9</sup> ded gett. 352

<sup>1</sup> Alight.

<sup>2</sup> Magdalene.

<sup>3</sup> Behaved.

<sup>4</sup> A white wine.

<sup>5</sup> Rising from the dead.

<sup>6</sup> Ascended (to heaven).

<sup>7</sup> A spiced drink.

<sup>8</sup> High lineage. <sup>9</sup> World.

MALCHUS. Yea, yet they saye as fols, I  
dare laye my hedde,

How they that be ded shall com agayn to  
Judgement,

And ower dredfull Judge shalbe thys same  
brede,

And how lyfe euerlastyng them shuld be  
lent.

And thus they hold, all at on consent,  
Because that Phylippe sayd for a lytyll  
glosse,<sup>1</sup> —

To turn vs from owr beleve ys thier en-  
tent, —

For that he sayd, *judicare viuos et mor-  
tuos.*<sup>2</sup> 360

JONATHAS. Now, seris, ye haue rehersyd  
the substance of their<sup>3</sup> lawe.

But thys bred I wold myght be put in a  
prefe<sup>4</sup>

Whether this be he that in Bosra<sup>5</sup> of vs  
had awe.

Ther staynyd were hys clothys, this may  
we belefe;

Thys may we know, there had he grefe,  
For ower old bookys veryfy thus, —

Thereon he was jugett to be hangyd as a  
thefe, —

*Tinctis [de] Bosra vestibus.*<sup>7</sup> 368

JASON. Yff that thys be he that on Cal-  
uery was mad red,

Onto my mynd, I shall kenne<sup>8</sup> yow a  
conceyt good:

Surely with ower daggars we shall ses on<sup>9</sup>  
thys bredde,

And so with clowtis<sup>10</sup> we shall know yf  
he haue eny blood.

JASON. Now, by Machomyth so myghty,  
that meuyth in my mode!

Thys ys masterly ment, thys matter thus  
to meue!

And with ower strokys we shall fray<sup>11</sup>  
hym as he was on the rode,

That he was on-don with grett repreue. 376

<sup>1</sup> Lie.

<sup>2</sup> "To judge the living and the dead."

<sup>3</sup> MS. *our*.

<sup>4</sup> Test, proof.

<sup>5</sup> Bozrah.

<sup>6</sup> Added by Manly, from Vulgate, *Isaias lxi, 1*.

<sup>7</sup> "With dyed garments from Bozrah" (*Isaias*

*xl, 1*).

<sup>8</sup> Inform.

<sup>9</sup> Prick in, pierce (cf. *l. 390*).

<sup>10</sup> Blows.

<sup>11</sup> Frighten.

MASPHAT. Yea, I pray yow, smyte ye in  
the myddys of the cake,  
And so shall we smyte theron woundys  
fyve.<sup>1</sup>

We wyll not spare to wyrke yt wrake,<sup>2</sup>  
To prove in thys brede yf ther be eny  
lyfe. 380

MALCHUS. Yea, goo we to, than, and take  
ower space;

And looke ower daggaris be sharpe and  
kene!

And when eche man a stroke smytte  
hase,

In the mydyll part there-of ower master  
shall bene.

JONATHAS. When ye haue all smytyn, my  
stroke shalbe sene!

With this same dagger that ys so styf and  
strong

In the myddys of thys prynt<sup>3</sup> I thynke  
for to prene.<sup>4</sup>

On lashe I shall hyme lende or yt be  
long. 388

*Here shall the iiij Jewys pryke ther daggers  
in iiij quarters<sup>5</sup> thus sayng:*

JASON. Haue at yt! Haue at yt, with all  
my myght!

Thys syde I hope for to sесе!<sup>6</sup>

JASDON. And I shall with thys blade so  
bryght

Thys other syde freshely afeze!<sup>7</sup>

MASPHAT. And I yow plyght I shall hym  
not please,

For with thys punche I shall hym pryke.

MALCHUS. And with thys angur<sup>8</sup> I shall  
hym not case;

Another buffett shall he lykke.<sup>9</sup> 396

JONATHAS. Now am I bold with batayle  
hym to hleyke.<sup>10</sup>

This mydle part alle for to prene;

A stowte stroke also for to stryke, —  
In the myddys yt shalbe sene!<sup>11</sup> 400

*Here the Ost must blede.*

Ah! owt! owt! harrow! what deuyll ys  
thys?

Of thys wyrk I am on were!<sup>1</sup>  
Yt bledyth as yt were woode,<sup>2</sup> i-wys!  
But yf ye helpe, I shall dyspayre. 404

JASON. A fyre! a fyre! and that in hast!  
Anoon a cawdron full of oyle!

JASDON. And I shalle helpe yt wer in cast,  
All the iij howris<sup>3</sup> for to boyle! 408

*[Malchus goes for the oil.]*

MASPHAT. Yea, here is a furneys stowte  
and strong,

And a cawdron therin dothe hong!

Malcus, wher art thou so long,  
To helpe thys dede were dyght?<sup>4</sup>

MALC[H]US. Loo, here ys iij<sup>5</sup> galons off  
oyle clere!

Haue doon fast! Blowe up the fere!

Syr, bryng that ylke<sup>6</sup> cake nere,  
Manly, with all yowre myghthe. 416

JONATHAS. And I shall bryng that ylke  
cak[e]

And throw yt in, I undertake.

*[He seizes the Sacrament, which clings to his  
hand.]*

Out! out! yt werketh me wrake!

I may not awayd<sup>7</sup> yt owt of my hond!

I wyll goo drenche me in a lake, —

And in woodnesse I gynne to wake!<sup>8</sup>

I rene! I lepe ouer this land! 423

*Her he renneth wood, with the Ost<sup>9</sup> in hys  
hond.*

JASON. Renne, felawes, renne, for Cokkis  
peyn!<sup>10</sup>

Fast we had ower mayster agene!

<sup>1</sup> In doubt. <sup>2</sup> Mad.  
<sup>3</sup> Apparently symbolical of the three days Christ  
lay in the tomb.

<sup>4</sup> Done.

<sup>5</sup> MS. iiij. But the number "three" runs through-  
out the scene, with the suggestion, as pointed out, of  
the three days spent in the tomb.

<sup>6</sup> Same.

<sup>7</sup> Cast.

<sup>8</sup> In madness I begin to toss restlessly (or come  
into a condition of madness).

<sup>9</sup> Host, the bread.

<sup>10</sup> An oath (for Christ's pain).

<sup>1</sup> The five wounds of Christ. <sup>2</sup> Injury.

<sup>3</sup> The cake. <sup>4</sup> Prick.

<sup>5</sup> Representing the wounds in the hands and feet.

The scene repeats the crucifixion of Christ.

<sup>6</sup> Pierce deeply. <sup>7</sup> Terrify.

<sup>8</sup> Hanger, dagger.

<sup>9</sup> Experience. <sup>10</sup> Make pale.

<sup>11</sup> Seen. Representing the spear-thrust into Christ's  
side.

[*They run and catch Jonathas.*]

Hold prestly <sup>1</sup> on thys pleyn,  
And faste bynd hyme to a poste.  
JASDON. Here is an hamer and naylys iij,  
I s[e]lye.

Lyfte vp hys armys, felawe, on hey,  
Whyll I dryue thes nayles, I yow praye,  
With strong strokis fast. 431

[*They nail the Sacrament to the post.*]

MASPHAT. Now set on, felouse, with  
mayne and myght,  
And pluke hys armes away in syght!

[*They attempt to pull their master from the Sacrament.*]

Wat! I se he twycche, felovse, a-ryght!  
Alas, balys breweth ryght badde!

*Here shall thay pluke the arme, and the hand  
shalle hang stytle with the Sacrament.*

MALCHUS. Alas! alas! what deuyll ys  
thys?

Now hat[h] he but oon hand. i-wyse!  
For sothe, mayster, ryght woo me is  
That ye this harme haue hadde. 439

JONATHAS. Ther ys no more; I must  
enduer!

Now hastily to ower chamber lete us  
gon,

Tyll I may get me sum recuer. 442  
And therfor [I] <sup>2</sup> charge yow euery-choon <sup>3</sup>  
That yt be consell that we have doon.

[*They withdraw.*]

[*On the Platea.*]

*Here shall the lechys <sup>4</sup> man come into the  
place sayng:*

COLLE. Aha! here ys a fayer felaw-  
shyppe!

Thewhe <sup>5</sup> I be nat sh[a]lpyn, I lyst to  
sleppe.

I haue a master — I wold he had the  
pyppe! —

I tell yow in consel —

He ys a man off all syence,

<sup>1</sup> Quickly.  
<sup>3</sup> Every one.

<sup>2</sup> Added by Manly.  
<sup>4</sup> Physician's.

<sup>5</sup> Though.

But off thryfte, — I may with yow dys-  
pence.

He syttyth with sum tapstere in the  
spence; <sup>1</sup>

Hys hoode there wyll he sell. 452

Mayster Brendyche of Braban,  
I telle yow, he ys that same man,  
Called the most famous phesy[cy]an  
That cuer sawe uryne.

He seeth as wcle at noone as at nyght,  
And sumtyme by a candelleyt  
Can gyff a judgymnt aryght  
As he that hathe noo eyn. <sup>2</sup> 460

He ys also a boone-setter, <sup>3</sup> —  
I knowe no man go the better;  
In euery tauerne he ys detter, —  
That ys a good tokenyng.  
But cuer I wonder he ys so long;  
I fere ther gooth sum-thing a-wrong,  
For he hath dysa[rv]yde to be hong, —  
God send neuer worse tydyng! 468

He had a lady late in cure;  
I wot by this she ys full sure;  
There shall neuer Crysten creature  
Here hyr tell no tale!  
And I stode here tyll mydnyght,  
I cowde not declare aryght  
My masteris cunyng insyght —  
That he hat[h] in good ale. 476

But what deuyll delayeth hym so long to  
tarye?

A seekman myght soone mysary.  
Now alle the deuylls of hell hym wari! —  
God giue me my boon!

I trowe best, we mak a crye: <sup>4</sup>  
Yf any man can hym aspye, <sup>5</sup>  
Led hym to the pyllere[ye]. —  
In fayth, yt shall be don. 484

*Here shalle he stond vp and make proclama-  
cion, seyng thys:*

COLLE. Yff therbe eyther man or woman  
That sawe Master Brundyche of Braban,

<sup>1</sup> Room where wines are dispensed.

<sup>2</sup> Eyes.

<sup>3</sup> Possibly with a pun on "diee player."

<sup>4</sup> A public proclamation. The crying of a humorous proclamation was a favorite device with playwrights, even so late as the sixteenth century.

<sup>5</sup> Spy. The MS. apparently reads *can I aspye*.

Or owyht <sup>1</sup> of hym tel can,  
 Shall wele be quit hys mede.<sup>2</sup>  
 He hath a cut berd and a flatte noose,  
 A therde-bare gowne and a rente hoose;  
 He spokyt[h] neuere good matere nor pur-  
 poose.

To the pyllere ye hym led[el] 492

[Enter behind him, and unobserved, Master Brundych.]

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. What, thu boye!  
 what janglest here?

COLL[EL]. Al master, master, but to your  
 reuerence!

I wend <sup>3</sup> neuere to a seen yowr goodly  
 chere,<sup>4</sup>

Ye tared hens so long.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. What hast thou  
 sayd in my absense?

COLL[EL]. Nothyng, master, but to yowr  
 reuerence,

I haue told all this audiense —  
 And some lyes among. 500

But, master, I pray yow, how dothe yowr  
 pacyent

That ye had last vnder yowr medycame-  
 mente?

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. I warant she neuere  
 fele anyment.

COLL[EL]. Why, ys she in hyr graue?

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. I haue gyven hyr a  
 drynke made full well

Wyth scamely,<sup>5</sup> and with oxennell,

Lette, sauge, and pympernell.<sup>6</sup>

COLL[EL]. Nay, than she ys full saue! 508

For, now ye ar cum, I dare well saye  
 Betwyn Douyr and Calyce the ryght  
 wey<sup>7</sup>

Dwellth non so cunnyng, be my fey,  
 In my iudgment.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Cunnyng? Yea,  
 yea! And with pratise

I haue sauid many a manys lyfe.

COLL[EL]. On wydowes, maydese, and  
 wy[v]se

Yowr connyng yow haue nyhe spent. 516

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Were ys bowgtt  
 with drynke profytable.

[Takes out a bottle and drinks.]

COLL[EL]. Here, master, master, ware how  
 ye tugg!

The devyll, I trowe, within shrugg,  
 For yt gooth rebyll-rable. 520

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Here ys a grete  
 congregacyon,

And all be not hole,<sup>2</sup> without negacyon.

I wold haue certyfycacyon;

Stond vp and make a proclamacion.

Haue do faste, and mak no pausa[c]yon,

But wyghtly <sup>3</sup> mak a declaracion

To all people that helpe w[o]lde haue. 527

*Hic interim proclamationem faciet.*<sup>4</sup>

COLL[EL]. All manar off men that haue any  
 syknes,

To Master Brentberecly loke that yow re-  
 dresse.<sup>5</sup>

What dysease or syknesse that euer ye  
 haue,

He wyll neuere leue yow tyll ye be in yow[r]  
 graue.

Who hat[h] the canker, the colyke, or the  
 laxe,

The tereyan, the quartan, or the brynn-  
 y[n]g axs;<sup>6</sup>

For wormys, for gnawyng, gryndyng in  
 the wombe or in the boldyro;

Alle maner red-eyn, bleryd-eyn, and the  
 myregryn also; 535

For hedache, bonache, and therto the toth-  
 ache;

The colt-euyll, and the brostyn men he  
 wyll undertak,

All tho that [haue] the poose, the sneke,<sup>7</sup> or  
 the teseke.<sup>8</sup>

Thowh a man w[e]re ryght heyle,<sup>9</sup> he coud  
 soone make hym seke.

Inquyre to the Tolkote, for ther ys hys  
 loggyng,

A lytyll besyde Babwell Myll, yf ye wyll  
 haue understandyng. 541

<sup>1</sup> Aught. <sup>2</sup> Reward. <sup>3</sup> Thought.

<sup>4</sup> Countenance. <sup>5</sup> Scammony.

<sup>6</sup> Pimpernel, an herb with medicinal properties.

<sup>7</sup> In a straight line between Dover and Calais (all water).

<sup>1</sup> Imitating the sound of a gurgling liquid.

<sup>2</sup> In health.

<sup>3</sup> Quickly.

<sup>4</sup> "Here he will make the proclamation."

<sup>5</sup> Address yourselves.

<sup>6</sup> Fever.

<sup>7</sup> Cold in the head, catarrh.

<sup>8</sup> Phthisis.

<sup>9</sup> Hale, strong.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Now, yff therbe  
ether man or woman  
That nedethe helpe of a phesycion —  
COLL[E]. Mary, master, that I tell can,  
And ye wyll vnderstond.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Knoest any abut  
this plase?

COLL[E]. Ye, that I do, master, so haue  
[I] grase!

Here ys a Jewe, hyght <sup>1</sup> Jonathas,  
Hath lost hys ryght hond. 549

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Fast to hym I wold  
inquire.

COLL[E]. For God, master, the gate <sup>2</sup> ys  
hyre.

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Than to hym I  
wyll go nere.

[*He ascends the stage of the Jews, and salutes  
Jonathas.*]

My master, wele mot yow be!

JONATHAS. What doost here, felawe?  
What woldest thu hanne? <sup>3</sup>

MASTER BRUNDYCHE. Syr, yf yow nede  
ony surgeon or physycyan,

Off yow[r] dysese help yow welle I cane,  
What hurtis or hermes <sup>4</sup> so-euer they  
be. 557

JONATHAS. Syr, thu art ontawght to come  
in thus [un]henly, <sup>5</sup>

Or to pere <sup>6</sup> in my presence thus mala-  
perly.

Voydeth from my syght, and that  
wyghtly, <sup>7</sup>

For ye be myssc-a-vysed.

COLL[E]. Syr, the hurt of yowr hand ys  
known full ryfe;

And my master have sauyd many a manes  
lyfe.

JONATHAS. I trowe ye be cum to make  
sum stryfe.

Hens fast, lest that ye be chastysed. 565

COLL[E]. Syr, ye know well yt can nott  
mysse,

Men that be masters of scyens be prof-  
itable.

In a pott yf yt please yow to pysse,  
He can tell yf yow be curable.

[JONATHAS.] Avoide, fealows; I love not  
yower bable!

Brushe them hens bothe, and that anon!  
Gyff them ther reward that they were  
gone! 572

*Here shall the iiij Jewys bett away the leche  
and hys man.*

JONATHAS. Now haue don, felawys, and  
that anon,

For dowte of drede what after befall!  
I am nere masyd! <sup>1</sup> My wytte ys gon!  
Therfor of helpe I pray yow all. 576

And take yowr pynsonys <sup>2</sup> that ar so  
sure,

And pluck owt the naylys won and  
won; <sup>3</sup>

Also in a clothe <sup>4</sup> ye yt cure <sup>5</sup>  
And throw yt in the cawdron, and that  
anon. 580

*Here shall Jason pluck owt the naylys and  
shake the hond into the cawdron.*

JASON. And I shall rape <sup>6</sup> me redely anon  
To plucke owt the naylys that stond so  
fast,

And bear thys bred and also thys bone,  
And into the cawdron I wyll yt cast. 584

JASDON. And I shall with thys dagger so  
stowte

Putt yt down that yt myght plawe, <sup>7</sup>  
And steare <sup>8</sup> the clothe rounde abowte  
That nothyng ther-of shalbe rawe. 588

MASPHAT. And I shall manly, with all my  
myght,

Make the fyre to blase and brenne, <sup>9</sup>  
And sett thervnder suche a lyght  
That yt shall make yt ryght thynne.

*Here shall the cawdron b[o]yle, apperyng to  
be as blood.*

MALCHAS. Owt! and harow! what deuyll  
ys here-in?

Alle thys oyle waxyth redde as blood,

<sup>1</sup> Dazed. <sup>2</sup> Pincers. <sup>3</sup> One by one.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *cloke*; but cf. ll. 587, 622.

<sup>5</sup> Cover, wrap. <sup>6</sup> Hasten.

<sup>7</sup> Boil. <sup>8</sup> Stir. <sup>9</sup> Burn.

<sup>1</sup> Named. <sup>2</sup> Door. <sup>3</sup> Have.  
<sup>4</sup> Harms. <sup>5</sup> Rudely. <sup>6</sup> Appear. <sup>7</sup> Quickly.



And owt of the cawdron yt begynnynth to  
rinn.

I am so aferd I am nere woode! <sup>1</sup> 596

*Here shall Jason and hys compeny goo to ser  
Jonathas, sayng:*

JASON. Ah! master, master, what there ys  
with yow,

I can not see owr werke wyll avayle.

I beseche yow avance <sup>2</sup> yow now  
Sumwhatt with yowr counsayle. 600

JONATHAS. The best counsayle that I now  
wott, <sup>3</sup>

That I can deme, <sup>4</sup> farre and nere,

Ys to make an ovyn as redd hott

As euer yt can be made with fere;

And when ye see yt soo hott appere,

Then throw yt into the ovyn fast;

Sone shall he stanche hys bledying  
chere!

When ye haue done, stoppe yt; be not  
agast. 608

JASDON. Be my fayth, yt shalbe  
wrowgh[t],

And that anon, in gret hast.

Bryng on fyryng, seris. Here ye nowght?

To hete thys ovyn be nott agast! 612

MASPHAT. Here ys straw and thornys  
kene.

Come on, Malchas, and bryng on fyre,  
For that shall hete yt well, I wene.

*Here thei kyndyll the fyre.*

Blow on fast, that done yt were!

MALCHAS. Ah, how! thys fyre gynnynth to  
brenne clere!

Thys ovyn ryght hotte I thynk to make.

Now, Jason, to the cawdron that ye  
stere, <sup>5</sup>

And fast fetcche hether that ylke cake. 620

*Here shall Jason goo to the cawdron and  
take out the Ost with hys pynsonys and  
cast yt in-to the ovyn.*

JASON. I shall with thes pynsonys, with-  
owt dowl,

Shake thys cake owt of thys clothe,

<sup>1</sup> Mad.  
<sup>2</sup> Know.

<sup>2</sup> Advance.  
<sup>4</sup> Judge.

<sup>5</sup> Go.

And to the ovyn I shall yt rowte, <sup>1</sup>

And stoppe hym there, thow he be loth.

Thys cake I haue caught here, in good  
sothe, —

The hand ys soden, <sup>2</sup> the fleshe from the  
bonys, —

Now into the ovyn I wyll therwith.

Stoppe yt, Jasdon, for the nonys! 628

JASDON. I stoppe thys ovyn, wythowtyn  
dowte;

With clay I clome <sup>3</sup> yt vppe ryght fast,

That non heat shall cum owte.

I trow there shall he hete and drye in  
hast! 632

*Here the ovyn must ryve asunder, and  
blede out at the cranys, and an image ap-  
pere owt with woundis bledying.*

MASPHAT. Owt! owt! here is a grete won-  
der!

Thys ovyn bledyth owt on euery syde!

MALCHAS. Yea, the ovyn on peacys gyn-  
nyth to ryve asunder!

Thys ys a marvelous case thys tyde! 636

*Here shall the image speke to the Juys, sayng  
thus:*

JHESUS. *O mirabiles Judei, attendite et  
videte*

*Si est dolor sicut <sup>4</sup> dolor meus!* 638

Oh ye mervaylows Jewys,

Why ar ye to yower kyng onkynd,

And [I] so bytterly bowt <sup>5</sup> yow to my  
blysse?

Why fare <sup>6</sup> ye thus fule <sup>7</sup> with yowr  
frende?

Why payne yow me and straitly me  
pynde, <sup>8</sup>

And I yower loue so derely haue bowght?

Why are ye so vnstedfast in your mynde?

Why wrath <sup>9</sup> ye me? I greve yow  
nowght. 646

Why wylle ye nott beleve that I haue  
tawght?

And forsake your fowle necligence?

And kepe my commandementis in yower  
thowght?

<sup>1</sup> Cast.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *similis*.

<sup>6</sup> Behave.

<sup>8</sup> Tormented.

<sup>2</sup> Boiled.

<sup>3</sup> Plaster.

<sup>5</sup> Purchased, redeemed

<sup>7</sup> Foul.

<sup>9</sup> Be angry with.

And vnto my godhed to take credence?  
650

Why blaspheme yow me? Why do ye thus?

Why put yow me to a newe tormentry?  
And I dyed for yow on the crosse!

Why consyder not yow what I dyd crye?  
Whyllt that I was with yow, ye ded me velanye.

Why remember ye nott my bitter chaunce,  
How yower kynne dyd me awance<sup>1</sup>  
For claymyng of my enherytaunce?

I shew yow the streytenesse of my greu-  
aunce,

And all to meue yow to my mercy. 660

JONATHAS. *Tu es protector vite mei; a quo  
trepidabo?*

O thu, Lord, whyche art my defendowr,  
For dred of the I tymbly and quake!

Of thy gret mercy lett vs receyue the  
showre;

And mekely I aske mercy, amendys to  
make. 665

*Here shall they knele down all on ther knees,  
sayng:*

JASON. Ah! Lord, with sorow and care  
and grete wepyng

All we felawys lett vs saye thus,

With condolent harte and grete sorowyng:  
*Lacrimis nostris conscienciam nostram  
baptizemus!* 669

JASDON. Oh, thow blyssyd Lord of mykyll  
myght,

Of thy gret mercy, thow hast shewyd vs  
the path,

Lord, ow't of grevous slepe and ow't of dyrk-  
nes to lyght,

*Ne grauis sompnus irruat.* 673

MASPHAT. Oh Lord, I was very cursyd,  
for I wold know thi crede.

I can no men[d]ys<sup>2</sup> make, but crye to the  
thus:

O gracyows Lorde, forgyfe me my mys-  
dede!

With lamentable hart: *miserere mei,  
Deus!* 677

<sup>1</sup> Lift me up (on the cross).

<sup>2</sup> Amends.

MALCHAS. Lord, I haue offendyd the in  
many a sundry vyse.<sup>1</sup>

That styckyth at my hart as hard as a  
core.

Lord, by the water of contryc[i]on lett me  
aryse:

*Asperges me, Domine, ysopo, et mun-  
dabor.* 681

JHESUS. All ye that desyryn my seru-  
auntis for to be,

And to fulfyll the preceptis of my lawys,  
The intent of my commandement knowe ye:

*Ite et ostendite vos sacerdotibus meis.*

To all yow that desyre in eny wyse

To aske mercy, to graunt yt redy I am.

Remember and lett yower wyttis suffyce,  
*Et tunc non auertam a vobis faciem meam.* 689

Ser Jonathas, on thyn hand thow art but  
iame,

And this thorow<sup>2</sup> thyn own cruellenesse.

For thyn hurt thou mayest thi-selfe blame;  
Thow woldyst preve thy power me to  
opprese.

But now I consydre thy necesse;<sup>3</sup>

Thow wasshest thyn hart with grete con-  
tryc[i]on;

Go to the cawdron, — thi care shalbe  
the lesse, —

And towche thyn hand to thy salua-  
ci]on. 697

*Here shall ser Jonathas put hys hand in-to  
the cawdron, and it shalbe hale agayn; and  
then say as fo[lo]wyth:*

JONATHAS. Oh thow my Lord God and  
Sauyouer, osanna!

Thow Kyng of Jews and of Jerusalem!

O thow myghty, strong Lyon of Juda,  
Blyssyd be the tyme that thow were in  
Bedlem!<sup>4</sup>

Oh thou myghty, strong, gloryows and  
gracyows oyle streame,

Thow myghty conquerrowr of infernall  
tene,<sup>5</sup>

I am quyt of moche combrance thor-  
owgh thy meane,<sup>6</sup>

That eyr blyssyd mott thow bene! 705

<sup>1</sup> Wisc, ways.

<sup>2</sup> Through.

<sup>3</sup> Necessity.

<sup>4</sup> Bethlehem.

<sup>5</sup> Injury, suffering.

<sup>6</sup> Mediation.

Alas that euer I dyd agaynst thy wyll,  
In my wytt to be soo wood  
That I with ongoodly wyrk shuld soo  
gryll! <sup>1</sup>

Agens my mys-gouernaunce thow glad-  
dyst me with good:

I was soo prowde to prove the on the  
roode,  
And thou haste sent me lyghtyng <sup>2</sup> that  
late was lame;

To bete the and boyll the I was myghty  
in moode,  
And now thou hast put me from duresse  
and dysfame. 713

But, Lord, I take my leve at thy high  
presens,

And put me in thy myghty mercy.  
The bysshophe wyll I goo fetch to se ower  
offens,

And onto hym shew ower lyfe, how that  
we be gylty. 717

*Here shall the master Jew goo to the byshopp,  
and hys men knele styll [before the image].*

*[The Stage of the Bishop.]*

*[Enter Jonathas.]*

JONATHAS. Hayle, father of grace! I  
knelc vpon my knee

Hertely besechyng yow and interely  
A swemfull <sup>3</sup> syght all for to see

In my howse apperyng verely:

The Holy Sacrament, the whyche we  
haue done tormentry,  
And ther we haue putt hym to a newe pas-  
syon,

A chylde apperyng with wondys bloody:  
A swemfull syght yt ys to looke vpon. 725

EPISCOPUS. Oh Jhesu, Lord, full of good-  
nesse!

With the wyll I walke with all my  
myght.

Now, all my pepull, with me ye dresse <sup>4</sup>  
For to goo see that swymfull syght. 729

Now, all ye peple that here are,  
I commande yow, euery man,

<sup>1</sup> Irritate, grieve.  
<sup>3</sup> Sorrowful.

<sup>2</sup> Relief.  
<sup>4</sup> Prepare.

On yower feet for to goo, bare,  
In the deuoutest wyse that ye can. 733

*[They cross over the platea to the Jew's house.]*

*[The Stage of Jonathas.]*

*Here shall the bysshope enter into the Jewys  
howse, and say:*

O Jhesu fili Dei,  
How thys paynfull passyon rancheth <sup>1</sup>  
myn hart!

Lord, I crye to the, *miserere mei*,  
From thys rufull syght thou wyll re-  
uerse. <sup>2</sup>

Lord, we all with sorowys smert;  
For thys vnlefull work we lyue in langower;  
Now, good Lord, in thy grace let vs be  
grett,

And of thy souereyn marcy send vs thy  
socower; <sup>3</sup> 741

And for thy holy grace forgyfe vs ower  
errowr.

Now lett thy pete <sup>4</sup> spryng and sprede;  
Though we haue be vnrygh[t]full, forgyf vs  
our rygore,

And of ower lamentable hartis, good  
Lord, take hed[e]. 745

*Here shall the im[age] changeag ayn onto  
brede.*

Oh th[o]u largyfluent <sup>5</sup> Lord, most of  
lyghtnesse,

Onto owr prayers thow hast applied;  
Th[o]u hast receyuyd them with grett  
swetnesse,

For all ower dredfull dedys thou hast  
not so denied.

Full mykyll owte <sup>6</sup> thy name for to be  
magnyfied

With mansuete <sup>7</sup> myrth and gret swett-  
nes,

And as our gracyows God for to be glory-  
fyed,

For th[o]u shewyst vs gret gladnes. 753

Now wyll I take thys Holy Sacrament  
With humble hart and gret devoc[i]on,

<sup>1</sup> Teareth.  
<sup>5</sup> Succor.  
<sup>6</sup> Bountiful.

<sup>2</sup> Turn away.  
<sup>4</sup> Pity.  
<sup>7</sup> Ought.

<sup>3</sup> Gentle.

And all we wyll gon, with on[e] consent,  
And bear yt to chyrche with sole[m]pne  
proccesson.

Now folow me, all and sume!

And all tho that bene here, both more and  
lesse,

Thys holy song, *O sacrum Dominum*,  
Lett vs syng all with grett swetnesse. 761

[*Singing, they bear the Host in solemn  
procession towards the Church.*]

[*The Stage of Aristorius.*]

Here shall the pryst, ser Isoder, aske hys  
master what this menyth.

PRESBITER. Ser Arystory, I pray yow,  
what menyth all thys?

Sum myracle, I hope, ys wrowght be  
Goddis myght;

The bysshope commyth [in] processyon  
with a gret meny<sup>1</sup> of Jewys;

I hope sum myracle ys shewyd to hys  
syght.

To chyrche in hast wyll I runne full  
ryght,

For thether, me thynk, he begynnyth to  
take hys pace.

The Sacrament so semly is borne in  
syght,

I hope that God hath shewyd of hys  
grace. 769

ARYSTORIUS. To tell yow the trowth I  
wylle nott lett:

Alas that euer thys dede was dyght!<sup>2</sup>

An onlefull<sup>3</sup> bargayn I began for to beat;<sup>4</sup>

I sold yon same Jewys ower Lord full  
ryght

For couytyse of good,<sup>5</sup> as a cursyd  
wyght.

Woo the whyle that bargayn I dyd euer  
make!

But yow be my defensour in owr dyoce-  
sans syght;

For an heretyke I feare he wyll me take. 777

PRESBITER. For sothe, nothyng well-  
avyssed was your wytt, —

<sup>1</sup> Throng.

<sup>2</sup> Done.

<sup>3</sup> Unlawful.

<sup>4</sup> Discuss.

<sup>5</sup> Goods, wealth (I see no reason to change to  
gold).

Wondrely was yt wrowght of a man of  
dyscresc[i]on

In suche perayle<sup>1</sup> your solle for to putt!

But I wyll labor for your absolucyon. 781

Lett vs hye vs fast that we were hens,  
And beseche hym of hys benygne grace  
That he wyll shew vs hys benyvolsens  
To make amendys<sup>2</sup> for yowr tres-  
pas. 785

[*The Church.*]

Here shall the merchant and hys prest go  
to the chyrche and the bysshop [attended by  
the Jews] shall entre the chyrche and lay  
the Os[t] u[p]on the auter,<sup>3</sup> sayng thus:

[EPISCOPUS.] *Estote fortes in bello et pug-  
nate cum antico serpente,  
Et accipite regnum eternum, et cetera.*

My chyltern, be ye strong in batayll gostly

For to fyght agayn<sup>4</sup> the fell serpent,

That nyght and day ys euer besy;

To dystroy owr sollys ys hys intent.

Look ye be not slow nor neclygent

To arme yow in the vertues seuyn.

Of synnys forgetyn take good avyse-  
ment

And knowlege<sup>5</sup> them to yowr confessor full  
euy. 795

For that serpent, the deuyll, ys full strong  
Meruelows myscheues for man to mene,  
But that the Passyon of Cryst ys meynt vs  
among,

And that ys in dyspyte of hys infernall  
tene.<sup>6</sup>

Beseche ower Lord and Sauyower so  
kene

To put down that serpent, cumberer of  
man,

To withdraw hys furyous froward doc-  
tryn bydene,<sup>7</sup>

Fulfyllyd of the fend callyd Leuyathan. 803

Gyff lawrell<sup>8</sup> to that Lord of myght

That he may bring vs to the joyous  
fruycion

From vs to put the fend to flyght,

<sup>1</sup> Peril.

<sup>2</sup> MS. menyng.

<sup>3</sup> Altar.

<sup>4</sup> Against.

<sup>5</sup> Acknowledge.

<sup>6</sup> Suffering.

<sup>7</sup> Also.

<sup>8</sup> Praise.

That neuer he dystroy vs by hys tempta-  
c[i]on. 807

**PRESBITER.** My fater vnder God, I knele  
vnto yower kne,

In yowr myhty mysericord to tak vs in  
remembrance;

As ye be materyall to ower degre,  
We put vs in yower moderat ordynance,  
Yff yt lyke yower hyghnes to here ower  
greuauance;

We haue offendyd sorowfully in a syn  
mortall,

Wherfor we fere vs owr Lord wyll take  
vengaunce

For owr synnes both grete and small. 815

**EPISCOPUS.** And in fatherhed, that long-  
yth<sup>1</sup> to my dygnyte,

Vnto yower grefe I wyll gyf credens.

Say what ye wyll, in the name of the Tryn-  
yte,

Agayn[s]t God yf ye haue wroght eny  
inconuenyence. 819

**ARISTORIUS.** Holy ffather, I knele to yow  
vnder benedycite.

I haue offendyd in the syn of couytys;<sup>2</sup>

I sold our Lordys body for luere of mony  
And delyueryd to the wyckyd with  
cursyd advyce.

And for that presumpc[i]on gretly I  
agryse<sup>3</sup>

That I presumed to go to the auter<sup>4</sup>

There to handylle the holy sacryfyce, —

I were worthy to be putt in brenyng  
fyre. 827

But, gracyous lord, I can no more

But put me to Goddys mercy and to  
yower grace.

My cursyd werkys for to restore,  
I aske penaunce now in thys place. 831

**EPISCOPUS.** Now for thys offence that  
thou hast donne

Agens the Kyng of Hevyn and Em-  
perour of Hell,

Euer whyll thou lyuest good dedys for to  
done

<sup>1</sup> Belongeth.

<sup>2</sup> Am horrified.

<sup>3</sup> Covetousness.

<sup>4</sup> Altar.

And neuermore for to bye nor sell;  
Chastys thy body, as I shall the tell,  
With fastyng, and prayng, and other good  
wyrk,

To withstond the temtacyon of fendis of  
hell;

And to call to God for grace looke thou  
neuer be irke.<sup>1</sup> 839

Also, thou preste, for thy neclygens,

That thou were no wyser on thyn office,  
Thou art worthy inpresu[n]ment for thyn  
offence;

But beware euer hereafter, and be mor  
wyse. 843

And all yow creaturys<sup>2</sup> and curatys that  
here be,

Off thys dede yow may take example

How that your pyxys<sup>3</sup> lockyd ye shuld see  
And be ware of the key of Goddys  
temple. 847

**JONATHAS.** And I aske crystendom with  
great devoc[i]on,

With repentant hart in all degrees,

I aske for vs all a generall absoluc[i]on,

*Here the Juys must knele al down.*

For that we knele all vpon ower  
knees; 851

For we haue greuud ower Lord on grovnd,  
And put hym to a new paynfull passion,  
With daggars styckyd hym with greuos  
wo[u]nde,

New naylyd hym to a post, and with  
pynsonys pluckyd hym down. 855

**JASON.** And syth<sup>4</sup> we toke that blyssyd  
bred so sownd,

And in a cawdron we dyd hym boyle,

In a clothe fulle just we hym wounde,  
And so dyd we seth hym in oyle. 859

**JASDON.** And for that we myght not ouer-  
com hym with tormentry,

In an hott ovyn we speryd<sup>5</sup> hym fast.

Ther he apperyd with wo[u]ndis all bloody;

<sup>1</sup> Tired.

<sup>2</sup> Manly suggests *vicarys*, or *prechorys*.

<sup>3</sup> The vessels in which the bread of the sacrament  
is preserved.

<sup>4</sup> Then.

<sup>5</sup> Enclosed.

The ovyn rave asunder and all to-  
brast.<sup>1</sup> 863

MASPHAT. In hys law to make vs stedfast,  
There spake he to vs woordis of grete  
favor;  
In contryceyon owr hartis he cast,  
And bad take vs to a confessor. 867

MALCHUS. And therfor all we with on[e]  
consent  
Knele onto yower hygh soueremynte;  
For to be crystenyd ys owr intent.  
Now all ower dedys to yow shewyd haue  
we. 871

*Here shall the bysshope crysten the Jewys  
with gret solempnyte.*

EPISCOPUS. Now the Holy Gost at thys  
tyme mot yow blysse  
As ye knele all now in hys name!  
And with the water of baptyme I shall yow  
blysse  
To saue yow all from the fendis blame.  
Now, that fendys powre for to make lame,  
In the name of the Father, the Son, and  
the Holy Gost,  
To saue yow from the deuylls flame,  
I crysten yow all, both lest and most. 879

SER JONATHAS. Now owr father and bysh-  
oppe that we well know,  
We thank yow interly,<sup>2</sup> both lest and  
most.  
Now ar we bownd to kepe Crystis lawe  
And to serue the Father, the Son, and the  
Holy Gost.  
Now wyll we walke by contre and cost,  
Owr wyckyd luyng for to restore;  
And trust in God, of myghtis most,  
Neuer to offend as we have don before. 887

Now we take ower lea[v]e at lesse and more;  
Forward on ower vyage we wyll vs  
dresse.<sup>3</sup>

God send yow all as good welfare  
As hart can thynkeor towng expresse! 891

ARYSTORIUS. In-to my contre now wyll I  
fare.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Burst apart.

<sup>2</sup> Betake ourselves.

<sup>3</sup> Entirely.

<sup>4</sup> Go.

For to amende myn wyckyd lyfe;  
And to kep[e] the people owt of care  
I wyll teache thys lesson to man and  
wyfe. 895

Now take I my leave in thys place;  
I wyll go walke, my penaunce to fullfyll.  
Now, God, ageyns whom I haue done thys  
trespas,  
Graunt me forgyfnesse, yf yt be thy  
wyll! 899

PRESBITER. For joy of thys me thynke my  
hart do wepe,  
That yow haue gvuyn yow all Crystis  
seruauntis to be,  
Hym for to serue with hart full meke, —  
God, full of pacyens and humyl-  
yte, — 903

And the conuersac[i]on<sup>1</sup> of all thes fayre  
men,  
With hartis stedfastly knett<sup>2</sup> in on[e],  
Goddis lawys to kepe and hym to serue  
bydene,<sup>3</sup>  
As faythfull Crystanys euermore for to  
gonne. 907

EPISCOPUS. God omnytpotent euermore  
looke ye serue  
With deuoc[i]on and prayre whyll that  
ye may;  
Dowt yt not he wyll yow preserue  
For eche good prayer that ye sey to hys  
pay.  
And therfor in euery dew tyme loke ye  
not delay  
For to serue the Holy Trynnye,  
And also Mary, that swete may;<sup>4</sup>  
And kepe yow in perfyte loue and char-  
yte. 915

Crystis commandementis ten there bee;  
Kepe wel them; doo as I yow tell.  
Almyght God shall yow please in euery  
degre,  
And so shall ye saue yower sollys from  
hell;  
For there ys payn and sorow cruell,  
And in heuyn ther ys both joy and blysse,

<sup>1</sup> Behavior, mode of life.

<sup>2</sup> Knit.

<sup>3</sup> Also.

<sup>4</sup> Maid.

More then eny towng can tell;  
There angellys syng with grett swet-  
nesse. 923

To the whyche blysse <sup>1</sup> he bryng vs  
Whoys name ys callyd Jhesus,  
And in wyrshyppe of thys name gloryows  
To syng to hys honor *Te Deum lauda-*  
*mus.* 927

FINIS.

Thus endyth the Play of the Blyssyd  
Sacrament, whyche myracle was don in the

<sup>1</sup> Omitted by Waterhouse, but without comment  
and apparently in error; I restore the word on the au-  
thority of the text as reproduced by Stokes and  
Manly.

forest of Aragon, in the famous cite Era-  
clea, the yere of ower Lord God. M<sup>l</sup>cccc.lxi.,  
to whom be honower, Amen!

The namys and number of the players:

Jh[es]us.	Jason, Judeus ij <sup>us</sup> .
Episcopus.	Jasdon, Judeus iij <sup>us</sup> .
Aristorius, Chris- tianus mercator.	Masphat, Judeus iiij <sup>us</sup> .
[Isoder, presbiter.]	Malchas, Judeus vt <sup>us</sup> .
Clericus.	M[agister] phisicus.
Jonathas, Jude- us j <sup>mus</sup> .	Colle, seruus.

IX may play yt at ease  
R. C.

•

## VII

### MORALITIES

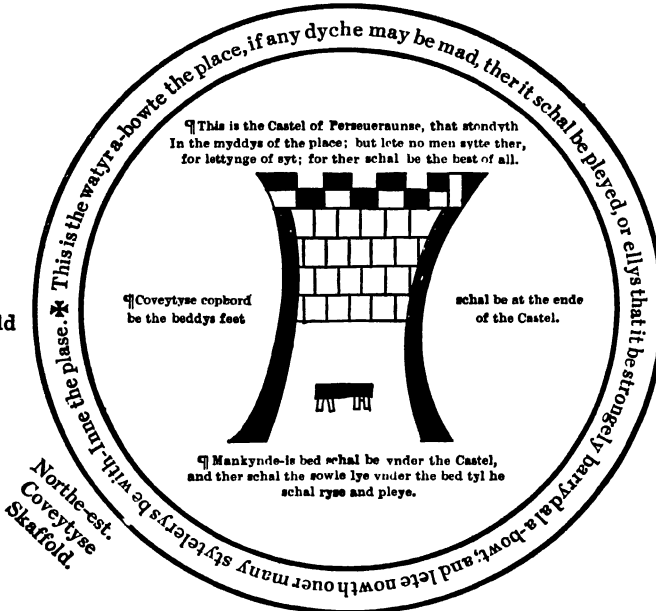
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Sowth.  
Caro  
skafold

Est.  
Deus  
[s]kafold

Wes[t].  
Mund[us]  
skaffo[ld]



Northe.  
Belyal  
skaffold.

He that schal pleye Belyal, loke that he haue gunne-powder brenny[n]g[e] In pypys in his handis and in his eris, and in his ers, whanne he gothe to bat[tel]. The iiij doweris schul be clad in mentelys; Merci in wyth, Rythwysnesse in red, al togedyr; Trewthe in sad grene, and Pes al in blake; and thei schal pleye in the place al togedyr tyl they brynge up the sowle.

THE CASTLE OF PERSEVERANCE <sup>1</sup>

## THE BANNS

I. VEXIL[LATOR]. Glorious God, in all degres  
 Lord most of myth,  
 That heuene and erthe made of nowth,  
 bothe se and londe,  
 The aungelys in heuene hym to serue  
 bryth,  
 And [man]-kynde in mydylerd <sup>1</sup> he made  
 with hys honde, <sup>4</sup>  
 And [our] lofly Lady, that lanterne is of  
 lyth,  
 Save our lege lord, the kynge, the leder  
 of this londe,  
 And all the ryallis of this revme,<sup>2</sup> and rede  
 hem the ryth,  
 And all the goode comowns <sup>3</sup> of this  
 towne that be-forn us stonde <sup>8</sup>  
 In this place!  
 We mustyr you with menschepe,<sup>4</sup>  
 And freyne you of frely frenchepe.<sup>5</sup>  
 Cryst safe you all fro schenchepe,<sup>6</sup>  
 That knowyn wyl our case! <sup>13</sup>

II. VEXILLATOR. The case of our comynge,  
 you to declare,

- <sup>1</sup> Middle-earth.      <sup>2</sup> Nobles of this realm.  
<sup>3</sup> Commons, people.  
<sup>4</sup> We call you together with honor.  
<sup>5</sup> And ask of you generous friendship.  
<sup>6</sup> Harm.

Euery man in hym self for sothe he it  
 may fynde.  
 Whon mankynde in-to this werld born is  
 ful bare —  
 And bare schal beryed be at [t]he [l]ast  
 ende — <sup>17</sup>  
 God hym geuyth t[w]o aungelis ful yep and  
 ful yare,<sup>1</sup>  
 The goode aungel and the badde, to hym  
 for to lende.<sup>2</sup>  
 The goode techyth hym goodnesse; the  
 badde, synne and sare;<sup>3</sup>  
 Whanne the ton hath the victory, the  
 tother goth be-hende, <sup>21</sup>  
 Be skyll.<sup>4</sup>  
 The goode aungel coueytyth euer-  
 more mans saluacion,  
 And the badde bysytth <sup>5</sup> hem euere  
 to hys dampnacion.  
 And God hathe govyn man fre arbri-  
 tracion  
 Whether he wyl hymse[lf] saue or  
 his soule per[yll.] <sup>26</sup>

I. VEXILLA[TOR]. Spylt is man spetously <sup>6</sup>  
 whanne he to synne asent!

- <sup>1</sup> Prompt and ready.      <sup>2</sup> Lend.      <sup>3</sup> Sorrow.  
<sup>4</sup> Reason.      <sup>5</sup> Attacks.      <sup>6</sup> Sadly.

<sup>1</sup> With the possible exception of *The Pride of Life*, which exists only in a fragment, *The Castle of Perseverance* is the earliest, as it is certainly the most primitive, of the extant moralities. Of the still older *Paternoster* plays (first mentioned in 1378), acted at York, Beverley, and Lincoln — apparently the grandparents of the type — we have only scattered records. From these records, however, we are led to believe that the plays dealt with the struggle between the Seven Dendly Sins and the Seven Moral Virtues for the soul of man; and we know that they were given as open-air community performances. Thus *The Castle of Perseverance*, it is obvious, is closely akin in form and spirit to the first moralities of which we have knowledge. Although its exact date of composition cannot be determined, scholars have agreed upon the year 1425 as approximately correct.

The manuscript of *The Castle of Perseverance*, along with the manuscripts of *Mankind* and *Mind, Will, and Understanding*, was formerly owned by the Rev. Cox Macro (b. 1688, d. 1767), from which circumstance the plays are called "Macro Moralities." There is no real connection between the plays, however, for they were written by different scribes at different times. Affixed to the end of *The Castle of Perseverance* is a plan of the staging, showing the scaffolds arranged about a *platan* (called "the place"), with the Castle in the centre, and around all an encoirring ditch filled with water to keep the spectators at a proper distance. With the aid of this plan we can readily visualize the performance.

I have based the present text on that in *The Macro Plays*, edited by F. J. Furnivall and A. W. Pollard for the Early English Text Society, 1904, and in doubtful readings I have consulted the photographic facsimile of the manuscript issued by J. S. Farmer. The play is far too long to be printed here in full; but by cutting down the speeches of the personages (who have a habit of talking in stanzas) and omitting a few episodes, I have been able to preserve the plot as a whole. The extent of the omissions can readily be discovered from the line-numbering. The punctuation and the use of capitals are my own; and I have added, in brackets, stage-directions designed to show how the actors moved from place to place, or how the attention of the audience was shifted from one scaffold to another. In the text the personages invariably have English names; yet the scribe has affixed to the speeches the Latin equivalents of these names (on the same principle that he puts the stage-directions in Latin). I have avoided the annoying inconsistency by adopting the English form of the names throughout; the Latin forms used by the scribe may be found in his catalogue of the actors at the end.

The bad aungel thanne bryngyth hym  
iij enmys so stout:

The Werlde, the Fende, the foul Flesche so  
joly and jent;<sup>1</sup>

Thei ledyn hym ful lustyly with synnys  
al a-bowt. 30

Pyth<sup>2</sup> with Pride and Coueytysse, to the  
Werld is he went,

To meynten his manhod; all men to hym  
lout.<sup>3</sup>

Aftyre, Ire and Envye the Fend hath to  
hym lent,

Bakbytynge and Endytynge, with all  
men for to route,<sup>4</sup> 34

Ful evyn:

But the fowle Flesch, homlyest of all,  
Slawth,<sup>5</sup> Lust and Leccherye, gun to  
hym call,

Glotony, and other synnys, bothe  
grette and small.

This mans soule is soylyd with  
synnys moo thanne seuyn. . . 39

II. VEXILLATOR. Grace if God wyl  
graunte us of hys mykyl myth,

These parcellis in propyrtys<sup>6</sup> we purpose  
us to playe

This day seuenenyt be-fore you in syth,

At ———<sup>7</sup> on the grene, in ryall a-ray. 134

Ye haste you thanne thedyrward, syris,  
hendly in hyth,<sup>8</sup>

All goode neyboris ful specyaly, we you  
pray.

<sup>1</sup> Courteous. <sup>2</sup> Set, furnished.

<sup>3</sup> Bow, make obeisance.

<sup>4</sup> Make trouble. <sup>5</sup> Sloth.

<sup>6</sup> Parts (characters) in properties (costumes, etc.).

<sup>7</sup> Apparently to be filled in with the name of the town where the play was to be acted. The MS. does not have a dash, but curious marks which may be an abbreviation for some town.

<sup>8</sup> Courteous in highest degree.

And loke that ye be there be-tyme, luffely  
and lyth,

For we schul be onward be vnderne<sup>1</sup> of  
the day. 138

Dere frendys,

We thanke you of all good daly-  
aunce,<sup>2</sup>

And of all youre specyall sportaunce,<sup>3</sup>  
And preye you of good contynnaunce

To oure lyuys endys. 143

I. VEXILLATOR. Deus, oure lyuys we loue  
you,<sup>4</sup> thus takande oure leue.

Ye manly men of ———, thus Crist saue  
you all!

He maynten youre myrthis and kepe you  
fro greve,

That born was of Mary myld in an ox  
stall. 147

Now, mercy be all ———, and wel mote ye  
cheve!<sup>5</sup>

All oure feythful frendys, thus fayre  
mote ye fall!

Ya, and welcum be ye whanne ye com, prys  
for to preve,<sup>6</sup>

And worthyi to be worchepyd in boure  
and in hall, 151

And in euery place.

Fare-wel, fayre frendys,

That lofly wyl lystyn and lendis!<sup>7</sup>

Cryste kepe you fro fendis!

[To the trumpelors.]

Trumpe up, and lete vs pace!<sup>8</sup> 156

<sup>1</sup> The third hour of the day, about nine o'clock

<sup>2</sup> Talk. <sup>3</sup> Entertainment.

<sup>4</sup> All our lives we praise you.

<sup>5</sup> Thrive

<sup>6</sup> Our worth (as actors) to prove.

<sup>7</sup> Remain <sup>8</sup> March on.

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

### WORLD.

LUST, } his attendants.

FOLLY, } his attendants.

COVETOUSNESS, his treasurer.

BACKBITER, his messenger.

Boy, serving him.

### FLESH.

LECHERY, } his attendants.

GLUTTONY, } his attendants.

SLOTH,

### DEVIL.

PRIDE, } his attendants.

WRATH, } his attendants.

ENVY,

## MANKIND.

GOOD ANGEL, } his advisors.  
BAD ANGEL, }  
SOUL, of Mankind.

MEEKNESS, }  
CHARITY, } the Seven Virtues, th.  
ABSTINENCE, } keepers of the Castle.  
CHASTITY, }  
INDUSTRY, }  
GENEROSITY, }  
PACIENCE, }

## CONFESSION.

PENANCE.

MERCY, }  
PEACE, } the Four Daughters  
TRUTH, } of God.  
RIGHTEOUSNESS, }  
DEATH.  
GOD THE FATHER.]

## [HERE BEGINNETH THE PLAY OF THE CASTLE OF PERSEVERANCE.]

[On the scaffold of the World.]

WORLD. Worthy wytis <sup>1</sup> in al this wer[l]d  
wyde,

Be wylde wode wonys <sup>2</sup> and euery weye-  
went, <sup>3</sup>

Precyous in prise, prekyd <sup>4</sup> in pride,  
Thorwe <sup>5</sup> this propyr pleyn place, <sup>6</sup> in pes  
be ye bent! 160

Buske <sup>7</sup> you, bolde bachelers, vnder my  
baner to a-byde,

Where bryth basnetis <sup>8</sup> be bateryd, and  
backys ar schent.

Ye, syr, semly, all same syttyth on  
syde,

For bothe be see and be londe my sondis <sup>9</sup>  
I haue sent; 164

Al the World myn nam[c] is ment;

Al a-bowtyn my bane <sup>10</sup> is blowe;

In euery cost I am knowe;

I do men rawyn on ryche rowe <sup>11</sup>

Tyl thei be dyth to dethys  
dent. <sup>12</sup> . . . 169

[On the scaffold of the Devil. Belial, Pride,  
Envy, and Wrath.]

BELYAL. Now I sytte, Satanas, in my sad  
synne,

As deuyld dowty, in draf as a drake! <sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Persons.<sup>2</sup> Cross-road.<sup>3</sup> Through.<sup>4</sup> Prepare.<sup>5</sup> Messengers.<sup>6</sup> Ravin (or array) in a rich row (in vast numbers)?<sup>7</sup> Ordained to Death's blow.<sup>8</sup> In draf as a dragon.<sup>9</sup> Dwellings.<sup>10</sup> Set.<sup>11</sup> Playing place?<sup>12</sup> Helmets.<sup>13</sup> Proclamation.

I champe and I chase, I chocke on my  
chynne,

I am boystows <sup>1</sup> and bold, as Belyal the  
blake. 199

What folk that I grope, <sup>2</sup> thei gapyn and  
grenne.

I-wys, fro Carlylle in-to Kent my carp-  
ynge <sup>3</sup> thei take!

Bothe the bak and the buttoke brestyth al  
on brenne; <sup>4</sup>

With werkys of wreche, <sup>5</sup> I werke hem  
mykyl wrake; <sup>6</sup> 203

In woo is al my wenne. <sup>7</sup>

In care I am cloyed

And fowle I am a-nyed

But Mankynde be stroyed

Be dykes and be denne. . . . 208

[On the scaffold of the Flesh. Flesh, Glut-  
tony, Sloth, and Lechery.]

FLESH. I byde, as a brod Brustun gutte,  
a-bouyn <sup>8</sup> on these touris!

Euery body is the beter that to myn byd-  
dyng is bent.

I am Mankyndis fayre Flesch, florched in  
flowris;

My lyfe is with lustys and lykyng  
i-lent; 238

With tapytys <sup>9</sup> of tafata I tymbyr <sup>10</sup> my  
towris;

<sup>1</sup> Boisterous.<sup>2</sup> Talk.<sup>3</sup> Vengeance.<sup>4</sup> Harm.<sup>5</sup> As a broad burst-gut, aloft.<sup>6</sup> Hangings.<sup>7</sup> Tear.<sup>8</sup> Bursteth all on burning.<sup>9</sup> Delight.<sup>10</sup> Cover, decorate.

In myrthe and in melodye my mende is  
i-ment;  
Thou I be clay and clad, clappyd vnder  
clowris,<sup>1</sup>  
Yit wolde I that my wyll in the world  
wente 242  
Ful trew, I you be-hyth.  
I loue wel myn ese,  
In lustis me to plesse;  
Thou<sup>2</sup> synne my sowle sese,<sup>3</sup>  
I geue not a myth.<sup>4</sup> . . . 247

[On the platea. Enter Mankind, attended  
by the Good Angel on his right and the  
Bad Angel on his left.]

MANKIND. Aftyr oure forme faderis kende,<sup>5</sup>  
This nyth I was of my moder born.  
Fro my moder I walke, I wende.<sup>6</sup>  
Ful feynt and febyl I fare<sup>7</sup> you be-  
forn. 278  
I am nakyd of lym and lende,<sup>8</sup>  
As mankynde is schapyn and schorn.  
I not wedyr<sup>9</sup> to gon ne to lende,  
To helpe my-self mydday nyn morn. 282  
For schame I stonde and schende.<sup>10</sup>  
I was born this nyth in bloody ble;  
And nakyd I am, as ye may se.  
Al! Lord God in Trinite,  
Whow Mankende is vnthende! 287

Where-to I was to this world browth,  
I ne wot; but to woo and wepyng  
I am born, and haue ryth nowth  
To helpe my self in no doynge. 291  
I stonde and stodye, al ful of thowth.  
Bare and pore is my clothynge;  
A sely crysme,<sup>12</sup> myn hed hath cawth,  
That I tok at myn crystenynge: 295  
Certis, I haue no more.  
Of erthe I cam, I wot ryth wele;  
And as erthe I stande this sele;<sup>13</sup>  
Of mankende it is gret dele.<sup>14</sup>  
Lord God, I crye thyne ore! 300

Ij aungels bene a-synyd to me.  
The ton techyth me to goode;

<sup>1</sup> Turfs.    <sup>2</sup> Though.    <sup>3</sup> Seize.    <sup>4</sup> Mite.

<sup>5</sup> First father's fashion.    <sup>6</sup> Go.

<sup>7</sup> Walk, go.    <sup>8</sup> Loin.

<sup>9</sup> I know not whither.    <sup>10</sup> Am stupefied.

<sup>11</sup> Miserable, unthriving.

<sup>12</sup> Chrisom, a head cloth with which the chrisam was  
covered up when the child was baptised.

<sup>13</sup> Season, time.    <sup>14</sup> Pity, grief.    <sup>15</sup> Mercy.

On my ryth syde ye may hym se, 303  
He cam fro Criste that deyed on rode.  
A-nother is ordeynyd her to be,  
That is my foo be fen and flode;  
He is a-bout, in euery degre,  
To drawe me to tho dewylys wode,<sup>1</sup> 308  
That in helle ben thycke.  
Swyche to<sup>2</sup> hath euery man on lyue,  
To rewlyn hym and hys wyttis fyue:  
Whanne man doth ewyl, the ton wolde  
schryue;<sup>3</sup>  
The tother drawyth to wycke. 313

But syn these aungelys be to me falle,  
Lord Jhesu! to you I bydde a bone,<sup>4</sup>  
That I may folwe, be strete and stalle,  
The aungyl that cam fro heuene trone.  
Now, Lord Jhesu in heuene halle, 318  
Here, whane I make my mone!  
Coryows<sup>5</sup> Criste, to you I calle!  
As a grysly gost I grucche and grone, 321  
I wene, ryth ful of thowth.  
Al! Lord Jhesu! wedyr may I goo?  
A crysme I haue, and no moo.  
Alas! men may be wondyr woo 325  
Whanne thei be fyrst forth browth!

GOOD ANGEL. Ya, forsothe, and that is  
wel sene:  
Of woful wo man may synge,  
For iche creature helpith hym-self be-  
dene,<sup>6</sup>  
Saue only man, at hys comynge. 330  
Neuyr-the-lesse, turne thees fro tene,<sup>7</sup>  
And seruë Jhesu, heuene kyng,  
And thou schalt, be greuys grene,<sup>8</sup>  
Farë wel in allë thyng. 334  
That Lord thi lyfe hath lante;  
Haue hym alway in thi mynde,  
That deyed on rodë for mankynde;  
And serue hym to thi lyfës ende; 338  
And sertis thou schalt not wante!

BAD ANGEL. Pes, aungel! Thi wordis are  
not wyse!

Thou counselyst hym not a-ryth.  
He schal hym drawyn to the Wer[l]dis  
seruysse,

<sup>1</sup> Mad.

<sup>2</sup> Such two.

<sup>3</sup> Shrive, administer absolution to.

<sup>4</sup> Ask a boon.

<sup>5</sup> Careful (caring for sinners).

<sup>6</sup> At once.

<sup>7</sup> Harm.

<sup>8</sup> A metrical tag.

To dwelle with caysere,<sup>1</sup> kynge, and  
 knyth, 343  
 That in londe be hym non lyche.<sup>2</sup>  
 Cum on with me, stytle as ston!  
 Thou and I to the Werl[d] schul goon,  
 And thanne thou schalt sen a-non  
 Whow<sup>3</sup> sone thou schalt be  
 ryche. . . . 348

MANKIND. Whom to folwe, wetyn I ne  
 may!

I stonde in stodye, and gynne to raue.  
 I wolde be ryche in gret a-ray,  
 And fayn I wolde my sowle saue! 379  
 As wynde in watyr I wave.  
 Thou woldyst to the Werld I me toke;  
 And he wolde that I it for-soke.  
 Now, so God me helpe, and the holy  
 boke,  
 I not wyche I may haue! 384

BAD ANGEL. Cum on, man! Where-of  
 hast thou care?

Go we to the Werld, I rede thee, blyue;<sup>4</sup>  
 For ther thou schalt mow<sup>5</sup> ryth wel fare,  
 In case if thou thyнке for to thryue; 388  
 No lord schal be thee lyche.  
 Take the Werld to thine entent,  
 And late thi loue be ther-on lent;  
 With gold and syluyr, and ryche rent,  
 A-none thou schalt be ryche. 393

MANKIND. Now, syn thou hast be-hetyn<sup>6</sup>  
 me so,

I wyl go with thee and a-say;  
 I ne lette for frende ner fo,  
 But with the Werld I wyl go play, 397  
 Certis, a lytyl throwe.<sup>7</sup>  
 In this World is al my trust,  
 To lyuyn in lykynge and in lust.  
 Haue he and I onys cust,<sup>8</sup>  
 We schal not part, I trowe. 402

GOOD ANGEL. A! nay, man! For Cristis  
 blod,

Cum a-gayn be strete and style!  
 The Werld is wyckyd, and ful wod,<sup>9</sup>  
 And thou schalt leuyn but a whyle. 406  
 What coueytyst thou to wyne?

Man, thyнке on thyn endynge day  
 Whanne thou schalt be cloyd vnder  
 clay!  
 And if thou thyнке of that a-ray,  
 Certis thou schalt not synne. 411  
*Homo, memento finis! et in eternum non  
 peccabis.*

BAD ANGEL. Ya, on thi sowle thou schalt  
 thyнке al be-tyme.<sup>1</sup>

Cum forth, man, and take non hede!  
 Cum on, and thou schalt holdyn hym inne.  
 Thi flesh thou schalt foster and fede 416  
 With lofly lyuys fode.<sup>2</sup>  
 With the Werld thou mayst be bold  
 Tyl thou be sixty wynter hold.<sup>3</sup>  
 Wanne thi nosé waxit cold,  
 Thanne mayst thou drawe to  
 goode. 421

MANKIND. I vow to God, and so I may  
 Make mery a ful gret throwe!

I may leuyn many a day;  
 I am but yongé, as I trowe, 425  
 For to do that I schulde.  
 Myth I ryde be sompe and syke,<sup>4</sup>  
 And be ryche, and lord [i-]lyke,  
 Certis thanne schulde I be fryke,<sup>5</sup>  
 And a mery man on molde.<sup>6</sup> . . . 430

*[The Bad Angel leads Mankind away, and  
 the Good Angel, left behind, laments.]*

GOOD ANGEL. I weyle, and wrynge, and  
 maké mone!

This man with woo schal be pylt.<sup>7</sup>  
 I syé sore, and grysal grone,  
 For hys folye schal make hym spylt! 452  
 I not weder to gone.  
 Mankynde hath forsakyn me!  
 Alas, man, for loue of the!  
 Ya, for this gamyn and this gle, 456  
 Thou schalt grocchyn and grone.

*[Exit.]*

*Pipe vp music.*

[On the scaffold of the World. World  
 boasts that he is lord of king, knight, and  
 kaiser, and cares not for God. He orders  
 his attendants, Lust (also called Lyking)

<sup>1</sup> Kaiser.  
<sup>4</sup> Quickly.  
<sup>7</sup> Time.

<sup>2</sup> Like.  
<sup>5</sup> Be able to.  
<sup>8</sup> Kissed.

<sup>3</sup> How.  
<sup>6</sup> Promised.  
<sup>9</sup> Mad.

<sup>1</sup> In time enough.  
<sup>5</sup> Old.  
<sup>8</sup> Joyful.

<sup>2</sup> Food.  
<sup>4</sup> By swamp and rill.  
<sup>6</sup> On the earth.

<sup>7</sup> Tortured.

and Folly, to "cry all about" if any man will serve the World. They descend into the *platea* and address the audience, urging all men to serve the World. In the meanwhile, the Bad Angel, leading Mankind, salutes them.]

BAD ANGEL. How, Lust! Lykyng and Folye!

Take to me good entent!

I haue browth, be downys drye,<sup>1</sup>

To the World a gret present! 533

I haue gylde hym ful qweyntly;

For, syn he was born, I haue hym blent.<sup>2</sup>

He schal be serwaunt good and try;

A-monge you his wyl is lent; 537

To the World he wyl hym take;

For, syn he cowde wyt,<sup>4</sup> I vnderstonde,

I haue hym tysyd<sup>5</sup> in euery londe.

Hys Goode Aungel, be strete and st[r]onde,

I haue don<sup>6</sup> hym forsake. . . . 542

FOLLY. With ryche rentys I schal hym blynde

Wyth the world tyl he be pytte;<sup>7</sup>

And thanne schal I, longe or his ende,

Make that caytyfe to be knytte 564

On the world whanne he is set s[ore].

[Addressing Mankind.]

Cum on, Man! Thou schalt not rewe;

For thou wylt be to vs trewe

Thou schalt be clad in clothis newe,

And be ryche cuere-more. 569

MANKIND. Mary, felaw, gramercy!

I wolde be ryche and of gret renoun.

[Of God] I geue no tale trewly,

So that I be lord of toure and toun, 573

Be buskys and bankys broun.<sup>8</sup>

Syn that thou wylt makē me

Bothē ryche of gold and fee,

Goo forthe! for I wyl folow thee

Be dale and euery townē. 578

<sup>1</sup> By downs dreary, or distant (a metrical tag).

<sup>2</sup> Beguiled.

<sup>3</sup> Blinded.

<sup>4</sup> Know (reached the age of intelligence).

<sup>5</sup> Enticed, tempted to sin.

<sup>6</sup> Made.

<sup>7</sup> Buried.

<sup>8</sup> By bushes and banks brown (a metrical tag).

*Trumpe vp. Then Lust and Folly, the Bad Angel and Mankind will go to [the scaffold of] the World, and let [Lust] say:*<sup>1</sup>

LUST. How, lord! loke ow! for we haue browth

A serwant of nobyl fame!

[Presents Mankind.]

Of worldly good is al his thouth;

Of lust and folye he hath no schame; 582

He wolde be gret of name;

He wolde be at gret honour,

For to rewlē town and toure;

He wolde haue to his paramoure

Sum louely dyngē dame.<sup>2</sup> 587

WORLD [to Mankind]. Welcum, syr, semly in syth!

Thou art welcum to worthy wede,<sup>3</sup>

For thou wylt be my serwaunt day and nyth,

With my seruyse I schal thee foster and fede; . 591

Thi bak schal be betyn with besawntis<sup>4</sup> bryth;

Thou schalt haue byggyngys be bankis brede;<sup>5</sup>

To thi cors schal knele kayser and knyth, And ladys louely on lere,<sup>6</sup> 595

Where that thou walke, be sty or be strete.

But Goddys seruyse thou must forsake,

And holy to the World thee take,

And thanne a man I schal thee make That non schal be thi pere. 600

MANKIND. Yis, World, and ther-to here myn honde,

To forsake God and hys seruyse.

To medys<sup>7</sup> thou geue me howse and londe

That I regne rychely at myn enprise.<sup>8</sup> 604

So that I fare wel be strete and stronde

Whil I dwelle here in werldly wyse,

I reeke neuere of heuene wonde,<sup>9</sup>

Nor of Jhesu, that jentyl justyse. 608

<sup>1</sup> MS. *trumpe vp. Tunc ibunt Voluptas et Stulticia, Malus Angelus et Humanum Genus, ad Mundum, et dicat.*

<sup>2</sup> Worthy lady.

<sup>3</sup> Clothes.

<sup>4</sup> Bezants, gold coins.

<sup>5</sup> Buildings by banks broad.

<sup>6</sup> In face.

<sup>7</sup> For rewards.

<sup>8</sup> Will.

<sup>9</sup> Chastisement.

Of my sowle I haue non rewthe.  
 What schulde I recknen of domysday,  
 So that I be ryche, and of gret a-ray?  
 I schal make mery whyl I may.

And ther-to here my trewth. 613

WORLD. Now sertis, syr, thou seyst wel!  
 I holde thee trewe firo top to the too.  
 But thou were ryche, it were gret del,<sup>1</sup>  
 And all men that wyl farē soo. 617  
 Cum up; my serwaunt trew as stel!

*Then Mankind ascends to the World.<sup>2</sup>*

Thou schalt be ryche where so thou goo;  
 Men schul seruyn thee at mel.<sup>3</sup>

With mynstralsye and bemys blo,<sup>4</sup> 621

With metis and drynkis trye;<sup>5</sup>

Lust and lykyng schal be thin ese;

Louely ladys thee schal plesse;

Who-so do thee any disesse,  
 He schal ben hangyn hye! 626

Lykyng, be-lyue  
 Late clothe hym swythe  
 In robys ryve.<sup>7</sup>

With ryche a-ray. 630

Folye, thou fonde,<sup>8</sup>  
 Be strete and stronde,  
 Serue hym at honde  
 Bothe nyth and day. . . . 634

*[Lust and Folly take Mankind aside to array him.]*

*[On the platea. Enter Backbiter.]*

BACKBITER. All thyngis I crye a-gayn the  
 pes

To knyght and knaue. This is my kende.<sup>9</sup>

Ya! dyngne dukis on her des,<sup>10</sup>

In bytter balys I hem bynde; 654

Cryinge and care, chydynge and ches,<sup>11</sup>

And sad sorwe, to hem I sende.

Ya! lowdē lesyngis lachyd in les,<sup>12</sup>  
 Of talys vn-trewe is al my mende. 658

Mannys bane<sup>13</sup> a-bowtyn I bere,

I wyl that ye wetyn, all tho that ben  
 here;

<sup>1</sup> Pity.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Tunc ascendit Humanum Genus ad Mundum.*

<sup>3</sup> Meal.

<sup>4</sup> Blowing of trumpets.

<sup>5</sup> Delicate.

<sup>6</sup> Quickly.

<sup>7</sup> Abundant.

<sup>8</sup> Fool.

<sup>9</sup> Nature.

<sup>10</sup> Worshipful dukes on their thrones.

<sup>11</sup> Strife.

<sup>12</sup> Loud lyings bound in leash?

<sup>13</sup> Sorrow.

For I am knowyn fer and nere;  
 I am the Werldys messengere;  
 My name is Bacbytere. . . . 663

Ther-fore I am mad massenger  
 To lepyn ouer londis leye.<sup>1</sup>

Thorwe all the world, fer and ner,

Vnsayd sawys for to seye.<sup>2</sup> 693

In this holte I huntē here

For to spye a preuy pley;<sup>3</sup>

For whanne Mankynde is clothyd clere,

Thanne schal I techyn hym the wey 697

To the dedly synnys seue.

Here I schal a-bydyn with my pese,

The wronge to do hym for to chese,<sup>4</sup>

For I thynke that he schal lese

The lyth of hey heuene. 702

*[On the scaffold of the World. Lust and Folly leap forward Mankind gorgeously arrayed.]*

LUST. Worthy World, in welthys wonde,  
 Here is Mankynde ful fare in folde!<sup>5</sup>

In bryth besauntys he is bownde, 705

And bon<sup>6</sup> to bowe to you so bolde. . . .

FOLLY. Dysplese thee, he wyl for no  
 man; 716

On me, Folye, is al hys thowth. . . .

WORLD. Now, Folye, fayre thee be-fall!  
 And Lustē, blyssyd be thou ay!

Ye han browth Mankynde to myn hall

Sertis in a nobyl a-ray! 732

With Werldys welthys with-inne these  
 wall,

I schal hym feffe of that I māy.

Welcum, Mankynde, to thee I call!

Clenner clothyd thanne any clay, 736

Be downē, dale, and dyche.

Mankynde, I redē that thou reste

With me, the Werld, as it is beste.

Loke thou holde myn hendē<sup>7</sup> feste,

And euere thou schalt be ryche. 741

MANKIND. Whou<sup>8</sup> schul I but I thi hestis  
 helde?

Thou werkyst with me holy my wyll;

Thou feffyst me with fen and felde,

<sup>1</sup> Untilled lands.

<sup>2</sup> Unsayd-sayings to say.

<sup>3</sup> Play, trick.

<sup>4</sup> Choose.

<sup>5</sup> In rich garments.

<sup>6</sup> Round; ready

<sup>7</sup> Hands

<sup>8</sup> How.



And hye hall be holtis and hyll; 745  
 In werldly wele my wytte I welde;<sup>1</sup>  
 In joye I jette<sup>2</sup> with juelys jentyll;  
 On blysful banke my bourre is bylde;  
 In veynglorie I stondē styl; 749  
 I am kene as a knyht.  
 Who-so a-geyn the Werld wyl speke,  
 Mankynde schal on hym be wreke;  
 In stronge presun<sup>3</sup> I schal hym steke,  
 Be it wronge or ryth! 754

WORLD. A, Mankynde, wel thee be-tyde,  
 That thi loue on me is sette!  
 In my bowris thou schalt a-bye,  
 And yit fare makyl the bette.<sup>4</sup> 758  
 I feffe thee in all my wonys wyde,  
 In dale of dros<sup>5</sup> tyl thou be deth.<sup>6</sup>  
 I make thee lord of mekyl pryde,  
 Syr, at thyn owyn mowthis mette.<sup>7</sup> 762  
 I fynde in thee no tresun.  
 In all this worlde, be se and sonde,  
 Parkis, placis, lawnde and londe,  
 Here I gyfe thee with myn honde,  
 Syr, an opyn sesun. 767

Go to my tresorer, Syr Couetouse!  
 Loke thou tell hym as I seye!  
 Bydde hym make thee mayster in his house,  
 With penys and powndis for to pleye. 771  
 Loke thou geuē not a lous  
 Of the day that thou schalt deye.

[*He calls Backbiter.*]

Messenger, do now thyne vse!  
 Bakbytere, teche hym the weye! 775  
 Thou art swetter thanne mede.<sup>8</sup>  
 Mankynde, take with thee Bakby-  
 ynge!  
 Lefe hym for no maner thyng!  
 Flepergebet<sup>9</sup> with hys flaterynge  
 Standith mankynde in stede. 780

BACKBITER. Bakbytynge and Detraction  
 Schal goo with thee fro toun to toun.  
 Haue don, Mankynde, and cum doun!

[*Mankind descends.*]

<sup>1</sup> In worldly happiness my mind I rule.

<sup>2</sup> Strut. <sup>3</sup> Prison.

<sup>4</sup> Much the better.

<sup>5</sup> In the grave. <sup>6</sup> Put.

<sup>7</sup> Mouth's might (at command).

<sup>8</sup> Mead, a sweet drink made from honey.

<sup>9</sup> Flibbertigibbet, one of the names of Backbiter.

I am thyne owyn page. 784  
 I schal bere thee wyttnesse with my myth,  
 Whanne my lord, the Werlde, it behyth.<sup>1</sup>

[*He points to the scaffold of Covetousness.*]

Lo, where syr Coueytysse sytt,  
 And bydith us<sup>2</sup> in his stage. . . .

[*Backbiter leads Mankind up to the scaffold of Covetousness.*]

BACKBITER. Syr Coueytysse, God thee  
 saue,  
 Thi pens and thi poundys all!  
 I, Bakbytere, thyn owyn knaue,  
 Haue browt Mankynde vn-to thine  
 hall. 820  
 The Worlde bad thou schuldyst hym haue,  
 And feffyn hym, what-so be-fall.  
 In grene gres tyl he be graue,<sup>3</sup>  
 Putte hym in thi precyous pall, 824  
 Coueytysse! it were all rewthe.  
 Why! he walkyth in worldly wolde,  
 I, Bakbyter, am with hym holde;<sup>4</sup>  
 Lust and Folye, tho barouns bolde,  
 To hem he hath plyth hys  
 trewthe. 829

COVETOUSNESS. Ow, Mankynde! blyssyd  
 mote thou be!

I haue louyd thee derworthly many a  
 day;

And so I wot wel that thou dost me.

Cum up and se my ryche a-ray! 833

[*Mankind ascends the scaffold of Covetousness.*]

It were a gret poynte of pyte  
 But Coueytysse were to thi pay.<sup>5</sup>  
 Sit up ryth here in this se;<sup>6</sup>  
 I schal thee lere<sup>7</sup> of werldlys lay, 837  
 That fadyth as a flode.  
 With good i-now<sup>8</sup> I schal thee store;  
 And yit oure gamē is but lore<sup>9</sup>  
 But thou coueyth mekyl more 841  
 Thanne euere schal do thee goode.

Thou muste gyfe thee to symonye,  
 Extorsion, and false asyse;<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Commands.

<sup>2</sup> Buried.

<sup>3</sup> Liking, satisfaction.

<sup>4</sup> Teach.

<sup>5</sup> Lost.

<sup>6</sup> Waits for us.

<sup>7</sup> Gracious, friendly.

<sup>8</sup> Seat.

<sup>9</sup> Wealth enough.

<sup>10</sup> Measure.

Helpe no man but thou haue why; <sup>1</sup>

Pay not thi serwauntys here serwyse; 846  
Thi neyborys, loke thou dystroye;

Tythe not on non wyse;

Here no begger, thou he crye —

And thanne schalt thou ful sonë ryse. 850

And whanne thou vsyste marchaun-  
dyse,

Loke that thou be sotel of sleytys;

And also swere al be deseytys;

Bye and sell be fais weytys;

For that is kyndë coueytysc.<sup>2</sup> . . . 855

MANKIND. A, Auaryce! wel thou spede!

Of werldly wytte thou canst,<sup>3</sup> i-wys.

Thou woldyst not I haddë nede,

And schuldyst be wrothe if I ferd  
a-mys. 873

I schal neuere begger bede <sup>4</sup>

Mete nyn drynke, be heuene blys;

Rather or I schulde hym clothe or fede,

He schulde sterue and stynke, i-wys. 877

Coueytysc, as thou wylt, I wyl do.

Where-so that I fare, be fenne or flod,

I make a-vow, be Goddys blod,

Of Mankynde getyth no man no good,

But if hesynge "*si dederò*." . . . 882

[*Covetousness calls aloud:*]

Prydë, Wrathë, and Envyë,

Com forthe, the deuelys chyldryn thre!

Lechery, Slawth, and Glotonye,

To mans flesch ye are fendis fre! 899

Dryuyth downne ouer dalys drye!

Beth <sup>5</sup> now blythe as any be!

Ouer hyll and holtys ye you hyghe

To com to Mankynde and to me 903

Fro youre dowty dennys!

As dukys dowty, ye you dresse!

Whanne ye sex be comme, I gesse,

Thanne be we scuene, and no lesse,

Of the dedly synnys. . . . 908

[On the scaffold of the Devil, Pride, Wrath, and Envy hear the call, and take farewell of Belial. Belial urges them to do their best to bring Mankind to hell. On the scaffold of the Flesh, Gluttony, Lechery, and Sloth likewise hear the call, and take a farewell of their master. Flesh

gives them his blessing, and exhorts them to use every means to keep Mankind from the bliss of heaven.]

*Then Pride, Wrath, Envy, Gluttony, Lechery, and Sloth will go to [the scaffold of] Covetousness; and let Pride say:* <sup>1</sup>

PRIDE. What is thi wyll, Syr Coveytysc?

Why hast thou aftyr vs sent?

Whanne thou creydyst, we ganne a-gryse,<sup>2</sup>

And come to thee now par asent. 1016

Oure loue is on thee lent.

I, Pryde, Wrath, and Envyë,

Gloton, Slawth, and Lechery,

We arn cum all sex for thi crye,

To be at thi commaundement. 1021

COVETOUSNESS. Welcum be ye, bretheryn  
all,

And my sy[s]tyr, swete Lecherye!

Wyte ye why I gan to call?

For ye must me helpe, and that in  
hy.<sup>3</sup> 1025

Mankynde is now com to myn hall

With me to dwell, be downys dry;

Therefore ye must, what so be-fall,

Feffyn hym with youre foly; 1029

And ellis ye don hym wronge,

For whanne Mankynde is kendly  
koueytous,<sup>4</sup>

He is provid, wrathful, and envyous;

Gloton, slaw,<sup>5</sup> and lecherous, 1033

Thei arn other whyle amonge. . .

PRIDE. In gle and game I growë glad!

Mankynde, take good hed,

And do as Coveytysc thee bad! 1050

Take me in thyne hert, precyous Pride;

Loke thou be not ouer-lad;<sup>6</sup>

Late no bacheler thee mysbede;<sup>7</sup>

Do thee <sup>8</sup> to be dowtyd and drad;

Bete boyes tyl they blede; 1055

Kast hem in careful kettis;<sup>9</sup>

Frende, fadyr, and moder dere,<sup>10</sup>

Bowe hem not in non manere;

And hold no maner man thi pere;

And vsë these new iettis: <sup>11</sup> 1060

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Tunc ibunt Superbia, Ira, Invidia, Gula, Luxuria, et Accidit ad Auariciam; et dicat Superbia.*

<sup>2</sup> Tremble.

<sup>3</sup> In haste.

<sup>4</sup> Naturally covetous.

<sup>5</sup> Slothful.

<sup>6</sup> Larded over.

<sup>7</sup> Ill use.

<sup>8</sup> Make thyself.

<sup>9</sup> Grievous troubles.

<sup>10</sup> Injure.

<sup>11</sup> Fashions.

<sup>1</sup> Reason therefor.

<sup>2</sup> Natural covetousness.

<sup>3</sup> Hast knowledge.

<sup>4</sup> Offer.

<sup>5</sup> Be.

Loke thou blowē mekyl bost,  
 With longe crakows on thi schos;<sup>1</sup>  
**Jagge** thi clothis in euery cost,<sup>2</sup>  
 And ellis men schul lete<sup>3</sup> thee but a  
 goos. 1064  
 It is thus, Man, wel thou wost;  
 Therefore do as no man dos;  
 And euery man sette at a thost;<sup>4</sup>  
 And of thi-self make gret ros;<sup>5</sup> 1068  
 Now se thi-self on euery syde.  
 Euery man thou schalt schende and  
 schelfe;<sup>6</sup>  
 And holde no man betyr thanne thi  
 selfe;  
 Tyl dethys dynt thi body delfe,<sup>7</sup>  
 Put holy thyn hert in Pride. . . 1073

**WRATH.** Be also wroth as thou were wode!  
 Make thee be dred be dalys derne!  
 Who so thee wrethe, be fen or flode,  
 Loke thou be a-vengyd yerne!<sup>8</sup> 1094  
**Be** redy to spylle mans blod!  
 Loke thou hem fere,<sup>9</sup> be feldis ferne!<sup>10</sup>  
**Always,** Man, be ful of mod!<sup>11</sup>  
 My lothly lawys loke thou lerne, 1098  
 I rede,<sup>12</sup> for any thyng.  
 A-non take veniaunce, Man, I rede;  
 And thanne schal no man thee ouerlede,  
 But of thee thi schul haue drede,  
 And bowe to thi byddyng. 1103

**MANKIND.** Wrethē, for thi counsel hende  
 Haue thou Goddis blyssynge and myn!  
 What caytyf of al my kende  
 Wyl not bowe, he schal a-byn;<sup>13</sup> 1107  
 With myn veniaunce I schal hym schende,<sup>14</sup>  
 And wrekyng<sup>15</sup> me, be Goddis yne.<sup>16</sup> . . .

**ENVY.** Envy with Wrathe muste dryve  
 To haunte Mankynde al-so.  
 Whanne any of thy neyboris wyl thryve,  
 Loke thou haue Envy ther-to. . . 1124

**MANKIND.** Envy! thou art bothe good  
 and hende,  
 And schalt be of my counsel chefe. . .

<sup>1</sup> Pointed and curved toes on thy shoes.  
<sup>2</sup> Way, manner.      <sup>3</sup> Reckon.  
<sup>4</sup> A piece of dung.      <sup>5</sup> Esteem.  
<sup>6</sup> Injure and shove aside.      <sup>7</sup> Bury.  
<sup>8</sup> Thoroughly.      <sup>9</sup> Frighten.  
<sup>10</sup> By fields distant (a metrical tag).  
<sup>11</sup> Anger.      <sup>12</sup> Advise.      <sup>13</sup> Suffer.  
<sup>14</sup> Injure.      <sup>15</sup> Avenge.      <sup>16</sup> Eyes.

**GLUTTONY.** In gay glotony a game thou  
 be-gynne!  
 Ordeyn thee mete and drynkis goode.  
 Loke that no tresour thee part a-twynne,  
 But thee feffe and fede with al kynnyng  
 fode.<sup>1</sup> 1154  
 With fastynge schal man neuere heuene  
 wyne:  
 These grete fasteris, I hold hem wode.  
 Thou thou ete and drynke, it is no synne.  
 Fast no day, I rede, be the rode. . . 1158

**MANKIND.** A, Glotony! wel I thee grete!  
 Soth and sad it is, thy sawe.  
 I am no day wel, be sty nor strete,  
 Tyl I haue wel fyllyd my mawe. 1167  
 Fastynge is fellyd vnder fete. . .

**LECHERY.** Ya whanne thi flesche is fayrē  
 fed,  
 Thanne schal I, louely Lecherye,  
 Be bobbyd with thee in [thi] bed;  
 Here-of serue mete and drynkis trye.<sup>2</sup>  
 In louē thi lyf schal be led; 1185  
 Be a lechour tyl thou dye! . . .

**MANKIND.** A, Lechery, wel thee be!  
 Mans sed in thee is sowe;  
 Fewe men wyl forsakē thee  
 In any cuntre that I knowe. . . 1197

**SLOTH.** Ya! whanne ye be in bedde  
 browth bothe,  
 Wappyd wel in worthy wede,  
 Thanne I, Slawthē, wyl be wrothe  
 But ij brothelys<sup>3</sup> I may brede. 1214  
 Whanne the messē-bellē goth,<sup>4</sup>  
 Lye styll, man, and take non hede! . . .

**MANKIND.** Owe, Slawthe, thou seyst me  
 skylle! 1224  
 Men vse thee mekyl,<sup>5</sup> God it wot. . .

[*Having accepted the Seven Deadly Sins,  
 Mankind rejoices.*]

**MANKIND.** "Mankynde" I am callyd be  
 kynde,  
 With curssydnesse in costis knet,  
 In sowre swettenesse my syth I sende,  
<sup>1</sup> Food.      <sup>2</sup> Rich, delicate.  
<sup>3</sup> Worthless persons, scoundrels.  
<sup>4</sup> Mass-bell rings (calling to church).  
<sup>5</sup> Much.

With seuene synnys sadde be-set. 1244  
 Mekyl myrthe I moue in mynde,  
 With melody at my mowthis met.<sup>1</sup>  
 My prowd pouer schal I not pende<sup>2</sup>

Tyl I be putte in peynys pyt, 1248  
 To hellē hent<sup>3</sup> fro hens.  
 In dale of dole tyl we are downe,  
 We schul be clad in a gay gowne.  
 I se no man but they vse somme  
 Of these vij dedly synnys. . . 1253

[On the *platea*, the Good Angel sorely mourns. Shrift and Penance come to him, and ask why he laments. The Good Angel answers that he is lamenting for Mankind, whose ruin is near, and begs Shrift to help. Shrift promises to do what he can.]

*Then they will go to Mankind [who is still on the scaffold of Covetousness]; and let Shrift say:<sup>4</sup>*

SHRIFT. What, Mankynde! Whou<sup>5</sup> goth this?

What dost thou with these deuelys seuene?

Alas, alas! man, al a-mys!

Blyse in the mane<sup>6</sup> of God in heuenc,  
 I rede, so haue I rest. 1344

These lotly lordeynys<sup>7</sup> away thou lyfte,

And cum doun and speke with Schryfte,

And drawe thee yernē to sum thryfte!  
 Trewly it is the best. 1348

MANKIND. A, Schryfte! thou art wel be-note<sup>8</sup>

Here to Slawthe, that syttyth here-inne.  
 He seyth thou mytyst a com to mannys cote<sup>9</sup>

On Palme-Sunday al be tyme. 1352  
 Thou art com al to sone!

Therefore, Schryfte, be thi fay,  
 Goo forthe tyl on Good Fryday!  
 Tente<sup>10</sup> to thee thanne wel I may;

I haue now ellys to done. . . 1357

<sup>1</sup> Mouth's might (at command).

<sup>2</sup> Limit.

<sup>3</sup> Carried off, snatched.

<sup>4</sup> MS. *Tunc ibunt ad Humanum Genus; et dicat Confessio.*

<sup>5</sup> How.

<sup>6</sup> Rejoice in the power.

<sup>7</sup> Loathsome rascals.

<sup>8</sup> Beknown?

<sup>9</sup> Dwelling.

<sup>10</sup> Listen.

[Shrift bids Mankind confess, if he wishes for bliss. Penance, too, urges him to repent. At last Mankind sighs for his sins, and cries to God for mercy.]

MANKIND. Nay, sertis, that schal I not do!

Schryfte, thou schalte the sothē se;  
 For thow Mankynde be wonte ther-to,  
 I wyl now al a-mendē me. 1448  
 I com to thee, Schryfte, al holy, lo!

*Then he descends [from the scaffold of Covetous] to Shrift.<sup>1</sup>*

I forsake you, synnys, and fro you fle!  
 Ye schapyn to man a sory scho!<sup>2</sup>

Whanne he is be-gyld in this degre, 1452  
 Ye bleykyn al hys ble.<sup>3</sup>

Synne, thou art a sory store! . . .

[Mankind confesses his misdeeds, and Shrift grants him absolution from all his sins. Mankind then requests to be placed where he will be free from the attacks of the Seven Deadly Sins.]

SHRIFT. To swyche a place I schal thee kenne,<sup>4</sup>

Ther thou mayst dwelle with-outyn dystaunce<sup>5</sup>

And al-vey kepē thee fro synne —

In-to the Castel of Perseuaraunce. 1552  
 If thou wylt to heuene wynne,

And kepe thee fro werldyly dystaunce,  
 Goo [to] yone Castel, and kepe thee ther-inne,

For [it] is strengre thanne any in Fraunce. 1556

To yone castel I thee seende.

That castel is a precyous place,  
 Ful of vertu and of grace:

Who-so leuyth there his lyuys space,  
 No synne schal hym schende.<sup>6</sup> . . .

[Shrift then leads him up to the Castle. Before he is allowed to enter, he is addressed by the ladies who keep the Castle — the Seven Moral Virtues: Meekness, Patience, Charity, Abstinence, Chastity,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Tunc descendit ad Confessionem.*

<sup>2</sup> Shoe.

<sup>3</sup> Bleach all his color.

<sup>4</sup> Direct, guide.

<sup>5</sup> Dissension, enmity.

<sup>6</sup> Injure.

Industry, and Generosity — each giving him good advice. Mankind promises that he will follow their instructions.]

MANKIND. Ladys in lond, louely and lyt,<sup>1</sup> 1670  
Lykyng lelys, ye be my leche!<sup>2</sup> . .

MEEKNESS. Mercy may mende al thi mone. 1696  
Cum in here at thynne owyn wylle!

[She opens the gate, and Mankind enters, while the Virtues sing "Cum sancto sanctus eris," et cetera.]<sup>3</sup>

We schul thee fendē fro thi fon<sup>4</sup>  
If thou kepe thee in this castel style.  
Stonde here-inne as style as ston,  
Thanne schal no dedly synne thee spylle:

Whether that synnys cumme or gon, 1702  
Thou schalt with us thi bouris bylle;<sup>5</sup>  
With vertuse we schul thee vauce.<sup>6</sup>  
This Castel is of so qweynt a gynne,<sup>7</sup>  
That who-so-euere holde hym ther-inne,  
He schal neuere fallyn in dedly synne:  
It is the Castel of Perseueranse. 1708  
*Qui perseuerauerit usque in finem, hic saluus erit.*<sup>8</sup> . . .

Then they sing "Eterne Rex altissime," etc.<sup>9</sup>

[On the platea.]

BAD ANGEL. Nay! be Belyals bryth bonys,  
Ther schal he no whyle dwelle!  
He schal be wonne fro these wonys,<sup>10</sup>  
With the World, the Flesch, and the Deuyl of hell! 1721  
Thei schul my wyl a-wreke.  
The synnys seuene, the kyngis thre,  
To Mankynde haue enmyte;  
Scharpely thei schul helpyn me,  
This Castel for to breke. 1726

<sup>1</sup> Gentle.

<sup>2</sup> Amiable fair ones, ye be my physician.

<sup>3</sup> The MS. has written in the margin: *Cum sancto sanctus eris & cetera.*

<sup>4</sup> Protect from thy foes.

<sup>5</sup> Dwelling build.

<sup>6</sup> Advance.

<sup>7</sup> Device.

<sup>8</sup> Matthew xxiv, 13: "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

<sup>9</sup> MS. *Tunc cantabunt "Eterne Rex altissime, &c."*

<sup>10</sup> Dwellings.

Howe! Flypyrgebet Bakbytere!

Yerne<sup>1</sup> oure message loke thou make!

Blythe a-bowt loke thou bere!

Sey, Mankynde his synnys hath forsake. 1730

With yene wenchys he wyl hym were;<sup>2</sup>

Al to holynesse he hath hym take.

In myn hert it doth me dere;<sup>3</sup>

The bost that tho moderis crake<sup>4</sup> 1734

My galle gynnyth to grynde.

Flepyrgebet, ronne up-on a rasche!<sup>5</sup>

Byd the World, the Fend, and the Flesche

That they com to fytyn fresche,<sup>6</sup>

To wynne a-geyn Mankynde. 1739

BACKBITER. I go! I go, on groundē glad!

Swyfter thannē schyp with rodyr!

I makē men masyd and mad,

And euery man to kyllyn odyr 1743

With a sory chere.

I am glad, be Seynt Jamys of Galys,

Of schrewdnes to tellyn talys 1746

Bothyn in Ingelond and in Walys;

And feyth I haue many a fere.<sup>7</sup>

Then they will go to Belial.<sup>8</sup>

[On the scaffold of the Devil.]

[BACKBITER.] Heyl, set in thyn selle!<sup>9</sup>

Heyl, dyngde deuyl in thi delle!

Heyl, lowe in helle!

I cum to thee, talys to telle. 1752

BELYAL. Bakbyter, boy, alwey be holtis and hethe,

Sey now, I sey, what tydyngis? Telle me the sothe! 1754

BACKBITER. Teneful<sup>10</sup> talys I may thee sey,

To thee no good, as I gesse!

Mankynde is gon now a-wey

In-to the Castel of Goodnesse! 1758

Ther he wyl bothe lyuyn and deye,

In dale of dros tyl deth hym dresse.

Hathe thee forsakyn, forsothe I sey,

<sup>1</sup> Swift.

<sup>2</sup> Guard.

<sup>3</sup> Injure.

<sup>4</sup> Those mothers brag.

<sup>5</sup> Haste.

<sup>6</sup> Fight vigorously.

<sup>7</sup> Companion.

<sup>8</sup> MS. *Tunc inu[n]t ad Belial.*

<sup>9</sup> Throne.

<sup>10</sup> Painful, distressing.

And all thi werkis, more and lesse! 1762  
 To yone Castel he gan to crepe.  
 Yone modyr, Meknes, sothe to sayn,  
 And all yene maydyns on yone playn,  
 For to fytyng thei be ful fayn,  
 Mankynde for to kepe. 1767

[Belial calls for Pride, Envy, and Wrath.]

Then Pride, Envy, and Wrath turn themselves about.<sup>1</sup>

PRIDE. Syr kynge, what wytte? <sup>2</sup>  
 We be redy throtis to kytte.<sup>3</sup> 1769  
 BELYAL. Sey, gadelyngis, haue ye harde  
 grace! <sup>4</sup>

And euyl deth mote ye deye!  
 Why lete ye Mankynde fro you pase  
 In-to yene Castel, fro us a-weye? 1773  
 With tene I schal you tey! <sup>5</sup>  
 Harlotis! at onys  
 Fro this wonys! <sup>6</sup>  
 Be Belyals bonys,<sup>7</sup>  
 Ye schul a-beye! <sup>8</sup> 1778

And he will beat them to the ground.<sup>9</sup>

[On the scaffold of the Flesh. Enter Backbiter, running.]

BACKBITER. Heyle, kynge I-calle!  
 Heyl, prinse, proude prekyd in palle! <sup>10</sup>  
 Heyl, hende in halle!  
 Heyl, syr kynge! Fayre thee be-falle! 1795

FLESH. Roy Bakbytynge,  
 Ful redy in robys to rynge,<sup>11</sup>  
 Ful glad tydynges, 1798  
 Be Belyals bonys, I trow thow brynge.

BACKBITER. Ya, for God! owt I crye  
 On thi too sonys and thi dowtyr yinge!  
 Glotoun, Slawthe, and Lechery  
 Hath put me in gret mornynges. 1803  
 They let Mankynde gon up hye  
 In-to yene castel at hys lykynge,  
 Ther-in for to leue and dye,  
 With tho ladys to make endynges, 1807

<sup>1</sup> MS. Tunc vertunt Superbia, Inuidia, & Ira.

<sup>2</sup> What is your mind?

<sup>3</sup> Throats to cut. <sup>4</sup> Plague take you.

<sup>5</sup> With pain I shall you punish.

<sup>6</sup> Dwellings. <sup>7</sup> By Belial's bones!

<sup>8</sup> Suffer for it.

<sup>9</sup> MS. & verberabit eos super terram.

<sup>10</sup> Proud set in rich clothes. <sup>11</sup> Reign.

The flouris fayre and fresche.  
 He is in the Castel of Perseuerauns,  
 And put hys body to penauns.  
 Of hard happe is now thi chauns,  
 Syr kynge, mankyndys Flesche. 1812

Then the Flesh will call aloud to Gluttony,  
 Sloth and Lechery, [who enter].<sup>1</sup>

[Flesh abuses them for letting Mankind slip away, and then administers to them a sound flogging. Backbiting chuckles at their misfortune, then rushes away to inform the World.]

[On the scaffold of the World. Enter Backbiter, who, after informing the World of the loss of Mankind, urges that vengeance be taken on the head of Covetousness.]

BACKBITER. Lo, syr Werld, ye moun  
 a-gryse <sup>2</sup>  
 That ye be scruid on this wyse!  
 Go play you with syr Coueytyse  
 Tyl his crownē crake! 1853

Then they will blow a horn for Covetousness,  
 [who, hearing it, enters].<sup>3</sup>

COVETOUSNESS. Syr bolnyng bowde,<sup>4</sup>  
 Tell me why blowe ye so lowde? 1855

WORLD. Lowde, losel! The deuel thee  
 brenne! <sup>5</sup>

I prey God geue thee a fowl hap!  
 Sey, why letyst thou Mankynde  
 In-to yene castel for to skape? 1859  
 I trow thou gynnyst to raue.  
 Now, for Mankynde is went,  
 Al oure game is schent: <sup>6</sup>  
 Therefore, a sore dryuyng dent,<sup>7</sup>  
 Harlot, thou shalt haue! 1864

Then they will beat him.<sup>8</sup>

COVETOUSNESS. Mercy! mercy! I wyl  
 no more!  
 Thou hast me rappyd with rewly rowtis!<sup>9</sup>  
 I snowre!<sup>10</sup> I sobbe! I syē sore! 1867  
 Myn hed is clateryd al to clowtis!<sup>11</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> MS. Tunc Caro clamabit ad Gulam, Accidiam, & Lasciviam.

<sup>2</sup> Be horrified.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Tunc buccinabunt cornuo ad Avariciam.

<sup>4</sup> Swelling bold one. <sup>5</sup> Burn. <sup>6</sup> Ruined. <sup>7</sup> Blow.

<sup>8</sup> MS. Tunc verberant eum. <sup>9</sup> Pitiful blows.

<sup>10</sup> Scowl, frown. <sup>11</sup> Shaken all to pieces (ragged).

[After much boasting, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil severally prepare to attack the Castle of Perseverance and take Mankind thence. Meekness appeals to her sister Virtues to defend Mankind.]

**MEEKNESS.** Now, my seucne systerys swete,

This day fallyth on us the lot  
**Mankynde** for to schylde and schete <sup>1</sup>

Fro dedly synne and schamely schot. <sup>2</sup>

**Hys** enmys strayen in the strete 2052

To spyllē man with spetows spot; <sup>3</sup>

**Therfor** oure flouris lete now flete, <sup>4</sup>

And kepe we hym, as we haue het, <sup>5</sup> 2055

Amonge vs in this halle.

**Therfor**, vij systerys swote,

Lete oure vertus reyne on rote! <sup>6</sup>

This day we wyl be mans bote <sup>7</sup>

A-geyns these deuelys alle. 2060

[Belial first leads his followers, Pride, Wrath, and Envy, against the Castle of Perseverance. Pride, Wrath, and Envy, with foul language, defy in turn Meekness, Patience, and Charity, and are appropriately answered by those Virtues. At last Belial calls upon his followers to stop talking, and assault the Castle.]

**BELIAL.** What, for Belyalys bonys!

Where a-bowtyn chydē ye?

**Haue** don, ye boyes, al at onys! 2189

Lasche don <sup>8</sup> these moderys, allē thre!

**Werkē** wrakē to this wonys! <sup>9</sup>

The vaunward is grauntyd me.

**Do** these moderys <sup>10</sup> to makyn monys!

Youre dowty dedys <sup>11</sup> now lete se! 2194

Dasche hem al to daggys! <sup>12</sup>

Haue do, boyēs blo and blake!

Wirke these wenchys wo and wrake!

Claryouns cryth up at a krake, <sup>13</sup>

And blowe your brodē baggys! <sup>14</sup> 2199

*Then they will assault the Castle. He that schal pleye Belyal, loke that he haue gunne-*

<sup>1</sup> Shield and guard.

<sup>2</sup> Shame-bringing shot (assault).

<sup>3</sup> Despitous (vexing) disgrace.

<sup>4</sup> Fly (the Virtues throw flowers at the attackers).

<sup>5</sup> Promised.

<sup>6</sup> Reign (or prevail) in a troop.

<sup>7</sup> Help, salvation.

<sup>8</sup> Beat down.

<sup>9</sup> Dwellings.

<sup>10</sup> Make these mothers.

<sup>11</sup> Doughty deeds.

<sup>12</sup> Tatters, rags.

<sup>13</sup> Clarions cry up loudly.

<sup>14</sup> Bag-pipes.

*powder brenny[n]ge in rypps in his hands  
and in his eris and in nis ers, whanne he  
gothe to bat[te].<sup>1</sup>*

[The Virtues beat them back with roses, emblematic of Christ's passion. With many exclamations of pain, Belial and his followers depart, confessing themselves utterly defeated. Next Flesh assembles his warriors, Gluttony, Sloth, and Lechery, and leads them to an assault upon the Castle. Gluttony abuses Abstinence, Lechery defies Chastity, and Sloth threatens Industry. The Virtues make suitable replies. At last Flesh orders his followers to stop talking and fight.]

**FLESH.** Ey, for B[e]lyalys bonys, the kyng,

Where-a-bowte stonde ye al day!

**Caytyuys!** lete be your kakelynge,

And rappe at rowtis of a-ray! <sup>2</sup> 2369

**Glottony**, thou fowle gadlynge,

Sle <sup>3</sup> Abstynens, if thou may!

**Lechery**, with thi werkynge,

To Chastyte make a wyckyd a-ray 2372

A lytyl throwe. <sup>4</sup>

And whyl we fyth

For owre ryth,

In bemys bryth <sup>5</sup>

Late blastis blowe!

2378

[They assault the Castle, <sup>6</sup> but are beaten back in utter discomfort. Then the World assumes the task of overcoming Mankind. He appeals to Covetousness to "work in the best wise" and make Mankind come away "from yon Virtues all." Covetousness advances alone to the Castle, and addresses Mankind.]

**COVETOUSNESS.** How, Mankynde! I am a-tenyde <sup>7</sup>

For thou art there so in that holde.

Cum and speke with thi best frende,

Syr Coueytysel! Thou knowyst me of

olde.

2431

<sup>1</sup> MS. has merely *Tunc pugnabunt domini*. I have added the stage-direction from the plan of the staging (see p. 264).

<sup>2</sup> Strike at crowds in martial array.

<sup>3</sup> Kill.

<sup>4</sup> Time, while.

<sup>5</sup> Trumpets bright.

<sup>6</sup> MS. *Tunc pugnabunt domini*.

<sup>7</sup> Vexed.

What deuy! schalt thou ther lenger  
lende<sup>1</sup>

With grete penaunce in that castel  
colde!

In-to the world, if thou wylt, wende  
A-monge men to bere thee bolde, 2435  
I redē,<sup>2</sup> be seynt Gyle.

How, Mankynde! I thee say,

Com to Coueytise, I thee prey.

We to schul to-gedyr pley,

If thou wylt, a whyle. . . 2440

MANKIND. Coueytise, whedyr schuld I  
wende?

What wey woldyst that I sulde holde?

To what place woldyst thou me sende?

I gynne to waxyn hory and colde; 2483

My bake gynnyth to bowe and bende;

I crulle<sup>3</sup> and crepe, and wax al colde.

Age makyth man ful vnthende,<sup>4</sup>

Body and bonys, and al vnwolde.<sup>5</sup> 2487

My bonys are feyhl and sore;

I am arayed in a sloppe;<sup>6</sup>

As a yonge man, I may not hoppe;

My nose is colde, and gynnyth to  
droppe;

Myn her<sup>7</sup> waxit al hore. 2492

COVETOUSNESS. Petyr! thou hast the  
morē nede

To hauē sum good<sup>8</sup> in thyn age —

Markys,<sup>9</sup> poundys, londys and lede, 2495

Howsys and homys, castell and cage!

Therfor do as I thee rede!

To Coueytise cast thi parage!<sup>10</sup>

Cum, and I schal thyne erdyn bede;<sup>11</sup>

The werthi World schal geue thee  
wage, 2500

Certis not a lyth.<sup>12</sup>

Com on, olde man! It is no reprefe

That Coueytysē be thee lefe.<sup>13</sup> . . .

MANKIND. I wyl not do these ladys dys-  
pyt

To forsakyn hem for so lyt.

To dwellyn here is my delyt;

Here arn my best frendis. 2518

COVETOUSNESS. Ya! up and doun thou  
take the wey

Thorwe this werld to walkyn and wende,

And thou schalt fyndē, soth to sey,

Thi purs schal be thi best[ē] frende. 2522

Thou thou syt al day and prey,

No man schal com to thee, nor sende;

But if thou haue a peny to pey,

Men schul to thee thanne lystyn and  
lende, 2526

And kelyn<sup>1</sup> al thi care.

Therefore to me thou hange and helde,<sup>2</sup>

And be coueytous whylys thou may  
thee welde.<sup>3</sup>

If thou be pore, and nedy, and elde,

Thou schalt oftyn euy! fare. 2531

MANKIND. Coueytise, thou seyst a good  
skyl.<sup>4</sup>

So gretē god<sup>5</sup> me [wyl] a-vaunce,

Al thi byddynge don I wyl.

I forsake the Castel of Perseuer-  
aunce; 2535

In Coueytise I wyl me hyle,<sup>6</sup>

For to gete sum sustynance.

*Then Mankind descends to Covetousness.<sup>7</sup>*

[The Virtues plead with Mankind not to  
leave the Castle of Perseverance, pointing  
out to him the folly of trusting to worldly  
wealth. But the Bad Angel interrupts  
them, and says to Mankind:]

BAD ANGEL. Ya! go forthe, and lete the  
qwenys cakle!

Ther wymmen arn are many wordys.

Lete hem gone hoppyn with here hakle!<sup>8</sup>

Ther ges syttyn are many tordys. 2652

With Coueytise thou renne on rakle,<sup>9</sup>

And hange thyne hert up on his hordis.

Thou schalt be schakyn in myn schakle;<sup>10</sup>

Vnbynde thi baggys on his bordis,

On hys benchys a-boue. 2657

Parde, thou gost owt of mankynde

But Coueytise be in thi mende;

<sup>1</sup> Cool.

<sup>2</sup> Hold.

<sup>3</sup> Rule, govern.

<sup>4</sup> Sayest a good reason.

<sup>5</sup> Great riches.

<sup>6</sup> Hide.

<sup>7</sup> MS. *Tunc descendit ad Avariciam Humanum*

*Genus.*

<sup>8</sup> Hopping with their mantles (cf. the stage direc-  
tion at line 3130).

<sup>9</sup> In haste.

<sup>10</sup> Shackle.

<sup>1</sup> Remain. <sup>2</sup> Advise. <sup>3</sup> Crawl.

<sup>4</sup> Miserable. <sup>5</sup> Unwieldy, stiff.

<sup>6</sup> A loose gown. <sup>7</sup> Hair. <sup>8</sup> Riches.

<sup>9</sup> A denomination of money, 13s., 4d.

<sup>10</sup> Lineage; kinship? <sup>11</sup> Message present.

<sup>12</sup> Little. <sup>13</sup> Be to thee dear.



If euere thou thynkē to be thende,<sup>1</sup>  
On hym thou ley thi loue. 2661

[Mankind makes his decision, and goes away with Covetousness, while the Good Angel laments sorely.]

[On the scaffold of the World.]

WORLD. A, A! This game goth as I wolde.  
Mankynde wyl neuere the World forsake!

Tyl he be ded, and vndyr molde,  
Holy to me he wyl hym take. 2691

To Coveytyse he hath hym yolde;<sup>2</sup>

With my wele<sup>3</sup> he wyl a-wake.

For a thousande pounce I nolde

But Coveytysē we Mans make,<sup>4</sup> 2695

Certys, on euery wyse.

All these gamys he schal be-wayle,

For I, the World, am of this entayle;<sup>5</sup>

In hys moste nede I schal hym fayle,

And al for Coveytyse. 2700

[Covetousness leads Mankind to a "bower" under the Castle, where a bed and a cupboard are prepared.]

COVETOUSNESS. Now, Mankynde, be war of this:

Thou art a party wele in age;

I woldē not thou ferdyst a-mys;

Go we now knowe my castel cage. 2704

In this bowre I schal thee blys;

Worldly wele schal be thi wage;

More mucke thanne is thyne, i-wys,

Take thou in this trost terage,<sup>7</sup> 2708

And loke that thou do wronge.

Coveytyse, it is no sore,

He wyl the feffen ful of store,

And alwey, alwey, sey "more and more";

And that schal be thi songe. 2713

MANKIND. A, Coveytyse, haue thou good grace!

Certys thou beryst a trewe tonge:

"More and more," in many a place,

Certys, that song is oftyn songe. 2717

<sup>1</sup> Prosperous.

<sup>3</sup> Yielded.

<sup>2</sup> Wealth, happiness.

<sup>4</sup> Mate.

<sup>5</sup> Entail, fashion, quality.

<sup>6</sup> See the instructions on page 264.

<sup>7</sup> Trust payment.

I wyste neuere man, be bankis bace,<sup>1</sup>

So seyn, in clay tyl he were clonge:<sup>2</sup>

"I-now, i-now"<sup>3</sup> hadde neuere space;

That ful songe was neuere songe, 2721

Nor I wyl not begynne.

Goode Coveytysē, I thee prey

That I myth with thee play!

Geue me good inow or that I dey,

To wonne in werldys wyne.<sup>4</sup> 2726

COVETOUSNESS. Haue here, Mankynde, a thousand marke!

I, Coveytyse, haue thee this gote.

Thou mayst purchase ther-with bothe ponde and parke,

And do ther-with mekyl note. 2730

Lene no man here-of, for no karke,<sup>5</sup>

Thou he schuld hangē be the throte,

Monke nor frerē, prest nor clerke;

Ne helpē ther-with chyrche nor

cote,<sup>6</sup> 2734

Tyl deth thi body delue.

Thou he schuld sterue in a caue,

Lete no pore man ther-of haue;

In grene gres tyl thou be graue,

Kepe sum-what for thi selue. 2739

MANKIND. I vow to God, it is gret husbandry:

Of thee I take these noblys<sup>7</sup> rownde.

I schal me rapyn,<sup>8</sup> and that in hye,

To hyde this gold vnder the grownde.

Ther schal it ly tyl that I dye; 2744

It may be kepte ther saue and sownde.

Thou my neygbores schuld be hangyn hye,

Ther-of getyth he neythyr peny nor pownde. 2747

Yit am I not wel at ese;

Now wolde I haue castel wallys,

Strongē stedys and styf in stallys.

With hey holtys<sup>9</sup> and hey hallys, 2751

Coveytyse, thou must me sese.<sup>10</sup>

[Exit Covetousness. Mankind declares that the burden of his song shall be "more and more" wealth, and that if he can dwell in prosperity, he is willing "never to comyn in hevene."]

<sup>1</sup> A metrical tag.

<sup>3</sup> Till he were buried.

<sup>2</sup> "Enough, enough."

<sup>4</sup> Joy, pleasure.

<sup>5</sup> Distress.

<sup>6</sup> Cottage.

<sup>7</sup> A coin.

<sup>8</sup> Hasten.

<sup>9</sup> Woods.

<sup>10</sup> Endow.

[Enter Death with a dart.]

DEATH. Ow! now it is tyme hye  
To castyn Mankynde to dethys dynt! <sup>1</sup>  
In al hys werkis he is vnslye; <sup>2</sup> 2781  
Mekyl of hys lyf he hath myspent.  
To Mankynde I ney ny. <sup>3</sup>  
With rewly <sup>4</sup> rappys he schal be rent.  
Whanne I com, iche man drede forthe,  
But yit is ther no geyn [i]-went, <sup>5</sup> 2786  
Hey hyl, holte, nyn hethe. <sup>6</sup>  
Ye schul me drede, euery-chone; <sup>7</sup>  
Whanne I come, ye schul grone!  
My name in londe is lefte a-lone:  
I hatte <sup>8</sup> "Drery Dethe." . . . 2791

To Mankynde now wyl I reche; <sup>9</sup>  
He hathe hole hys hert on Coveytyse.  
A newe lessun I wyl hym teche,  
That he schal bothe grwecchyn and  
gyse! <sup>10</sup> 2834  
No lyf <sup>11</sup> in londe schal ben his leche; <sup>12</sup>  
I schal hym proue of myn emprye; <sup>13</sup>  
With this poynt I schal hym breche,  
And wappyn <sup>14</sup> hym in a woful wyse; 2838  
No body schal ben hys bote. <sup>15</sup>

[Goes to Mankind.]

I schal thee schapyn a schenful  
schappe; <sup>16</sup>  
Now I kylle thee with myn knappe! <sup>17</sup>  
I reche to thee, Mankynde, a rappe  
To thyne hertē rote! 2843

[He strikes him with his dart.]

MANKIND. A, Deth, Deth! Drye is thi  
dryfte! <sup>18</sup>  
Ded is my desteny!  
Myn hed is cleuyn al in a clyfte!  
For clappe of carē now I crye; 2847  
Myn eye-ledys may I not lyfte;  
Myn braynys waxyn al emptye;  
I may not onys myn hod up schyfte. <sup>19</sup>  
With Dethys dynt[ē] now I dey! 2851

<sup>1</sup> Blow. <sup>3</sup> Unskilful, foolish.  
<sup>2</sup> Approach near. <sup>4</sup> Pitiful.  
<sup>3</sup> No help hoped for.  
<sup>6</sup> High hill, holt, nor heath. <sup>7</sup> Everyone.  
<sup>8</sup> I am called. <sup>9</sup> Proceed, go  
<sup>10</sup> Complain and tremble. <sup>11</sup> Person, one.  
<sup>12</sup> Physician. <sup>13</sup> Prowess.  
<sup>14</sup> Bewilder, strike. <sup>15</sup> Help.  
<sup>16</sup> Shape an infamous shape. <sup>17</sup> Blow.  
<sup>18</sup> Dreary is thy driving.  
<sup>19</sup> My hood (*gy.* head) up shift (move).

Syr Werld, I am hent!  
Werld! Werld! haue me in mende!  
Goode syr Werld! helpe now Man-  
kende!  
But thou me helpe, Deth schal me  
schende;  
He hat dyth to me a dynt! <sup>1</sup> 2856

Werld! my wyt waxyt wronge;  
I chaunge, bothe hyde and hewe;  
Myn eye-ledys waxyn al outewronge; <sup>2</sup>  
But thou me helpe sore it schal me  
rewel! 2860  
Now holde that thou haste be-hete <sup>3</sup> me  
longe!  
For all felechepys olde and newe,  
Lesse me of my peynys stronge!  
Sum bote of balē <sup>4</sup> thou me brewe, 2864  
That I may of thee yelp! <sup>5</sup>  
Werld, for oldē aqweyntawns,  
Helpe me fro this sory chawns!  
Deth hathe lacchyd <sup>6</sup> me with his  
launce!  
I deye but thou me helpe. 2869

WORLD. Owe, Mankynde, hathe Dethe  
with thee spoke?  
A-geyns hym helpyth no wage! <sup>7</sup>  
I wold thou were in the erthe be-loke, <sup>8</sup>  
And a-nother hadde thyne erytage! 2873  
Oure bonde of loue schal sone be broke;  
In coldē clay schal be thy cage.  
Now schal the Werld on thee be wroke, <sup>9</sup>  
For thou hast don so gret outrage; 2877  
Thi good <sup>10</sup> thou schalt for-goo.  
Werldlys good thou hast for-gon,  
And with tottys <sup>11</sup> thou schalt be torn.  
Thus haue I seryyd here be-forn,  
A hundryd thousand moo! 2882

MANKIND. Ow, Werld! Werld! euer  
worthe wol! <sup>12</sup>  
And thou, synful Coveytyse, 2884  
Whanne that a man schal fro you go,  
Ye werke with hym on a wonder wyse!  
The wytte of this werld is sorwe and wo.  
Be ware, good men, of this gysel

<sup>1</sup> Given to me a blow.  
<sup>2</sup> Outwring (flowing with tears).  
<sup>3</sup> Promised. <sup>4</sup> Relief from harm.  
<sup>5</sup> Speak (in praise). <sup>6</sup> Struck.  
<sup>7</sup> Challenge to fight. <sup>8</sup> Enclosed.  
<sup>9</sup> Avenged. <sup>10</sup> Goods, riches.  
<sup>11</sup> Fools. <sup>12</sup> Woe befall thee ever.

Thus hathe he seruyd many on mo.  
 In sorwe slakyth al his a-syse; <sup>1</sup> 2890  
 He beryth a tenynge <sup>2</sup> tunggel  
 Why I leyd with hym my lott,  
 Ye seyn whou fayre he me be-hett; <sup>3</sup>  
 And now he wolde I were a clott  
 In colde cley for to clynge. . . . 2895

[After much lamentation, Mankind lies down upon his bed to die.]

Now, alas, my lyf is lak!  
 Bitter balys I gynne to brewel  
 Certis, a vers that Daudid spak  
 I the Sawter; <sup>4</sup> I fynde it trewe: 2986  
*Tesaurizat, et ignorat cui congregabit*  
*ea.* <sup>5</sup>  
 Tresor, tresor, it hathe no tak; <sup>6</sup>  
 It is other mens, olde and newe.  
 Ow, ow! my good gothe al to wrak!  
 Sorë may Mankyndë rewe! 2990  
 God kepe me fro dyspayr!  
 Al my good, with-out[en] fayle,  
 I haue gadryd with gret trauayle,  
 The World hathe ordeynyd of his  
 entayle; 2994  
 I wot neuere who to be myn eyr.

Now, good men, takythe example at  
 me!

Do for youre self whyl ye han spase!  
 For many men thus seruyd be  
 Thorwe the World in dyuerse place.  
 I bolne and bleyke in bloddy ble, <sup>7</sup> 3000  
 And as a flour fadyth my face.  
 To helle I schal bothe fare and fle, <sup>8</sup>  
 But God me grauntë of his grace. 3003  
 I deyë certeynly.  
 Now my lyfe I hauë lore. <sup>9</sup>  
 Myn hert brekyth. I syhë sore.  
 A word may I speke no more. 3007  
 I putte me in Godys mercy. [Dies.]

[Mankind's Soul crawls from beneath the

<sup>1</sup> Assize, fashion, judgment.

<sup>2</sup> Harm-inflicting.

<sup>3</sup> How fair he promised me.

<sup>4</sup> Psalter.

<sup>5</sup> Psalm xxxviii, 7 (in the Vulgate), xxxix, 6 (in the Authorized Version): "He heapech up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

<sup>6</sup> Endurance.

<sup>7</sup> I swell and become pale in bloody color.

<sup>8</sup> Go and flee.

<sup>9</sup> Lost.

bed. <sup>1</sup> Enter the Good Angel and the Bad Angel.]

SOUL. "Mercy!" This was my last  
 tale  
 That euer my body was a-bowth.  
 But Mercy helpe me in this vale,  
 Of dampnyng drynke sore I me  
 doute. 3012

[The Soul goes to the bed and addresses the Body.]

Body! thou dedyst brew a byttyr bale,  
 To thi lustys whanne gannyst loute! <sup>2</sup>  
 Thi sely <sup>3</sup> sowle schal ben a-kale. <sup>4</sup> 3015  
 I beye thi dedys with rewly rowte; <sup>5</sup>  
 And al it is for gyle.  
 Euere thou hast be coueytows,  
 Falsly to getyn londe and hows;  
 To me thou hast brewyn a byttyr  
 jows; <sup>6</sup>  
 So welaway the whyle! 3021

[The Soul turns for aid to the Good Angel.]

Now, swet aungel, what is thi red? <sup>7</sup>  
 The ryth red thou me reche!  
 Now my body is dressyd to ded,  
 Helpe now me, and be my leche! 3025  
 Dyth <sup>8</sup> thou me fro deuelys drede!  
 Thy worthy weyë thou me teche!  
 I hope that God wyl helpyn and be myn  
 hed, <sup>9</sup>  
 For "Mercy" was my lastë speche:  
 Thus made my body his ende. 3030

[ \* \* \* \* \* ] 10.

[BAD ANGEL.] Wyttnesse of al that ben  
 a-bowte,  
 Syr Coueytysse he had hym owte;  
 Therfor he schal, with-outyn dowte,  
 With me to hellë pytt. 3034

<sup>1</sup> See the diagram of the stage, page 264: "Mankynde is bed schal be vnder the Castel, and there schal the Sowle lye vnder the bed tyl he schal ryse and playe."

<sup>2</sup> How to, submit to.

<sup>3</sup> Poor, deserving of pity.

<sup>4</sup> Frozen (overwhelmed in suffering).

<sup>5</sup> I pay for thy deeds with pitiful blows (of suffering).

<sup>6</sup> Brewed a bitter juice. E.E.T.S. prints *brokyn*, but the MS. clearly has *brewyn*.

<sup>7</sup> Advice.

<sup>8</sup> Put.

<sup>9</sup> Heed (one who cares for).

<sup>10</sup> A page in the manuscript is here lost, containing, doubtless, the reply of the Good Angel.

**GOOD ANGEL.** Ye, a-las! and welawo!  
 A-geyns Coueytysse can I not telle.  
**Resun** wyl I fro thee goo;  
 For, wrechyd sowle, thou muste to  
 helle! 3038  
**Coueytysse**, he was thi fo;  
 He hathe thee schapyn a schameful  
 schelle.<sup>1</sup>  
**Thus** hathē seruyd many on mo,  
 Tyl thei be dyth to dethys delle, 3042  
 To byttyr balys bowre.  
 Thou muste to peyne, be ryth resun.  
 With Coveytysse, for he is chesun,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou art trappyd ful of tresun, 3046  
 But Mercy be thi socowre.<sup>3</sup> . . .

[Exit.]

[The Soul calls upon Mercy.]

**SOUL.** Alas, Mercy! thou art to longe!  
 Of sadde sorwe now may I syng!  
**Holy Wryt** it is ful wronge,  
 But Mercy pasē allē thyng. 3064  
**I am** ordeynyd to peynys stronge;  
 In wo is dressyd myn wonnyng;<sup>4</sup>  
**In helle** on hokys I schal honge;  
 But Mercy fro a wellē spryng, 3068  
 This deuyl wyl haue me a-way.  
 Weleaway! I was ful wod  
 That I forsoke myn Aungyl Good,  
 And with Coueytysē stod  
 Tyl that day that I schuld dey. 3073

**BAD ANGEL.** Ya! why woldyst thou be  
 coueytous,  
 And drawe thee a-gayn to synne?  
**I schal** thee brewe a byttyr jous!<sup>5</sup>  
 In bolnynge bondys<sup>6</sup> thou schalt  
 brenne; 3077  
**In hyē helle** schal be thyne hous;  
 In pycke and ter to grone and grenne,<sup>7</sup>  
**Thou schalt** lye drenkelyd<sup>8</sup> as a movs;  
 Ther may no man ther-fro thee werne<sup>9</sup>  
 For that ilkē wyll.<sup>10</sup> 3082  
 That day the ladys thou for-soke,  
 And to my counsel thou thee toke,  
 Thou were betyr an-hangyn on hoke  
 Up on a jebet hyll. . . . 3086

Now dagge<sup>1</sup> we hens a doggē trot; 3100  
 In my dongion I schal thee dere.<sup>2</sup> . . .

Lo! synful tydyng,  
 Boy, on thi bak I brynge.  
 Spedely thou spryng;<sup>3</sup>  
**Thi placebo** I schal syng! 3125  
 To deuelys delle  
 I schal thee bere to helle.  
 I wyl not dwelle.

[To the audience.]

Haue good day! I goo to helle! 3129

[He takes the Soul on his back to hell.]

[On the platea enter the Four Daughters of  
 God: Mercy, Truth, Righteousness, and  
 Peace. "The iij doweris shul be clad  
 in mentelys; Merci in wyth, Rythwys-  
 nesse in red, al to-gedyr; Trewth in sad  
 grene, and Pes al in blake." <sup>4</sup>]

**MERCY.** A mone I herd of "mercy" meve,<sup>5</sup>  
 And to me, Mercy, gan crye and call;  
 But if<sup>6</sup> it haue mercy, sore it schal me  
 greve,  
 For ellis it schal to hellē fall. 3133  
**Rythwysnes**,<sup>7</sup> my syster cheve,<sup>8</sup>  
 Thys ye herde: so dyde we all;  
 For we were mad frendis leve<sup>9</sup>  
**Whanne** the Jevys proferyd Criste  
 eysyl<sup>10</sup> and gall 3137  
 On the Good Fryday.  
 God graunted that remission,  
 Mercy, and absolicion,  
 Thorwe vertu of his passion,  
 To no man schuld be seyde  
 "nay." 3142

Therfore, my systers, Rytwysnes,  
 Pes, and Trewthe, to you I tell, —  
**Whanne** man crieth "mercy," and wyl not  
 ses, 3145  
 Mercy schal be his waschyng well:  
 Wytnesse of holy kyrke.

<sup>1</sup> Jog.<sup>2</sup> Vex, do harm to.<sup>3</sup> The text here may be confused. We should expect the fiend to order the lost soul to spring on his back.<sup>4</sup> See the instructions accompanying the plan for staging the play (page 264).<sup>5</sup> Solieit, beg.<sup>6</sup> Unless.<sup>7</sup> Righteousness.<sup>8</sup> Chief.<sup>9</sup> Dear friends.<sup>10</sup> Vinegar.<sup>1</sup> Hut, shanty.<sup>2</sup> The cause.<sup>3</sup> Succor.<sup>4</sup> Prepared my dwelling.<sup>5</sup> Juice.<sup>6</sup> In swelling bonds.<sup>7</sup> Groan and grin.<sup>8</sup> Drowned.<sup>9</sup> Defend.<sup>10</sup> Very fiend? While (time)? The MS. may be *hyll* (furnace), for its *K* and *w* are much alike.

For the leste drope of blode  
That God bledde on the rode,  
It hadde ben satsyfaccion goode  
For al Mankyndys werke. . . . 3151

RIGHTEOUSNESS. Lete hym a-bye his mys-  
dede!

For, thou he lye in hell and stynke,  
It schal me neuere ouer-thynke.<sup>1</sup>  
As he hath browyn,<sup>2</sup> lete hym drynke! 3163  
The devyl schal qwyte hym his mede.  
*Vnus-quisque suum honus portabit.*<sup>3</sup> . . .

TRUTH. Rytwysnes, my syster fre,  
Your jugement is good and trewe.  
In good fayth so thynkit me;  
Late hym his owyn dedis rewe! . . . 3181

PEACE. Pes, my syster Verite!  
I preye you, Rytwysnes, be styлле!  
Lete no man be you dampnyd be,  
Nor demē ye no man to helle. 3207  
He is on kyn tyl vs thre,<sup>4</sup>  
Thow he haue now not al his wylle.  
For his loue, that dyed on tre,  
Late saue Mankynde fro al peryle. . . . 3211

Rytwysnes and Trewthe, do be my red!  
And Mercy, go we to yone hey place!

[Points to God's scaffold.]

We schal enforme the hey Godhed,  
And pray hym to deme<sup>5</sup> this case. 3220  
Ye schal tell hym youre entent  
Of Trewthe and of Rytwysnesse;  
And we schal pray that his jugement  
May pase be vs,<sup>6</sup> Mercy and Pes. 3224  
Al foure, now go we hens  
Wytly<sup>7</sup> to the Trinite;  
And, ther schal we sonē se  
What that his jugement schal be,  
With-owtyn any deffens.<sup>8</sup> 3229

Then all the Daughters of God ascend to the  
Father; and Truth says:<sup>9</sup>

TRUTH. Heyl, God al-myth!

<sup>1</sup> Trouble. <sup>2</sup> Brewed.  
<sup>3</sup> Galatians vi, 5. "For every man shall bear his  
own burden."  
<sup>4</sup> He is of one kin to us thre. <sup>5</sup> Judge.  
<sup>6</sup> Be rendered by us. <sup>7</sup> Quickly.  
<sup>8</sup> Without remedy or help.  
<sup>9</sup> MS. *Tunc ascende[n]t ad Patrem omnes paritores;*  
*et dixit Veritas.*

We cum, thi dowteris in syth,  
Trewth, Mercy, and Ryth,  
And Pes, pesyble in fyth.<sup>1</sup> 3233

MERCY. We cum to preve,  
If Man, that was thee ful leve,<sup>2</sup>  
If he schal cheve<sup>3</sup>  
To hell or heuene, be thi leve. 3237

RIGHTEOUSNESS. I, Rytwysnes,  
Thi dowtyr, as I ges,  
Let me, neuere-the-lesse,  
At thi dom<sup>4</sup> putte me in pres. 3241

PEACE. Pesyble kyngel  
I, Pes, thi dowtyr yinge,  
Here my preyinge  
Whanne I pray thee, Lord, of a thyng. 3245

GOD. Welcum, in fere,<sup>5</sup>  
Bryther thanne blossom on brere,  
My dowteris dere!  
Cum forth, and stande ye me nere! 3249

TRUTH. Lord, as thou art Kyng of kyngis,  
crownyd with crowne,  
As thou lovyste me, Trewthe, thi  
dowtyr dere,  
Lete neuere me, Trewthe, to fall a-downe,  
My feythfful Fadyr, saunz<sup>6</sup> pere! 3253  
*Quia veritatem dilexisti.*

For in all trewthe standit thi renowne,  
Thi feyth, thi hope, and thi powere.  
Lete it be sene, Lord, now, at thi dome,  
That I may haue my trewe prayere 3257  
To do trewthe to Mankynde.  
For if Mankynde be dempte be ryth,  
And not be mercy, most of myth,  
Here my threthwe, Lord, I thee plyth,  
In presun man schal be pynyde.<sup>7</sup>

Lord! whov schuld Mankynde be savyde,  
Syn he dyed in dedly synne,  
And all thi comaundementis he depravyde,  
And of fals covetyse he wolde neuere  
blyne?<sup>8</sup> . . . 3266

I pray thee, Lord, as I haue space,  
Late Mankynde haue dew dystresse,

<sup>1</sup> Fight. <sup>2</sup> To thee full dear. <sup>3</sup> Go.  
<sup>4</sup> Judgment. <sup>5</sup> Together. <sup>6</sup> Without.  
<sup>7</sup> Tormented. <sup>8</sup> Cease.

In helle fere to be brent. 3310  
 In payne loke he be styлле,  
 Lord, if it be thi wyлле,  
 Or ellys I haue no skylle  
 Be thi trew jugement. 3314

MERCY. *O pater maxime, et Deus totius  
 consolacionis, qui consolatur nos in  
 omni tribulacione nostra!*<sup>1</sup>  
 O thou Fadyr, of mytys moste,  
 Mercyful God in Trinite!  
 I am thi dowter, wel thou woste,<sup>2</sup>  
 And Mercy fro heuene thou browtyst  
 fre. 3318

Schew me thi grace in euery coste!<sup>3</sup>  
 In this cas my counforte be!  
 Lete me, Lord, neuere be loste  
 At thi jugement, whov-so it be, 3322  
 Of Mankynde.  
 Ne had mans synne neuere cum in cas,  
 I, Mercy, schuld neuere in erthe had  
 plas;  
 Therfore graunte me, Lord, thi grace,  
 That Mankynde may me fynde; 3327

And mercy, Lord, haue on this man,  
 Aftyr thi mercy, that mekyll<sup>4</sup> is;  
 Vn-to thi grace that he be tan;<sup>5</sup>  
 Of thi mercy that he not mys! . . . 3331

Lord, thou[gh] that man hathe don more  
 mysse thanne good,  
 If he dey in very contricioun,  
 Lord, the lest drope of thi blod 3369  
 For hys synne makyth satisfaccioun.  
 As thou deydyst, Lord, on the rode,  
 Graunt me my peticioun!  
 Lete me, Mercy, be hys fode,<sup>6</sup>  
 And graunte hym thi saluacion, 3374  
*Quia dixisti "misericordiam amabo."*  
 Mercy schal I synge and say,  
 And "miscrere" schal I pray  
 For Mankynde euere and ay;  
*Misericordias dcmini in eternum  
 cantabo.* 3379

RIGHTEOUSNESS. Rythwys kyng, Lord  
 God almyth!

I am thi dowter Rythwysnesse.  
 Thou hast louyd me euere, day and nyth,  
 As wel as other, as I gesse: 3383  
*Iusticias Dominus iusticia dilexit.*  
 Iff thou Mans-kynde fro payne a-quite,  
 Thou dost a-geyns thyne owyn processe.  
 Lete hym in prison to be pyth<sup>1</sup>  
 For his synne and wyckydnesse! 3387  
 Of a bone<sup>2</sup> I thee pray:  
 Ful oftyn he hathe thee, Lord, for-sake,  
 And to the devyl he hathe hym take;  
 Lete hym lyn in hellë lake,  
 Dampnyd for eue and ay! 3392  
*Quia Deum, qui se genuit, dereliquit. . .*

For if thou take mans sowle to thee  
 A-geyns thi rythwysnesse,  
 Thou dost wronge, Lorde, to Trewth and  
 me,  
 And puttis us fro oure devnesse.<sup>3</sup> 3435  
 Lord, lete vs neuere fro thee fle,  
 Ner streyne vs neuere in stresse,  
 But late thi dom be by vs thre,  
 Mankynde in hell to presse, 3439  
 Lord, I thee be-seche!  
 For Rythwynes dwellis euere sure  
 To deme man aftyr his deseruiture;  
 For, to be dampnyd, it is his vre;<sup>4</sup>  
 On man I crie wreche.<sup>5</sup> 3444  
*Letabitur justus cum viderit vindictam.*<sup>6</sup> . . .

PEACE. Pesible kyng in maieste!  
 I, Pes, thi dowter, aske thee a bone  
 Of Man, whou-so it be. 3486  
 Lord, graunte me myn askyng sone,  
 That I may euermore dwelle with thee,  
 As I haue euere yit done,  
 And lat me neuere fro thee fle,  
 Specialy at thi dome 3491  
 Of Man, thi creature.  
 Thou my systers, Ryth and Trewthe,  
 Of Mankynde haue non rewthe,  
 Mercy and I ful sore vs mewythe<sup>7</sup>  
 To cacche hym to our cure.<sup>8</sup> . . . 3496

Lord, for thi pyte, and that pes  
 Thou sufferyst in thi pascioun —

<sup>1</sup> II Corinthians i, 4: "O greatest Father, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation."

<sup>2</sup> Knowest.

<sup>3</sup> Great.

<sup>4</sup> Way, region (a metrical tag).

<sup>5</sup> Taken.

<sup>6</sup> Food.

<sup>1</sup> Set, put.

<sup>2</sup> Boon, favor.

<sup>3</sup> Right.

<sup>4</sup> Destiny? hour?

<sup>5</sup> Vengeance.

<sup>6</sup> Psalm lvii, 11 (in the Vulgate), lviii, 10 (in the Authorized Version): "The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance."

<sup>7</sup> Move.

<sup>8</sup> To take him to our charge.

Boundyn and betyn, with-out les,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fro the fote to the croun, 3552  
*Tanquam ouis ductus es.*  
 Whanne *gulle sangu[in]is* ran adoun,  
 Yit the Jves wolde not ses, 3555  
 But on thyn hed thei thyrst a croun,  
 And on the cros thee naylyd —  
 As petously as thou were pynyd,<sup>2</sup>  
 Haue mercy of Mankynde,  
 So that he may fynde  
 Oure prayer may hym a-vayle! 3561

THE FATHER (*sitting in his throne*).<sup>3</sup> *Ego cogito cogitaciones pacis, non afflictionis.*<sup>4</sup>

Fayre falle thee, Pes, my dowter dere!  
 On thee I thynke, and on Mercy.  
 Syn ye a-cordyd beth all in fere,  
 My jugement I wyl geue you by, 3565  
 Not aftyr descruyng, to do reddere,<sup>5</sup>  
 To dampne Mankynde to turmentry,  
 But bryng hym to my blysse ful clere,  
 In heuene to dwelle endelesly, 3569  
 At your prayere for-thi.  
 To make my blysse perfyth,  
 I menge<sup>6</sup> with my most myth,  
 Alle pes, sum treuthe, and sum ryth,  
 And most of my mercy. 3574

*Let him say to the Daughters:*<sup>7</sup>

*Misericordia Domini plena est terra. Amen!*  
 My dowters hende,  
 Lufly and lusti to lende,<sup>8</sup>  
 Goo to yone fende,  
 And fro hym take Mankynde! 3578  
 Brynge hym to me!  
 And set hym here be my kne,  
 In heuene to be,  
 In blysse with gamyn and gle.<sup>9</sup> 3582

TRUTH. We schal fulfyll  
 Thin hestis,<sup>10</sup> as resun and skylle,<sup>11</sup>  
 Fro yone gost grylle,<sup>12</sup>  
 Mankynde to brynge thee tylle. 3586

*Then all the Daughters of God ascend to the*

<sup>1</sup> Without lie, in truth.

<sup>2</sup> Tormented.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Pater sedens in trono.*

<sup>4</sup> Jeremiah xxix, 11: "I think thoughts of peace, not of evil." The verse is not quoted exactly.

<sup>5</sup> Harshness.

<sup>6</sup> Mix.

<sup>7</sup> MS. *Dicit filiabus.*

<sup>8</sup> To dwell (a metrical tag).

<sup>9</sup> Mirth and joy.

<sup>10</sup> Commands.

<sup>11</sup> As is right and proper.

<sup>12</sup> Horrid.

*Bad Angel [on the scaffold of Hell]; and let Peace say:*<sup>1</sup>

PEACE. A, thou foule wyth!<sup>2</sup>  
 Lete go that soule so tyth!<sup>3</sup>  
 In he!ue!ne lyth  
 Mankynde sone schal be pyth.<sup>4</sup> 3590

RIGHTEOUSNESS. Go thou to helle,  
 Thou devyl bold as a belle,  
 Ther-in to dwelle,  
 In bras and brimston to welle!<sup>5</sup> 3594

*Then [leading the Soul of Mankind] they shall ascend to the throne [of God].*<sup>6</sup>

MERCY. Lo here Mankynde,  
 Lyter thanne lef is on lynde!  
 That hath ben pynyd,<sup>7</sup>  
 Thi mercy, Lord, lete hym fynde! 3598

THE FATHER (*sitting in judgment*).<sup>8</sup> *Sicut sintille in medio maris.*

My mercy, Mankynde, geue I thee.  
 Cum, syt at my rth honde!  
 Ful wel haue I louyd thee,  
 Vnkynde thow I thee fonde. 3602  
 As a sparke of fyre in the se,  
 My mercy is synne quenchande.<sup>9</sup>  
 Thou hast cause to love me

A-bovyn al thyng in lande, 3606  
 And kepe my comaundement.

If thou me loue and drede,  
 Heuene schal be thi mede;  
 My face thee schal fede.

This is myn Jugement. 3611

*Ego occidam, et uiuificabo; percutiam et sanabo; et nemo est qui de manu mea possit eruere.*<sup>10</sup>

Kyng, kayser, knyght and kampyoun,<sup>11</sup>  
 Pope, patriark, prest, and prelat in pes,  
 Duke dowtyest in dede be dale and be  
 doun, 3614  
 Lytyl and mekyl, the more and the les,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Tunc ascendit ad Matrem Angelum omnes paritiores; et dicit Pax.*

<sup>2</sup> Wight.

<sup>3</sup> Quickly.

<sup>4</sup> Set, put.

<sup>5</sup> Boil.

<sup>6</sup> MS. *Tunc ascendit ad trinum.*

<sup>7</sup> Imprisoned; tortured.

<sup>8</sup> MS. *Pater sedens in Judi[cio].*

<sup>9</sup> Quenching.

<sup>10</sup> Deuteronomy xxxii, 39: "I kill, and I make alive, I wound and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand."

<sup>11</sup> Champion.

All the statys of the werld, is at myn renoun;<sup>1</sup>  
To me schal thei geue a-compt at my  
dygne des.<sup>2</sup>

Whanne Myhel<sup>3</sup> his horn blowith at my  
dred dom,

The count of here conscience schal put-  
ten hem in pres 3619

And yelde a reknyng

Of here space whou they han spent;

And of here trew talent,

At my gret Jugement,

An answer schal me brynge. 3624

*Ecce! requiram gregem meum de manu  
pastorum.*

And I schal inquire of my flok and of here  
pasture,

Whou they haue leuyd, and led here  
peple soiet.<sup>4</sup>

The goode, on the ryde syd schal stond ful  
sure;

The badde on the lyfte syd, ther schal I  
set. 3628

The vij dedis of mercy, who-so hadde vre  
To fylle<sup>5</sup> — the hungry for to geue mete;

Or drynke to thyrsty; the nakyd, vesture;

The pore or the pylgrym, hom for to  
fette; 3632

Thi neybour that hath nede;

Who-so doth mercy to his myth,

<sup>1</sup> Under my control.

<sup>2</sup> Michael.

<sup>3</sup> Was accustomed to perform.

<sup>4</sup> Worthy throne.

<sup>5</sup> Subject.

To the seke,<sup>1</sup> or in presun pyth,<sup>2</sup>

He doth to me — I schal hym  
qvyth.<sup>3</sup>

Heuene blys schal be his mede. 3637

*Et qui bona egerunt, ibunt in vitam  
eternam: qui verb mala, in ignem  
eternum.*

And thei that wel do in this werld here,  
welthe schal a-wake;<sup>4</sup>

In heuene thei schal heynyd<sup>5</sup> [he] in  
bounte and [in] blys;

And thei that evyl do, thei schul to hell<sup>6</sup>  
lake,

In bytter balys to be brent: my jugē-  
ment it is. 3641

My vertus in heuene thanne schal thei  
qwake:

Ther is no wyth<sup>6</sup> in this werld that may  
skape this!

All men example here-at may take,

To mayntein the goode, and mendyn  
here mys. 3645

[To the audience.]

Thus endyth oure gamys!

To sauc you fro synnyng,

Evyr at the begynnyng

Thynke on youre last endynge!

*Te, Deum, laudamus!* 3650

<sup>1</sup> Sick.

<sup>2</sup> Reward.

<sup>3</sup> Exalted.

<sup>4</sup> Those in prison put.

<sup>5</sup> Well-being, bliss, shall awake.

<sup>6</sup> Wight, being.

[The end.]

*Hec sunt nomina ludorum.*

In primis, II VEXILLATORES.

MUNDUS, et cum eo, VOLUPTAS, STULTICIA,  
et GARCIO.

BELIAL, et cum eo SUPERBIA, IRA, et INVIDIA.

CARO, et cum eo GULA, LUXURIA, et AC-  
CIDI[A].

HUMANUM GENUS, et cum eo BONUS  
ANGELUS et MALUS ANGELUS.

AUARICIA.

DETRACCIO.

CONFESSIO.

PENITENTIA.

HUMILITAS.

PACIENCIA.

CARITAS.

ABSTINENCIA.

CASTITAS.

SOLICITUDO.

LARGITAS.

MORS.

ANIMA.

MISERICORDIA.

VERITAS.

JUSTICIA.

PAX.

PATER, sedens in trono.

*Summa, xxxvj ludores.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Only thirty-five players are mentioned.



# EVERYMAN<sup>1</sup>

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GOD.	GOOD DEEDS.
EVERYMAN.	KNOWLEDGE.
DEATH.	CONFESSION.
GOOD FELLOWSHIP.	BEAUTY.
KINDRED.	STRENGTH.
COUSIN.	DISCRETION.
GOODS.	FIVE WITS.

MESSENGER.  
ANGEL.  
DOCTOR.]

HERE BEGYNNETH A TREATYSE HOW YE HYE FADER OF HEUEN SENDETH  
DETHE TO SOMON EUERY CREATURE TO COME AND GYUE  
ACOUNTE OF THEYR LYUES IN THIS WORLDE,  
AND IS IN MANER OF A MORALL  
PLAYE.

[Enter a Messenger as a Prologue.]

MESSENGER. I pray you all gyue your  
audyence,  
And here this mater with reuerence,  
By fygure<sup>1</sup> a morall playe.  
"The Somonyng of Eueryman" called it is,  
That of our lyues and endyng shewes 5  
How transytory we be all daye.  
This mater is wonder[ou]s precyous;  
But the entent<sup>2</sup> of it is more gracyous,  
And swete to bere awaye.  
The story sayth: — Man, in the begyn-  
nyng 10  
Loke well, and take good heed to the en-  
dyng,  
Be you neuer so gay!

<sup>1</sup> In form.    <sup>2</sup> Meaning, import (moral lesson).

Ye thynke synne in the begynnyng full  
swetc,  
Whiche in the ende causeth the soule to wepe  
Whan the body lyeth in claye. 15  
Here shall you se how Falawshyp, and  
Iolyte,  
Bothe Strengthe, Pleasure, and Beaute,  
Wyll fade from the as floure in Maye;  
For ye shall here how our Heuen Kynge  
Calleth Eueryman to a generall reken-  
nyng. 20  
Gyue audyence, and here what he doth  
saye. [Exit.]

*God speketh [from above].<sup>1</sup>*

God. I perceyue, here in my maieste,

<sup>1</sup> Probably he did not come upon the stage, but spoke from a high place.

<sup>1</sup> *Everyman*, the finest of the moralities, is doubtless derived from the Dutch *Elckerlijc*, though some scholars maintain that both plays go back to a common source. In spite of its foreign origin, it is thoroughly English in spirit, and had a vogue with English audiences and early English readers — the fact that four different editions are extant, all appearing shortly after 1500, is sufficient evidence of its popularity — that justifies its inclusion in this volume. The date of its composition is a matter of conjecture; yet we may safely assume that the play was written before the close of the fifteenth century.

Four copies are preserved, two perfect and two fragmentary, of four separate editions, no one of which is dated; bibliographical evidence, however, indicates that they were all printed after 1508, and, at the latest before 1537. I have based the present text on the Britwell copy (B) as reprinted by W. W. Greg in the *Materialien* Series, 1904 (*corrigenda* in *Materialien*, 1910), which seems to give, on the whole, the most satisfactory text; but I have carefully compared this with the Huth copy (H), the British Museum fragment (M), and the Douce fragment (D), and have introduced what seemed to me better readings when such appeared. All changes in the text are recorded in footnotes. A full bibliographical and textual study of the play may be found in Greg's *Everyman*, in the *Materialien* Series, 1910. I have inserted my own punctuation and stage-directions, and have normalized the catch-names of the speakers.

How that all creatures be to me vnkynde,  
Lyuynge without drede in worldely pros-  
peryte.

Of ghostly syght <sup>1</sup> the people be so blynde,  
Drowned in synne, they know me not for  
theyr God. 26

In worldely ryches is all theyr mynde;  
They fere not my ryghtwysnes, the sharpe  
rod; <sup>2</sup>

My lowe <sup>3</sup> that I shewed whan I for them  
dyled

They forgete clene, and shedyng of my  
blode rede; 30

I hanged bytwene two, it can not be de-  
nyed;

To gete them lyfe I suffred to be deed;  
I heled theyr fete, with thornes hurt was  
my heed.

I coude do no more than I dyde, truely;  
And now I se the people do clene forsake  
me. 35

They vse the seuen deedly synnes damp-  
nable.

As pryde, coueytyse, wrath, and lechery  
Now in the worlde be made commendable;  
And thus they leue of aungelles, ye heuenly  
company.

Euery man lyueth so after his owne pleas-  
ure, 40

And yet of theyr lyfe they be nothyng sure.  
I se the more that I them forbere

The worse they be fro <sup>4</sup> yere to yere;  
All that lyueth appayreth <sup>5</sup> faste.

Therefore I wyll, in all the haste, 45  
Haue a rekenyng of euery mannes per-  
sone;

For, and I leue the people thus alone  
In theyr lyfe and wycked tempestes,  
Veryly they wyll become moche worse  
than beestes;

For now one wolde by enuy another vp  
ete; 50

Charyte they do all clene forgete.

I hoped well that euery man  
In my glory shulde make his mansyon;  
And thereto I had them all electe.

But now I se, lyke traytours deiecte, 55  
They thanke me not for ye pleasure that I  
to them ment,

<sup>1</sup> Spiritual insight

<sup>2</sup> Love. B. and H. lawe.

<sup>3</sup> From. (So frequently.)

<sup>4</sup> H. rod; B. rood.

<sup>5</sup> Becometh worse.

Nor yet for theyr beyng <sup>1</sup> that I them  
haue lent.

I profered the people grete multytude of  
mercy,

And fewe there be that asketh it hertly. 59  
They be so combred with worldly ryches  
That nedes on them I must do iustyce,  
On euery man lyuynge, without fere.

Where art thou Deth, thou myghty mes-  
sengere?

[Enter Death.]

DEATH. Almyghty God, I am here at your  
wyll,

Your commaundement to fulfill. 65

GOD. Go thou to Eueryman,  
And shewe hym, in my name,  
A pylgrymage he must on hym take,  
Which he in no wyse may escape;  
And that he bryng with hym a sure reken-  
yng, 70

Without delay or ony taryenge.

[God withdraws.]

DEATH. Lorde, I wyll in the worlde go  
renne <sup>2</sup> ouer all,

And cruelly out-serche bothe grete and  
small.

Euery man wyll I beset that lyueth beestly  
Out of Goddes lawes, and dredeth not  
foly. 75

He that loueth rychesse I wyll stryke with  
my darte,

His syght to blynde, and fro heuen to de-  
parte <sup>3</sup> —

Excepte that almes be his good frende —  
In hell for to dwell, worlde without ende.

[Enter Everyman at a distance.]

Loo, yonder I se Eueryman walkyng. 80  
Full lytell he thynketh on my comyng;  
His mynde is on fleshely lustes, and his  
treasure;

And grete payne it shall cause hym to en-  
dure

Before the Lorde, heuen[']s Kynge.

[Death halts Everyman.]

Eueryman, stande styll! Whyder arte  
thou goynge 85

Thusgayl? Hast thou thy maker forgete?

<sup>1</sup> Being, life.

<sup>2</sup> Run.

<sup>3</sup> Sunder.

EVERYMAN. Why askest thou?  
 Woldest thou wete? <sup>1</sup>  
 DEATH. Ye, syr; I wyll shewe you:  
 In grete hast I am sende to the 90  
 Fro God out of his Mageste.  
 EVERYMAN. What! sente to me?  
 DEATH. Ye, certaynly.  
 Though thou haue forgete hym here,  
 He thyneketh on the in the heuenly spere,<sup>2</sup>  
 As, or we departe, thou shalte knowe! 96  
 EVERYMAN. What desyreth God of me?  
 DEATH. That shall I shewe thee:  
 A rekenynge he wyll nedes haue  
 Without ony lenger<sup>3</sup> respyte. 100  
 EVERYMAN. To gyue a rekenynge longer  
 layser<sup>4</sup> I craue.  
 This bynde mater troubleth my wytte.  
 DEATH. On the thou must take a longe  
 iourney;  
 Therefore thy boke of counte with the thou  
 brynge, 104  
 For turne agayne thou can not by no waye.  
 And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge,  
 For before God thou shalte answer and  
 shewe  
 Thy many badde dedes, and good but a fewe,  
 How thou hast spent thy lyfe, and in what  
 wyse,  
 Before the Chefe Lorde of paradyse. 110  
 Haue ado that<sup>5</sup> we were in that waye,  
 For wete thou well thou shalte make none  
 attournay.<sup>6</sup>  
 EVERYMAN. Full vnredy I am suche rek-  
 enynge to gyue.  
 I knowe the not. What messenger arte  
 thou?  
 DEATH. I am Deth, that no man dred-  
 eth;<sup>7</sup> 115  
 For every man I rest,<sup>8</sup> and no man spareth;  
 For it is Goddes commaundement  
 That all to me sholde be obeydient.  
 EVERYMAN. O Deth! thou comest whan I  
 had ye leest in mynde!  
 In thy power it lyeth me to saue; 120  
 Yet of my good<sup>9</sup> wyl I gyue ye, yf thou wyl  
 be kynde;  
 Ye, a thousande pounde shalte thou haue,  
 And [thou] dyfferre this mater tyll an other  
 daye.

<sup>1</sup> Know.<sup>2</sup> Leisure.<sup>3</sup> Attorney.<sup>4</sup> Arrest.<sup>5</sup> Sphere.<sup>6</sup> Longer.<sup>7</sup> B. *Haue I do we*; I follow H.<sup>8</sup> That respecteth no man.<sup>9</sup> Goods, riches.

DEATH. Eueryman, it may not be, by no  
 waye!  
 I set not by golde, syluer, nor rych-  
 esse, 125  
 Ne by pope, emperour, kynge, duke, ne  
 prynces;  
 For, and I wolde receyue gyftes grete,  
 All the worlde I myght gete;  
 But my custome is clene contrary.  
 I gyue the no respyte. Come hens, and not  
 tary! 130  
 EVERYMAN. Alas! shall I haue no lenger  
 respyte?  
 I may saye Deth geueth no warnynge!  
 To thyne on the it maketh my herte seke,  
 For all vnredy is my boke of rekenynge.  
 But twelve yere and I myght haue abyd-  
 ynge, 135  
 My countynge-boke I wolde make so clere  
 That my rekenynge I sholde not nede to  
 fere.  
 Wherefore, Deth, I praye the, for Goddes  
 mercy,  
 Spare me tyll I be prouyd of remedy!  
 DEATH. The auayleth not to crye, wepe,  
 and praye; 140  
 But hast the lyghtly that thou wert<sup>1</sup> gone  
 that iournaye!  
 And preue thy frendes, yf thou can;  
 For wete thou well the tyde abydeh no  
 man;  
 And in the worlde eche lyuynge creature  
 For Adams synne must dye of nature.<sup>2</sup> 145  
 EVERYMAN. Deth, yf I sholde this pyl-  
 grymage take,  
 And my rekenynge suerly make,  
 Shewe me, for Saynt Charyte,  
 Sholde I not come agayne shortly?  
 DEATH. No, Eueryman; and thou be ones  
 there, 150  
 Thou mayst neuer more come here,  
 Trust me veryly.  
 EVERYMAN. O gracyous God in the hye  
 sete celestyall,  
 Haue mercy on me in this moost nede!  
 Shall I haue no company fro this vale teres-  
 tryall 155  
 Of myne acquelyn[taun]oe that way me to  
 lede?  
 DEATH. Ye, yf only be so hardy

<sup>1</sup> B. H. *were*.<sup>2</sup> By course of nature (i.e. without escape).

That wolde go with the and bere the company.

Hye the that thou wert <sup>1</sup> gone to Goddes magnyfycence,

Thy rekenynge to gyue before his presence. 160

What! wenest thou thy lyue is gyuen the, And thy worldely gooddes also?

EVERYMAN. I had wende so, veryle.

DEATH. Nay, nay; it was but lende the; For, as soone as thou arte go, 165

Another a while shall haue it, and than go therfro,

Euen as thou hast done.

Eueryman, thou arte mad! <sup>2</sup> Thou hast thy wyttes fyue,

And here on erthe wyll not amende thy lyue;

For sodeynly I do come. 170

EVERYMAN. O wretched caytyfe! wheder shall I fle

That I myght scape this endles sorowe?

Now, gentyll Deth, spare me tyll to-morowe,

That I may amende me

With good aduysement. 175

DEATH. Naye; therto I wyll not consent,

Nor no man wyll I respyte;

But to the herte sodeynly I shall smyte

Without any aduysement.

And now out of thy syght I wyll me hy.

Se thou make the redy shortly, 181

For thou mayst saye this is the daye

That no man lyuynge may scape awaye.

[Exit Death.]

EVERYMAN. Alas! I may well wepe with syghes depe!

Now haue I no maner of company 185

To helpe me in my iourney and me to kepe;

And also my wrytynge is full vnredy.

How shall I do now for to excuse me?

I wolde to God I had neuer be gete! <sup>3</sup> 189

To my soule a full grete profyte it had be;

For now I fere paynes huge and grete.

The tyme passeth. Lorde, helpe, that all wrought!

For though I mourne it auayleth nought;

The day passeth, and is almoost ago.<sup>4</sup>

I wote not well what for to do. 195

<sup>1</sup> B. H. were.

<sup>2</sup> Been born.

<sup>3</sup> B. made; H. mad.

<sup>4</sup> Gone by.

To whome were I best my complaynt to make?

What and <sup>1</sup> I to Felawshyp therof spake, And shewed hym of this sodeyne chaunce?

For in hym is all myne affyaunce,<sup>2</sup>

We haue in the worlde so many a daye

Be good frendes in sporte and playe. 201

I se hym yonder certaynely.

I trust that he wyll bere me company, Therefore to hym wyll I speke to ese my sorowe.

Well mette, Good Felawshyp! and good morowe! 205

*Felawshyp speketh.*

FELLOWSHIP. Eueryman, good morowe, by this daye!

Syr, why lokest thou so pyteously?

If ony thyng be amyssse, I praye the me saye,

That I may helpe to remedy.

EVERYMAN. Ye, Good Felawshyp, ye; I am in greate ieoparde. 211

FELLOWSHIP. My true frende, shewe to me your mynde;

I wyll not forsake the to my lyues ende

In the waye of good company.

EVERYMAN. That was well spoken, and louyngly! 215

FELLOWSHIP. Syr, I must nedes knowe your heuynesse;

I haue pyte to se you in ony dystresse.

If ony haue you wronged, ye shall reuenged be,

Though I on the grounde be slayne for the, Though that I knowe before that I sholde dye! 220

EVERYMAN. Veryly, Felawshyp, gramercy.

FELLOWSHIP. Tusshe! by thy thanks I set not a strawe!

Shewe me your grefe, and saye no more.

EVERYMAN. If I my herte sholde to you breke,

And than you to tourne your mynde fro me 225

And wolde not me comforte whan ye here me speke,

Than sholde I ten tymes soryer be.

FELLOWSHIP. Syr, I saye as I wyll do, inde.

<sup>1</sup> If. (So frequently.)

<sup>2</sup> Trust.

EVERYMAN. Than be you a good frende at nede!

I haue founde you true here before. 230

FELLOWSHIP. And so ye shall euermore;

For, in fayth, and thou go to hell

I wyll not forsake the by the waye.

EVERYMAN. Ye speke lyke a good frende!  
I byleue you well.

I shall deserue it, and I may. 235

FELLOWSHIP. I speke of no deseruyng,  
by this daye!

For he that wyll saye, and nothyng do,

Is not worthy with good company to go.

Therefore shewe me the grefe of your mynde,

As to your frende mooste lounge and kynde. 240

EVERYMAN. I shall shewe you how it is:

Commaunded I am to go a iournaye —

A longe waye, harde, and daungerous —

And gyue a strayte counte, without delaye,

Before the hye Iuge, Adonay.<sup>1</sup> 245

Wherefore, I pray you, bere me company,

As ye haue promysed, in this iournaye.

FELLOWSHIP. That is mater indede!  
Promyse is duty;

But, and I sholde take suche a vyage on me,

I knowe it well, it shulde be to my payne.

Also it make[th] me aferde, certayne. 251

But let vs take counsell here, as well as we can;

For your wordes wolde fere<sup>2</sup> a stronge man.

EVERYMAN. Why, ye sayd yf I had nede  
Ye wolde me neuer forsake, quycke ne deed,<sup>3</sup> 255

Thoughe it were to hell, truly.

FELLOWSHIP. So I sayd, certaynely!

But suche pleasures be set asyde, the sothe to saye.

And also, yf we toke suche a iournaye,  
Whan sholde we come agayne?<sup>4</sup> 260

EVERYMAN. Naye, neuer agayne, tyll the daye of dome!

FELLOWSHIP. In fayth! than wyll not I come there!

Who hath you these tydynges brought?

EVERYMAN. Indede, Deth was with me here.

FELLOWSHIP. Now, by God, that all hathe bought, 265

If Dethe were the messenger,

For no man that is lyuynge to-daye

I wyll not go that lothe<sup>1</sup> iournaye —

Not for the fader that bygate me!

EVERYMAN. Ye promysed otherwyse, parde. 270

FELLOWSHIP. I wote well I sayd<sup>2</sup> so, truly.

And yet, yf thou wylte ete, and drynke, and make good chere,

Or haunt to women the lusty company,  
I wolde not forsake you whyle the daye is clere,

Truste me, verly. 275

EVERYMAN. Ye, therto ye wolde be redy!

To go to myrthe, solas, and playe,

Your mynde wyll soner apply,

Than to bere me company in my longe iournaye.

FELLOWSHIP. Now, in good fayth, I wyll not that waye. 280

But and thou wylte<sup>3</sup> murder, or ony man kyll,

In that I wyll helpe the with a good wyll.

EVERYMAN. O, that is a symple aduyse, indede.

Gentyll Felaw[ship], helpe me in my neces-syte!

We haue loued longe, and now I nede;

And now, gentyll Felawshyp, remembre me! 286

FELLOWSHIP. Wheder ye haue loued me or no,

By Saynt Iohan, I wyll not with the go!

EVERYMAN. Yet, I pray the, take ye labour, and do so moche for me

To brynge me forward,<sup>4</sup> for Saynt Char-vte, 290

And comforte me tyll I come without the towne.

FELLOWSHIP. Nay, and thou wolde gyue me a newe gowne,

I wyll not a fote with the go!

<sup>1</sup> One of the names given in the Old Testament to God.

<sup>2</sup> Frighten.

<sup>3</sup> Alive nor dead.

<sup>4</sup> Possibly for the rhyme this should be *agayne come*.

<sup>1</sup> H. *lothesome*.

<sup>2</sup> B. *say*; H. *sayd*.

<sup>3</sup> B. *wyll*; H. *wylle*.

<sup>4</sup> Accompany me, escort me.

But, and thou had taryed, I wolde not haue leite the so.

And as now God spede the in thy iournaye! 295

For from the I wyll departe as fast as I maye.

EVERYMAN. Wheder awaye, Felawshyp? Wyli you forsake me?

FELLOWSHIP. Ye, by my faye! To God I betake <sup>1</sup> the.

EVERYMAN. Farewell, Good Felawshyp! for ye my herte is sore.

Adewe for euer! I shall se the no more!

FELLOWSHIP. In fayth, Eueryman, fare well now at the ende! 301

For you I wyll remembre that partynge is mournynge.

[Exit Fellowship.]

EVERYMAN. Alacke! shall we thus <sup>2</sup> departe indede

(A, Lady helpe!) without ony more comforte?

Io, Felawshyp forsaketh me in my moost nede. 305

For helpe in this worlde wheder <sup>3</sup> shall I resort?

Felawshyp here before with me wolde mery make,

And now lytell sorowe for me dooth he take.

It is sayd, "In prosperyte men frendes may fynde, 309

Whiche in aduersyte be full vnkynde."

Now wheder <sup>4</sup> for socoure shall I flee,

Syth that Felawshyp hath forsaken me?

To my kynnesmen I wyll, truly,

Prayenge them to helpe me in my neces-syte.

I byleue that they wyll do so, 315

For "kynde wyll crepe where it may not go."

I wyll go saye,<sup>4</sup> for yonder I se them go.

Where be ye now, my frendes and kynnesmen?

[Enter Kindred and Cousin.]

KINDRED. Here be we now, at your commaundement.

Cosyn, I praye you shewe vs your entent

<sup>1</sup> Hand over, commit.

<sup>2</sup> B. *this*; H. *thus*.

<sup>3</sup> Whither.

<sup>4</sup> Assay, put it to trial.

In ony wyse, and do not <sup>1</sup> spare. 321

COUSIN. Ye, Eueryman, and to vs declare

Yf ye be dysposed to go ony whyder;

For, wete you well, we <sup>2</sup> wyll lyue and dye togyder.

KINDRED. In welth and wo we wyll with you holde,<sup>3</sup> 325

For ouer his kynne a man may be bolde.

EVERYMAN. Gramercy, my frendes and kynnesmen kynde.

Now shall I shewe you the grefe of my mynde.

I was commaunded by a messenger

That is a hye kynges chefe offycer; 330

He bad me go a pylgrymage, to my payne;

And I knowe well I shall neuer come agayne:

Also I must gyue a rekenynge straye,

For I haue a grete enemy that hath me in wayte,

Whiche intendeth me for to hynder. 335

KINDRED. What a[c]counte is that whiche ye must render?

That wolde I knowe.

EVERYMAN. Of all my workes I must shewe

How I haue lyued, and my dayes spent;

Also of yll dedes that I haue vsed 340

In my tyme syth lyfe was me lent,

And of all vertues that I haue refused.

Therefore, I praye you, go thyder with me

To helpe to make myn accounte, for Saynt Charyte.

COUSIN. What! to go thydr? Is that the mater? 345

Nay, Eueryman, I had leuer fast brede and water <sup>4</sup>

All this fyue yere and more.

EVERYMAN. Alas, that euer I was bore!

For now shall I neuer be mery,

If that you forsake me. 350

KINDRED. A, syr, what! ye be a mery man!

Take good herte to you, and make no mone.

But one thyng, I warne you, by Saynt Anne —

<sup>1</sup> B. *and not*; M. *and nat*; H. *and do not*.

<sup>2</sup> We added in H. and M.

<sup>3</sup> B. exchanges the rhyme-words *holde* and *bolde*; correct in H. and M.

<sup>4</sup> A proverbial phrase, meaning to abstain from all food save bread and water.

As for me, ye shall go alone!

EVERYMAN. My Cosyn, wyll you not  
with me go? 355

COUSIN. No, by Our Lady! I haue the  
crampe in my to[e].

Trust not to me; for, so God me spede,  
I wyll deceyue you in your moost nede.

KINDRED. It auayleth not vs to tyse.<sup>1</sup>

Ye shall haue my mayde with all my  
herte; 360

She loueth to go to feestes, there to be  
nyse,

And to daunce, and abrode to sterte:<sup>2</sup>

I wyll gyue her leue to helpe you in that  
iourney,

If that you and she may agree.

EVERYMAN. Now, shewe me the very ef-  
fecte of your mynde; 365

Wyll you go with me, or abyde behynde?

KINDRED. Abyde behynde? ye, that wyll  
I, and I maye!

Therefore farewell tyll another daye.

[Exit Kindred.]

EVERYMAN. Howe sholde I be mery or  
gladde?

For fayre promyses men to me make, 370  
But whan I haue moost nede they me for-  
sake.

I am deceyued; that maketh me sadde.

COUSIN. Cosyn Eueryman, farewell now;  
For verly I wyll not go with you.

Also of myne owne lyfe<sup>3</sup> an vnredy reken-  
ynge 375

I haue to accounte; therefore I make tary-  
enge.

Now God kepe the, for now I go.

[Exit Cousin.]

EVERYMAN. A Iesus! is all come hereto?

Lo, fayre wordes maketh foolles fayne;

They promyse, and nothyng wyll do cer-  
tayne. 380

My kynnesmen promysed me faythfully

For to abyde with me stedfastly;

And now fast awaye do they flee.

Euen so Felawshyp promysed me. 384

What frende were best me of to prouyde?

I lose my tyme here longer to abyde;

Yet in my mynde a thyng there is:

All my lyfe I haue loued ryches;

If that my Good now helpe me myght

He wolde make my herte full lyght. 390

I wyll speke to hym in this dystresse.

Where arte thou, my Gooddes and ryches?

Goods [within]. Who calleth me? Euery-  
man? What! hast thou haste?

I lye here in corners, trussed and pyled so  
hye,

And in chestes I am locked so fast, 395

Also sacked in bagges — thou mayst se  
with thyn eye —

I can not styre. In packes, lowe, I lye.

What wolde ye haue? lyghtly me saye.

EVERYMAN. Come hyder, Good, in al the  
hast thou may;

For of counseyll I must desyre the. 400

[Enter Goods.]

GOODS. Syr, and ye in the worlde haue  
sorowe or aduersyte,

That can I helpe you to remedy shortly.

EVERYMAN. It is another dyscase<sup>1</sup> that  
greueth me;

In this worlde it is not, I tell the so;

I am sent for an other way to go, 405

To gyue a straye counte generall

Before the hyst Iuppyter of all;

And all my lyfe I haue had ioye and pleas-  
ure in the,

Therefore, I pray the, go with me;

For, paraenture, thou mayst before God  
Almyghty 410

My rekenynge helpe to clene and purifye;  
For it is sayd euer amonge

That "money maketh all ryght that is  
wronge."

GOODS. Nay, Eueryman; I synge an  
other songe!

I folowe no man in suche vyages; 415

For, and I wente with the,

Thou sholdes fare much the worse for  
me;

For bycause on me thou dyd set thy  
mynde,

Thy rekenynge I haue made blotted and  
blynde,

That thyne accounte thou can not make  
truly — 420

And that hast thou for the loue of me!

<sup>1</sup> Annoyance, trouble.

<sup>1</sup> To induce by the offer of advantage.

<sup>2</sup> Rush.

<sup>3</sup> Lyfe added in M.; omitted in B. and H.

EVERYMAN. That wolde greue me full  
sere,<sup>1</sup>  
Whan I sholde come to that ferefull an-  
swere.

Vp, let vs go thyder to gyder.  
Goods. Nay, not so! I am to brytell; I  
may not endure. 425

I wyll folowe no<sup>2</sup> man one fote, be ye sure.  
EVERYMAN. Alas! I haue the loued, and  
had grete pleasure

All my lyfe-dayes on good and treasure.  
Goods. That is to thy dampnacyon,  
without lesynge!

For my loue is contrary to the loue euer-  
lastynge. 430

But yf thou had me loued moderately dur-  
ynge

As to the poore to<sup>3</sup> gyue parte of me,  
Than sholdest thou not in this dolour be,  
Nor in this grete sorowe and care.

EVERYMAN. Lo! now was I deceyued or I  
was ware; 435

And all, I may wyte, my[s]pendynge of  
tyme.

Goods. What! wenest thou that I am  
thyne?

EVERYMAN. I had went so.

Goods. Naye, Eueryman; I saye no.  
As for a whyle I was lente the; 440

A season thou hast had me in prosperyte.  
My condycyon is mannes soule to kyll;  
Yf I saue one, a thousande I do spyll.

Wenest thou that I wyll folowe the  
From this worlde? nay, veryle.<sup>4</sup> 445

EVERYMAN. I had wende otherwyse.  
Goods. Therefore to thy soule Good is a  
thefe;

For whan thou arte deed, this is my  
gysse —

Another to deceyue in this same wyse  
As I haue done the, and all to his soules re-  
prece. 450

EVERYMAN. O false Good! cursed may<sup>5</sup>  
thou be,

Thou traytour to God, that hast deceyued  
me

And caught[t] me in thy snare!  
Goods. Mary! thou brought thy selfe in  
care!

Wherof I am right<sup>1</sup> gladde. 455  
I must nedes laugh; I can not be sadde.

EVERYMAN. A, Good! thou hast had longe  
my hertely loue;

I gaue the that which sholde be the Lordes  
aboue.

But wylt thou not go with me indede?  
I praye the trouth to saye. 460

Goods. No, so God me spede!  
Therefore farewell, and haue good daye!

[Exit Goods.]

EVERYMAN. O, to whome shall I make my  
mone

For to go with me in that heuy iournaye?  
Fyrst Felawshyp sayd he wolde with me  
gone — 465

His wordes were very plesaunte and  
gaye;

But afterwarde he left me alone.  
Than spake I to my kynnesmen, all in de-  
spavre,

An[d] also they gaue me wordes fayre —  
They lacked no fayre spekyng. 470

But all forsoke<sup>2</sup> me in the endynge.  
Than wente I to my Goodes, that I loued  
best,

In hope to haue comforte; but there had I  
leest,

For my Goodes sharpely dyd me tell  
That he bryngeth many into hell. 475

Than of my selfe I was ashamed;  
And so I am worthy to be blamed.

Thus may I well my selfe hate.  
Of whom shall I now counseyll take?

I thynke that I shall neuer spede 480  
Tyll that I go to my Good Dede.

But, alas! she is so weke  
That she can nother go nor speke.

Yet wyll I venter on her now.  
My Good Dede, where be you? 485

[Good Deeds speaks up from the ground.]

GOOD DEEDS. Here I lye, colde in the  
grounde.

Thy synnes hath me sore bounde,  
That I can not stere.

<sup>1</sup> Right omitted in B. and H., added in M.

<sup>2</sup> B. H. forsake; M. forsoke.

<sup>1</sup> Sore. B. has sore; I have changed for the sake of the rhyme.

<sup>2</sup> No omitted in B., added in H. and M.

<sup>3</sup> To omitted in B. and M., added in H.

<sup>4</sup> B. Nay fro this worlde not veryle; M. Nay nat fro this worlde veryle. I have adopted the reading of H., though the reading of M. is equally good.

<sup>5</sup> May omitted in B. and H., added in M.



EVERYMAN. O Good Dedes! I stande in fere!

I must you pray of counseyll, 490  
For helpe now sholde come ryght well.

GOOD DEEDS. Eueryman, I haue vnderstandynge

That ye be somoned a[c]counte to make  
Before Myssyas, of Iherusalem Kynge;  
And you do by me,<sup>1</sup> that iournay with you  
wyl I take. 495

EVERYMAN. Therfore I come to you my moone to make.

I praye you that ye wyl go with me.

GOOD DEEDS. I wolde full fayne, but I can not stande, verily.

EVERYMAN. Why, is there ony thyng on you fall?

GOOD DEEDS. Ye, syr, I may thanke you of all! 500

Yf ye had parfytely chered me,  
Your boke of counte full redy had be.

[*Good Deeds shows him his Book of Account.*]

Loke, the bokes of your workes and dedes eke!

Behold <sup>2</sup> how they lye vnder the fete  
To your soules heuynes. 505

EVERYMAN. Our Lorde Iesus helpe me!  
For one letter here I can not se.

GOOD DEEDS. There <sup>3</sup> is a blynde rekenynge in tyme of dystres!

EVERYMAN. Good Dedes, I praye you helpe me in this nede, 509

Or elles I am for euer dampned indeed!  
Therfore helpe me to make my <sup>4</sup> rekenynge

Before the Redemer of all thynges,  
That Kynge is, and was, and euer shall.

GOOD DEEDS. Eueryman, I am sory of your fall;

And fayne wolde I helpe you, and I were able. 515

EVERYMAN. Good Dedes, your counseyll I pray you gyue me.

GOOD DEEDS. That shall I do verily.

Thoughe that on my fete I may not go,  
I haue a syster that shall with you also,  
Called Knowledge, whiche shall with you abyde 520

To helpe you to make that dredefull rekenynge.

[*Enter Knowledge.*]

KNOWLEDGE. Eueryman, I wyl go with the, and be thy gyde,

In thy moost nede to go by thy syde.

EVERYMAN. In good condycyon I am now in euery thynges,

And am hole <sup>1</sup> content with this good thynges, 525

Thanked be <sup>2</sup> God my createre! <sup>3</sup>

GOOD DEEDS. And whan he hath brought you there

Where thou shalte hele the of thy smarte,  
Than go you with your rekenynge and your

Good Dedes togyder  
For to make you ioyfull at herte 530

Before the Blessyd Trynyte.

EVERYMAN. My Good Dedes, gramercy! I am well content, certaynly,

With your wordes swete.

KNOWLEDGE. Now go we togyder louyngly 535

To Confessyon, that clensyng ryuere.

EVERYMAN. For ioy I wepe! I wolde we were there!

But, I pray you, gyue me cognycyon

Where dwelleth that holy man, Confessyon?

KNOWLEDGE. In the house of saluacyon; We shall fynde hym in that place, 541

That shall vs comforte, by Goddes grace.

[*Knowledge leads Everyman to Confession.*]

Lo, this is Confessyon. Knele downe, and aske mercy;

For he is in good conceyte <sup>4</sup> with God Almighty. 544

EVERYMAN [*kneeling*]. O glorious fountayne, that all vnclennes doth clarify,

Wasshe fro me the spottes of vyce vnclene,  
That on me no synne may be sene.

I come, with Knowledge, for my redempcyon,

Redempte with herte and full contrycyon;  
For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to

take, 550

And grete accountes before God to make.

<sup>1</sup> According to my advice.

<sup>2</sup> B. M. *Ass* (*Qu. A* see); H. *Behold*.

<sup>3</sup> M. *Here*; but Everyman has the book in his hands.

<sup>4</sup> *My* omitted in B., added in H. and M.

<sup>1</sup> Wholly. H. M. *holy*.

<sup>2</sup> B. M. *by*; H. *be*.

<sup>3</sup> B. H. M. *creature*. I have changed for the rhyme.

<sup>4</sup> High esteem.

Now I praye you, Shryfte, moder of saluacyon,

Helpe my Good Dedes for my pyteous exclamation.

CONFESSION. I knowe your sorowe well, Eueryman.

Bycause with Knowlege ye come to me, I wyll you comforte as well as I can; 556  
And a precyous iewell I wyll gyue the, Called penaunce, voyder<sup>1</sup> of aduersyte; Therwith shall your body chastysed be With abstynence, and perseuerance in Goddes seruyce. 560

[Gives Everyman a scourge.]

Here shall you receyue that scourge of me,

Whiche is penaunce stronge that ye must endure

To remembre thy Sauyours was scourged for the

With sharpe scourges, and suffred it pacyently;

So must thou, or thou scape that paynfull pylgrymage. 565

Knowlege, kepe hym in this vyage,<sup>2</sup> And by that tyme Good Dedes wyll be with the.

But in ony wyse be seker<sup>3</sup> of mercy, For your tyme draweth fast; and<sup>4</sup> ye wyll saued be,

Aske God mercy, and he wyll graunte truly. 570

Whan with the scourge of penaunce man doth hym bynde,

The oyle of forgyuenes than shall he fynde. EVERYMAN. Thanked be God for his graciously werke!

For now I wyll my penaunce begyn;

This hath reioysed and lyghted my herte, Though the knottes be paynfull and harde within. 576

KNOWLEDGE. Eueryman, loke your penaunce that ye fulfill,

What payne that euer it to you be;

And Knowlege shall gyue you counseyll at wyll

How your accounte ye shall make clerely.

<sup>1</sup> B. *voyce voyder*; H. and M. omit *voyce*.

<sup>2</sup> Course.

<sup>3</sup> B. M. *seker*; H. *sure*. The meaning is probably "seeker."

<sup>4</sup> If.

[Everyman kneels in Prayer.]

EVERYMAN. O eternal God! O heuonly fygure! 581

O way of ryghtwysnes! O goodly vysyon! Whiche descended downe in a vyrgyn pure

Because he wolde euery man redeme, Whiche Adam forfayted by his dysobedience! 585

O blessyd Godheed! electe and hye deuyne! Forgyue me<sup>1</sup> my greuous offence.

Here I crye the mercy in this presence.

O ghostly treasure! O raunsomer and redemer! 589

Of all the worlde hope and conduyter!<sup>2</sup>

Myrrour of ioye! foundatour<sup>3</sup> of mercy, Whiche enlumyneth heuen and erth therby!

Here my clamorous complaynt, though it late be.

Receyue my prayers, vnworthy of thy benygnytye.<sup>4</sup>

Though I be a synner moost abhominable. 595

Yet let my name be wryten in Moyses table.

O Mary! praye to the Maker of all thynges Me for to helpe at my endyng,

And saue me fro the power of my enemy; For Deth assayleth me strongly. 600

And, Lady, that I may by meane of thy prayer

Of your Sones glory to be partynere

By the meanes of his passyon, I it craue.

I beseeche you helpe my soule to saue.

[He rises.]

Knowlege, gyue me the scourge of penaunce. 605

My fleshe therwith shall gyue aquytaunce.<sup>5</sup> I wyll now begyn, yf God gyue me grace.

KNOWLEDGE. Eueryman, God gyue you tyme and space!

Thus I bequeth you in ye handes of our Sauyours.

Now may you make your rekenyngs sure. 610

<sup>1</sup> Me omitted in B., added in H. and M.

<sup>2</sup> Guide. H. *conductor*; M. *conduiter*.

<sup>3</sup> Founder. H. and *founder*; M. *foundation*.

<sup>4</sup> B. M. *in this heuy lyfe*. I have adopted the reading in H.

<sup>5</sup> B. *acqueyntaunce*; M. *acquaintaunce*. I have adopted the reading in H.

EVERYMAN. In the name of the Holy Try-  
nyte  
My body sore punysshyd shall be.

[*He begins to scourge himself.*]

Take this, body, for the synne of the  
flesshe!

Also thou delytest to go gay and fresshe,  
And in the way of dampnacyon thou dyd  
me brynge; 615

Therefore suffre now strokes of punyssh-  
ynge!

Now of penaunce I wyll wade the water  
clere,

To saue me from purgatory, that sharpe  
fyre.

[*Good Deeds rises from the floor.*]

GOOD DEEDS. I thanke God, now I can  
walke and go,

And am delyuered of my sykenesse and  
wo. 620

Therefore with Eueryman I wyll go, and not  
spare;

His good workes I wyll helpe hym to de-  
clare.

KNOWLEDGE. Now, Eueryman, be mery  
and glad!

Your Good Dedes cometh now, ye may not  
be sad.

Now is your Good Dedes hole and  
sounde, 625

Goynge vpryght vpon the grounde.

EVERYMAN. My herte is lyght, and shalbe  
euermore.

Now wyll I smyte faster than I dyde be-  
fore.

GOOD DEEDS. Eueryman, pylgryme, my  
specyall frende,

Blessyd be thou without ende! 630

For the is preparate the eternall glory!

Ye haue me made hole and sounde,  
Therefore I wyll byde by the in euery  
stounde.<sup>1</sup>

EVERYMAN. Welcome, my Good Dedes!  
Now I here thy voyce

I wepe for very swetenes of loue. 635

KNOWLEDGE. Be no more sad, but euer  
reioyce;

God seeth thy lyuyng in his trone aboue.  
Put on this garment to thy behoue,

<sup>1</sup> In every attack (or, always).

Whiche is wette with your teres, 630  
Or elles before God you may it mysse,  
Whan ye to your iourneys ende come  
shall.

EVERYMAN. Gentyll Knowlege, what do  
ye it call?

KNOWLEDGE. It is the <sup>1</sup>garmente of sor-  
owe;

Fro payne it wyll you borowe;  
Contrycyon it is 645

That getteth forgyuenes,  
It <sup>2</sup>pleaseth God passynge well.

GOOD DEEDS. Eueryman, wyll you were it  
for your hele?

[*Everyman puts on the robe of contrition.*]

EVERYMAN. Now blessyd be Iesu, Maryes  
sone,

For now haue I on true contrycyon. 650  
And lette vs go now without taryenge.

Good Dedes, haue we clere our rekenynge?

GOOD DEEDS. Ye, indede, I haue here.

EVERYMAN. Than I trust we nede not  
fere. 654

Now, frendes, let vs not parte in twayne.

KNOWLEDGE.<sup>3</sup> Nay, Eueryman, that wyll  
we not, certayne.

GOOD DEEDS. Yet must thou le[a]d with  
the

Thre persones of grete myght.

EVERYMAN. Who sholde they be?

GOOD DEEDS. Dyscrecyon and Strength  
they hyght, 660

And thy Beaute may not abyde be-  
hynde.

KNOWLEDGE. Also ye must call to mynde  
Your Fyue Wyttes as for your counsey-  
lours.

GOOD DEEDS. You must haue them redy  
at all houres.

EVERYMAN. Howe shall I gette them  
hyder? 665

KINDRED. You must call them all togy-  
der,

And they wyll here you incontynent.

EVERYMAN. My frendes, come hyder and  
be present,

Dyscrecyon, Strengthe, my Fyue Wyttes,  
and Beaute!

<sup>1</sup> B. a.; H. M. the.

<sup>2</sup> B. M. He; H. It.

<sup>3</sup> B. H. M. all, in error, assign this speech to Kin-  
dred; but Kindred left the stage at line 368.

[*Enter Discretion, Strength, Five Wits, and Beauty.*]

BEAUTY. Here at your wyll we be all  
redy. 670

What wyll ye that we sholde do?

GOOD DEEDS. That ye wolde with Euery-  
man go

And helpe hym in his pylgrymage.

Aduyse you; wyll ye with him or not in  
that vyage?

STRENGTH. We wyll brynge hym all  
thyder, 675

To his helpe and comforte, ye may beleue  
me.

DISCRETION. So wyll we go with hym all  
togyder.

EVERYMAN. Almyghty God, loued may<sup>1</sup>  
thou be!

I gyue the laude that I haue hyder brought  
Strength, Dyscrecyon, Beaute and Five  
Wytttes. Lacke I nought. 680

And my Good Dedes, with Knowlege  
clere,

All be in<sup>2</sup> company at my wyll here.

I desyre no more to my besynes.<sup>3</sup>

STRENGTH. And I, Strength, wyll by you  
stande in dystres,

Though thou wolde in batayle fyght on the  
grounde. 685

FIVE WITS. And though it were thurgh  
the worlde rounde,

We wyll not departe for swete ne soure.

BEAUTY. No more wyll I, vnto dethes  
houre,

What so cuer therof befall.

DISCRETION. Eueryman, aduyse you  
fyrst of all; 690

Go with a good aduysement and delybera-  
cyon.

We all gyue you vertuous monycyon<sup>4</sup>

That all shall be well.

EVERYMAN. My frendes, harken what I  
wyll tell —

[I praye God rewarde you in his heuenly<sup>5</sup>  
spere — 695]

Now herken all that be here,  
For I wyll make my testament  
Here before you all present:

<sup>1</sup> B. *myght*; H. M. *may*.

<sup>2</sup> B. *in my*; H. M. *in*.

<sup>3</sup> Business. <sup>4</sup> Admonition.

<sup>5</sup> B. *heuen*; H. M. D. *heuenly*.

In almes halfe my good I wyll gyue with  
my handes twayne

In the way of charyte with good en-  
tent, 700

And the other halfe styll shall remayne,  
In queth<sup>1</sup> to be retourned there it ought to  
be.

This I do in despyte of the fende of hell,

To go quyte out of his perell

Euer after and this daye. 705

KNOWLEDGE. Eueryman, herken what I  
saye:

Go to Presthode, I you aduyse,

And receyue of hym, in ony wyse,

The holy sacrament and oyntement togy-  
der;

Than shortly se ye tourne agayne hy-  
der; 710

We wyll all abyde you here.

FIVE WITS. Ye, Eueryman, hye you that  
ye redy were.

There is no emperour, kinge, duke, ne  
baron,

That of God hath commycyon

As hath the leest preest in the worlde be-  
ynge; 715

For of the blessyd sacramentes pure and  
benygne

He bereth the keyes, and therof hath the  
cure

For mannes redempcyon — it is euer sure —  
Whiche God for our soules medycyne 719

Gaue vs out of his herte with grete payne,  
Here in this transytory lyfe for the and me.

The blessyd sacramentes seven there be —  
Baptym, confyrmacyon, with preesthode

good,  
And ye sacrament of Goddes precyous

flesshe and blod,  
Maryage, the holy extreme vnccyon, and

penaunce. 725

These seuen be good to haue in remem-  
braunce,

Gracyous sacramentes of hye deuynyte.

EVERYMAN. Fayne wolde I receyue that  
holy body,

And mekely to my ghostly fader<sup>2</sup> I wyll go.  
FIVE WITS. Eueryman, that is the best

that ye can do. 730

God wyll you to saluacyon brynge,

<sup>1</sup> *Bequest*; H. *In quyet*; M. D. *I it bequethe*.

<sup>2</sup> Spiritual father.

For preesthode excedeth all other thyng:  
To vs holy scrypture they do teche,  
And conuerteth man fro synne heuen to  
reche;

God hath to them more power gyuen 735  
Than to ony aungell that is in heuen.  
With five wordes he may consecrate  
Goddess body in flesshe and blode to  
make,

And handeleth his Maker bytwene his  
hande[s].

The preest byndeth and vnbyndeth all  
bandes, 740

Both in erthe and in heuen.

Thou mynysters all the sacramentes seuen;  
Though we kyst<sup>1</sup> thy fete, thou wert<sup>2</sup>  
worthy;

Thou arte the<sup>3</sup> surgyon that cureth synne  
deedly;

No remedy we fynde vnder God 745  
But all onely preesthode.

Eueryman, God gaue preest[s] that dygnyte  
And setteth them in his stede amonge vs to  
be.

Thus be they aboute aungelles in degree.

[*Exit Everyman to receive from the priest the  
Sacrament and extreme unction. Knowl-  
edge and the rest remain.*]

KNOWLEDGE. If preestes be good, it is so,  
suerly.<sup>4</sup> 750;

But whan Iesu hanged on ye crosse with  
grete smarte,

There he gaue out of his blessyd herte  
The same sacrament in grete tourment.

He solde them not to vs, that Lorde om-  
nipotent;

Therefore Saynt Peter the Apostell dothe  
saye 755

That Iesus curse hath all they  
Whiche God they Sauyour do by or sell,  
Or they for ony money do take or tell.

Synfull preests gyueth the synners example  
bad;

Theyr chyldren sytteth by other mennes  
fyres, I haue harde; 760

And some haunteth womens company  
With vnclen lyfe, as lustes of lechery.  
These be with synne made blynde.

FIVE WITS. I trust to God no suche may  
we fynde.

Therefore let vs preesthode honour, 765  
And folowe theyr doctryne for our soules  
socoure.

We be theyr shepe, and they shepherdes  
be,

By whome we all be kepte in suerte.

Peas! for yonder I se Eueryman come, 769  
Whiche hath made true satysfaceyon.

GOOD DEEDS. Methynke it is he indede.

[*Re-enter Everyman.*]

EVERYMAN. Now Iesu be your alder  
spede! <sup>1</sup>

I haue receuyed the sacrament for my re-  
dempcyon,

And than myne extreme vnccyon.<sup>2</sup>

Blessyd be all they that counseyled me to  
take it! 775

And now, frendes, let vs go without longer  
respyte.

I thanke God that ye haue taryed so longe.  
Now set eche of you on this rodde your  
honde,

And shortly folowe me.

I go before there I wolde be. God be our<sup>3</sup>  
gyde! 780

STRENGTH. Eueryman, we wyll not fro  
you go

Tyll ye haue done this vyage longe.

DISCRETION. I, Dyscrecyon, wyll byde by  
you also.

KNOWLEDGE. And though this pylgrym-  
age be neuer so stronge,

I wyll neuer parte you fro. 785

Eueryman, I wyll be as sure by the

As euer I dyde by Iudas Machabee.<sup>4</sup>

[*They proceed together to the grave.*]

EVERYMAN. Alas! I am so faynt I may  
not stande!

My lymmes vnder me doth folde!

Frendes, let vs not tourne agayne to this  
lande, 790

Not for all the worldes golde;

For into this caue must I crepe

And tourne to erth,<sup>5</sup> and there to slepe.

<sup>1</sup> Now Jesus be the one who gives prosperity to all  
of you.

<sup>2</sup> Unction.

<sup>3</sup> B. *your*; H. M. D. *our*.

<sup>4</sup> See in the Apocrypha, I Maccabees, chap. iii.

<sup>5</sup> B. M. D. *the earth*.

<sup>1</sup> B. H. *kysee*; M. *kyet*.

<sup>2</sup> B. H. M. *were*.

<sup>3</sup> B. H. omit *there*; added in M.

<sup>4</sup> I.e., that they are above the angels (see preced-  
ing line).

BEAUTY. What! into this graue? Alas!

EVERYMAN. Ye, there shall ye consume,  
more and lesse.<sup>1</sup> 795

BEAUTY. And what! sholde I smoder  
here?

EVERYMAN. Ye, by my fayth, and neuer  
more appere.

In this worlde lyue no more we shall,  
But in heuen before the hyst Lorde of  
all.

BEAUTY. I crosse out all this! Adewe, by  
Saynt Iohan! 800

I take my cap<sup>2</sup> in my lappe, and am  
gone.

EVERYMAN. What, Beaute! whyder wyll  
ye?

BEAUTY. Peas! I am defe. I loke not  
behynde me,

Not and thou woldest gyue me all ye golde  
in thy chest! [*Exit Beauty.*]

EVERYMAN. Alas! wherto may I truste?

Beaute gothe fast awaye fro me! 806

She promysed with me to lyue and dye.

STRENGTH. Eueryman, I wyll the also for-  
sake and denye.

Thy game lyketh me not at all.

EVERYMAN. Why than, ye wyll forsake  
me all? 810

Swete Strength, tary a lytell space.

STRENGTH. Nay, syr, by the rode<sup>3</sup> of  
grace!

I wyll hye me from the fast,  
Though thou wepe tyll<sup>4</sup> thy herte to-  
brast.<sup>5</sup>

EVERYMAN. Ye wolde euer byde by me,  
ye sayd. 815

STRENGTH. Ye, I haue you ferre ynoughe  
conueyde!

Ye be olde ynoughe, I vnderstande,

Your pylgrymage to take on hande.

I repent me that I hyder came.

EVERYMAN. Strength, you to dysplease I  
am to blame, 820

Yet promise is dette, this ye well wot.<sup>6</sup>

STRENGTH. In fayth, I care not!

Thou arte but a foole to complayne.

You spende your speche, and wast your  
brayne.

Go, thyrst the into the ground! 825

[*Exit Strength.*]

EVERYMAN. I had wende surer I shulde  
you haue founde.

He that trusteth in his Strength

She hym deceyueth at the length.

Bothe Strength and Beaute forsaketh  
me;

Yet they promysed me fayre and lou-  
ngly. 830

DISCRETION. Eueryman, I will after  
Strength be gone.

As for me, I will leue you alone.

EVERYMAN. Why Dyscrecyon! wyll ye  
forsake me?

DISCRETION. Ye, in fayth, I wyll go fro  
the;

For whan Strength goth before 835

I folowe after euer more.

EVERYMAN. Yet, I pray the, for the loue  
of the Trynyte,

Loke in my graue ones pyteously.

DISCRETION. Nay, so nye wyll I not  
come.

Fare well euerychone!

[*Exit Discretion.*]

EVERYMAN. O, all thynges fayleth, saue  
God alone — 841

Beaute, Strength, and Dyscrecyon;

For whan Deth bloweth his blast

They all renne for me full fast.

FIVE WITS. Eueryman, my leue now of  
the I take. 845

I wyll folowe the other, for here I the for-  
sake.

EVERYMAN. Alas! than may I wayle and  
wepe,

For I toke you for my best frende.

FIVE WITS. I wyll no lenger the kepe.

Now farewell, and there an ende! 850

[*Exit Five Wits.*]

EVERYMAN. O Iesu, helpe! All hath for-  
saken me!

GOOD DEEDS. Nay, Eueryman; I wyll  
byde with the.

I wyll not forsake the indede;

<sup>1</sup> Great persons, and persons of little fame.

<sup>2</sup> B. M. *lappe* (Qu. *tape*): H. *cap*. "I doff my cap  
(so deep that it comes) into my lap." Logeman.

<sup>3</sup> Rood, cross.

<sup>4</sup> B. *to*; H. M. D. *tyll*.

<sup>5</sup> Burst into pieces.

<sup>6</sup> B. H. D. *Wyll ye breke promyse that is dette*. I  
have adopted the reading of M., which is justified by  
the rhyme.

Thou shalte fynde me a good frende at nede.

EVERYMAN. Gramercy, Good Dedes!  
Now may I true frendes se. 855

They haue forsaken me, euerychone;  
I loued them better than my Good Dedes alone.

Knowlege, wyll ye forsake me also?

KNOWLEDGE. Ye, Eueryman, whan ye to Deth shall go;

But not yet, for no maner of daunger. 860

EVERYMAN. Gramercy, Knowlege, with all my herte!

KNOWLEDGE. Nay, yet I wyll not from hens departe

Tyll I se where ye shall be come.

EVERYMAN. Methynke, alas, that I must be gone

To make my rekenynge, and my dettes paye; 865

For I se my tyme is nye spent awaye.

Take example, all ye that this do here or se,

How they that I loued<sup>1</sup> best do forsake me,

Excepte my Good Dedes that bydeth truely.

GOOD DEEDS. All erthly thynges is but vanyte. 870

Beaute, Strength, and Dyscrecyon do man forsake,

Folysshe frendes, and kynnesmen, that fayre spake, —

All fleeth saue Good Dedes, and that am I.

EVERYMAN. Haue mercy on me, God moost myghty,

And stande by me, thou moder and mayde, Holy Mary! 875

GOOD DEEDS. Fere not; I wyll speke for the.

<sup>1</sup> B. *loue*; H. M. D. *loued*.

EVERYMAN. Here I crye God mercy!

GOOD DEEDS. Shorte oure ende, and mynysse<sup>1</sup> our payne.

Let vs go, and neuer come agayne.

EVERYMAN. Into thy handes, Lorde, my soule I commende. 880

Receyue it, Lorde, that it be not lost.

As thou me boughtest, so me defende,

And saue me froth the fendes boost,

That I may appere with that blessyd hoost

That shall be saued at the day of dome. 885

*In manus tuas,*<sup>2</sup> of myghtes moost

For euer, *commendo spiritum meum!*<sup>3</sup>

[*Everyman and Good Deeds descend into the grave.*]

KNOWLEDGE. Now hath he suffred that we all shall endure.

The Good Dedes shall make all sure.

Now hath he made endynge. 890

Methynketh that I here aungelles synge,

And make grete ioy and melody

Where Euerymannes soule receyued shall be.

ANGEL [*within*]. Come, excellent electe spouse to Iesu!

Here aboue thou shalte go, 895

Bycause of thy singuler vertue.

Now the soule is taken the body fro,

Thy rekenynge is crystall clere.

Now shalte thou in to the heuently spere;

Vnto the whiche all ye shall come 900

That lyueth well before the daye of dome.

[*Exit Knowledge.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Lessen*.

<sup>2</sup> "*Into thy hands.*"

<sup>3</sup> "*I commit my spirit.*"

[Enter the Doctor as an Epilogue.]

DOCTOR. This morall men may haue in mynde.  
 Ye herers, take it of worth,<sup>1</sup> olde and yonge!  
 And forsake Pryde, for he deceyueth you in the ende.  
 And remembre Beaute, Five Wyttes, Strength, and Dy[s]crecyon, 905  
 They all at the last do euery man forsake,  
 Saue his Good Dedes there dothe he take —  
 But beware, and they be small  
 Before God he hath no helpe at all.  
 Nonc excuse may be there for euery man. 910  
 Alas, how shall he do, than?  
 For, after dethe, amendes may no man make;  
 For than mercy and pyte doth hym forsake.  
 If his rekenyng be not clere whan he doth come  
 God wyll saye: "*Ite, maledicti, in ignem eternum!*" 915  
 And he that hath his accounte hole and sounde,  
 Hye in heuen he shall be crounde.  
 Vnto whiche place God brynge vs all thyder,  
 That we may lyue body and soule togyder.  
 Therto helpe, the Trynyte! 920  
 Amen, saye ye, for Saynt Charyte.

<sup>1</sup> Prize it highly.

FINIS.

*Thus endeth this morall playe of Eueryman.  
 Imprynted at London in Poules  
 Chyrche yarde by me  
 Johan Skot.*



MANKIND<sup>1</sup>

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MANKIND.  
MERCY.  
TITIVILLUS.

MISCHIEF.  
NEW-GYSE.  
NOW-A-DAYS.

NOUGHT.]

[Enter Mercy.]

MERCY. The very fownder and begynner  
of owur fyrst creacion,  
A-monge ws synfull wrechys he oweth  
to be magnifyede,  
That for owur dysobedyenc[e] he hade non  
indynacion  
To sende hys own Son to be torn and  
crucifyede. 4  
Owur obsequyouse<sup>1</sup> seruyce to hym  
xulde be aplyede  
Where he was lorde of all and made all  
thyng of nought,  
For the synfull synner, to hade<sup>2</sup> hym  
revyuyde,<sup>3</sup>  
And, for hys redempcyon, sett hys  
own Son at nought. 8  
That may be seyde, and veryfyede, man-  
kynde was dere bought;  
By the pytuose deth of Jhesu he hade  
hys remedye;<sup>4</sup>  
He was purgyde of hys defawte, that  
wrechyldy hade wrought,

<sup>1</sup> Dutiful.  
<sup>2</sup> Revived.

<sup>3</sup> Hold.  
<sup>4</sup> Salvation.

By hys gloryus passyon, that blyssyde  
lauatorye.<sup>1</sup> 12  
O souerene,<sup>2</sup> I be-seche yow yowur con-  
dycions to rectifye,  
Ande with humylite and reuerence to  
haue a remocyon<sup>3</sup>  
To this blyssyde Prynce that owur  
nature doth gloryfy,  
That ye may be partycypable of hys  
retribucyon.<sup>4</sup> 16

I haue be<sup>5</sup> the very mene for yowur res-  
tytucyon. 17  
Mercy ys my name, that mornyth for  
yowur offence.  
Dyverte not yowur sylfe<sup>6</sup> in tyme of  
tentacyon,  
That ye may be acceptable to Gode at  
yowur goyng hence. 20  
The grett mercy of Gode, that ys of most  
preemynence,  
Be medyacyon<sup>7</sup> of Owur Lady, that  
ys euer habundante

<sup>1</sup> Washing (from sin).

<sup>2</sup> Masters (i.e. the audience).

<sup>3</sup> Change.

<sup>4</sup> Retribution (for men's sins in his passion).

<sup>5</sup> Been.

<sup>6</sup> Self.

<sup>7</sup> MS. *medyacyon*; corr. by M.

<sup>1</sup> This play was written about 1475; and, as numerous allusions in the text show, it is to be assigned to the neighborhood of Cambridge. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it illustrates the beginning of professionalism in the drama. It was acted by a company of apparently six players (the parts of Mercy and of Titivillus could easily be assumed by one man), who gave their performance in a public inn-yard (cf. ll. 29, 554, 722, 725) for gain—at one point, ll. 448–65, they halt the play in order to collect money from the audience. The properties they were required to carry are negligible—little more than their costumes; and possibly they limited their dramatic activities, as did the plowboy morris-dancers, to the Christmas holiday season (cf. ll. 54, 62, 316, 325, 381, 539). The result of thus professionalizing the drama is readily apparent in the text: the moral element is reduced to a minimum, and even the sole representative of good, Mercy, is deliberately made fun of with his ponderous Latinistic diction and his saccharine talk; the humor becomes at times exceedingly vulgar; and the literary skill of the writer is unusually poor. Possibly the author merely reworked an earlier and more serious morality, eliminating the moral element, and accentuating in his own way the comic features.

The manuscript is found in the collection of moralities formerly in the possession of the Rev. Cox Macro (see page 235, note 1). I have based the present text on that in *The Macro Plays*, edited by F. J. Furnivall and A. W. Pollard, for the Early English Text Society, 1904; but I have checked doubtful readings with the photographic facsimile of the manuscript issued by J. S. Farmer, and I have made use of the edition by Manly, *Specimens*, 1896. I have noted the principal, but not all the minor, emendations adopted from Manly (M.). All additions to the manuscript are set in square brackets, and changes duly recorded in footnotes. The punctuation, the use of capitals, and the stage-directions are my own.

To the synfull creature that wyll repent  
hys necligence.<sup>1</sup>

I prey Gode, at yowur most nede, that  
Mercy be yowur defendawnte. 24

In goode werkys I a-wyse<sup>2</sup> yow, souer-  
ence, to be perseuerante

To purifye yowur sowlys that thei be  
not corupte;

For yowur gostly enemy<sup>3</sup> wyll make hys  
a-vaunte,<sup>4</sup>

Yowur goode condycions yf he may  
interrupte. 28

O ye souerens that sytt, and ye brothren  
that stonde ryght wpe,<sup>5</sup>

Pryke<sup>6</sup> not yowur felicytes in  
thyngis transytorye!

Be-holde not the erth, but lyfte yowur  
ey wpe!

Se how the hede the members dayly  
do magnifye. 32

Who ys the hede, forsoth, I xall yow  
certifye:

I mene owur Sauyowur, that was lykyn-  
nyde<sup>7</sup> to a lambe;

Ande hys sayntis be the members that  
dayly he doth satysfy

With the precyouse reuer that runnyth  
from hys wombe.<sup>8</sup> 36

Ther ys non such foode, be watur nor by  
londe,

So precyouse, so gloryouse, so nedefull  
to owur entent!<sup>9</sup>

For yt hath dyssoluyde mankynde from  
the bittur bonde

Of the mortall enmye, that vemynousse<sup>10</sup>  
serpente; 40

From the wyche Gode preserue yow all  
at the last Iugement!

For sekylly ther xall be a strerat<sup>11</sup>  
examynacyon;

<sup>1</sup> Sinning.

<sup>2</sup> Advise.

<sup>3</sup> Enemy.

<sup>4</sup> Boast.

<sup>5</sup> The better classes, seated in the galleries sur-  
rounding the inn-yard, are respectfully addressed as  
"soveraigns," the rabble, standing in the yard, as  
"brethren." Note also the familiar way in which  
the actors in coming in and going out address those  
standing about the stage.

<sup>6</sup> Set.

<sup>7</sup> Likened.

<sup>8</sup> Side (into which the spear was thrust).

<sup>9</sup> Purpose.

<sup>10</sup> Venomous.

<sup>11</sup> Strict.

The corn xall be sauysde, the chaffe xall  
be brente.

I be-sech yow hertyly, haue this  
premedytacyon. 44

[Enter Mischief.]

MYSCHEFFE. I be-seche yow hertyly, leue  
yowur calcacyon! 45

Leue yowur chaffe! leue yowur corn! leue  
yowur dalyacyon!

Yowur wytt ys lytyll, yowur hede ys  
mekyll!<sup>1</sup> ye are full of predyacyon.<sup>2</sup>

But, ser, I prey [yow] this questyon to  
claryfy: — 48

Dryff-draff, mysse-masche,

Sume was corn, and sume was chaffe;

My dame scyde my name was Raffe;

On-schett yowur lokke,<sup>3</sup> and take an  
halpenye. 52

MERCY. Why come ye hethyr, brother?  
Ye were not dysryde. 53

MYSCHEFF. For a wyntur corn-threscher,  
ser, I haue hyryde;

Ande ye sayde the corn xulde be sauysde,  
and the chaffe xulde be feryde;

Ande he prouyth nay, as yt schewth be  
this werse:<sup>4</sup> 56

"Corn scrutit bredibus, chaffe horsibus,  
straw fyrybusque,"<sup>5</sup>

Thys ys as moche to say to yowur leude<sup>6</sup>  
wndyrstondyng,

As the corn xall serue to brede at the nexte  
bakynge,

"Chaff horsibus," *et reliqua*,<sup>7</sup> 60

The chaff, to horse xall be goode produce;

When a man ys for-colde,<sup>8</sup> this straw may  
be brent.

And so forth, *et cetera*. 63

MERCY. A-voyde, goode brother! Ye ben  
culpable 64

To interrupte thus my talkynge delectable.

MYSCHEFF. Ser, I haue nother horse nor  
sadyll;

Therfor I may not ryde. 67

MERCY. Hye yow forthe on fote, brother,  
in Godis name!

<sup>1</sup> Big.

<sup>2</sup> Preaching.

<sup>3</sup> Open your lock.

<sup>4</sup> Verse.

<sup>5</sup> Dog Latin: "Corn serves for bread, chaff for  
horses, and straw for fires."

<sup>6</sup> Ignorant.

<sup>7</sup> MS. *reliqua*.

<sup>8</sup> Very cold.

**MYSCHEFF.** I say, ser, I am cumme hedyr  
to make yow game; <sup>1</sup>

Yet bade ye me not go out in the deullys  
name,

Ande I wyll a-bye. 71

[**MERCY** <sup>2</sup> . . . . .

*Enter New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought,  
with minstrels.*

**NEW-GYSE** . . . . .

**NOW-A-DAYS** . . . . .

**NOUGHT** . . . . .

**NEW-GYSE.**<sup>3</sup> Ande how, mynstrellys!  
pley the comyn trace! <sup>4</sup> 72

Ley on with thi ballys <sup>5</sup> tyll hys bely  
breste!

**NOUGHT.** I put case I breke my neke:  
how than?

**NEW-GYSE.** I gyff no force, by Sent  
Tanne! <sup>6</sup>

**NOW-A-DAYS.** Leppe a-bout lyuely! Thou  
art a wyght <sup>7</sup> man.

Lett ws be mery wyll we be here! 77

**NOUGHT.** Xall I breke my neke to schow  
yow sporte?

**NOW-A-DAYS.** Therfor euer be-ware of  
thi reporte.

**NOUGHT.** I be-schrew ye all! her ys a  
schrewde sorte! <sup>8</sup> 80

Haue ther att them with a mery chere!

*Her thei daunce. Mercy seyth:*

[**MERCY.**] Do wey! Do wey this reuell,  
sers! Do wey! 82

**NOW-A-DAYS.** Do wey, goode Adam? do  
wey?

Thys ys no parte of thi pley.

**NOUGHT.** Yis, mary, I prey yow, for I  
loue not this rewelynge. <sup>9</sup>

Cum forth, goode fader, I yow prey!

Be a lytyll ye may assay. <sup>10</sup>

A-non, of with yowur clothes, yf ye wyll  
pray!

Go to! for I haue had a praty  
scottlynge. <sup>11</sup> 89

**MERCY.** Nay, brother, I wyll not daunce.  
**NEW-GYSE.** Yf ye wyll, ser, my brother  
wyll make yow to prawnce.

**NOW-A-DAYS.** With all my herte, ser, yf I  
may yow a-vaunce. <sup>1</sup>

Ye may assay be a lytyll trace. 93

**NOUGHT.** Ye, ser, wyll ye do well?  
Trace not with them, be my counsell;  
For I haue trayced sumwhat to fell! <sup>2</sup>

I tell [yow] <sup>3</sup> yt ys a narow space. 97

But, ser, I trow, of ws thre I herde you  
speke. 98

**NEW-GYSE.** Crystis curse had [y]c <sup>4</sup>  
therfor; for I was in slepe.

**NOW-A-DAYS.** A[nd] I hade the cuppe redy  
in my honde, redy to goo to met. <sup>5</sup>

Therfor, ser, curtly <sup>6</sup> grett yow well. 101

**MERCY.** Few wordis! Few and well sett!

**NEW-GYSE.** Ser, yt ys the new gyse and  
the new jett. <sup>7</sup>

Many wordis, and schortely sett:  
Thys ys the new gyse, euery dele. <sup>8</sup> 105

**MERCY.** Lady, helpe! How wrechys  
delyte in ther sympull weys!

**NOW-A-DAYS.** Say not a-geyn the new  
gyse now-a-days!

Thou xall fynde ws sch[r]ewys at all  
assays.

Be ware! Ye, may son lyke <sup>9</sup> a bofett.

**MERCY.** He was well occupyede that  
browte yow brethern! 110

**NOUGHT.** I harde yow call "New-gyse,  
Now-a-days, Nought," all thes thre  
to-gether.

Yf ye sey that I lye, I xall make yow to  
slyther! <sup>10</sup>

Lo, take yow here a trepett! <sup>11</sup> 113

**MERCY.** Say me yowur namys! I know  
yow not. 114

**NEW-GYSE.** New-gyse, I.

[**NOW-A-DAYS.**] Now-a-days, [I].

[**NOUGHT.**] I, Nought.

**MERCY.** Be Jhesu Cryst, that me dere  
bowte,

<sup>1</sup> Fun. <sup>2</sup> A page lost from the MS.

<sup>3</sup> Dance. <sup>4</sup> Bellows (of bagpipe?).

<sup>5</sup> Saint Anne. <sup>6</sup> Active, agile.

<sup>7</sup> Bad lot. <sup>8</sup> Reveling.

<sup>9</sup> You may try a little dance.

<sup>10</sup> Running with hurried steps (here, a dance).

<sup>1</sup> Advance.

<sup>2</sup> Vigorously. MS. *fynde sell*; apparently the first word was written in error.

<sup>3</sup> Added by M.

<sup>4</sup> Briefly.

<sup>5</sup> Taste.

<sup>6</sup> Trip (he tries to trip him up).

<sup>7</sup> MS. *hade*.

<sup>8</sup> Fashion.

<sup>9</sup> Slide.

<sup>10</sup> Meat.

<sup>11</sup> Bit.

Ye be-tray many men. 117  
NEW-GYSE. Be-tray? nay, nay, ser! nay,  
nay!

We make them both fresch and gay.  
But of yowur name, ser, I yow prey,  
That we may yow ken. 121

MERCY. Mercy ys my name and my  
denomynacyon.

I conseyue ye haue but a lytyll faus<sup>1</sup> in my  
communycacyon.

NEW-GYSE. Ey, ey! yowur body ys full of  
Englysch Laten!

NOW-A-DAYS. I prey yow hertyly, wor-  
schypp[full clerke — 125

I haue etun a dysch full of curdis,  
Ande I haue .....<sup>2</sup>

Now opyn yowur sachell with Laten  
wordis, 128

Ande sey me this in clerycall<sup>3</sup> man-  
cre!

Also I haue a wyf; her name ys Rachell;  
Betwyx her and me was a gret batell;  
Ande fayn of yow I wolde here tell  
Who was the most mastur. 133

NOUGHT. Thy wyf Rachell, I dare ley  
xx<sup>ti</sup> lyse.<sup>4</sup> 134

NOW-A-DAYS. Who spake to thee, foll?  
Thou art not wyse!

Go and do that longyth to thin offyce —  
*Osculare fundamentum!* 137

NOUGHT. Lo, mastur! lo! here ys a pardon  
bely mett;<sup>5</sup>

Yt ys grawntyde of Pope Pokett.

Yf ye wyll putt yowur nose .....<sup>6</sup>  
Ye xall haue xl<sup>ty</sup> days of pardon. 141

MERCY. Thys ydyll language ye xall  
repent! 142

Out of this place I wolde ye went.

NEW-GYSE. Goo we hens all thre with on  
assent!

My fadyr ys yrke<sup>7</sup> of owur eloquence;  
Therfor I wyll no lenger tary. 146

Gode brynge yow, master, and blyssyde  
Mary,

<sup>1</sup> Force?

<sup>2</sup> Omitted because of obscenity.

<sup>3</sup> Clerk-like, learned.

<sup>4</sup> Lice.

<sup>5</sup> *Qy.* be lymett (by limit) M.

<sup>6</sup> The language is unprintable.

<sup>7</sup> Tired.

To the numbur of the demonycall frayry!<sup>1</sup>  
[ . . . . . ]<sup>2</sup>

NOW-A-DAYS. Cum wynde, cum reyn, 149  
Thow I cumme neuer a-geyn!

The deull put out both yowur eyen!<sup>3</sup>  
Felouse, go we hens tyght!<sup>4</sup> 152

NOUGHT. Go we hens, a deull wey!  
Here ys the dore, her ys the wey!

[*To Mercy.*]

Farwell, jentyll Jaffrey!  
I prey Gode gyf yow goode nyght! 156

*Let them go out in silence.*<sup>5</sup>

MERCY. Thankyde be Gode, we haue a  
fayer dylyuerance 157

Of thes iij onthryfty gestis!  
They know full lytyll what ys ther ordyn-  
ance.

I preue, by reson, thei be wers then  
bestis: 160

A best doth after hys naturall instytu-  
cyon;<sup>6</sup>

Ye may conseyue by there dysporte and  
be-hauour

Ther joy ande delyte ys in derysyon 163  
Of her<sup>7</sup> owyn Cryste, to his dyshonur.

Thys condycyon of leuynge, yt ys preiudy-  
cyall.

Be-ware therof! Yt ys wers than ony  
felony or treson.

How may yt be excusyde be-for the Iustyce  
of all,

When for euery ydyll worde we must  
yelde a reson? 168

They haue grett ease; ther-for thei wyll  
take no thought.

But how then, when the angell of hewyn  
xall blow the trumpe,

Ande sey to the transgressors that wyk-  
kydly hath wrought,

"Cum forth on-to yowur juge, and yelde  
yowur a-cownte!" 172

<sup>1</sup> Friary, a society of friars.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently a line missing in MS.

<sup>3</sup> Eyes. <sup>4</sup> Quickly.

<sup>5</sup> MS. *Exiant silentio.*

<sup>6</sup> The established order by which a thing is regu-  
lated (here, nature).

<sup>7</sup> Their.

Then xall I, Mercy, be-gyn sor to wepe;  
 Nother comfort nor counsell ther xall  
 non be hade;  
 But such as thei haue sowyn, such xall thei  
 repe.  
 Thei be wanton <sup>1</sup> now, but then xall thei  
 be sade. 176

The goode new-gyse now-a-days I wyll  
 not dysalow;  
 I dyscomende the vycyouse gyse. I  
 prey haue me excusyde,  
 I nede not to speke of yt; yowur reson  
 wyll tell it yow.  
 Take that ys to be takyn, and leue that  
 ys to be refusyde! 180

[Enter Mankind with a spade.]

MANKYNDE. Of the erth and of the cley  
 we haue owur propagacyon; 181  
 By the prouydens of Gode thus be we  
 deryvatt,<sup>2</sup>  
 To whos mercy I recomende this holl  
 congrygacyon.  
 I hope, on-to hys blysse ye be all pre-  
 destynatt! 184  
 Euery man, for hys degre, I trust xall  
 be partycypatt,  
 Yf we wyll mortyfyf owur carnall con-  
 dycyon  
 Ande owur voluntarye dysyres, that  
 euer be pervercionatt,<sup>3</sup>  
 To renunce thes and yelde ws wndur Godis  
 provcyon. 188

My name ys Mankynde. I haue my com-  
 posycyon 189  
 Of a body and of a soull, of condycyon  
 contrarye:  
 Be-twyx the tweyn ys a grett dyvisyon.  
 He that xulde be s[u]biecte, now he hath  
 the victory. 192  
 Thys ys to me a lamentable story,  
 To se my flesh, of my soull to haue  
 gouernance.  
 Wher the goode wyff ys master, the  
 goode-man may be sory.  
 A-lasse! what was thi fortune and thi  
 chaunce 196  
 To be assocyat with my flesh, that  
 stynkyng dunge-hyll!

<sup>1</sup> Jovial. <sup>2</sup> Derived. <sup>3</sup> Perverted.

Lady, helpe! Souerens, yt doth my soull  
 myche yll 198  
 To se the flesh prosperouse, and the  
 soull trodyn wndur fote.  
 I xall go to yondyr man, and a-say hym I  
 wyll.  
 I trust of gostly solace he wyll be my  
 bote.<sup>1</sup> 201

[He goes to Mercy, and kneels.]

All heyll, semely father! Ye be welcome  
 to this house!  
 Of the very wysdam ye haue partycy-  
 pacyon.  
 My body with my soull ys euer querulose.<sup>2</sup>  
 I prey yow, for sent charyte, of yowur  
 supportacyon! 205

I be-seche yow hertly of yowur gostly <sup>3</sup>  
 comforte!  
 I am onstedfast in lywyng; <sup>4</sup> my name  
 ys Mankynde.  
 My gostly enemy, the deull, wyll haue a  
 grett dysporte,  
 In sympull gydyng yf he may se me  
 ende. 209

MERCY. Cryst sende yow goode comforte!  
 Ye be welcum, my frende!  
 Stonde wppe on yowur fete! I prey  
 yow aryse!  
 My name ys Mercy: ye be to me full hende.<sup>5</sup>  
 To eschew vyce I wyll yow a-vyse. 213

MANKYNDE. O Mercy! of all grace and  
 vertu ye are the well! <sup>6</sup>  
 I haue herde tell of ryght worschypfull  
 clerkis  
 Ye be approxymatt to Gode, and nere of  
 hys consell;  
 He hat instytut <sup>7</sup> you a-boue all hys  
 werkis. 217

O! yowur louely words <sup>8</sup> to my soull are  
 swetere then hony!

MERCY. The temtacyon of the flesh ye  
 must resyst lyke a man,  
 For ther ys euer a batell betwyx the soull  
 and the body; 220

*Vita hominis est milicia super terram.*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Help. <sup>2</sup> Quarrelsome. <sup>3</sup> Spiritual. <sup>4</sup> Living.  
<sup>5</sup> Gracious. <sup>6</sup> Spring. <sup>7</sup> Established.  
<sup>8</sup> E.E.T.S. works; but the MS. is clearly *words*.  
<sup>9</sup> "The life of man is a warfare on the earth."

Oppresse<sup>1</sup> yowur gostly enmy, and be  
Crystis own knyght!

Be neuer a cowarde a-geyn<sup>2</sup> yowur  
aduersary!

Yf ye wyll be crownyde ye must nedis fyght.  
Intende well, and Gode wyll be yow  
adiutory.<sup>3</sup> 225

Remembur, my frende, the tyme of con-  
tynuance!<sup>4</sup> 226

So helpe me Gode, yt ys but a chery  
tyme!<sup>5</sup>

Spende yt well! Serue Gode with hertis  
affyance.

Dystempure not yowur brayn with  
goode ale nor with wyn.

"Mesure ys tresure"; Y for-byde yow not  
the vse. 230

Mesure yowur sylf cuer; be-ware of  
excesse!

The superfluouse gyse<sup>6</sup> I wyll that ye  
refuse;

When nature ys suffysyde, a-non that  
ye scese.<sup>7</sup> 233

Yf a man haue an hors, and kepe hym not  
to hie,

He may then reull hym at hys own  
dyscere;

Yf he be fede ouer well he wyll dysobey,  
Ande in happe cast his master in the  
myre. 237

[*New-gyse speaks from behind.*]

NEW-GYSE. Ye sey trew, ser; ye are no  
faytour!<sup>8</sup> 238

I haue fede my wyff so well tyll sche ys  
my master!

I haue a grett wonde on my hede, lo!  
and ther-on leyth a playster;

Ande a-nother ther I pysse my  
peson.<sup>9</sup> 241

Ande<sup>10</sup> my wyf were yowur hors sche wolde  
yow all to-samne.<sup>11</sup>

Ye fede yowur hors in mesure; ye are a  
wyse man!

<sup>1</sup> Overcome. <sup>2</sup> In the face of.

<sup>3</sup> To you helpful.

<sup>4</sup> The duration (brevity) of life.

<sup>5</sup> Brief, as the cherry season (or cherry blossoms).

<sup>6</sup> The fashion of immoderation.

<sup>7</sup> Cease.

<sup>8</sup> Liar.

<sup>9</sup> Peas.

<sup>10</sup> If.

<sup>11</sup> Exceedingly disgrace.

I trow, and ye were the kyngis palfrey-  
man,

A goode horse xulde be geason.<sup>1</sup> 245

MANKYNDE. Wher spekys this felow?  
Wyll he not come nere?

MERCY. All to sone, my brother, I fere  
me, for yow.

He was here ryght now (by hym that  
bowte me dere!)<sup>2</sup>

With other of hys felouse. Thei kan<sup>3</sup>  
moche sorow. 249

They wyll be here ryght sone, yf I owt  
departe.

Thynke on my doctryne! yt xall be  
yowur defence.

Lerne wyll<sup>4</sup> I am here! Sett my wordis in  
herte!

With-in a schorte space I must nedis  
hens. 253

[*Now-a-days speaks from behind.*]

NOW-A-DAYS. The sonner the leuer, and  
yt be ewyn a-non!<sup>5</sup> 254

I trow yowur name ys "Do-lytyll"; ye  
be so longe fro hom.

Yf ye wolde go hens we xall cum euery-  
chon.<sup>6</sup>

Mo then a goode sorte. 257

Ye haue leve, I dare well say;  
To hame ye wyll go forth yowur wey.

Men haue lytyll deynte<sup>7</sup> of yowur pley,  
Be-cause ye make no sporte. 261

[*Nought speaks from behind.*]

NOUGHT. Yowur potage xall be for-colde,  
ser: when wyll ye go dyne? 262

I haue sene a man lost xx<sup>8</sup> noblys<sup>9</sup> in as  
lytyll tyme —

Yet yt was not I, be Sent Qisyntyn!

For I was neuer worth a pottfull a  
wortis<sup>10</sup> sythyn I was borne.

My name ys Nought, I loue well to  
make mery; 266

I haue be sethen<sup>10</sup> with ye comyn tapster  
of Bury;

<sup>1</sup> Scarce. MS. *gesumme*, which does not rhyme.  
Emend. by M.

<sup>2</sup> Dear.

<sup>3</sup> Know.

<sup>4</sup> While.

<sup>5</sup> The sooner the better, if it be even at once.

<sup>6</sup> Everyone.

<sup>7</sup> Pleasure.

<sup>8</sup> Gold coins.

<sup>9</sup> Roots.

<sup>10</sup> Since.

I pleyde so longe the foll that I am ewyn  
wery wery;<sup>1</sup>  
Yit xall I be ther ageyn to-morow! 269

MERCY [to Mankind]. I haue moche care  
for yow, my own frende.

Yowur enmys wyll be here a-non; thei  
made ther avaunte.

Thynke well in yowur hert yowur name ys  
"Mankynde";

Be not wnkynde to Gode, I prey yow!  
Be hys seruante!

Be stedefast in condycyon! Se ye be  
not varyant! 274

Lose not thorow foly that ys sowte so  
dere!

Gode wyll proue yow sone; ande yf that  
ye be constant,

Of hys blysse perpetuall ye xall be  
partener. 277

Ye may not haue yowur intent at yowur  
fyrst dysyer.

Se the grett pacyence of Iob and trib-  
ulacyon:

Lyke as the smyth trieth ern in the  
feer,<sup>2</sup>

So was he triede by Godis vysytacyon.<sup>3</sup>

He was of yowur nature and of yowur  
fragylte:<sup>4</sup> 282

Folow the steppys of hym, my own  
swete son,

Ande sey, as he seyde, in yowur trobyll and  
aduersyte:

*Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit, sicut  
sibi placuit; sit nomen Domini  
benedictum!*<sup>5</sup> 285

More-ouer, in specyall I gyue yow in  
charge, —

Be-ware of New-gyse, Now-a-days, and  
Nought!

Nyse in ther a-ray, in language thei be  
large.

To perverte thi<sup>6</sup> condycyouns all ther  
menys<sup>7</sup> xall be sowte. 289

Gode son, intyrmyse<sup>1</sup> yowur sylff not in  
ther cumpeny! 290

Thei harde not a masse thi[s] twel-  
monyth, I dare well say!

Gyff them non audyence; thei wyll tell  
yow many a lye.

Do truly yowur labure, and kepe yowur  
haly day. 293

Be-ware of Tytivillus<sup>2</sup> (fo[r] he lesyth no  
wey),

That goth in-vysybull and wyll not be  
sen;

He wyll ronde<sup>3</sup> in yowur ere, and cast a  
nett<sup>4</sup> be-for yowur eyen.

He ys worst of them all! Gode let hym  
neuer then!<sup>5</sup> 297

Yf ye dysples Gode, aske mercy a-non,  
Ellys Myscheff wyll be redy to brace<sup>6</sup>  
yow in hys brydyll.

Kysse me now, my dere darlynge! Gode  
sche||de yow from yowur fon!

Do truly yowur labure, and be neuer  
ydyll! 301

The blyssynge of Gode be with yow, —  
and with all thes worchyp[full]  
men! [Eul.]

MANKYNDE. Amen! for Sent Charyte,  
amen! 303

Now, blyssyde be Ihesu, my soull ys well  
sacyatt

With the mellyfluose doctryne of this  
worschypfull man!

The rebellyn of my flesch, now yt ys  
superatt,<sup>7</sup>

Thankynge be [to] Gode of the con-  
nyng that I kan.<sup>8</sup> 307

Her wyll I sytt, and tytyll<sup>9</sup> in this papyr  
The incomparable astat of my promy-  
cyon.<sup>10</sup> [He writes.]

[To the audience.]

Worschypfull souerence, I haue wretyn  
here

<sup>1</sup> Mix.

<sup>2</sup> A common name in early plays for a devil.

<sup>3</sup> Whisper.

<sup>4</sup> Supposed to render him invisible.

<sup>5</sup> Thrive.

<sup>6</sup> Fasten.

<sup>7</sup> Conquered.

<sup>8</sup> The skill that I have.

<sup>9</sup> Write down.

<sup>10</sup> Promotion?

<sup>1</sup> Very weary.

<sup>2</sup> Iron in the fire.

<sup>3</sup> Affliction.

<sup>4</sup> Frailty.

<sup>5</sup> Job i, 21: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath  
taken away, as it was pleasing to him; blessed be  
the name of the Lord."

<sup>6</sup> MS. ther.

<sup>7</sup> Means.

The gloryuse remembrance of my  
nobyll condycyon, 311

To haue remo[r]s and memory of my sylff.

Thus wretyn yt ys

To defende me from all superstycyus  
charmys:

*Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinerem  
reuerteris.*<sup>1</sup>

Lo! I ber on my bryst the bagge<sup>2</sup> of  
myn armys. 315

[Enter New-gyse.]

NEW-GYSE. The wether ys colde! Gode  
sende ws goode ferys!<sup>3</sup>

*Cum sancto sanctus eris, et cum peruerso,  
peruerteris.*<sup>4</sup>

*Ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum,  
quod the deull to the frerys.*

*Habitare fratres in unum.*<sup>5</sup> 319

MANKYNDE. I her a felow speke. With  
hym I wyll not mell.<sup>6</sup>

Thys erth with my spade I xall assay to  
delffe;

To eschew ydullnes I do yt myn own selffe.

I prey Gode sende yt hys fusyon!<sup>7</sup> 323

[He begins to dig. Enter Now-a-days and  
Nought, shouting to the audience.]

NOW-A-DAYS. Make rom, sers, for we  
haue be longe!<sup>8</sup>

We wyll cum gyf yow a Crystemes songe.

NOUGHT. Now I prey all the yemandry<sup>9</sup>  
that ys here

To synge with ws with a mery chere.

[He sings a line at a time, which New-gyse  
and Now-a-days, leading the audience,  
sing after him.]

*Yt ys wretyn with a coll,*<sup>10</sup> *yt ys wretyn  
with a cole.* 328

<sup>1</sup> "Remember, O man, that thou art ashes, and to  
ashes thou shalt return." Cf. Job xxxiv. 15.

<sup>2</sup> Badge.

<sup>3</sup> Fires.

<sup>4</sup> Psalms xviii. 26 (Authorized Version): "With  
the pure thou wilt show thyself pure; and with the  
froward thou wilt shew thyself froward."

<sup>5</sup> Psalms cxxxiii. 1 (Authorized Version): "Behold  
how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell  
together in unity!"

<sup>6</sup> Speak.

<sup>7</sup> Fruition.

<sup>8</sup> Apparently the actors have to pass through the  
audience to reach their platform.

<sup>9</sup> Yeomen, folk.

<sup>10</sup> Coal.

NEW-GYSE AND NOW-A-DAYS. *Yt ys  
wretyn with a colle, yt ys wretyn  
[with a cole].*

. . . . .<sup>1</sup>

*All sing.*<sup>2</sup>

*Hoylyke, holyke, holyke! holyke, holyke,  
hulyke!* 336

NEW-GYSE. Ey, Mankynde, Gode spede  
yow with yowur spade!

I xall tell yow of a maryage:

I wolde . . . . .<sup>3</sup>

Wer maryede junctly to-gether. 340

MANKYNDE. Hey yow hens, felouse, with  
bredynge!<sup>4</sup>

Leue yowur derysyon and yowur jap-  
ynge!<sup>5</sup>

I must nedis labure; yt ys my lyvynge.

NOW-A-DAYS. What, ser? we came but  
lat hethyr. 344

Xall all this corn grow here

That ye xall haue the nexte yer?

Yf yt be so, corn hade nede be dere,

Ellys ye xall haue a pore lyffe. 348

NOUGHT. A-lasse, goode fadere, this labor  
fretyth<sup>6</sup> yow to the bone!

But for yowur croppe I take grett mone:

Ye xall neuer spende yt a-lonne:

I xall assay to geett yow a wyffe. 352

How many acres suppose ye here by  
estymacyon?

NEW-GYSE. Ey, how ye turne the erth  
wpe and down!

I haue be in my days in many goode  
town,

Yett saw I neuer such a-nother tyll-  
ynge!

MANKYNDE. Why stonde ye ydyl? Yt  
ys pety that ye were born! 357

NOW-A-DAYS. We xall bargin with yow,  
and nother moke<sup>7</sup> nor scorne:

Take a goode carte in herwest, and lode yt  
with yowur corne,

Ande what xall we gyf yow for the  
levynge? 360

<sup>1</sup> The song is unprintable.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *Cantant omnes.*

<sup>3</sup> Unprintable.

<sup>4</sup> Politeness.

<sup>5</sup> Mocking.

<sup>6</sup> Consumeth.

<sup>7</sup> Mock.



NOUGHT. He ys a goode starke <sup>1</sup> laburrer!  
He wolde fayn do well!

He hath mett with the goode man Mercy  
in a schroude sell.<sup>2</sup>

For all this, he may haue many a hungry  
mele.

Yit, woll ye se, he ys polytyke: 364  
Here xall be goode corn; he may not mysse  
yt;

Yf he wyll haue reyn,<sup>3</sup> he may ouer-pysse  
yt;

Ande yf he wyll haue compass[t]e,<sup>4</sup> he may  
ouer-blyse yt

A lytyll with hys ers lyke. 368

MANKYNDE. Go and do yowur labur!  
Gode lett yow neuer the!<sup>5</sup>

Or with my spade I xall yow dyngye,<sup>6</sup> by  
the Holy Trinyte!

Haue ye non other man to moke but euer  
me?

Ye wolde haue me of yowur sett? 372  
Hye yow forth lyuely, for hens I wyll yow  
dryffe!

[*He beats them with his spade.*]

NEW-GYSE. A-las, my jewelles! I xall  
be schent <sup>7</sup> of my wyff!

NOW-A-DAYS. A-lasse! and I am lyke  
neuer for to thryue,

I haue such a buffett. 376

MANKYNDE. Hens I sey, New-gyse,  
Now-a-days, and Nowte!

Yt was seyde be-forn all the menys xull[d]  
be sought

To perverte my condycions and bryngye me  
to nought.

Hens, thevys! Ye haue made many a  
lesyngye.<sup>8</sup> 380

NOUGHT. Marryde <sup>9</sup> I was for colde, but  
now am I warme!

Ye are ewyll avysyde, ser, for ye haue done  
harme.

By cokkys body sakyrdye,<sup>10</sup> I haue such a  
peyn in my arme 383

I may not chonge a man a ferthyngye.

[*New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought  
start out.*]

<sup>1</sup> Strong. <sup>2</sup> A bad time. <sup>3</sup> Rain. <sup>4</sup> Compost.  
<sup>5</sup> Thrive. <sup>6</sup> Beat. <sup>7</sup> Punished. <sup>8</sup> Lie.  
<sup>9</sup> Married. <sup>10</sup> By God's body consecrated.

MANKYNDE [*kneels*]. Now I thanke Gode,  
knelyngye on my kne —

Blyssyde be hys name! he ys of hye  
degre —

By the ayde <sup>1</sup> of hys grace that he hath  
sente me

iij of myn enmys I haue putt to flyght.

[*Holds up his spade.*]

Yit this instrument, souerens, ys not  
made to defende. 389

Dauidе seyth, *nec in hasta, nec in gladio,  
saluat Dominus.*<sup>2</sup>

NOUGHT [*over his shoulder*]. No, mary, I  
be-schrew yow, yt ys *in spadibus*!

Therfor Crystis curse cum on yowur  
hedybus 392

To sende yow lesse myght! [*Exiant.*]

MANKYNDE. I promytt yow thes felouse  
wyll no more cum here,

For summe of them, certenly, were summe-  
what to nere.

My fadyr Mercy a-vysyde me to be of a  
goode chere,

Ande a-gayn my enmys manly for to  
fyght. 397

I xall convycte <sup>3</sup> them, I hope, euerychon!  
Yet I say amysse; I do yt not a-lonc:

With the helpe of the grace of Gode I resyst  
my fon <sup>4</sup>

Ande ther malycyuse herte. 401

With my spade I wyll departe, my wor-  
schypp[ful]l souerence,

Ande lyue euer with labure, to corecte my  
insolence.

I xall go fett corn for my londe. I prey  
yow of pacyence;

Ryght sone I xall reuerte.<sup>5</sup> 405

[*He goes out to get corn to plant.*]

[*Enter Myschief.*]

MYSCHEFF. A-las, a-lasse! that euer I  
was wrought!

A-lasse the whyll, I [am] wers then nought!

<sup>1</sup> MS. *synde*, the first two, or possibly three, let-  
ters crossed through.

<sup>2</sup> "The Lord saveth neither with the spear, nor  
with the sword." Quoted, but incorrectly, from the  
Vulgate, Regum i, 47.

<sup>3</sup> Conquer.

<sup>4</sup> Foes.

<sup>5</sup> Return.

Sythyn I was here, by hym that me bought,  
I am wtterly on-don! 409

I, Myscheff, was here at the begynnyng of  
the game,

Ande arguyde with Mercy — Gode gyff  
hym schame!

He hath taught Mankynde, wyll I haue be  
vane,<sup>1</sup>

To fyght manly a-geyn hys fon. 413

For with hys spade, that was hys wepyn,  
New-gyse, Now-a-days, Nought, hath [he]  
all to-beten.

I haue grett pyte to se them wepyn.

Wyll ye lyst? I here them crye. 417

*They cry,<sup>2</sup> [and Myschief calls to them.]*

A-lasse! a-lasse! Cum hether! I xall be  
yowur borow.<sup>3</sup>

A-lac, a-lac! vene, vene!<sup>4</sup> cum hethere  
with sorowe!

*[Enter New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought,  
crying.]*

Pesse, fayer babys! Ye xall haue a  
nappyl<sup>5</sup> — to-morow.

Why grete ye so, why? 421

NEW-GYSE. A-lasse, master! a-lasse, my  
pryvyte!

MYSCHEFF. A! wher? A-lake!<sup>6</sup> fayer  
babe, ba me!

Abyde to sone;<sup>7</sup> I xall yt se.

Now-A-DAYS. Here, here! se my hede,  
goode master! 425

MYSCHEFF. Lady, helpe! Sely<sup>8</sup> darlynge,  
vene, vene!

I xall helpe the of thi peyn;

I xall smytt of thi hede, and sett yt on  
agayn.

NOUGHT. By Owur Lady, ser, a fayer  
playster! 429

Wyll ye of with hys hede? Yt ys a schreude  
charme!

As for me, I haue non harme.

I were loth to for-bere myn arme. 432  
Ye, play! *In nomine patris,*<sup>9</sup> choppe!

<sup>1</sup> Been idle.

<sup>2</sup> Protector.

<sup>3</sup> An apple.

<sup>4</sup> Wait a moment

<sup>5</sup> "In the name of the Father."

<sup>6</sup> MS. *Clamant*.

<sup>7</sup> Come.

<sup>8</sup> Alack!

<sup>9</sup> Pitiful, poor.

NEW-GYSE. Ye xall not choppe my  
jewellys, and I may!

Now-A-DAYS. Ye, Cristis crose! wyll ye  
smyght my hede a-wey?

Ther, wher, on and on? Out! ye xall not  
assay!

I myght well be callyde a foppe. 437

MYSCHEFF. I kan choppe yt of and make  
yt a-gayn.

NEW-GYSE. I hade a schreude recumben-  
tibus,<sup>1</sup> but I fele no peyn. 439

Now-A-DAYS. Ande my hede ys all saue  
and holl agayn. —

Now, towchyng the mater of Mankynde,  
Lett ws haue an interleccyon,<sup>2</sup> sythen ye be  
cum hethere.

Yt were goode to haue an ende. 443

MYSCHEFF. How, how! a mynstrell!  
Know ye ony out?<sup>3</sup>

NOUGHT. I kan pype in a Walsyngham  
wystyll, I, Nought, Nought. 445

MYSCHEFF. Blow a-pase, and thou xall  
bryng hym in with a flewte.

*[There is an explosion of powder, and  
Titivillus shouts within.]*

TYTIVILLUS. I com, with my leggis vn-  
dur me!

MYSCHEFF. How, New-gyse, Now-a-days!  
herke or I gool

When owur hedis wer to-gethere I spake of  
*si dederō*.<sup>4</sup>

NEW-GYSE. Ye! go thi wey! We xall  
gather mony on-to —

Ellys ther xall no man hym se. 451

*[To the audience.]*

Now gostly to owur purpos, worschypfull  
souerence,

We intende to gather mony, yf yt plesse  
yowur necligence,

For a man with a hede that [is] of grett  
omnipotens —

Now-A-DAYS. Kepe yowur tayll, in good-  
nes, I prey vow, goode brother!

He ys a worschyp[f]ull man, scrs, sauynge  
yowur reuerens! 456

<sup>1</sup> A knockdown blow.

<sup>2</sup> Consultation.

<sup>3</sup> Aught.

<sup>4</sup> "If I paid" (i.e. spoke of a collection of money).

He louth no grotis, nor pens, or to-pens:  
Gyf ws rede reyallys,<sup>1</sup> yf ye wyll se hys  
abhomynabull presens!

NEW-GYSE. Not so! Ye that mow<sup>2</sup>  
not pay the ton, pay the tother!

[*They descend, and begin to take up a  
collection.*]

At the goode man of this house<sup>3</sup> fyrst we  
wyll assay. 460

Gode blysse yow, master! Ye say as yll,  
yet ye wyll not sey "nay."

Lett ws go hy and by. And do them pay!  
Ye pay all a-lyke. Well mut ye fare!

[*The collecting of money over, they return  
to the stage.*]

NOUGHT. I sey, New-gyse, Now-a-days,  
*estis vos pecuniatus?*<sup>4</sup> 464

I haue cryede a fayer wyll, I beschrew  
yowur patus!<sup>5</sup>

[*Now-a-days turns to call in Titivillus.*]

NOW-A-DAYS. *Ita vere, magister!*<sup>6</sup> cumme  
forth now yowur gatus!<sup>7</sup>

He ys a goodly man, sers: make space!  
and be ware! 467

[*Enter Titivillus, horribly arrayed like a  
devil, with a net in his hand.*]

TITIVILLUS. *Ego sum dominancium dom-  
inus,*<sup>8</sup> and my name ys Titivillus.

Ye that haue goode hors, to yow I sey,  
*caueatis!*<sup>9</sup>

Here ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hym  
out at yowur gatis.<sup>10</sup>

*He speaks to New-gyse.*<sup>11</sup>

*Ego probo sic.*<sup>12</sup> Ser New-gys, lende me a  
peny. 471

NEW-GYSE. I haue a grett purse, ser, but  
I haue no monay;

By the masse, I fayll ij farthyngis of an  
halpeny;

Yit hade I ten pounds<sup>13</sup> this nyght that  
was.

<sup>1</sup> Royals, gold coins. <sup>2</sup> May.

<sup>3</sup> Apparently the host of the inn.

<sup>4</sup> "Are you monied?"

<sup>5</sup> Pate, head.

<sup>6</sup> Gate, door.

<sup>7</sup> Beware.

<sup>8</sup> MS. *Logistur ad New-gyse.*

<sup>9</sup> "I will try him this way."

<sup>10</sup> "Yea truly, Master."

<sup>11</sup> "I am the lord of lords."

<sup>12</sup> To snatch them out at your gates.

<sup>13</sup> MS. X<sup>ii</sup>.

*He speaks to Now-a-days.*<sup>1</sup>

TITYUILLUS. What ys in thi purse? thou  
art a stout felow. 475

NOW-A-DAYS. The deull haue [the]<sup>2</sup>  
qwyll!<sup>3</sup> I am a clen jentyllman.

I prey Gode I be neuer wers storyde<sup>4</sup> then  
I am.

Yt xall be otherwyse, I hope, or this  
nyght passe. 478

*He speaks to Nought.*<sup>5</sup>

TITIVILLUS. Herke now! I say thou hast  
many a peny?

NOUGHT. *No[n] nobis, dominie; non no-  
bis,*<sup>6</sup> by Sent Denny!

The deull may daunce in my purse for ony  
peny;

Yt ys as clen as a byrdis ars. 482

TITIVILLUS. Now I sey yet a-geyn  
*caueatis!* 483

Her ys an abyll felyschyppe to tryse hem  
out of yowur gatis.

Now I sey, New-gyse, Now-a-days, and  
Nought,

Go and serche the contre! anon that [yt]<sup>7</sup>  
be sowghte,

Summe here, summe ther, what yf ye may  
cachc owghte.<sup>8</sup> 487

Yf ye fayll of hors, take what ye may  
ellys!

NEW-GYSE. Then speke to Mankynde for  
the recumbentibus<sup>9</sup> of my jewellys.

NOW-A-DAYS. Remembre my brokyn hede  
in the worschyppe of the v. vow-  
ellys.<sup>10</sup>

NOUGHT. Ye, goode ser, and the sytyca<sup>11</sup>  
in my arme! 491

TITYUILLUS. I know full well what Man-  
kynde dyde to yow;

Myschyff had informyde [me] of all the  
matere thorow.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *Logistur ad Now-a-days.*

<sup>2</sup> Added by M.

<sup>3</sup> Lot, set? (E.E.T.S.) *Qy*. qwytt.

<sup>4</sup> Stored (with money).

<sup>5</sup> MS. *Logistur ad Nought.*

<sup>6</sup> "Not unto us, O lord, not unto us."

<sup>7</sup> Added by M.

<sup>8</sup> Knockdown blow.

<sup>9</sup> The five vowels.

<sup>10</sup> Siaticas.

<sup>11</sup> Siaticas.

I xall venge yowur quarell, I made Gode  
a-vow.

Forth! and espye were ye may do  
harne! 495

Take W[illiam] Fyde,<sup>1</sup> yf ye wyll haue  
ony mo.

I sey, New-gyse, wether art thou  
avysyde to go? 497

NEV-GYSE. Fyrst I xall be-gyn at M[aster]  
Huntyngton of Sanston;

Fro thens I xall go to Wylliam Thurlay of  
Hanston,

Ande so forth to Pycharde of Trumpyngton:  
I wyll kepe me to thes iij. 501

NOW-A-DAYS. I xall goo to Wylyham  
Baker of Walton,

To Rycherde Bollman of Gayton,  
I xall spare master Woode of Fullburn;

He ys a *noli me tangere*! <sup>2</sup> 505

NOUGHT. I xall goo to Wylyham Patryke  
of Massyngham;

I xall spare master Alyngton of Botysam,  
Ande Hamonde of Soffeham.

Felous, cum forth! and go we hens  
to-gethyr, 509

Fro drede of *in manus tuas, qweke*.<sup>3</sup>

NEU-GYSE. Syth we xall go, lett ws se  
well ware and wether;

Yf we may be take, we com no more  
hethyr. 512

Lett ws con well owur neke verse,<sup>4</sup>  
that we have not a cheke.

TITYVILLUS. Goo yowur wey, a deull  
wey! Go yowur wey, all!

I blysse yow with my lyfte honde! <sup>5</sup> Foull  
yow be-fall!

Com a-gayn, I werne, as sone as I yow  
call,

A[nd] brynge yowur a-vantage in-to this  
place. 517

<sup>1</sup> This and the following allusions are doubtless  
"local hits." All the towns mentioned lie within a  
short distance from Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> "Touch me not," an irascible fellow.

<sup>3</sup> "Into thy hands," quick. Possibly the allusion  
is to the hands of the sheriff.

<sup>4</sup> Neck-verse, the first verse of the fifty-first Psalm,  
by citing which a person condemned to death might  
claim right of clergy in order to avoid the gallows.

<sup>5</sup> Left hand. Devils and witches were supposed to  
use the left hand, especially in incantations and  
"blessings."

[*Ezeunt Mischief, New-gyse, Now-a-days,  
and Nought.*]

To speke with Mankynde I wyll tary here  
this tyde,

Ande assay hys goode purpose for to sett  
a-syde.

The goode man Mercy xall no lenger be  
hys gyde;

I xall make hym to dawnce a-nother  
trace! <sup>1</sup> 521

Euer I go invysybull — yt ys my jett; <sup>2</sup>

Ande be-for hys ey, thus I wyll hange my  
nett

To blench hys syght. I hope to haue hys  
fote mett, <sup>3</sup>

To yrke <sup>4</sup> hym of hys labur I xall make a  
frame: <sup>5</sup> 525

Thys borde xall be hyde wndur the erth  
preuely;

Hys spade xall entur, I hope, ouer redyly; <sup>6</sup>  
Be then <sup>7</sup> he hath assayde, he xall be very  
angry, 528

Ande lose hys pacyens, peyn of schame.

[*He puts a board under the earth that Man-  
kind is tilling.*]

I xall munge <sup>8</sup> hys corne with drawk and  
with durnell; <sup>9</sup>

Yt xall not be lyke to sow nor to sell.

Yondyr he commyth. I prey of cownsell.  
He xall wene grace were wane. <sup>10</sup> 533

[*Enter Mankind with a sack of corn.*]

MANKYNDE. Now Gode, of hys mercy,  
sende ws of hys sonde! <sup>11</sup>

I haue brought seed her to sow with my  
londe;

Qwyll I ouer dylew yt, <sup>12</sup> here yt xall stonde.

[*He sets the corn down, and Titivillus goes  
out with it. Mankind takes up his spade.*]

*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus  
Sancti*, <sup>13</sup> now I wyll be-gyn. 537

<sup>1</sup> Dance.

<sup>2</sup> Fashion.

<sup>3</sup> Caught (E.E.T.S.). Manly prints *wett*, which  
seems correct.

<sup>4</sup> Disguist.

<sup>5</sup> A frame of wood.

<sup>6</sup> Manly emends *on-readily*.

<sup>7</sup> By the time that.

<sup>8</sup> Mix.

<sup>9</sup> The names of certain weeds; the "thorns and  
thistles" of Genesis iii, 18.

<sup>10</sup> Think grace were lacking.

<sup>11</sup> Message.

<sup>12</sup> While I dig it over?

<sup>13</sup> "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and  
of the Holy Spirit."

[*Tries to dig; his spade strikes the board.*]

Thys londe ys so harde yt makyth wnlusty and yrke.<sup>1</sup>

I xall sow my corn at wyntur and lett Gode werke.

[*He turns to get his sack of corn.*]

A-lasse! my corn ys lost! Here ys a foull werke! 540

I se well, by tyllynge lytyll xall I wyn.

[*He throws his spade down in anger.*]

Here I gyf wppe my spade, for now and for euer!

To occupye my body I wyll not put me in deuer!<sup>2</sup>

*Here Titivillus goth out with the spade.*

I wyll here my ewynsonge<sup>3</sup> here or I dysseuer.<sup>4</sup> 544

Thys place I assynge as for my kyrke;<sup>5</sup> Here, in my kerke, I knell on my knees.

[*He kneels, and with his beads begins to say the Lord's Prayer.*]

*Pater noster, qui es in celis, [etc.]* 547

[*Re-enter Titivillus.*]

TYTYVILLUS. I promes yow I haue no lede on my helys!

I am here a-geyn to make this felow yrke. 549

Qwyst!<sup>6</sup> pesse! I xall go to hys ere, and tytyll<sup>7</sup> ther-in.

[*He approaches Mankind, and whispers in his ear.*]

"A schorte preyere thyrllyth hewyn.<sup>8</sup> Of thi preyere blyn.<sup>9</sup>

Thou art holier then euer was ony of thi kyn.

A-ryse and avent thee! nature compellys." 553

[*Mankind rises, and addresses the audience.*]

MANKYNDE. I wyll in-to thi yerde, souerens, and cum a-geyn sone;

<sup>1</sup> Troublesome.

<sup>2</sup> Hardship.

<sup>3</sup> Evensong.

<sup>4</sup> Depart.

<sup>5</sup> Church.

<sup>6</sup> Whist (be silent)!

<sup>7</sup> Whisper.

<sup>8</sup> Pierces heaven.

<sup>9</sup> Cease.

For drede of the colyke and eke of the ston

I wyll go do that nedis must be don.

My bedis xall be here for who-summeuer wyll cumme. [*Exiat.* 557

TITYVILLUS. Mankynde was besy in hys prayere, yet I dyde hym aryse;

He is conveyde (be Cryst!) from hys dyvyn seruyce.

Whether ys he, trow ye? I-wysse I am wondur wyse!

I haue sent hym forth to schyte lesynges. 561

Yff ye haue ony syluer, in happe pure brasse,

Take a lytyll pow[d]er of Parysch<sup>1</sup> and cast ouer hys<sup>2</sup> face,

Ande ewyn-in the howll-flyght<sup>3</sup> let hym passe.

Titivillus kan lerne yow many praty thyngis! 565

I trow Mankynde wyll cum a-geyn son, Or ellys, I fer me, ewynsonge wyll be don.

Hys bedis xall be trysyde<sup>4</sup> a-syde, and that a-non.

Ye xall [se]<sup>5</sup> a goode sport, yf ye wyll a-byde. 569

Mankynde cummyth a-geyn: well fare hel I xall answer hym *ad omnia quare*;<sup>6</sup>

Ther xall be sett a-broche a clerycall mater;

I hope, of hys purpose to sett hym a-syde. 573

[*Re-enter Mankind.*]

MANKYNDE. Ewynsonge hath be in the saynge, I trow, a fayer wyll!

I am yrke of yt: yt ys to longe be on myle. Do wey! I wyll no more so oft on the chyrche-style;<sup>7</sup>

Be as me may, I xall do a-nother. 577

Of labure and preyere, I am nere yrke of both;

I wyll no more of yt, thow Mercy be wroth!

My hede ys very heuy, I tell yow for soth;

<sup>1</sup> Paris powder.

<sup>2</sup> Its (the coin's).

<sup>3</sup> Owl-flight (the dark).

<sup>4</sup> Thrown.

<sup>5</sup> Added by M.

<sup>6</sup> "At every way."

<sup>7</sup> Stile in the churchyard.

I xall slepe full my bely,<sup>1</sup> and he were my  
brother. 581

[Goes to sleep and snores.]

TITIVILLUS [to the audience]. Ande euer  
ye dyde, for me kepe now yowur  
syllence!

Not a worde, I charge yow, peyn of xl  
pens!

A praty game xall be scheude yow, or ye go  
hens.

Ye may here hym snore; he ys sade  
a-slepe! 585

Qwyst! pesse! the Deull ys dede! I xall  
goo ronde<sup>2</sup> in hys ere.

[He approaches Mankynde, and whispers in  
his ear.]

"A-lasse, Mankynde! a-lasse! Mercy  
stoun a mere!<sup>3</sup>

He ys runn a-way fro hys master, ther wot  
no man where.

More-ouer, he stale both a hors and a  
nete.<sup>4</sup> 589

But yet I herde sey he brake hys neke as he  
rode in Fraunce;

But I thynke he rydyth ouer the galous<sup>5</sup>  
to lern for to daunce,

By-cause of hys theft. That ys hys  
gouernance!

Trust no more on hym; he ys a marryde  
man! 593

Mekyll sorow with thi spade be-forn thou  
hast wrought.

A-ryse, and aske mercy of Neu-gyse, Now-  
a-days, and Nought!

Thei cum. A-vyse thee for the best. Lett  
ther goode wyll be sought.

Ande thi own wyff [be]brethell,<sup>6</sup> and  
take thee a lemman."<sup>7</sup> 597

[To the audience.]

For well, euerychon! for I haue don my  
game,

For I haue brought Mankynde to myscheff  
and to schame.

<sup>1</sup> My belly full.

<sup>2</sup> Whisper.

<sup>3</sup> Hath stolen a mare.

<sup>4</sup> Ox.

<sup>5</sup> Gallows.

<sup>6</sup> Be-brothel, put to the brothel?

<sup>7</sup> Sweetheart, mistress.

[Exit Titivillus. Mankynde awakes.]

MANKYNDE. Whope! who! Mercy hath  
brokyn hys nekekycher,<sup>1</sup> a-vows!

Or he hangyth by the neke hye wpp on the  
gallowse!

A-dew, fayer mastere! I wyll hast me to  
the ale-house,

Ande speke with New-gyse, Now-a-days  
and Nought, 603

A[nd] geett me a lemman with a smat-  
trynge<sup>2</sup> face.

[Enter New-gyse running, with a broken rope  
about his neck.]

NEW-GYSE. Make space! for Cokkes  
body sakynde, make space!

A ha! well on ron! Gode gyff hym ewyll  
grace!

We were nere Sent Patrykes wey, by hym  
that me bought; 607

I was twychyde<sup>3</sup> by the neke; the game  
was be-gunne;

A grace was, the halter brast asondur —  
Ecce signum!

[He holds up the broken rope.]

The half ys a-bowte my neke. We hade a  
nere rune!

"Be-ware," quod the goode wyff when  
sche smot of here husbondis hede,

"be-ware!" 611

Myscheff ys a conuicte, for he coude<sup>4</sup> hys  
neke-verse,

My body gaff a swynge when I hynge  
wpp-on the casse.<sup>5</sup>

A-lasse! he wyll hange such a lygh[t]ly<sup>6</sup>  
man, and a fers,

For stelynge of an horse! I prey Gode  
gyf hym care! 615

Do wey<sup>7</sup> this halter! What deull doth  
Mankynde here, with sorow!

A-lasse, how my neke ys sore! I make  
a-vowe!

M[ANKYNDE]. Ye be welcom, New-gysel  
Ser, what chere with yow?

<sup>1</sup> Neckkerchief (i.e. neck).

<sup>2</sup> Ready for kissing? (N.E.D.)

<sup>3</sup> Twitshed.

<sup>4</sup> Knew.

<sup>5</sup> Frame of the gibbet?

<sup>6</sup> Likely.

<sup>7</sup> Take off.

NEW-GYSE. Well, ser; I haue no cause to morn! 619

M[ANKYNDE]. What was ther abowte yowur neke, so Gode yow a-mende?

NEW-GYSE. In feyth, Sent Audrys holy bende.<sup>1</sup>

I haue a lytyll dysches,<sup>2</sup> as yt plesse Gode to sende,

With a runnyng ryng-worme.<sup>3</sup> 623

[Enter Now-a-days laden with church plate.]

Now-A-DAYS. Stonde a rom, I prey the, brother myn!

I haue laburyde all this nyght; wen xall we go dyn?

A chyrche her be-syde xall pay for ale, brede, and wyn.

Lo, here ys stoff wyll serue! 627

NEW-GYSE. Now, by the holy Mary, thou art bettur marchande then I!

[Enter Nought.]

NOUGHT. A-vante, knawys! lett me go by!

I kan not geet, and I xulde sterue.<sup>4</sup> 630

[ . . . . . ]  
[ . . . . . ]<sup>5</sup>

[Enter Mischief running, with broken fetters on his arms:]

MYSCHEFF. Here cummyth a man of armys! Why stonde ye so styll?

Of murder and man-slawter I haue my bely fyll.

Now-A-DAYS. What, Myscheff, haue ye bene in presun, and yt be yowur wyll?

Me semyth ye haue scoryde<sup>6</sup> a peyr of fetters. 634

MYSCHEFF. I was chenyde by the armys — lo! I haue them here —

The chenys I brast asundyr, and kyllyde the jaylere,

Ye, ande hys fayer wyff halsyde<sup>7</sup> in a cornere.

A! how swetly I kyssyde tho swete mowth of hers! 638

When I hade do, I was myn owghun bottler;

I brought a-wey with me both dysch and dublere.<sup>1</sup>

Here ys a-now for me; be of goode chere! Yet well fare the new chesance!<sup>2</sup> 642

MANKYNDE. I aske mercy of New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought.

Onys with my spade I remembur that I faught:

I wyll make yow a-mendis yf I hurt yow ought,

Or dyde ony grevaunce. 646

NEW-GYSE. What a deull lykyth<sup>3</sup> thee to be of this dysposycyon?

MANKYNDE. I drempt Mercy was hange — this was my vysyon —

Ande that to yow iij I xulde haue recors and remocyon.<sup>4</sup>

Now I prey yow hertyly of yowur goode wyll. 650

I crye you mercy of all that I dyde a-mysse.

Now-A-DAYS [aside]. I sey, New-gys, Nought! Tytivillus made all this:

As sekyr<sup>5</sup> as Gode ys in hewyn, so yt ys!

NOUGHT. Stonde wppe on yowur feet! why stonde ye so styll?

NEW-GYSE. Master Myscheff, we wyll yow exort 655

Mankyndis name in yowur bok for to report.

MYSCHEFF. I wyll not so; I wyll sett a corte.

A! do yt forma jurys, dasarde!<sup>6</sup>

Now-a-days, mak proclamacyon.

Now-A-DAYS. "Oy-yt! Oy-yit! Oyet!"<sup>7</sup>

All maner of men and comun women, To the cort of Myschyff othere cum or sen! Mankynde xall return; he ys one of owur men."

MYSCHEFF. Nought, cum forth! Thou xall be stowerde.<sup>8</sup> 663

NEW-GYSE. Master Myscheff, hys syde gown may be solde;

<sup>1</sup> Band (rope).

<sup>2</sup> Disease.

<sup>3</sup> Ring-worm (alluding to his sore neck).

<sup>4</sup> Get, if I should starve.

<sup>5</sup> Apparently a lacuna in the MS.

<sup>6</sup> Scoured, polished (by wearing).

<sup>7</sup> Embraced.

<sup>1</sup> Dish and plate.

<sup>2</sup> Bargain.

<sup>3</sup> Pleaseth.

<sup>4</sup> Removing.

<sup>5</sup> Sure.

<sup>6</sup> Do it in legal form, fool!

<sup>7</sup> Oyes.

<sup>8</sup> Steward of the Manor. The scene is a parody on the proceedings in a manor-court.

He may haue a jakett ther-of, and mony tolde.<sup>1</sup>

MANKYNDE. I wyll do for the best, so I haue no colde. 666

[He takes off his gown.]

Holde, I prey yow, and take yt with yow; Ande let me haue yt a-geyn in ony wyse!

*Nought is busy writing.*<sup>2</sup>

NEW-GYSE. I promytt yow a fresch jakett after the new gyse.

MANKYNDE. Go and do that longyth to yowur offyce;

A[nd] spare that ye may! 671

[New-gyse goes out with Mankind's coat. Nought hands what he has written to • Mischief.]

NOUGHT. Holde, master Myscheff, and rede this!

MYSCHEFF. Here ys — "*blottybus in blottis, Blottorum blottibus istis.*"

I be-schrew yowur erys, a<sup>3</sup> fayer hande! NOW-A-DAYS. Ye! yt ys a goode renny[n]ge fyst; 676

Such an hande may not be myst.

NOUGHT. I xulde haue don bettur, hade I wyst.

MYSCHEFF. Take hede, sers, yt stonde you on hande! 679

[He reads the document.]

"*Curia tenta generalis,*"<sup>4</sup>

In a place ther goode ale ys,

"*Anno regni regitalis*

*Edwardi millatani.*"<sup>5</sup>

On yestern day, in Feuerere, the yere passyth fully.

As Nought hath wrytyn; here ys owur tulli.<sup>6</sup>

"*Anno regni regis nulli.*"<sup>7</sup> 686

NOW-A-DAYS. What, how, New-gyse! Thou makyst moche [tarynge].<sup>8</sup>

That jakett xall not be worth a ferthyng.

<sup>1</sup> Counted. <sup>2</sup> MS. *Nought scri.* <sup>3</sup> MS. &.

<sup>4</sup> "The general heading of the record of Manorial-Court proceedings." J. Herbert. (E.E.T.S.)

<sup>5</sup> "In the regnal year of King Edward, one thousand."

<sup>6</sup> Quarrel, brawl?

<sup>7</sup> "In the regnal year of King Nobody."

<sup>8</sup> Added by M.

[Re-enter New-gyse with Mankind's gown much abbreviated.]

NEW-GYSE. Out of my wey, sers, for drede of fyghtyng!

Lo! here ys a feet tayll,<sup>1</sup> lyght to leppe a-bowte! 690

NOUGHT. Yt ys not schapyn worth a morsell of brede!

Ther ys to moche cloth; yt weys as ony lede.

I xall goo and mende yt, ellys I wyll lose my hede.

Make space, sers! lett me go owte! 694

[Nought goes out with the gown.]

MYSCHEFF. Mankynde, cum hether! God sende yow the gowte!

Ye xall goo to all the goode felouse in the cuntre a-boute;

On-to the goode wyff, when the goode man ys owte.

"I wyll," say ye!

MANKYNDE. I wyll, ser. 698

NEW-GYSE. There arn but sex dedly synnys: lechery ys non,

As yt may be verelyede be ws brethellys euerychon.<sup>2</sup>

Ye xall goo robbe, stell, and kyll, as fast as ye may gon.

"I wyll," sey ye!

M[ANKYNDE]. I wyll, ser. 702

NOW-A-DAYS. On Sundays, on the morow, erly be tyme,

Ye xall with ws to the alle-house erly to go dyne,

A[nd] for-ber masse and matens, owres and prime.<sup>3</sup>

"I wyll," sey ye!

M[ANKYNDE]. I wyll, ser. 706

MYSCHEFF. Ye must haue be yowur syde a longe *da pacem*,<sup>4</sup>

As trew men ryde be the wey, for to on-brace<sup>5</sup> them;

Take ther money, kytt ther throtes! thus ouer-face<sup>6</sup> them.

"I wyll," sey ye!

MANKYNDE. I wyll, ser. 710

<sup>1</sup> Fine tail.

<sup>2</sup> Everyone.

<sup>3</sup> Church services.

<sup>4</sup> "Give-peace," a dagger.

<sup>5</sup> Unbrace.

<sup>6</sup> Overcome.



[*Re-enter Nought, with Mankind's gown  
cut into a ridiculously short jacket.*]

NOUGHT. Here ys a joly jakett! How sey ye?

NEW-GYSE. Yt ys a goode jake[t] of fence<sup>1</sup> for a mannys body!

[*They put it on Mankind.*]

HAY, doog!<sup>2</sup> hay, whoppe! whoo! go yowur wey lyghtly!

Ye are well made for to ren. 714

[*Enter Mercy at a distance.*]

MYSCHIEFF. Tydyngis, tydyngis! I haue a-spyede on!

Hens with yowur stuff! Fast we were gon!  
I be-schrew the last xall com to hys hom!

*Let all say:*<sup>3</sup>

[ALL.] Amen!

MERCY. What, how, Mankynde! Fle that felyschyppe, I yow prey!

MANKYNDE. I xall speke with [thee] a-nother tyme; to morn, or the next day.

We xall goo forth to-gether to kepe my faders yer-day.<sup>4</sup>

A tapster! a tapster! stow, statt, stow!

MYSCHIEFF. A myscheff go with here! I haue a foull fall. 723

Hens, a-wey fro me! or I xall be-schyte yow all.

NEW-GYSE. What, how! ostler, hostler! lende ws a foot-ball!

Whoppe, whow! a-now, a-now, a-now, a-now! 726

[*Exeunt all, including Mankind.*]

MERCY. My mynde ys dyspersyde! My body tir-trymmelyth as the aspen leffe!

The terys xuld trekyll down by my chekys, were not yowur reuerence.

Yt were to me solace, the cruell vysytacyon of deth.

With-out rude be-hauer I kan [not]<sup>5</sup> expresse this inconueniens;

Wepynge, sythyng, and sobbyng, were my suffyngens;<sup>1</sup> 731

All naturall nutriment to me as caren ys odybull;<sup>2</sup>

My inwarde affliccyon yeldyth me tedyouse wn-to yowur presens;

I kan not bere yt cwynly, that mankynde ys so flexibull. 734

Man, on-kynde wher-cuer thou be! for all this world was not apprehensyble

To dyscharge thin orygynall offence, thraldam, and captyuyte,

Tyll Godis own welbelouyde Son was obedient and passyble.

Euery droppe of his bloode was schede to purge thin inquite.

I dyscomende and dysalow this oftyn imutabylyte; 739<sup>3</sup>

To euery creature thou art dyspectuose and odyble.<sup>3</sup>

Why art thou so on-curtess, so inconsyderatt? A-lasse! who<sup>4</sup> ys me!

As the fane<sup>5</sup> that turnyth with the wynde, so thou art conuertible.<sup>6</sup>

In trust ys treson; this promes ys not credyble; 743

Thys peruersyouse ingratytude I can not rehers.

To go ouer to all the holy corte of hewyn thou art despectyble,

As a nobyll versyfyer makyth mencyon in this verse:

*Lex et natura, Christus et omnia iura  
Damnant in-gratum; lugetur eum fore  
natum.*<sup>7</sup> 748

O goode Lady and Mother of Mercy, haue pety and compassyon

Of the wrechydnes of Mankynde that ys so wanton and so frayll!

Lett Mercy excede Justice, dere Mother! A[d]mytt this supplycacyon —

Equyte to be leyde ouer party,<sup>8</sup> and Mercy to preuayll. 752

<sup>1</sup> Sustenance, food. <sup>2</sup> Carrion is hateful.

<sup>3</sup> Contemptible and odious.

<sup>4</sup> Woe.

<sup>5</sup> Changeable. <sup>6</sup> Weather-vane.

<sup>7</sup> "Law and nature, Christ and all justice condemn the ingrate; he will be sorry that he was born."

<sup>8</sup> To be overcome somewhat?

<sup>1</sup> Coat of mail (or of defence against the cold?).

<sup>2</sup> A corruption of "God," used as a vulgar oath.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *dicant omnes*.

<sup>4</sup> Anniversary (usually a service for the dead).

<sup>5</sup> Added by M.

To sensuall lyvyng ys reprobable that ys  
now-a-days,

As be the comprehension of this mater yt  
may be specifyede.

New-gyse, Now-a-days, Nought, with ther  
allectuose <sup>1</sup> ways

They haue pervertide Mankynde, my  
swet sun, I haue well espyede. 756

A! with thes cursyde caytyfs, and I may,  
he xall not long indure.

I, Mercy, hys father gostly, <sup>2</sup> wyll  
procede forth, and do my propyrte. <sup>3</sup>

Lady, helpe! This maner of lyvyng ys a  
detestabull plesure; 759

*Vanitas vanitatum*, all ys but a vanyte.

Mercy xall neuer be convicte of his on-  
curtes condycyon;

With wepyng terys, be nyghte and be  
day, I wyll goo, and neuer sesse.

Xall I not fynde hym? Yes, I hope. Now  
Gode be my proteccyon!

[*He calls aloud.*]

My predylecte son, wher be ye? Man-  
kynde! *ubi es?* <sup>4</sup> 764

[*Exit Mercy crying "Ubi es?" Enter Mis-  
chief.*]

MYSCHEFF. My prepotent father, when  
ye sowpe, <sup>5</sup> sowpe owt yowur messe.

Ye are all to-gloryede <sup>6</sup> in yowur termys;  
ye make many a lesse. <sup>7</sup>

Wyll ye here? He cryeth euer "Man-  
kynde, *ubi es?*" 767

[*Enter New-gyse, Now-a-days, and Nought.*]

NEW-GYSE. *Hic, hyc! hic, hic! hic, hic!*  
*hic, hic!* <sup>8</sup>

That ys to say, here! here! here! ny dede in  
the cryke. <sup>9</sup>

Yf ye wyll haue hym, goo and syke, syke,  
syke! <sup>10</sup>

Syke not ouer longe, for losyng of  
yowur mynde! 771

NOW-A-DAYS. Yf ye wyll haue Mankynde  
— how, *domine, domine, domine!* —

<sup>1</sup> Alluring. <sup>2</sup> Spiritual. <sup>3</sup> Peculiar taak.

<sup>4</sup> "Where art thou?" <sup>5</sup> Sup.

<sup>6</sup> Exceedingly glorified. Manly emends to *to-glos-  
yede*.

<sup>7</sup> Lying. <sup>8</sup> Here. <sup>9</sup> Creek. <sup>10</sup> Seek.

Ye must speke to the schryue <sup>1</sup> for a  
*cepe coppus*. <sup>2</sup>

Ellys ye must be fayn to retorn with  
*non est inuentus*. <sup>3</sup>

How say ye, ser? my bolte ys  
schott. 775

NOUGHT. I am doynge of my nedyngeis:  
be ware how ye schott!

Fy, fy, fy! I haue fowll a-rayde my fote.  
Be wyse forschotyng with yowur takylls, <sup>4</sup>

for, Gode wott,  
My fote ys fowly ouer-schett. 779

MYSCHEFF. A parlement! a parlement! <sup>5</sup>  
Cum forth, Nought, be-hynde!

A cownsell be-lyue! <sup>6</sup> I am a-ferde Mercy  
wyll hym fynde.

How say ye? and what sey ye? How xall we  
do with Mankynde?

NEU-GYSE. Tysche! a flyes weyng! <sup>7</sup>  
Wyll ye do well? 783

He wenyth <sup>8</sup> Mercy were honged for stelyng  
of a mere.

Myscheff, go sey to hym that Mercy  
sekyth euerywere;

He wyll honged hym self, I wндыrtake, for  
fere.

MYSCHEFF. I assent ther-to; yt ys  
wyttyly seyde, and well.

NOW-A-DAYS. I-wyppe yt in thi cote; <sup>9</sup>  
a-non yt wer don.

Now, Sent Gabryellis modyr saue the  
clothes of thi schon! <sup>10</sup>

All the bokys in the worlde, yf thei hade be-  
wndon,

Kowde not a cownselde ws bett. 791

Here <sup>11</sup> *exit Myscheff.* [*He returns  
leading Mankind, now a victim of de-  
spair.*]

MYSCHEFF. How, Mankynde! cumm and  
speke with Mercy! He ys here fast  
by.

MANKYNDE. A roppe! a rope! a rope! I  
am not worthy!

<sup>1</sup> Sheriff. <sup>2</sup> "Take his body," a legal phrase.

<sup>3</sup> "He is not found," a legal phrase.

<sup>4</sup> Tackles (bow and arrows, E.E.T.S.); but possi-  
bly an obscene pun.

<sup>5</sup> Consultation. <sup>6</sup> Quickly.

<sup>7</sup> A fly's weight (a trifle). <sup>8</sup> Thinketh.

<sup>9</sup> Put it quickly in thy coat (i.e. hide the rope?).

<sup>10</sup> Shoes. <sup>11</sup> MS. *hic*.

**MYSCEFF.** A-non, a-non, a-non! I haue  
yt here redy;  
With a tre also that I haue gett. 795

[*They produce a rope, and also a gallows-tree.*]

Holde the tre, Now-a-days! Nought, take  
hede, and be wyse!

**NEU-GYSE.** Lo, Mankynde, do as I do.  
This ys thi new gyse.<sup>1</sup>

Gyff<sup>2</sup> the roppe just to thy<sup>3</sup> neke: this  
ys myn a-vyse.

[*New-gyse adjusts the rope about his own neck. Mercy enters at a distance.*]

**MYSCEFF.** Helpe thi sylff, Nought!  
lo, Mercy ys here! 799  
He skaryth ws with a bales;<sup>4</sup> we may no  
lengere tary.

[*They run away. New-gyse, in his haste forgetting the rope, hangs himself.*]

**NEW-GYSE.** Qweke, qweke, qweke!<sup>5</sup>  
A-lass, my throttl! I beschrew  
yow, mary!

A, Mercy! Crystis copyde<sup>6</sup> curse go  
with yow, and Sent Dauy!

[*They return and release him.*]

A-lasse, my wesant!<sup>7</sup> Ye wer sumwhat  
to nere. 803

*Exiant [all save Mankind, who falls in  
despair on the floor. Mercy ascends the  
stage, and addresses him.]*

**MERCY.** A-ryse, my precyose redempt  
son! Ye he to me full dere.

He ys so tymerouse; me semyth hys  
vytall spryt doth expy[re].

**MANKYNDE.** Alasse! I haue be so bes-  
tyally dysposyde I dare not a-pere.  
To se yowur solaycyose<sup>8</sup> face I am not  
worthy to dysyer. 807

**MERCY.** Yowur crymynose<sup>9</sup> compleynt  
wondyth my hert as a lance!

Dyspose yowur sylff mekly to aske mercy,  
and I wyll assent.

Yelde me nethyr golde nor tresure, but  
yowur humbyll obeysyance,  
The voluntary subieccyon of yowur hert,  
and I am content. 811

**MANKYNDE.** What! aske mercy yet onys  
a-gayn? Alas, yt were a wyld  
petycyn!

Ewyr to offend and euer to aske mercy,  
that ys a puerilite.

Yt ys so abhominabell to rehers my werst  
transgrescion;

I am not worthy to haue mercy, be no  
possibilite! 815

**MERCY.** O Mankend, my singler solas,  
this is a lamentabyll excuse.

The dolorus feris<sup>1</sup> of my hert, how thei  
begyn to a-mownte!

O blyssed<sup>2</sup> Ihesu, help thou this synfull  
synner to redeme!

*Nam hec est mutacio dextre Excelsi: vertit  
Impios, et non sunt.*<sup>3</sup>

A-ryse and aske mercy, Mankend, and be  
associat to me! 820

Thy deth schall be my hewynesse: alas!  
tys pety yt schuld be thus.

Thy obstinacy wyll exclude [thee] fro the  
glorius perpetuite.

Yet, for my lofe, ope thy lypmys, and sey  
"miserere mei, Deus!"<sup>4</sup>

**MANKEND.** The egall justyse of God wyll  
not permytte sych a synfull wrech

To be rewyvyd and restoryd a-geyn. Yt  
were impossibyll!

**MERCY.** The justice of God wyll as I  
wyll, as hym sylfe doth precyse:<sup>5</sup>

*Nolo mortem peccatoris, inquit,*<sup>6</sup> and yff  
he wyll [be]<sup>7</sup> reducible. 827

**MANKEND.** Than mercy, good Mercy!  
What ys a man wyth-owte mercy?

<sup>1</sup> Fires.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *pirasie*; emend. by M.

<sup>3</sup> "For this is the change of the right hand of the Most High: he overthrowes the wicked, and they are not." Cf. in the Vulgate, Psalmi lxxvi, 11, and Proverbia xii, 7.

<sup>4</sup> "Have mercy on me, O God." Psalmi lxi, i.

<sup>5</sup> Precisely determine.

<sup>6</sup> "I do not wish the death of sinners, he said." Cf. Ezekiel xxxiii, 11.

<sup>7</sup> Added by M.

<sup>1</sup> New-gyse attempts to show him the latest fashion in suicide by hanging.

<sup>2</sup> Adjust. <sup>3</sup> MS. *pye*; corr. by M.

<sup>4</sup> A source. <sup>5</sup> Queak (sound of choking).

<sup>6</sup> Huge. <sup>7</sup> Throat.

<sup>8</sup> Solace-giving. <sup>9</sup> Marked by crime.

Lytyll ys our parte of paradyse were  
mercy ne were.<sup>1</sup>

Good Mercy, excuse the ineuytabyll ob-  
jection of my gostly enemy:

The proverbe seyth "the trewth tryith  
the sylfe." Alas! I hawe mech  
care.<sup>2</sup> 83i

MERCY. God wyll not make yow preuy on-  
to hys last iugement.

Justyce and equite xall be fortyfyid, I  
wyll not denye.

Trowthe may not so cruelly procede in hys  
streyt<sup>3</sup> argument,

But that Mercy schall rewle the mater  
with-owte controuersye.

Aryse now, and go with me in thys deam-  
bulatorye!<sup>4</sup>

Incline yowyr capacite! My doctrine  
ys conuenient.

Synne not in hope of mercy! That ys a  
cryme notary;<sup>5</sup>

To truste ouermuche in a prince, yt ys  
not expedient. 839

In hope, when ye syn, ye thynke to  
hawe mercy: be-ware of that awen-  
ture!<sup>6</sup>

The good Lord seyde to the lecherus  
woman of Chanane,<sup>7</sup>—

The holy gospel ys the awtorite, as we  
rede in scripture, —

"*Vade! et iam amplius noli peccare.*"<sup>8</sup> 843

Cryst preseruyd this synfull woman takyn  
in a-wowtry:<sup>9</sup>

He seyde to here theis wordis, "Go, and  
syn no more!"

So to yow: "Go, and syn no more!" Be-  
ware of weyn<sup>10</sup> confidens of mercy;

Offend not a prince on trust of hys  
favour, as I<sup>11</sup> seyde before. 847

Yf ye fele your sylfe trappyd in the snare of  
your gostly enemy,

Aske mercy a-non; be-ware of the con-  
tinuance!<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> No protection (or no where, lacking).

<sup>2</sup> Much care.

<sup>3</sup> Strict.

<sup>4</sup> Place to walk in.

<sup>5</sup> A notable crime.

<sup>6</sup> Peril.

<sup>7</sup> Canaan?

<sup>8</sup> "Go! and now sin no more." John viii, 11.

<sup>9</sup> Adultery.

<sup>10</sup> Vain.

<sup>11</sup> MS. *he*; corr. by M. <sup>12</sup> Continuance in it

Whyll a wond<sup>1</sup> ys fresch, yt ys prowiyd  
curabyll be surgery, 850

That, yf yt procede ouyrlonge, yt ys  
cawse of gret grewance.

MANKEND. To aske mercy and to hawe,  
this ys a lyberall possesscion.

Schall this expedycius petycion euer be  
alowyd, as ye hawe in syght?

MERCY. In this present lyfemercy ys plente,  
tyll deth makyth hys dywyscion;

But, whan ye be go, *vsque ad minimum*  
*quadrantem*<sup>2</sup> ye scha[ll] rekyn this  
ryght. 855

Aske mercy, and hawe, whyll the body  
with the sow[le] hath hys annexion;

Yf ye tary tyll your dyscesse, ye may hap  
of your desyre to mysse.

Be repentant here! Trust not the owur of  
deth! Thynke on this lessun:

"*Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile! ecce nunc*  
*dies salutis!*"<sup>3</sup> 859

All the werty in the wor[ld] yf ye myght  
comprehend,

Your merytis were not premyabyll<sup>4</sup> to  
the blys a-bowe.

Not to the holist<sup>5</sup> [is] joy of hewyn, of  
your proper efforte to ascend;

With Mercy ye may, I tell yow no fabyll,  
scrypture doth prewe. 863

MANKEND. O Mercy, my suatius<sup>6</sup> solas  
and synguler recreatory,<sup>7</sup>

My predilecte speccall! ye are worthy to  
hawe my lowe;<sup>8</sup>

For, wyth-owte deserte, and medys sup-  
plicatorie,

Ye be compacienc<sup>9</sup> to my inexcusabyll  
reprowe. 867

A! yt swemyth<sup>10</sup> my hert to thynk how on-  
wysely I hawe wrought.

Tytiuilly, that goth invisibele, hyngye hys  
nett be-fore my eye,

<sup>1</sup> Wound.

<sup>2</sup> "Up to the last farthing."

<sup>3</sup> "Behold, now is the accepted time! behold, now  
is the day of salvation!" II Corinthians vi, 2.

<sup>4</sup> Deserving of reward.

<sup>5</sup> The most perfect.

<sup>6</sup> Sweet.

<sup>7</sup> Source of comfort.

<sup>8</sup> Have my love.

<sup>9</sup> Compassionate

<sup>10</sup> Maketh to swim.

And by hys fantastical visionys sedo-  
ciously <sup>1</sup> sowght,

Be New-gyse, Now-a-dayis, Nowght,  
causyd me to obey. 871

MERCY. Mankend, ye were obliuyows of  
my doctrine manyterye! <sup>2</sup>

I seyde be-fore Tituilly wold a-say yow  
a bronte. <sup>3</sup>

Be-ware fro hens-forth of hys fablys delu-  
sory!

The proverbe seyth "*Jacula prefata mi-  
nus ledunt.*" <sup>4</sup> 875

Ye hawe iij aduersaryis, he ys master of  
hem all, —

That ys to sey, the World, the Flesch and  
the Fell; <sup>5</sup>

The New-gyse, Now-a-dayis, Nowght, the  
"world" we may hem call;

And propy[r]lly Tituilly syngnyfyes the  
fend of helle; 879

The Flesch — that ys the vnclene concup-  
iscens of your body.

These be your iij gostly enmyis, in whom  
ye hawe put your confidens. 881

Thei browt yow to Myscheffe to conclude  
your temperall glory,

As yt hath be schewyd <sup>6</sup> before this  
worschyp[p]f[yll] audiens.

Remembyr how redy I was to help yow:  
fro swheche <sup>7</sup> I was not dangerus;

Wherefore, good sunne, abstayne fro syn  
euer-more after this!

Ye may both saue and spyll <sup>8</sup> yowur sowle  
that ys so precyus;

*Libere welle, libere welle!* <sup>9</sup> God may  
not deny, i-wys. 887

Beware of Tituilly with hys net, and of all  
his enuyus will,

<sup>1</sup> Sedulously?

<sup>2</sup> Admonitory.

<sup>3</sup> Brunt, attack.

<sup>4</sup> "A dart fore-announced wounds less."

<sup>5</sup> Devil. MS. "*the Dewell, the World, the Flesch, and the Fell.*" Apparently the scribe wrote *Dewell* (Devil) in error, and forgot to erase it.

<sup>6</sup> Showed.

<sup>7</sup> From such.

<sup>8</sup> Destroy.

<sup>9</sup> "Freely wish."

Of your synfull delectacion that grewyth  
your gostly substans.

Your body ys your enmy; let hym not  
haue hys wyll!

Take your lewe <sup>1</sup> whan ye wyll! God  
send yow good perseuerans! 891

[MANKYNDE.] Syth I schall departe,  
blyse me, fader, her! Then I go.

God send ws all plente of hys gret  
mercy!

[*He kneels, and Mercy blesses him.*]

MERCY. *Dominus custodi[a] te <sup>2</sup> ab omni  
malo!* <sup>3</sup>

*In nomine Patris, et Filij, et Spiritus  
Sancti. Amen!* 895

*Here Mankind goes out.* <sup>4</sup>

Wyrschep[f]yll soferneys, I hawe do my  
propirte:

Mankynd ys deliueryd by my suuerall  
patrocynye. <sup>5</sup>

God preserve hym fro all wyckyd captiu-  
ite,

And send hym grace hys sensuall condi-  
cions to mortifye! 899

Now, for hys lowe that for vs receywyd hys  
humanite,

Serche your condicions with dew exam-  
innacion!

Thynke and remembyr, the world ys but a  
wanite, <sup>6</sup>

As yt ys prowyd daly by d[i]uerse  
transmutacyon. <sup>7</sup> 903

Mankend ys wrechyd; he hath sufficyent  
prowe;

There-fore God [kepe] <sup>8</sup> yow all *per suam  
misericordiam.* <sup>9</sup>

That ye may be pleyseris <sup>10</sup> with the an-  
gellis a-bowe,

And hawe to your poreyon *vitam eter-  
nam.* <sup>11</sup> Amen! 907

*Fynis.*

<sup>1</sup> Leave.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *custodi se*; corr. by M.

<sup>3</sup> "May the Lord preserve thee from all evil."

<sup>4</sup> MS. *hic erit Mankende.*

<sup>5</sup> Individual patronage.

<sup>6</sup> Vanity.

<sup>7</sup> Changes.

<sup>8</sup> Added by M. (*qv. save*)

<sup>9</sup> "Through his mercy."

<sup>10</sup> Sharers in pleasure!

<sup>11</sup> "Life everlasting."

WYT AND SCIENCE<sup>1</sup>

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

WYT, a student.  
 LADY SCIENCE, whom he  
     seeks to wed.  
 REASON, her father.  
 EXPERIENCE, her mother.  
 INSTRUCTION.  
 STUDY.  
 DYLYGENCE.  
 HONEST RECREATION.  
 CONFIDENCE.

TEDIOUSNESS.  
 IDLENESS.  
 IGNORANCE.  
 SHAME.  
 CUMFORT.  
 QUICKNES.  
 STRENGTH.  
 FAME.  
 RYCHES.  
 FAVOR.

WOORSHYP.]

[*The manuscript is defective at the beginning. Wyt has asked the hand of Lady Science from her father, Reason. Reason has given his consent to the match, on certain conditions, namely that he overcome Tediousness, and that he make a journey to Mount Parnassus. In conclusion Reason presented Wyt with the Glass of Reason.*]

[WYT. . . . .  
 . . . . .]

REASON. Then in remembrance of Reson  
     hold yee —

A glas of Reson, wherein beholde yee  
 Youre-sealfe to youre-selfe. Namely when  
     ye

Cum neere my dowghter, Science, then see  
 That all thynges be cleane and trycke  
     abowte ye, 5

Least of sum slookyshnes she myght dowte  
     ye.

Thys glas of Reason shall show ye all;  
 Whyle ye have that, ye have me, and shall.  
 Get ye forth, now! Instruccion, fare-  
     well!

INSTR.<sup>1</sup> Syr, God keepe ye!  
 REASON. And ye all from parell! 10

*Heere all go out save Resone.*

If anye man now marvell that I  
 Woolde bestowe my dowghter thus baselye,  
 Of truth I, Reson, am of thys mynde:  
 Where partyes together be enclynde  
 By gyftes of graces to love ech other, 15  
 There let them joyne the tone wyth the  
     toother.

Thys Wyt such gyftes of graces hath in hym  
 That makth my dowghter to wysch to wyn  
     hym:

Yoong, paynefull, tractable and capax,<sup>2</sup> —  
 Thes be Wytes gyftes whych Science doth  
     axe. 20

And as for her, as soone as Wyt sees her,  
 For all the world he woold not then leese  
     her.

Wherfore, syns they both be so meete  
     matches

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript gives in the margins the names  
 of each speaker in full and variously spelled. I fol-  
 low Manly's use of abbreviated catch-names.

<sup>2</sup> Capable.

<sup>1</sup> *Wyt and Science* is an example of the morality adapted in later times to other themes than the salvation of man, and to performance in halls before small and select audiences. Of such allegorical "interludes" there is a notable group dealing with topics of school interest; I have chosen the present play as, on the whole, the best and most representative of its type. The author, John Redford, was Master of the singing boys at St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and it is quite likely that he wrote the play to be acted by his boys. The date of its composition cannot be definitely fixed; it was certainly written before the death of Queen Katherine Parr, 1548 (see line 1098), and probably we should not be far wrong if we guessed 1530.

The manuscript is found in a commonplace-book (now the property of the British Museum) containing in addition to this play some musical sketches, numerous poems and songs by various authors, and brief fragments of two other unnamed moralities. I have based the present text on Halliwell's careful edition prepared for the Shakespeare Society, 1848, compared with the photographic facsimile of the manuscript issued by J. S. Farmer. I have also made use of Manly's edition, *Specimens*, 1896, based on Halliwell, and of Farmer's edition in "*Lost Tudor Plays*, 1907. I have, of course, modernized the punctuation, and added, in brackets, stage directions. Unfortunately the manuscript has lost a page or more at the beginning.

To love ech other, strawe for the patches  
Of worldly mucke! Syence hath inowghe 25  
For them both to lyve. Yf Wyt be  
throwhe <sup>1</sup>

Stryken in love, as he synes <sup>2</sup> hath showde,  
I dowte not my dowghter well bestowde.  
Thende of hys jornay wyll approve all.

Yf Wyt hold owte, no more prooffe can  
fall; 30

And that the better hold out he <sup>3</sup> may,  
To refresh my soone, Wyt, now by the way  
Sum solas for hym I wyll provyde.

An honest woman dwellth here besyde,  
Whose name is cald Honest Recreation. 35  
As men report, for Wytes consolacion  
She hath no peere; yf Wyt were halfe deade,  
She cowlde revyve hym, — thus is yt sed.  
Wherefore, yf monye or love can hyre her,  
To hye after Wyt I wyll desyre her.

[Exit.]

*Confydece cumth in with a pycture of Wyt.*

[CONF.] Ah! syr, what tyme of day yst,  
who can tell? 41

The day ys not far past, I wot well,  
For I have gone fast, and yet I see  
I am far from where as I wold be.  
Well, I have day inowgh yet, I spy; 45  
Wherefore, or I pas hens, now must I  
See thys same token heere, a playne case,  
What Wyt hath sent to my ladyes grace.

[Holds the picture up to the audience.]

Now wyll ye see? a goodly pycture  
Of Wyt hymsealfe, hys owne image  
sure, — 50

Face, bodye, armes, legges, both lym and  
joynt, —

As lyke hym as can be, in every poynt:  
Yt lakth but lyfe. Well I can hym thanke,  
Thys token in-deede shall make sum  
cranke;<sup>4</sup>

For, what wyth thys pycture so well  
faverde, 55

And what wyth those sweete woordes so  
well saverd

Dystylling from the mowth of Confy-  
dence, —

Shall not thys apese the hart of Science?  
Yes, I thanke God, I am of that nature

<sup>1</sup> Through.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ye; corr. by M.

<sup>3</sup> Signs, indications.

<sup>4</sup> Merry, sprightly.

Able to compas thys matter sure, 60  
As ye shall see now, who lyst to marke yt,  
How neately and feately <sup>1</sup> I shall warke yt.  
[Exit.]

*Wyt cumth in without Instruccion, with  
Study, &c.*

[WYT.] Now, syrs, cum on. Whyche is the  
way now?

Thys way or that way? Studye, how say  
you?

[Study ponders.]

Speake, Dyligence, whyle he hath be-  
thoughte hym. 65

DYL. [points]. That way, belyke; most  
usage hath wrowht hym.<sup>2</sup>

STUD. Ye, hold your pease! Best we here  
now stay

For Instruccion. I lyke not that waye.

WYT. Instruccion, Studye! I weene we  
have lost hym.

*Instruccion cumth in.*

[INSTR.] Indeade, full gently abowte ye  
have tost hym! 70

What mene you, Wyt, styll to delyghte  
Runnyng before thus, styll owt of syghte,  
And therby out of your way now quyghte?  
What doo ye here, excepte ye wold  
fyghte?

Cum back agayne, Wyt, for I must choose  
ye 75

An esyer way then thys, or ells loose  
ye.

WYT. What ayleth thys way? Parell <sup>3</sup>  
here is none.

INSTR. But as much as your lyfe standth  
upon!

Youre enmye, man, lyeth heere before  
ye, —

Tedyousnes, to brayne or to gore ye! 80  
WYT. Tedyousnes? Doth that tyrant  
rest

In my way now? Lord, how am I blest  
That occacion so nere me sturres

For my dere hartes sake to wynne my  
spurres!

Ser, wold ye fere me with that fowle  
theafe, 85

Wyth whome to mete my desyre is cheafe?

<sup>1</sup> Finely.

<sup>2</sup> It, the way.

<sup>3</sup> Peril.

INSTR. And what wold ye doo, — you  
havyng nowghte  
For your defence? For thowgh ye have  
cawghte <sup>1</sup>

Garmentes of Science upon your backe,  
Yet wepons of Science ye do lak. 90  
WYT. What wepons of Science shuld I  
have?

INSTR. Such as all lovers of ther looves  
crave, —

A token from Ladye Science, wherbye  
Hope of her favor may spryng, and therbye  
Comforte, whych is the weapon dowteles 95  
That must serve youe agaynst Tedyousnes.

WYT. Yf Hope or Comfort may be my  
weapon,

Then never with Tedyousnes mee threten;  
For, as for hope of my deere hartes  
faver —

And therby comfort — inowghe I gather.

INSTR. Wyt, here me! Tyll I see Confy-  
dence 101

Have brought sum token from Ladye Sci-  
ence,

That I may feele that she favorth you,  
Ye pas not thys way, I tell you trew.

WYT. Whych way than?

INSTR. A playner way, I told ye, 105  
Out of danger from youre foe to hold ye.

WYT. Instruccion, here me! Or <sup>2</sup> my  
swete hart

Shall here that Wyt from that wreche shall  
start

One foote, thys bodye and all shall cracke!  
Foordh I wyll, sure, what-ever I lacke! 110

DYL. Yf ye lacke weapon, syr, here is one.

WYT. Well sayde, Dylygence, thowe art  
alone!

How say ye, syr; is not here weapon?

INSTR. Wyth that weapon your enmy  
never threton, 114

For wythowt the returne of Confydence  
Ye may be slayne, sure, for all Dylygence.

DYL. God, syr! and Dylygence, I tell you  
playne,

Wyll play the man or <sup>2</sup> my master be  
slayne!

INSTR. Ye; but what! sayth Studye no  
wurde to thys?

WYT. No, syr. Ye knowe Studyes ofyce  
is 120

<sup>1</sup> Received, got.

<sup>2</sup> Ere.

Meete for the chamber, not for the feeld.  
But tell me, Studye, wyll thow now yeld?  
STUD. My hed akth sore; I wold wee re-  
turne!

WYT. Thy hed ake now? I wold it were  
burne!

Cum on! Walkyng may hap to ese the. 125

INSTR. And wyll ye be gone, then, wyth-  
out nee?

WYT. Ye, by my fayth; except ye hy ye  
after,

Reson shall know yee are but an hafter.<sup>1</sup>

*Exceat Wyt, Study, and Dylygence.*

INSTR. Well, go your way! Whan your  
father Reson 129

Heerth how ye obay me at thys season,  
I thynke he wyll thynke hys dowghter now  
May mary another man for you.

When wytes stand so in ther owne con-  
ceite,

Best let them go, tyll pryde at hys heyghte  
Turne and cast them downe hedlong  
agayne, 135

As ye shall see provyd by thys Wyt playne.

Yf Reson hap not to cum the rather,<sup>2</sup>

Hys owne dystruccion he wyll sure gather.

Wherefore to Reson wyll I now get me,  
Levyng that charge whereabowt he set  
mee. 140

*Exceat Instruccion. Tedyousnes cumth in  
with a vyser over hys hed, [and a club in  
his hand].*

[TEDY.] Oh the body of me!

What kaytyves be those

That wyll not once flee

From Tedyousnes nose,

But thus dysese <sup>3</sup> me 145

Out of my nest,

When I shoold ese mee

Thys body to rest!

That Wyt, that vylayne,

That wrech, — a shame take hym! — 150

Yt is he playne

That thus bold doth make hym,

Wythowt my lycence

To stalke by my doore

To that drab, Syence, 155

To wed that whore!

<sup>1</sup> Wrangler, dodger.

<sup>2</sup> More quickly.

<sup>3</sup> Disturb.



But I defe ye her.<sup>1</sup>  
 And for that drabes sake,  
 Or Wyt cum ny her,  
 The knaves hed shall ake! 160  
 Thes bones, this mall,<sup>2</sup>  
 Shall bete hym to dust  
 Or that drab shall  
 Once quench that knaves lust!  
 But, hah! mee thynkes 165  
 I am not halfe lustye;  
 Thes jo[y]ntes, thes lynkes,<sup>3</sup>  
 Be ruffe<sup>4</sup> and halfe rusty;e;  
 I must go shake them,  
 Supple to make them! 170

[*He swings his club.*]

Stand back, ye wrechys!  
 Beware the fechys<sup>5</sup>  
 Of Tediousnes,  
 Thes kaytyves to bles!  
 Make roome, I say!  
 Rownd evry way! 175  
 Thys way! That way!  
 What care I<sup>6</sup> what way?  
 Before me, behynd me,  
 Rownd abowt wynd me!  
 Now I begyn 180  
 To swete in my skin.  
 Now am I nembler  
 To make them tremble.  
 Pash<sup>7</sup> hed! pash braynel  
 The knaves are slayne,  
 All that I hyt!  
 Where art thou, Wyt?  
 Thou art but deade!  
 Of goth thy hed 190  
 A[t] the fyrst blow!  
 Ho, ho! ho, ho! [*Sits down.*]

*Wyt spekyth at the doore.*

[Wyt.] Studye!  
 Stud. Here, syr!  
 Wyt. How? doth thy hed ake?  
 Stud. Ye, God wot, syr, much payne I do  
 take!  
 Wyt. Dilygens!  
 Dyl. Here, syr! here!

<sup>1</sup> MS. here; corr. by M.      <sup>2</sup> Club.  
<sup>3</sup> Joints of the body.      <sup>4</sup> Rough.  
<sup>5</sup> N.E.D. defines as "stratagems"; but apparently the meaning is "strokes," "sweeps."  
<sup>6</sup> So the MS. H. prints *What cares what*; M. suggests *What care I, or Who cares.*  
<sup>7</sup> Dash to pieces.

Wyt. How dost thou? 195  
 Doth thy stomak<sup>1</sup> serve the to fyght now?  
 Dyl. Ye, syr, wyth yonder wrech, — a  
 vengans on hym! —  
 That thretneeth you thus. Set evyn upon  
 hym!  
 Stud. Upon hym, Dilygence? Better  
 nay!  
 Dyl. Better nay, Studye? Why shoold  
 we fray? <sup>2</sup> 200  
 Stud. For I am wery; my hed akth sore.<sup>3</sup>  
 Dyl. Why, folysch Studye, thou shalt doo  
 no more  
 But ayde my master wyth thy presens.  
 Wyt. No more shalt thou nether, Dily-  
 gence.  
 Ayde me wyth your presence, both you  
 twayne, 205  
 And, for my love, myselfe shall take payne!  
 Stud. Syr, we be redye to ayde you so.  
 Wyt. I axe no more, Studye. Cum then;  
 goe!

[*They advance.*]

*Tediousnes rysyth up.*

[TEDY.] Why, art thou cum?  
 Wyt. Ye, wrech, to thy payne!  
 TEDI. Then have at the!  
 Wyt. Have at the, agayne! 210

*Here Wyt fallyth downe and dyeth.*

TEDI. Lye thou there! Now have at ye,  
 kaytyves!

[*Study and Diligence flee.*]

Do ye fle, ifayth? A! horeson thieves!  
 By Mahowndes<sup>4</sup> bones, had the wrecher  
 taryd,  
 Ther neckes wythowt hedes they showld  
 have caryd!  
 Ye, by Mahowndes nose, myght I have  
 patted<sup>5</sup> them, 215  
 In twenty gobbetes<sup>6</sup> I showld have  
 squatted<sup>7</sup> them,  
 To teche the knaves to cum neere the  
 snowte  
 Of Tediousnes! Walke funder abowte

<sup>1</sup> Courage, inclination.      <sup>2</sup> Be frightened.  
<sup>3</sup> This, and the two preceeding lines, heavily  
 crossed through in the MS.  
<sup>4</sup> Mahomet's.      <sup>5</sup> Struck (with his club).  
<sup>6</sup> Pieces of raw flesh.      <sup>7</sup> Smashed, squashed.

I trow now they wyll! And as for thee,  
Thow wyt! no-more now trouble mee. 220  
Yet, lest the knave be not safe inowghe,  
The horsen shall bere me another kuffe.

[Strikes him with his club.]

Now ly styll, kaytyv, and take thy rest,  
Whye I take myne in myne owne nest. 224

*Exceat Tedy[ousnes].*

*Here cumth in Honest Recreacion, Cum-  
fort, Quychnes, and Strenght, and go and  
knele about Wyt, [singing as follows]:<sup>1</sup>*

*When travelles grete<sup>2</sup> in matters thycke 225  
Have duld your wyttles and made them  
sycke,*

*What medson than<sup>3</sup> your wyttles to quychke? 4  
Yf ye wyll know, the best phisycke  
Is to geve place to Honest Recreacion.*

*Geve place, we say, now for thy consola-  
cion! 230*

*Where is that Wyt that we seeke thar?  
Alas, he lyeth here pale and wan!  
Helpe hym at once now, yf we can.*

*O Wyt, how doest thou? Looke up, man!  
O Wyt, geve place to Honest Recreacion.  
Geve place, we say, now for thy consola-  
cion! 236*

*After place gyvyn, let eare obay.  
Geve an eare, O Wyt, now we the pray;  
Geve eare to that we syng and say;  
Geve an eare, and healp wyll cum strayghte-  
way;*

*Geve an eare to Honest Recreacion.  
Geve an ere, now, for thy consolacion! 242*

*After eare gyvyn, now gyve an eye.  
Behold thy freendes above the lye:  
Recreacion I, and Comfort I,  
Quichnes am I, and Strength herebye.  
Geve an eye to Honest Recreacion; 247  
Geve an eye, now, for thy consolacion!*

<sup>1</sup> The song is found, with two others, in the same MS. volume, but quite apart from the play. It is labeled: "The fyrst song in the play of Science." I have inserted it here, where it obviously belongs, although to do so I have had to break the stage direction into two parts. H. and M. treat the title-heading of the song as, apparently, a part of the text of the song.

<sup>2</sup> Labors great.

<sup>3</sup> Then.

<sup>4</sup> Enliven.

*After eye gyvyn, an hand gyve ye.  
Geve an hand, O Wyt, feele that ye see;  
Recreacion feele, feele Comfort fre,  
Feele Quichnes here, feele Strength to the!  
Geve an hand to Honest Recreacion; 253  
Geve an hand, now, for thy consolacion!*

*Upon his feete wold God he were!  
To rayse hym now we neede not fere.  
Stay you hys handes, whyle we hym<sup>1</sup> bere.  
Now all at once upryght him rere!*

*O Wyt, geve place to Honest Recreacion;  
Geve place, we say, now for thy consola-  
cion! 260*

*And at the last verce reysyth hym up upon  
hys feete, and so make an end. And  
than Honest Recreacion sayth as folow-  
yth: 2*

HON. REC. Now, Wyt, how do ye? Wyll  
ye be lustye?

WYT. The lustier for you needes be must  
I.

HON. REC. Be ye all hole yet after your  
fall?

WYT. As ever I was, thanks to you all.

*Reson cumth in, and sayth as folowyth:*

[RESON.] Ye myght thanke Reson that  
sent them to ye; 265  
But syns the[y] have done<sup>3</sup> that the[y]  
shoold do ye,  
Send them home, soonne, and get ye for-  
warde.

WYT. Oh father Reson, I have had an  
hard

Chance synce ye saw me!

RESON.<sup>4</sup> I wot well that.  
The more to blame ye, when ye wold  
not 270

Obay Instrucccion, as Reson wyld ye.  
What marvell thowgh Tedyousness had  
kyld ye?

But let pas now, synce ye ar well agayne.  
Set forward agayne Syence to attayne!

WYT. Good father Reson, be not to  
hastye. 275

<sup>1</sup> MS. here; corr. by M.

<sup>2</sup> This is a part of the stage-direction which pre-  
cedes the song here inserted.

<sup>3</sup> The MS. has the word *done*, though H. omits it,  
and M. supplies in brackets *do*.

<sup>4</sup> In the margin below this word the MS. has *cumth*  
*in*.

In honest cumpany no tyme wast I.  
 I shall to youre dowghter all at leysen.  
 RESON. Ye, Wyt, is that the grete love ye  
 rayse <sup>1</sup> her?  
 I say, yf ye love my dowghter Science,  
 Get ye forth at once, and get ye hence. 280  
*Here Comfort, Quiknes and Strength go out.<sup>2</sup>*  
 WYT. Nay, by Saynt George, they go not  
 all yet!  
 RESON. No? Wyll ye dysobey Reson,  
 Wyt?  
 WYT. Father Reson, I pray ye content ye,  
 For we parte not yet.  
 RESON. Well, Wyt, I went <sup>3</sup> ye  
 Had bene no such man as now I see. 285  
*Fare-well! Exceat.*  
 HON. REC. He ys angry.  
 WYT. Ye, let hym be!  
 I doo not passe! <sup>4</sup>  
 Cum now, a basse! <sup>5</sup>  
 HON. REC. Nay, syr, as for bassys,  
 From hence none passys 290  
 But as in gage  
 Of mary-age.  
 WYT. Mary, evyn so.  
 A bargayne, lo!  
 HON. REC. What! wythout lycence  
 Of Ladye Science? 296  
 WYT. Shall I tell you trothe?  
 I never lovde her.  
 HON. REC. The common voyce goth  
 That mariage ye movd her. 300  
 WYT. Promyse hath she none.  
 Yf we shalbe wone,  
 Wythout mo wurdas grawnt! <sup>6</sup>  
 HON. REC. What! upon this soodayne?  
 Then myghte ye playne  
 Byd me awawnt! 306  
 Nay, let me see  
 In honeste  
 What ye can doo  
 To wyn Recreation.  
 Upon that probacion  
 I grawnt therto. 312  
 WYT. Small be my dooinges,  
 But apt to all thynges  
 I am, I trust.

HON. REC. Can ye dawnce than?  
 WYT. Evyn as I can,  
 Prove me ye must. 318  
 HON. REC. Then for a whyle  
 Ye must excyle <sup>1</sup>  
 This garment cumbryng.<sup>2</sup>  
 WYT. In-deede, as ye say,  
 This cumbrus aray  
 Woold make Wyt slumbryng. 324  
 HON. REC. Yt is gay geere.<sup>3</sup>  
 Of Science cleere,  
 Yt seemth her aray.  
 WYT. Whose-ever it were,  
 Yt lythe now there! [*Throws off his gown.*]  
 HON. REC. Go to, my men, play! 330  
*Here they dawnce; and in the mene-whyte  
 Idellnes cumth in and syth downe; and  
 when the galyard <sup>4</sup> is doone, Wyt sayth as  
 folowyth, and so falyth downe in Idellnes  
 lap.*  
 WYT. Sweete hart, gramercys!  
 HON. REC. Why, whether now? Have ye  
 doone, synce?  
 WYT. Ye, in fayth, with wery bones ye  
 have possest me;  
 Among thes damselles now wyll I rest me.  
 HON. REC. What, there?  
 WYT. Ye, here; I wylbe so bold. 335  
 IDLE. Ye, and wellcum, by hym that God  
 sold!  
 HON. REC. Yt ys an harlot, may ye not  
 see?  
 IDLE. As honest a woman as ye be!  
 HON. REC. Her name is Idlenes. Wyt,  
 what mene you?  
 IDLE. Nay, what meane you to scolde  
 thus, you quene, you? 340  
 WYT. Ther, go to! Lo now, for the best  
 game!  
 Whille I take my ese, youre toonges now  
 frame!  
 HON. REC. Ye, Wyt; by youre fayth, is  
 that youre facion?  
 Wyll ye leave me, Honest Recreation,  
 For that common strumpet, Idellnes, 345  
 The verye roote of all vyciousnes?

<sup>1</sup> Bear?<sup>2</sup> The scribe first wrote *Al go out save Honest*, then  
squeezed in below the stage-direction as here printed.<sup>3</sup> Thought.<sup>4</sup> Care.<sup>5</sup> Kiss.<sup>6</sup> Grant.<sup>1</sup> Get rid of.<sup>2</sup> H. prints *cum bryng*, but MS. has *cumbryng*.<sup>3</sup> Apparel.<sup>4</sup> A quick lively dance. The first allusion recorded  
in *N.E.D.* is dated 1533; but the passage indicates  
that the dance was then well known.

WYT. She sayth she is as honest as ye.

Declare yourselves both now as ye be!

HON. REC. What wolde ye more for my  
declaracion

Then evyn my name, Honest Recrea-  
cion? 350

And what wold ye more her to expres

Then evyn her name, to, Idlenes —

Dystruccion of all that wyth her tarye?

Wherfore cum away, Wyt; she wyll mar ye!

IDEL. Wyll I mar hym, drabb, thow  
calat,<sup>1</sup> thow, 355

When thow hast mard hym all-redye now?

Cawlyst thow thysealfe Honest Recreacion,

Ordryng a poore man after thys facion,

To lame hym thus and make his lymmes  
fayle

Evyn wyth the swyngyng there of thy  
tayle? 360

The dyvyll set fyre one the! for now must  
I,

Idlenes, hele hym agayne, I spye.

I must now lull hym, rock hym, and frame  
hym

To hys lust agayne, where thow dydst lame  
hym.

Am I the roote, sayst thow, of vicious-  
nes? 365

Nay, thow art roote of all vyce dowteles!

Thow art occacion, lo! of more evyll

Then I, poore gerle, — nay, more then the  
dyvyll!

The dyvyll and hys dam can not devyse  
More devlyshnes then by the[e] doth  
ryse. 370

Under the name of Honest Recreacion,  
She, lo! bryngth in her abhominacion!

Mark her dawnsyng, her maskyng, and  
mummyng.

Where more concupyscence then ther cum-  
myng?

Her cardyng,<sup>2</sup> her dycyng, dayly and  
nyghtlye — 375

Where fynd ye more falchod then there?  
Not lyghtly!

Wyth lyeng and sweryng by no poppetes,<sup>3</sup>  
But teryng God in a thowsand gobbetes.

As for her syngyng, pyping and fydlyng,

What unthryftynes therin is twydyng!<sup>4</sup>

Serche the tavernes and ye shall here cleere

Such bawdry as bestes wold spue to heere.

And yet thys is kald Honest Recreacion,

And I, poore Idlenes, abhomynacion!

But which is wurst of us twayne, now judg,  
Wyt. 385

WYT. Byrladye, not thow, wench, I judge  
yet.

[While Honest Recreation appeals to him,  
Wyt falls asleep in the lap of Idleness.]

HON. REC. No? Ys youre judgment such  
then that ye

Can neyther pe[r]seve that best, how she

Goth abowte to dyceve you, nor yet

Remembre how I savyd youre lyfe, Wyt?

Thynke you her meete wyth mee to com-  
pare 391

By whome so manye wytes curyd are?

When wyll she doo such an act as I dyd,

Savyng your lyfe when I you revyved?

And as I savyd you, so save I all 395

That in lyke jeoperdy chance to fall.

When Tediousnes to grownd hath smytten  
them,

Honest Recreacion up doth quyken them

Wyth such honest pastymes, sportes or  
games

As unto myne honest nature frames, 400

And not, as she sayth, with pastymes suche

As be abusyd lytell or muche;

For where honest pastymes be abusyd,

Honest Recreacion is refused;

Honest Recreacion is present never 405

But where honest pastymes be well usyd  
ever.

But in-deede Idlenes, she is cawse

Of all such abuses; she, lo! drawes

Her sort to abuse myne honest games,

And thereby full falsly my name defames.

Under the name of Honest Recreation 411

She bryngth in all her abhomynacion,

Dystroyng all wytes that her imbrace,

As youre-selfe shall see wythin short space.

She wyll bryng you to shameful end,  
Wyt,

Except the sooner from her ye flyt. 416

Wherefore cum away, Wyt, out of her

pawse!

Hence, drabb! Let hym go out of thy  
clawse!

IDLE. Wyll ye get ye hence? or, by the  
mace,

<sup>1</sup> Strumpet.

<sup>2</sup> Idols.

<sup>3</sup> Card-playing

<sup>4</sup> Being busy about trifles.

Thes clawes shall clawe you by youre  
drabbes face! 420

HON. REC. Ye shall not neade. Syns  
Wyt lyethe as wone

That neyther heerth nor seeth, I am gone.  
*Exceat.*

IDLE. Ye, so? fare-well! And well fare  
thow, toonge!

Of a short pele this pele was well roong, —  
To ryng her hence, and hym fast asleepe  
As full of sloth as the knave can kрееpe!  
How, Wyt! awake! How doth my babye?  
*Neque vox neque sensus,*<sup>1</sup> byr Ladye!  
A meete man for Idlenes, no dowte.  
Hark my pygg! How the knave dooth  
rowte! 430

Well, whyle he sleepth in Idlenes lappe,  
Idlenes marke on hym shall I clappe.  
Sum say that Idlenes can not warke;<sup>2</sup>  
But those that so say, now let them  
marke!

I trowe they shall see that Idlenes 435  
Can set hersealfe abowt sum busynes;  
Or, at the lest, ye shall see her tryde,  
Nother idle nor well occupyde.

[*She blackens his face.*]<sup>4</sup>

Lo! syr, yet ye lak another toye!  
Wher is my whystell to call my boye? 440

*Here she whystleth, and Ignorance cumth  
in, [dressed in a fool's coat, and a cap with  
large ears and a coxcomb.]*

[INGN.] I cum! I cum!

IDLE. Coomme on, ye foole!  
All thys day or ye can cum to scoole?

INGN. Um! mother wyll not let me cum.

IDLE. I woold thy mother had kyst thy  
bum!

She wyll never let the thryve, I trow. 445  
Cum on, goose! Now, lo! men shall know  
That Idlenes can do sumwhat; ye,  
And play the scoolemystres, to, yf neade  
bee.

Mark what doctryne by Idlenes cummes!  
Say thy lesson, foole.

INGN. Upon my thummes? 450

IDLE. Ye, upon thy thummes. Ys not  
there thy name?

INGN. Yeas.

IDLE. Go to, than; spell me that same.  
Where was thou borne? <sup>1</sup>

INGN. Chwas i-bore in Ingland, mother  
sed.

IDLE. In Ingland? 455  
INGN. Yea.

IDLE. And whats half "Ingland"?

[*Pointing to her thumb and first finger.*]

Heeres "ing," and heeres "land." Whats  
tys?

INGN. Whats tys?

IDLE. Whats tys, horeson? whats tys? 460  
Heeres "ing," and heeres "land." Whats  
tys?

INGN. Tys my thum.

IDLE. Thy thum? "Yng," horeson,  
"ing," "ing"!

INGN. Yng, yng, yng, yng.

IDLE. Foorth! Shall I bete thy narse,  
now? 465

INGN. Um-m-m-m —

IDLE. Shall I not bete thy narse, now?

INGN. Um-m-m —

IDLE. Say "no," foole, say "no."

INGN. Noo, noo, noo, noo, noo! 470

IDLE. Go to, put together: "yng."

INGN. "Yng."

IDLE. "No."

INGN. "Noo."

IDLE. Forth now! What sayth the  
dog? 475

INGN. Dog barke.

IDLE. Dog barke? Dog ran, horeson, dog  
ran!

INGN. Dog ran, horson, dog ran, dog  
ran.

IDLE. Put together: "ing."

INGN. "Yng."

IDLE. "No."

INGN. "Noo."

IDLE. "Ran."

INGN. "Ran."

IDLE. Foorth now; what seyth the  
goose? 485

INGN. Lag! lag!

IDLE. "Hys," horson, "hys"!

ING[N]. Hys, hys-s-s-s-s.

<sup>1</sup> From this point to line 542 I have not tried to treat the text as verse, but have set it exactly as it appears in the MS. It seems to me to be intended as prose. I have made the line numbering conform to the lines in the manuscript.

<sup>1</sup> "Neither voice nor feeling."

<sup>2</sup> Work.

<sup>3</sup> Snore.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. lines 802-20.

IDLE.	Go to, put together: "Ing."		INGN.	"I." <sup>1</sup>	
INGN.	"Ing."	490	IDLE.	"Ing-no-ran-hys-I."	
IDLE.	"No."		INGN.	"Ing-no-ran-hys-s-s-s-s." <sup>2</sup>	540
INGN.	"Noo."		IDLE.	"I."	
IDLE.	"Ran."		INGN.	"I."	
INGN.	"Ran."		IDLE.	How sayst, now, foole? Is not	
IDLE.	"Hys."	495		there thy name?	
ING[N].	"Hys-s-s-s-s-s."		INGN.	Yea.	
IDLE.	No[w], who is a good boy?		IDLE.	Well than; can <sup>3</sup> me that same!	
INGN.	I, I, I, I, I, I.			What hast thou lernd?	
IDLE.	Go to, put together: "Ing."		INGN.	Ich can not tell.	545
INGN.	"Ing."	500	IDLE.	"Ich can not tell"? thou sayst evyn	
IDLE.	"No."			very well,	
INGN.	"Noo."			For yf thou cowldest tell then had not I	
IDLE.	"Ran."			well	
INGN.	"Ran."			Towght the thy lesson which must be	
IDLE.	"His."	505		tawghte, —	
INGN.	"Hys-s-s-s-s-s."			To tell all when thou canst tell ryghte	
IDLE.	"I."			noght.	
INGN.	"I."		INGN.	Ich can my lesson.	
IDLE.	"Ing-no-ran-his-I."		IDLE.	Ye; and therefore	550
INGN.	"Ing-no-ran-hys-s-s-s-s."	510		Shalt have a new cote, by God I swore!	
IDLE.	"I."		INGN.	A new cote?	
INGN.	"I."		IDLE.	Ye, a new cote by-and-by. <sup>4</sup>	
IDLE.	"Ing."			Of wyth thys old cote; "a new cote" crye!	
INGN.	"Ing."		INGN. [shouting].	A new cote! A new cote!	
IDLE.	Foorth!	515		A new cote!	
INGN.	"Hys-s-s-s-s-s."		IDLE.	Pease, horson foole!	
IDLE.	Ye! "No," horeson, "no"!			Wylt thou wake hym now? Unbuttun	
INGN.	"Noo, noo, noo, noo"!			thy cote, foole!	555
IDLE.	"Ing-no."			Canst thou do nothyng? <sup>5</sup>	
INGN.	"Ing-noo."	520	INGN.	I note <sup>6</sup> how choold be.	
IDLE.	Forth now!		IDLE.	"I note how choold be"! A foole	
INGN.	"Hys-s-s-s-s-s."			betyde the!	
IDLE.	Yet agayne! "Ran," horeson,			So wysly hyt spekyth. Cum on now.	
	"ran," "ran."			Whan!	
INGN.	"Ran, horson, ran, ran."			Put bak thyne arme, foole!	
IDLE.	"Ran," say!	525	INGN.	Put backe?	
INGN.	"Ran-say."			[She takes the fool's coat from Ignorance's	
IDLE.	"Ran," horson!			back.]	
INGN.	"Ran, horson!"				
IDLE.	"Ran"!		IDLE.	So, lo! Now let me see how thys	
INGN.	"Ran."	530		geere	560
IDLE.	"Ing-no-ran."				
INGN.	"Ing-no-ran."				
IDLE.	Foorth, now. What sayd the				
	goose?				
INGN.	Dog barke.				
IDLE.	Dog barke? "Hys," horson,				
	"hys-s-s-s-s-s."	535			
INGN.	"Hys-s-s-s-s-s-s."				
IDLE.	"I."				

<sup>1</sup> H. omits this line; but though it is faint in the MS. it can be clearly read in Farmer's photographic facsimile. Since it is necessary to the sense, I have restored it to the printed text.

<sup>2</sup> Originally the scribe wrote *Ing-no-ran-hys-I-ss*, but corrected to the form printed above. H. ignored the correction, though it is clearly necessary to the sense.

<sup>3</sup> Study by repetition. <sup>4</sup> At once.

<sup>5</sup> MS. has the speech of Idleness as two lines; corr. by M.

<sup>6</sup> Know not.

Wyll trym this jentel-man that lyeth  
heere, —

Ah! God save hyt, so sweetly hyt doth  
sleepe! —

Whylen on your back thys gay cote can  
creepe,

As feete <sup>1</sup> as can be for this one arme.

INGN. Oh! cham a-cold.

[*Puts Wyt's gown of learning on Ignorance.*]

IDLE. Hold, foole! keepe the warme.  
And cum hyther; hold this hed here.

Softe now, for wakyng! 566  
Ye shall see wone here browght in such  
takyng

That he shall soone scantlye knowe hym-  
sealfe.

Heere is a cote as fyt for this elfe 569  
As it had bene made evyn for thys bodye.

[*Puts Ignorance's coat on Wyt.*]

So! It begynth to looke lyke a noddye!

INGN. Um-m-m-m —

IDLE. What aylest now, foole?

INGN. New cote is gone!

IDLE. And why is it gone?

INGN. "Twoold not hyde on."

IDLE. "Twoold not hyde on?" "Twoold,  
if it cowlde! 574

But marvell it were that hyde it shoold, —  
Sciens garment on Ignorance bak!

[*Looking at Wit.*]

But now lets se, syr; what do ye lak?

Nothyng but evin to bukell heere this  
throthe,

So well this Wyt becumthe a fooles cotel!

INGN. He is I now!

IDLE. Ye; how lykste hym now? 580

INGN. Yea, as well as thou?

INGN. Yeas.

IDLE. Well, than, won foole keepe another!  
Geve me this, and take thou that brother.

[*Sets Ignorance's cap on Wit's head.*]

INGN. Um-m —

IDLE. Pyke the home, go!

INGN. Chyll go tell my moother!

IDLE. Yea, doo! 585

[*Exit Ignorance.*]

<sup>1</sup> Fine.

But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo!  
Wyt a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer  
lo!

And heere agayne! and now this heele  
To bles his weake brayne! Now are ye  
weele,

By vertu of Idellnes blessing toole, 590  
Conjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole!

[*Exit.*]

*Confydence cumth in with a sword by his  
syde, and sayth as folowyth:*

[CONF.] I seake and seake, as won on no  
grownde

Can rest, but lyke a masterles hownde  
Wandryng all about seakyng his master.

Alas! jentle Wyt, I feare the fasster 595

That <sup>1</sup> my tru servyce clevth unto thee,

The slacker thy mynd cleevth unto mee!

I have doone thye message in such sorte

That I not onlye, for thy comfort

To vanquishe thyne enmy have browght  
heere 600

A sword of comfort from thy love deere,

But also, furdur, I have so enclynd her

That upon my wurdes she hath assynd  
her

In her owne parson <sup>2</sup> half-way to meete  
thee,

And hytherward she came for to greete  
thee. 605

And sure, except she be turned agayne,

Hyther wyll she cum or <sup>3</sup> be long, playne,

To seake to meate the heere in this cost.<sup>4</sup>

But now, alas! thy-selfe thou hast lost, 609

Or, at the least, thou wyll not be fownd.

Alas! jentle Wyt, how doost thou woonde

Thy trusty and tru servant, Confydence,

To lease my credence to Ladye Science!

Thow lesyst me, to; for yf I can not

Fynd the shortly, lenger lyve I ma not, 615

But shortly get me evyn into a corner

And dye for sorowe throwhe such a scorner!

*Exceat.*

*Here the[y] cum in with vyols.*

FAME. Cum syrs, let us not dysdayne to  
do

That the World hath apoynted us too.

<sup>1</sup> H. prints *Thy*; M. changes to *That* in text, but  
observes in a footnote "perhaps it would be better to  
read *Thys*." The MS. clearly reads *That*.

<sup>2</sup> Person.

<sup>3</sup> Ere.

<sup>4</sup> Place.

FAVOR. Syns to serve Science the World  
hath sent us, 620

As the World wyth<sup>1</sup> us, let us content us.

RYCHES. Content us we may, synce we  
be assynde

To the fayrest lady that lyvth, in my mynde!

WOORSHYP. Then let us not stay here  
muet and mum,

But tast we thes instrumentes tyll she  
cum. 625

*Here the[y] synge "Exceedyng Measure." 2*

*Exceedyng mesure, wyth paynes continewall,  
Langueshyng in absens, alas! what shall I  
doe,*

*Infortunate wretch, devoyde of joyes all,  
Syghes upon syghes redoublyng my woe,  
And teares downe fullyng fro myne eyes  
toe?*

*Bewty wyth truth so doth me constrayne  
Ever to serve where I may not attayne! 632*

*Truth byndyth me ever to be true,  
How-so-that fortune faverth my chance.  
Duryng my lyfe none other but you  
Of my tru hart shall have the governance!  
O good swete hart, have you remembrance  
Now of your owne, whych for no smart  
Exyle shall you fro my tru hart! 639*

*[During the song, Experyence and Science  
have entered.]*

EXPER. Dowghter, what meanyth that ye  
dyd not syng?

SCIENCE. Oh mother, for heere remaynth  
a thyngel!

Freendes, we thanke you for thes your  
plesures,

Takyn on us as chance to us measures.

WOORSHYPPE. Ladye, thes our plesures,  
and parsons too,

Ar sente to you, you servyce to doo. 645

FAME. Ladye Science, to set foorth your  
name,

The World to wayte on you hath sent me,  
Fame.

FAVOR. Ladye Science, for your vertues  
most plentye,

<sup>1</sup> Commands.

<sup>2</sup> The song is not given in the play, but appears with the other songs in another part of the manuscript volume. It is labeled "The ij Song." I have inserted it here in its proper place.

The World, to cherysh you, Favor hath  
sent ye.

RYCHES. Lady Science, for youre bene-  
fytes knowne, 650

The World, to mayntayne you, Ryches  
hath throwen.

WOORSHYP. And, as the World hath sent  
you thes three,

So he sendth mee, Woorshypp, to avawnee  
your degre.

SCIENCE. I thank the World; but cheefly  
God be prayسد,

That in the World such love to Science  
hath rayسد! 655

But yet, to tell you plaync, ye iiij ar suche  
As Science lookth for lytell nor muche;

For beyng, as I am, a lone wooman,  
Neede of your servyce I nether have nor  
can.

But, thankyng the World, and you for your  
payn, 660

I send ye to the World evyn now agayne.

WOORSHYPPE. Why, ladye, set ye no  
more store by mee,

Woorshypp? Ye set nowght by yourselfe,  
I se!

FAME. She setteth nowght by Fame;  
wherby I spye her, —

She careteth not what the World sayth by  
her. 665

FAVOR. She setteth nowght by Favor;  
wherby I trye her, —

She caryth not what the World sayth or  
dooth by her.

RYCHES. She setteth nowght by Ryches;  
whych dooth shoue

She careteth not for the World. Cum, let us  
goe!

*[Exeunt Woorship, Fame, Favor, and  
Ryches.]*

SCIENCE. In-deede, smalle cawse gevyn to  
care for the Worlde's favering, 670  
Seeyng the wyttes of Worlde be so waver-  
yng.

EXPER. What is the matter, dowghter,  
that ye

Be so sad? Open your mynd to mee.

SCIENCE. My marvell is no les, my good  
moother,

Then my greefe is greate, to see, of all  
other, 675



The prowde scorne of Wyt, soone to Dame Nature,

Who sent me a pycature of hys stature  
Wyth all the shape of hymselfe there open-  
yng,

Hys amorous love therby betokenyng,  
Borne toward me in abundant facion; 680  
And also, further, to make ryght relacion  
Of this hys love, he put in commysshion  
Such a messenger as no suspicion  
Cowlde growe in mee of hym, — Confy-  
dence.

EXPER. Um!

SYENCE. Who, I ensure ye, wyth such  
vehemence, 685  
And faythfull behavoure in hys movyng,  
Set fourth the pyth<sup>1</sup> of hys masters lov-  
yng

That no lyvyng creature cowlde conjecte  
But that pure love dyd that Wyt dyrect.

EXPER. So?

SCIENCE. Now, this beinge synce the space  
Of three tymes sendyng from place to place  
Betwene Wyt and hys man, I here no more  
Nether of Wyt, nor his love so sore.  
How thynk you by thys, my nowne deere  
mother?

EXPER. Dowghter, in this I can thynke  
none oother 695

But that it is true — thys proverbe old:  
"Hastye love is soone hot and soone cold!"  
Take hede, dowghter, how you put youre  
trust

To lyght lovers to hot at the furst. 699  
For had this love of Wyt bene growndyd,  
And on a sure fowndashyon fowndyd,  
Lytell voyde tyme wold have bene be-  
twene ye

But that this Wyt wolde have sent or seene  
ye.

SCIENCE. I thynke so.

EXPER. Ye, thynke ye so or no,  
Your mother, Experience, prooffe shall  
showe 705

That Wyt hath set hys love — I dare say  
And make ye warrantyse — another way.

*Wyt cumeth before [in his fool's coat and cor-  
comb, and with his face blackened.]*

[WYT.] But your warrantyse warrant no  
trothe!

<sup>1</sup> Vigor, force.

Fayre ladye, I praye you be not wrothe  
Tyll you here more; for, deere Ladye Sci-  
ence, 710

Had your lover, Wyt, — ye[a], or Confy-  
dence,

Hys man, — bene in helth all this tyme  
spent,

Long or this tyme Wyt had cumme or sent.  
But the trothe is they have bene both  
sykke,

Wyt and hys man, ye and wyth paynes  
thycke 715

Bothe stayde by the way, so that your  
lover

Could neyther cum<sup>1</sup> nor send by none  
other.

Wherefore, blame not hym, but chance of  
syknes.

SCIENCE. Who is this?

EXPER. Ingnorance, or his lykenes.

SCIENCE. What! the common foole?

EXPER. Yt is much lyke hym. 720

SCIENCE. By my soothe, his toong servth  
him now trym!

What sayst thou, Ingnorance? Speak  
agayn!

WYT. Nay, ladye, I am not Ingnorance,  
playne,

But I am your owne deere lover, Wyt,  
That hath long lovd you, and lovth you  
yet. 725

Wherefore, I pray the now, my nowne  
swetyng,

Let me have a kys at this our meetyng.

[Tries to kiss her.]

SCIENCE. Ye, so ye shall anone, but not  
yet!

Ah, syr, this foole here hath got sum wyt!  
Fall you to kyssyng, syr, now-a-dayes? 730  
Your mother shall charme you. Go your  
wayes!

WYT. What nedth all this, my love of long  
growne?

Wyll ye be so strang to me, your owne?  
Your aquayntance to me was thowht  
eysy;<sup>2</sup>

But now your woordes make my harte all  
quesye, 735

<sup>1</sup> H. says the MS. has *cumme*, but the reading is clearly *cum*.

<sup>2</sup> Easy, conducive to pleasure.

Youre dartes at me so strangely be shott.  
SCIENCE. Heere ye what termes this foole  
here hath got?

WYT. Well I perseve my foolyshnes now;  
Indeede, ladies no dasterdes allowe.  
I wybbe bolde wyth my nowne darlyng!  
Cum now, a bas, my nowne proper sparl-  
yng! 741

[Tries again to kiss her.]

SCIENCE. What wylt thou, arrand foole?  
WYT. Nay, by the mas,

I wyll have a bas or I hence pas!

SCIENCE. What wylt thou, arrande foole?  
Hence, foole, I say!

WYT. What! nothyng but "foole" and  
"foole" all this day? 745

By the mas, madam, ye can no good.

SCIENCE. Art a-sweryng, to? Now, by  
my hood,

Youre foolyshe knaves breeche vj strypes  
shall bere!

WYT. Ye, Godes bohes! "foole" and  
"knaue," to? Be ye there?

By the mas, call me foole once agayne, 750  
And thou shalt sure call a blo or twayne.<sup>1</sup>

EXPER. Cum away, dowghter; the foole is  
mad.

WYT. Nay, nor yet nether hence ye shall  
gad!

We wyll gre better, or ye pas hence.

I praye the now, good swete Ladye Sci-  
ence, 755

All this strange maner now hyde and cover,  
And play the goodfelowe wyth thy lover!

SCIENCE. What goodfelowshyppe wold ye  
of me,

Whome ye knowe not, nether yet I knowe  
ye?

WYT. Know ye not me?

SCIENCE. No; how shoold I know ye? 760

WYT. Dooth not my pycture my parson  
shooow ye?

SCIENCE. Your pycture?

WYT. Ye, my picture, ladye,  
That ye spake of. Who sent it but I?

SCIENCE. Yf that be youre pycture, then  
shall we

Soone se how you and your pycture  
agree. 765

Lo, here! the pycture that I named is this.

<sup>1</sup> Call (upon your head) a blow or two.

WYT. Ye, mary, myne owne lykenes this  
is.

You havying this, ladye, and so lothe  
To knowe me, whych this so playne  
showthe!

SCIENCE. Why, you are nothyng lyke, in  
myne eie. 770

WYT. No? [To Experience.] How say  
ye?

EXPER. As she sayth, so say I.

WYT. By the mas, than are ye both  
starke blynde!

What dyfference betwene this and this can  
ye fynd?

EXPER. Marye, this is fayer, plesant, and  
goodlye,

And ye are fowle, dysplesant, and ug-  
lye. 775

WYT. Mary, awawnt, thou fowle ugly  
whoore!

SCIENCE. So, lo! now I perseve ye more  
and more.

WYT. What! perseve you me, — as ye  
wold make me, —

A naturall foole?

SCIENCE. Nay, ye mystake me;  
I take ye for no foole naturall, 780

But I take ye thus, — shall I tell all?

WYT. Ye, marye, tell me youre mynd, I  
pray ye,

Wherto I shall trust. No more delay ye.

SCIENCE. I take ye for no naturall foole,  
Brought up among the innocentes scoole,

But for a nawgty vycious foole, 786

Brought up wyth Idellnes in her scoole.

Of all arrogant fooles thow art one!

WYT. Ye! Goges bodye!

EXPER. Cum, let us be gone!

[Exeunt Experience and Science.]

WYT. My swerd! Is yt gone? A venge-  
ance on them! 790

Be they gone, to, and ther hedes upon  
them?

But, prowde quenes, the dyvyll go wyth  
you both!

Not one poynt of curtesye in them gothe.

A man is well at ease by sute to payne him  
For such a drab, that so doth dysdayne  
hym! 795

So makte, so lowted,<sup>1</sup> so made a sot,

<sup>1</sup> Flouted, mocked.

Never was I erst synce I was begot!  
Am I so fowle as those drabes wold make  
me?

Where is my glas that Reson dyd take<sup>1</sup>  
me?

Now shall this glas of Reson soone trye  
me 800

As fayre as those drabes that so doth belye  
me.

*[He looks in the glass.]*

Hah! Goges sowle! What have we here?  
A dyvyll?

This glas, I se well, hath bene kept evyll.

*[Cleans the glass, and looks again.]*

Goges sowle! a foole! a foole, by the mas!  
What a very vengeance aylth this glas? 805  
Other this glas is shamefully spotted,  
Or els am I to shamefully blotted!  
Nay, by Goges armes, I am so, no dowte!  
How loke ther facis heere rownd abowte?

*[He holds the glass up to the audience.]*

All fayre and cleere they, evrychone; 810  
And I, by the mas, a foole alone,  
Deckt, by Goges bones, lyke a very asse!  
Ingnorance cote, hooode, eares, — ye, by  
the masse,

Kokescome and all. I lack but a bable!<sup>2</sup>  
And as for this face, [it] is abhominable, 815  
As black as the devyll! God, for his pas-  
sion!

Where have I bene rayde<sup>3</sup> after this fas-  
syon?

This same is Idlenes, — a shame take her!  
This same is her wurke, — the devill in hell  
rake her!

The whoore hath shamd me for-ever, I  
trow! 820

I trow? Nay verely, I knowe!  
Now it is so — the stark foole I playe  
Before all people. Now see it I maye.  
Evrye man I se lawhe<sup>4</sup> me to scorne.  
Alas, alas, that ever I was borne! 825

Yt was not for nowght, now well I se,  
That those too ladyes dysdayned me.

Alas! Ladye Science, of all oother —  
How have I rayled on her and her moother!  
Alas! that lady I have now lost 830

Whome all the world lovth and honoryth  
most!

<sup>1</sup> Give. <sup>2</sup> Bauble. <sup>3</sup> Arrayed. <sup>4</sup> Laugh.

Alas! from Reson had I not varyd,  
Ladye Science or this I had maryd!  
And those fower gyftes which the World  
gave her

I had woon, to, had I kept her favor; 835  
Where now, in-stede of that lady bryght  
Wyth all those gallantes seenè in my  
syght, —

Favor, Ryches, ye, Worshyp and Fame, —  
I have woone Hatred, Beggry and Open  
Shame.

*Shame cumth in wyth a whyppe, [followed by  
Reason.]*

WYT. Out upon the, Shame! What doost  
thowe heere? 840

RESON. Mary, I, Reason, bad hym heere  
appeere.

Upon hym, Shame! wyth stryppes inow  
smitten,

While I reherce his fawtes herein wrytten:  
*[He reads from a paper.]*

Fyrst, he hath broken his promyse formerly  
Made to me, Reson, my dowghter to  
marye; 845

Nexte, he hath broken his promyse prom-  
isyd

To obay Instruccion, and him dyspised;  
Thurdlie, my dowghter Science to re-  
prove,

Upon Idlenes he hath set his love; 849  
Forthlye, he hath folowed Idellnes scoole

Tyll she hath made him a verye stark foole;  
Lastlye, offendyng both God and man,

Sweryng grete othes as any man can,  
He hath abused himselfe, to the grete  
shame

Of all his kynred and los of his good name.  
Wherefore, spare him not, Shame! Bete  
him well there! 856

He hath deservyd more then he can beare.

*Wyt knelith downe.*

[WYT.] Oh father Reson, be good unto  
me!

Alas, thes strypes of Shame will undo me!

\* RESON. Be still a while, Shame! Wyt,  
what sayst thou? 860

WYT. Oh syr, forgeve me, I besecch you!

RESON. Yf I forgeve the thy ponyshment,  
Wylt thou than folow thy fyrst entent

And promyse made, my dowghter to  
marye?

WYT. Oh syr, I am not woorthy to  
carye 865

The dust out where your dowghter shoold  
sytt.

RESON. I wot well that! But yf I admyt  
The, unwoorthy, agayne to her wooer,  
Wylt thou then folow thy sewte unto her?

WYT. Ye, syr, I promyse you, while lyfe  
enduryth. 870

RESON. Cum neere, masters; heere is  
wone ensuryth <sup>1</sup>

In woordes to becum an honest man!

*Here cumth Instruccion, Studye, and  
Diligens in.*

Take him, Instruccion; do what ye can.

INSTR. What! to the purpose he went be-  
fore?

RESON. Ye, to my dowghter prove him  
once more. 875

Take him, and trym hym in new aparell,  
And geve that to Shame there to his fare-  
well. <sup>2</sup>

INSTR. Cum on your way, Wyt. Be of  
good cheere!

After stormy clowdes cumth wether clere!

*Instruccion, Study, Wyt, and Dyligens go out.*

RESON. Who lyst to marke now this  
chance heere doon, 880

May se what Wyt is wythout Reson.

What was this Wyt better then an asse  
Being from Reson strayed as he was?

But let pas now, synce he is well poon-  
yshyd,

And thereby, I trust, meetely well mon-  
yshyd. <sup>3</sup> 885

Ye, and I lyke him never the wurs, I,  
Thowgh Shame hath handled hym shame-  
fullye;

For, lyke as, yf Wyt had proudly bent hym  
To resyst Shame to make Shame absent  
hym, <sup>4</sup>

I wold have thought than that Wyt had  
bene — 890

As the sayeng is, and daylye seene —

“Past shame once, and past all amend-  
ment”:

<sup>1</sup> Pledgeth himself.  
<sup>2</sup> Admonished.

<sup>3</sup> Payment on leaving?  
<sup>4</sup> Withdraw himself.

So, contra[r]lye, syns he dyd relent  
To Shame when Shame ponyshyt him evyn  
yll,

I have, I say, good hope in him styll. 895  
I thinke, as I thowght, — yf joyne thei  
can, —

My dowghter wel bestowd on this man.  
But all the dowte now is to thynke how  
My dowghter takth this. For, I may tell  
yow, 899

I thinke she knew this Wyt, evyn as weele  
As she seemd heere to know him no deele;  
For lak of knowlege in Science there is  
none;

Wherfore, she knew him; and therupon  
His mysbehavior perchance evyn strykyng  
Her hart agaynst him, <sup>1</sup> she now myslyk-  
yng, — 905

As women oft-tymes wylbe hard-hartyd, —  
Wylbe the stranger to be revertyd. <sup>2</sup>

This must I helpe. Reson must now walke,  
On Wytes part wyth my Science to talke.  
A neere way to her know I, wherebye 910  
My soonnes cummyng prevent now must I.  
Perchance I may bryng my dowghter  
hyther;

Yf so, I dowght not to joyne them together.

*Exceat Reson. Confydencc cumth in.*

[CONF.] I thanke God, yet at last I have  
fownd hym!

I was afraide sum myschance had drownd  
him, — 915

My master, Wyt, wyth whome I have  
spoken,

Ye, and deliverd token for token,  
And have anoother to Science agayne, —  
A hart of gold, syngnifyeng playne  
That Science hath wun Wytes hart for-  
ever. 920

Whereby I trust, by my good endever  
To that good ladye, so sweete and so  
sortly, <sup>3</sup>

A maryage betwene them ye shall see  
shortlye.

*Confydens exceat. Instruccion cumth in  
wyth Wyt, Study, and Dyligence.*

[INSTR.] Lo! syr, now ye be entryd agayne

<sup>1</sup> Causing her heart to turn against him.

<sup>2</sup> The harder to be made to return (after estrange-  
ment).

<sup>3</sup> Appropriate (N.E.D.).

Toward that passage where dooth re-  
mayne 925

Tedyousnes, your mortall enemy.  
Now may ye choose whether ye wyll trye  
Your handes agayne on that tyrant stowte,  
Or els, walkyng a lytell abowte —

WYT. Nay; for Godes passion, syr, let me  
meete him! 930

Ye se I am able now for to greete him.  
This sword of cumfort, sent fro my love,  
Upon her enmy needes must I proove!

INSTR. Then fourth there; and turne on  
your ryght hand

Up that mownt before ye shall see stand.  
But heere ye! Yf your enmye chance to  
ryse, 936

Folowe my cowncell in anye wyse:  
Let Studye and Dyligence flee ther  
towche,<sup>1</sup> —

The stroke of Tediousnes, — and then  
cowche

Themselves, as I told ye, — ye wot  
how.<sup>2</sup> 940

WYT. Ye, syr, for that how, marke the  
prooe now!

[*Wyt, with drawn sword, and attended by  
Study and Dyligence, proceeds to the  
Mownt.*]

INSTR. To mark it, indeede, here wyll I  
abyde,

To see what chance of them wyll betyde;  
For heere cumth the pyth,<sup>3</sup> lo! of this  
iornaye.

That mowntayne, before which they must  
assaye, 945

Is cald in Laten *Mons Pernassus*;  
Which mowntayne, as old auctors dyscus,  
Who attaynth ones<sup>4</sup> to sleepe on that  
mownt,

Ladye Science his owne he may cownt.  
But, or he cum there, ye shall see fowght 950

A fyght with no les polycye wrowght  
Then strengthth, I trow, — if that may be  
praysed.

TEDI. [*within.*] Oh! ho! ho!

INSTR. Hark!

TEDI. [*entering.*] Out, ye kaytyves!

INSTR. The feend is raysyd!

<sup>1</sup> Blow.

<sup>2</sup> Instruction has devised some "polycye" by  
means of which Wyt is to overcome Tediousness.

<sup>3</sup> Important part. <sup>4</sup> Once.

TEDI. Out, ye vilaynes! Be ye cum  
agayne?

Have at ye, wretches! [*Rushes at them.*]  
WYT [*aside.*] Fle, syrs, ye twayne! 955

[*Study and Dyligence flee.*]

TEDI. Thei fle not far hens!

[*Tediousness pursues them, but is attacked  
by Wyt.*]

DYLL. Turne agayne, Studye!

STUDYE. Now, Dyligence!

INSTR. Well sayde! Hold fast now!

STUDYE. He fleeth!

DYLL. Then folowe!

[*Tediousness flees, beaten in by Wyt; Study  
and Dyligence follow.*]

INSTR. Wyth his owne weapon now wurke  
him sorow!

Wyt lyth at reseyte!<sup>1</sup>

TEDI. [*within.*] Oh! ho! ho! Dyeth.

INSTR. Hark! he dyeth! 960

Where strength lakth, polycye ssupplieth.

*Heere Wyt cumth in and bryngth in the hed  
upon his swoorde, and sayth as folowyth:*

WYT. I can ye thanke, syrs; this was well  
doone!

STUDYE. Nay, yours is the deede!

DYLL. To you is the thank!

INSTR. I can ye thank, all; this was well  
doone!

WYT. How say ye, man? Is this feelde  
well woonne? 965

*Confydence cumth running in.*

[CONF.] Ye, by my fayth, so sayth your  
deere hart.

WYT. Why where is she, that here now  
thow art?

CONF. Upon yonder mowntayne, on hye,  
She saw ye strike that hed from the bodye;  
Wherby ye have woonne her, bodye and  
all! 970

In token whereof reseve heere ye shall  
A gowne of knoledge, wherin you must  
Reseve her here strayght.

WYT. But sayst thow just?

[CONF.]<sup>2</sup> So just I say that, except ye  
hye ye,

<sup>1</sup> A hunting term. To take up a position waiting  
for hunted game.

<sup>2</sup> Though the MS. indicates another speaker, no  
name is prefixed. Supplied by H.

Or ye be redye she wylbe by ye. 975  
WYT. Holde! Present unto her this hed  
heere,

And gyve me warning when she cumth nere.

[Exit Confydence.]

Instruccion, wyll ye helpe to devyse  
To trim this geere now in the best wyse?

INSTR. Geve me that gowne, and cum  
wyth me, all! 980

DYLL. Oh, how this gere to the purpose  
dooth fall!

*Confidens cumth running in.*

[CONF.] How, master, master! Where be  
ye now?

WYT. Here, Confydence; what tydynges  
bryngst thou?

CONF. My ladye at hand heere dooth  
abyde ye. 984

Byd her welcum! What! do ye hide ye?

*Here Wyt, Instruccion, Studye, and Dili-  
gence syng "Wellcum, mye owne," and  
Syence, Experience, Reson and Confidence  
cum in at l[eft], and answer evre second  
verse:<sup>1</sup>*

WYT AND HIS CUMPANE:

*O ladye deere,*

*Be ye so neere*

*To be knowne?*

*My hart yow cheere*

*Your voyce to here.*

*Wellcum, myne owne!* / 991

SCIENCE AND HIR CUMPANYE:

*As ye rejoyse*

*To here my voyce*

*Fro me thus blowne,*

*So in my choyce*

*I show my voyce*

*To be your owne.* 997

WYT AND HIS CUMPANYE:

*Then drawe we neere*

*To see and heere*

*My love long growne!*

*Where is my deere?*

*Here I apeere*

*To see myne owne.* 1003

SCIENCE AND HIR CUMPANYE:

*To se and try*

*Your love truly*

*Till deth be flowne,*

*Lo! here am I,*

*That ye may spie*

*I am your owne.* 1009

WYT AND HIS CUMPANYE:

*Then let us meete,*

*My love so sweete,*

*Halfe-way heere throwne!* 1012

SIENS AND HIR CUMPANYE:

*I wyll not sleete<sup>1</sup>*

*My love to greeete.*

*Wellcum, myne owne!* 1015

WYT AND HIS CUMPANYE:

*Wellcum, myne owne!*

ALL sing:

*Wellcum, myne owne!* 1017

*And when the song is doone, Reson send-  
yth Instruccion, Studye, and Dyligence,  
and Confidens out; and then, standyng in  
the myddell of the place, Wyt sayth as  
folowyth:*

WYT. Wellcum, myne owne, wyth all my  
hole harte,

Whych shalbe your owne till deth us de-  
part!<sup>2</sup>

I trust, ladye, this knot evyn syns knyt.

SCIENCE. I trust the same; for syns ye  
have smitt 1021

Downe my grete enmye, Tedyousnes,  
Ye have woon me for-ever, dowghtles, —

Althowgh ye have woon a clogg<sup>3</sup> wyth-all!  
WYT. A clogg, sweete hart? What?

SCIENCE. Such as doth fall 1025

To all men that joyne themselves in  
marriage, —

In keepyng ther wyves. A carefull cariage!

WYT. Careful? Nay, ladye, that care  
shall employe

No clogg, but a key of my most joye.

To kepe you, swete hart, as shall be  
fyt, 1030

Shalbe no care, but most joy to Wyt!

SCIENCE. Well, yet I say, — marke well  
what I saye! —

<sup>1</sup> Slight?

<sup>2</sup> Separate (an echo of the marriage ceremony).

<sup>3</sup> Encumbrance.

<sup>1</sup> The song is not given in the play, but is found with the other two songs in another part of the manuscript volume. It is labeled "The thyrd song," and has the title "Wellcum, myne owne, Wellcum myne owne." M., following H., prints this title in two lines and, apparently, as a part of the song itself.

My presence brynghth you a clogg, no naye,  
 Not in the kepyng of me onelye,  
 But in the use of Science cheeflye; 1035  
 For I, Science, am in this degree, —  
 As all, or most part, of women bee:  
 Yf ye use me well, in a good sorte,  
 Then shall I be youre joy and comfort;  
 But yf ye use me not well, then dowt me,  
 For, sure, ye were better then wythout me!  
 WYT. Why, ladye, thinke you-me such a  
 wyt,

As being avansyd by you, and yet  
 Wold mysuse ye? Nay, yf ye dowt that,  
 Heere is wone lovth thee more then sum-  
 what, — 1045

Yf Wyt mysuse ye at any season,  
 Correct me then your owne father, Reson.  
 RESON. Ho, dowghter, can ye desyre any  
 more?

What neede thes dowtes? Avoyde them,  
 therfore!

EXPER. Byrlakyn, syr, but, under your  
 favor, 1050  
 This dowgt our dowghter doth well to gather  
 For a good warnyng now at begynnyng  
 What Wyt in the end shall looke for in  
 wyunning;

Whych shalbe this, syr: yf Science here,  
 Whych is Godes gyft, be usyd meere 1055  
 Unto Godes honor, and profyt both  
 Of you and your neybowre,<sup>1</sup> — whych goth  
 In her, of kynd,<sup>2</sup> to do good to all, —  
 This scene to, Experience, I, shall  
 Set you forth, Wyt, by her to imploye 1060  
 Doble encrece to your doble joye;  
 But yf you use her contrarywvse  
 To her good nature, and so devyse  
 To evyll effectes to wrest and to wry her,  
 Ye, and cast her of, and set nowght by  
 her, 1065

Be sure I, Experience, shall than  
 Declare you so before God and man  
 That thys talent<sup>3</sup> from you shalbe taken  
 And you ponyst for your gayne forsaken.  
 WYT. "Once warnd,<sup>4</sup> half-armd," folk  
 say, namely whan 1070

Experience shall warne a man, than  
 Tyme to take heede! Mother Experience,  
 Towchying youre dowghter, my deere hart,  
 S[c]iens,

<sup>1</sup> Neighbor.

<sup>2</sup> By nature.

<sup>3</sup> The reference is to the parable of the talents.

<sup>4</sup> H. warne; M. warne[d]. The MS. is clearly  
 warnd.

As I am sertayne that to abuse her  
 I brede myne owne sorow, and well to use  
 her 1075

I encrece my joy; and so to make yt  
 Godes grace is redye yf I wyll take yt.  
 Then, but<sup>1</sup> ye cownt me no wyt at all,  
 Let never thes dowtes into your hed fall;  
 But, as yourself, Experience, cleryng 1080  
 All dowtes at lenght, so, tyll tyme aperyng,  
 Trust ye wyth me in God. And, swete hart,  
 Whyle your father Reson takth wyth<sup>2</sup> parte,  
 To reseve Godes grace as God shall send it,  
 Dowte ye not our joy, tyll lyves end end<sup>3</sup>  
 yt! 1085

SCIENCE. Well, than, for the end of all  
 dowtes past,

And to that end whiche ye spake of last:  
 Among our wedding matters heere rend-  
 ryng,

Thend of our lyves wold be in remembryng;  
 Which remembrance, Wyt, shall sure de-  
 fend ye 1090  
 From the mysuse of Science, and send ye<sup>4</sup>  
 The gayne my mother to mynd did call, —  
 Joy wythout end. That wysht I to all!

RESON. Well sayd! And as ye, dowghter,  
 wyshe it,

That joy to all folke in generall, 1095  
 So wysht I, Reson, the same. But yet  
 Fyrst in this lyfe wysht I here to fall

To our most noble Kyng and Quene in  
 especial,  
 To ther honorable Councell, and then to  
 all the rest,  
 Such joy as long may rejoyse them all  
 best!<sup>5</sup> 1100

All say Amen.

*Heere cumth in fowre wyth violes and syng,  
 "Remembre me,"<sup>6</sup> and at the last quere all  
 make cur[t]sye, and so goe forth syngyng.*

*Thus endyth the Play of Wyt and Science,  
 made by Master Jhon Redford.*

*Finis.*

<sup>1</sup> Unless.

<sup>2</sup> With.

<sup>3</sup> In MS., but crossed through, obviously by mis-  
 take.

<sup>4</sup> MS. you; corr. by M.

<sup>5</sup> It was customary for actors at the end of a play  
 to utter a prayer for the sovereign and his council.

<sup>6</sup> The song is not given in the MS.

•

VIII  
FOLK PLAYS

•





# ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM<sup>1</sup>

## [SCENE I.]

[Enter Sir Guy of Gisborne and the Sheriff of Nottingham.]

[SIR GUY.] Syr Sheryffe, for thy sake Robyn Hode wull Y take.

[SHERIFF.] I wyl the gyffe golde and fee<sup>1</sup> This be-hest<sup>2</sup> thou holde me.

## [SCENE II.]

[Sir Guy approaches Robin Hood.]

[SIR GUY.] Robyn Hode, ffayre and fre, 5 Vndre this lynde<sup>3</sup> shote we.

[ROBIN.] With the shote Y wyl Alle thy lustes to full-fyll.

[SIR GUY.] [Shoots.] Have at the pryke!<sup>4</sup>

[ROBIN.] [Shoots.] And Y cleue the styke! 10

[Robin Hood wins.]

[SIR GUY.] Late vs caste the stone.

[ROBIN.] I graunte well, be Seynt Iohn!

[They cast the stone, and again Robin Hood wins.]

[SIR GUY.] Late vs caste the exaltre.

[ROBIN.] Have a foote be-fore the!

[They wrestle; Robin throws the knight.]

[ROBIN.] Syr Knyght, ye haue a falle! 15

[SIR GUY.] And I the, Robyn, qwyte<sup>5</sup> shall.

Owte on the! I blowe myn horne!

<sup>1</sup> Money.      <sup>2</sup> Promise.      <sup>3</sup> Linden tree.  
<sup>4</sup> Target.      <sup>5</sup> Pay back.

[Sir Guy starts to blow his horn, but Robin Hood halts him.]

[ROBIN.] Hi! ware better be vn-borne! I at vs fyght at ottraunce.<sup>1</sup>

[SIR GUY.] He that fletth, God gyf hym myschaunce! 20

[They fight with swords. At last Robin Hood slays Sir Guy.]

[ROBIN.] Now I haue the maystry here! Off I smyte this sory swyre.<sup>2</sup>

This knyghtys clothis wolle I were, 24 And in my hode his hede woll bere.

[Robin disguises himself in Sir Guy's clothes, and, taking with him the severed head, goes out.]

## [SCENE III.]

[The Sheriff has attacked Robin Hood's men with success. Little John, hurrying towards the scene of the conflict, meets Scarlet.]

[LITTLE JOHN.] Welle mete, felowe myn! What herst thou of gode Robyn?

[SCARLET.] Robyn Hode and his menye<sup>3</sup> With the Sheryffe takyn be.

[LITTLE JOHN.] Sette on foote with gode wyll,

And the Sheryffe wull we kyll. 30

[They stand together, watching the fight.]

[SCARLET.] Be-holde wele Frere Tuke Howe he dothe his bowe pluke!

<sup>1</sup> To the death.      <sup>2</sup> Neck.      <sup>3</sup> Followers.

<sup>1</sup> This fragment of a Robin Hood play (the earliest text we have preserved) is found on the upper half of a leaf originally pasted at the end of some folio volume. On the verso of the leaf are accounts of quarterly payments for house rent extending, apparently, from May, 1475, to August, 1476 (one is dated November 7, 1475). It is likely that the text of the Robin Hood play was written at a still earlier date; but even if the record of house-rent payments preceded, the handwritings on the two sides of the leaf, as Greg observes, are "obviously contemporary, and the entries can hardly be separated by more than a few years." The history of the manuscript makes it probable that the leaf was once in the possession of William Paston, second Earl of Yarmouth; and in one of the Paston letters, April 16, 1473, we discover that Sir John Paston had a certain man named Woode in his employ "thys iij yer to playe Seynt Jorge [George], and Robyn Hod and the Sheryff of Notyngham." Greg, agreeing with Child and Chambers, writes: "There can be little question . . . that this last piece is none other than the play to which our fragment belongs."

I have reproduced the text from that issued by Greg, with facsimile, in *The Malone Society's Collections*, i, 117, and have taken advantage of both Manly's and Greg's dramatic reconstruction, though the punctuation and the stage-directions are my own. The fragment ends before the climax of the play has been reached; but the story is well-known in the ballad of Guy of Gisborne. I have added, with some changes, Greg's completion based on the ballad.

*[The Sheriff and his men overcome the outlaws, and bind Friar Tuck and the rest. Entering with the prisoners, they spy Little John and Scarlet.]*

[SHERIFF.] Yeld yow, syrts, to the Sheryffe,  
Or elles shall your bowes clyffe. 34

*[Little John and Scarlet yield, and are bound.]*

[LITTLE JOHN.] Now we be bownden alle  
in same!

Frere [T]uke, this is no game.<sup>1</sup>

[SHERIFF.] Co[m]e thou forth, thou fals  
outlawe;

Thou shall [be] hangyde and y-drawe!

[FRIAR TUCK.] Now[e], allas, what shall  
we doo?

We [m]oste to the prysone goo. 40

[SHERIFF.] Opy[n] the yatis<sup>2</sup> faste anon,  
An[d] la[te] theis thevys ynne gon.<sup>3</sup>

*[Robin enters disguised as Sir Guy.]*

[ROBIN.] Holde<sup>4</sup> thou here, syr Sheryffe,  
Robyns hede, by my lyffe! 44

*[He presents the severed head.]*

<sup>1</sup> Jest.

<sup>2</sup> Doors.

<sup>3</sup> At this point the fragment ends.

<sup>4</sup> Take, receive.

[SHERIFF.] Now, take thou golde and feel  
Syr Gwyte, wellcume mote thou be!

[ROBIN.] Golde and fee wyll I none,  
But yon outlawe alone.

*[He points to Little John.]*

[SHERIFF.] Take hym lyghtlie to thy  
wyll,

Thogh thou hys lyffe spille. 50

*[Robin goes to Little John, reveals himself to him, cuts his bonds, and, thrusting a bow into his hands, whispers:]*

[ROBIN.] Now haue this bow intill thy  
honde.

By thy syde I take my stonde!

*[They draw upon the Sheriff.]*

[SHERIFF.] Owt alas! we be fordone!<sup>1</sup>  
Robin Hode is vs vpon! 54

*[The Sheriff and his men start to run away.]*

[LITTLE JOHN.] Now do they runne for  
drede.

Syr Sheryffe, thou art but dede!

*[Little John shoots; the Sheriff falls.]*

[FRIAR TUCK.] By Chryst, this was welle  
wroght.

Gode Robyn hath his menyne boght!<sup>2</sup> 58

<sup>1</sup> Ruined.

<sup>2</sup> Followers saved.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE FRIAR<sup>1</sup>

HERE BEGINNETHE THE PLAYE OF ROBYN HOODE, VERYE PROPER  
TO BE PLAYED IN MAYE GAMES.

## [SCENE I.]

[Enter Robin Hood and his men, dressed in  
Kendal green.]

ROBYN HODE. Now stand ye forth, my  
mery men all,  
And harke what I shall say!  
Of an adventure I shal you tell,  
The which befell this other day:  
As I went by the hygh-way, 5  
With a stoute frere I met,  
And a quarter-staffe in his hande;  
Lyghtely to me he lept,  
And styll he bade me stande.  
There were strypes two or three, 10  
But I can not tell who had the worse;  
But well I wote the horsen lepte within  
me,  
And fro me he toke my purse.  
Is there any of my mery men all  
That to that frere wyll go, 15  
And bryng him to me forth-withall,  
Whether he wyll or no?  
LYTELL IOHN. Yes, mayster, I make God  
avowe,  
To that frere wyll I go,  
And bryng him to you, 20  
Whether he wyl or no. [Exeunt.]

## [SCENE II.]

[Enter Friar Tucke in a long coat, leading  
three dogs by a string.]

FRYER TUCKE. *Deus hic! Deus hic!*  
God be here!  
Is not this a holy worde for a frere?  
God save all this company!  
But am not I a iolly fryer? 25  
For I can shote both farre and nere,  
And handle the sworde and buckler —

And this quarter-staffe also.  
If I mete with a gentylman or yeman,  
I am not afrayde to loke hym upon, 30  
Nor boldly with him to carpe;  
If he speake any wordes to me,  
He shall have strypes two or thre  
That shal make his body smarte!  
But, maister[s], to shew you the matter 35  
Wherfore and why I am come hither,  
In fayth, I wyl not spare:  
I am come to seke a good yeman,  
In Bernisdale men sai is his habitacion,  
His name is Robyn Hode. 40  
And if that he be better man than I,  
His servaunt wyll I be, and serve him  
truely;  
But if that I be better man than he,  
By my truth, my knave shall he be,  
And leade these dogges all three! 45

[Robin enters and seizes him by the throat.]

ROBYN HODE. Yelde the, fryer in thy long  
cote!  
FRYER TUCKE. I beshrew thy hart,  
knave! Thou hurtest my throt[e].

[Shakes him off.]

ROBYN HODE. I trowe, fryer, thou begin-  
nest to dote!  
Who made the so malapert and so bolde  
To come into this forest here 50  
Amonge my falowe-dere?  
FRYER. Go louse the, ragged knave!  
If thou make mani wordes, I will geve the  
on the eare,  
Though I be but a poore fryer.  
To seke Robyn Hode I am com here, 55  
And to him my hart to breke.  
ROBYN HODE. Thou lousy frer, what  
wouldest thou with hym?

<sup>1</sup> Appended to *Gest of Robin Hood*, printed by William Copland, without date, but apparently between 1553 and 1569. I have based the text on the careful reprint by W. W. Greg in *The Malone Society's Collections*, 1909, i, 125, and have compared this with Manly's reprint, *Specimens*, 1896. Copland gives two texts carelessly run together as one; the second text, dealing with Robin Hood and the Potter, is a mere fragment, breaking off in the middle of the action, a fact which led Greg plausibly to suggest "that Copland (or some predecessor) printed from a copy of an earlier edition which had lost a leaf or more at the end." I have omitted the fragment.

He never loved fryer, nor none of freiers kyn.

FRYER. Avaunt, ye ragged knave,  
Or ye shall have on the skynne! 60

ROBYN HODE. Of all the men in the morn-  
ing thou art the worst;  
To mete with the I have no lust,  
For he that meteth a frere, or a fox, in the  
morning,  
To spede ill that day he standeth in ieop-  
erdy:<sup>1</sup>

Therefore I had lever<sup>2</sup> mete with the devil  
of hell — 65

Fryer, I tell the as I thinke —  
Then mete with a fryer, or a fox,  
In a mornynge or I drynke.

FRYER. Avaunt, thou ragged knave! this  
is but a mock.

If you make mani words, you shal have a  
knock. 70

ROBYN HODE. Harke, frere, what I say  
here:

Over this water thou shalt me bere, —  
The brydge is borne away.

FRYER. To say naye I wyl not —  
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie  
and sin — 75

But, up on a fryers backe, and have even  
in!

ROBYN HODE. Nay, have over!

[*Robin Hood gets on Friar Tuck's back; the  
Friar wades into the stream, and stops.*]

FRYER. Now am I, frere, within, and  
thou, Robin. without.

To lay the here I have no great doubt.

[*He drops him in the water, and wades out.*]

Now am I, frere, without, and thou,  
Robyn, within!<sup>3</sup> 80

Lye ther, knave! Chose whether thou  
wilt sinke or swym.

ROBYN HODE. Why, thou lowsy frere!  
what hast thou done?

FRYER. Mary, set a knave over the  
shone.<sup>4</sup>

ROBYN HODE. Therefore thou [shalt]  
abye.<sup>5</sup>

[*Robin Hood draws, and rushes at the Friar.*]

FRYER. Why, wylt thou fyght a plucke? <sup>1</sup>

ROBYN HODE. And God send me good  
lucke! 86

FRYER. Than have a stroke for Fryer  
Tucke!

[*They fight. Robin Hood is unable to get the  
better of the Friar.*]

ROBYN HODE. Holde thy hande, frere,  
and here me spekel

FRYER. Say on, ragged knave!  
Me semeth ye begyn to swete. 90

ROBYN HODE. In this forest I have a  
hounde,

I wyl not give him for a hundreth pound;  
Geve me leve my horne to blowe,

That my hounde may knowe.

FRYER. Blowe on, ragged knave, without  
any doubt, 95

Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out!

[*Robin Hood blows his horn, and his men  
rush in.*]

Here be a sorte of ragged knaves come in,  
Clothed all in Kendale grene;

And to the they take their way now.

ROBYN HODE. Peradventure they do  
so. 100

FRYER. I gave the leve to blowe at thy  
wyl,

Now give me leve to whistell my fyll.

ROBYN HODE. Whystell, frere, evyl mote  
thou fare!

Untyll bothe thyne eyes stare.<sup>2</sup>

[*The Friar whistles, and his men rush in.*]

FRYER. Now, Cut and Bause! 105

Breng forth the clubbes and staves,  
And downe with those ragged knaves!

[*They fight with clubs and staves. Robin  
Hood and his men are unable to overcome  
Friar Tuck and his men.*]

ROBYN HODE. How sayest thou, frere?  
Wylt thou be my man,

To do me the best servyse thou can?

Thou shalt have both golde and fee; 110

<sup>1</sup> An old proverb.

<sup>2</sup> Rather.

<sup>3</sup> The original text reads: "Now art thou, Robyn,  
without, and I, frere, within." I follow Child's cor-  
rection.

<sup>4</sup> Shoes.

<sup>5</sup> Pay for.

<sup>1</sup> Bout.

<sup>2</sup> Original text reads "starte"; corrected by  
Manly.

[*He leads forward Maid Marian.*]

And also here is a lady free;  
I wyll geve her unto the,  
And her chapplayn I the make  
To serve her for my sake.

[*The Friar throws his arms about her.*]

FRYER. Here is an huckle-duckle 115  
An inch above the buckle!  
She is a trul of trust

To serve a frier . . . . .

. . . . .  
. . . . .<sup>1</sup> 120

[*Turning to his men.*]

Go home, ye knaves, and lay crabbes in the  
fyre,

For my lady and I will daunce in the myre  
For veri pure ioye! 123

<sup>1</sup> Lines omitted by the present editor.

SHETLAND SWORD DANCE <sup>1</sup>PERSONÆ DRAMATIS <sup>2</sup>

[ST. GEORGE, OF ENGLAND, the master.  
ST. JAMES, OF SPAIN.  
ST. DENIS, OF FRANCE.  
ST. DAVID, OF WALES.

ST. PATRICK, OF IRELAND.  
ST. ANTHONY, OF ITALY.  
ST. ANDREW, OF SCOTLAND.]

## WORDS USED AS A PRELUDE TO THE SWORD-DANCE.

*Enter Master, in the character of  
Saint George.*

Brave gentles all within this boor,<sup>1</sup>  
If ye delight in any sport,  
Come see me dance upon this floor,  
Which to you all shall yield comfort.  
Then shall I dance in such a sort  
As possible I may or can.  
You minstrel man, play me a Porte,<sup>2</sup>  
That I on this floor may prove a man.

5

*He bows, and dances in a line.*

Now have I danced with heart and hand,  
Brave gentles all, as you may see,  
For I have been tried in many a land,  
As yet the truth can testify;  
In England, Scotland, Ireland, France,  
Italy, and Spain,  
Have I been tried with that good sword of  
steel.

10

*Draws, and flourishes.*

Yet I deny that ever a man did make me  
yield;  
For in my body there is strength,  
As by my manhood may be seen;  
And I, with that good sword of length,  
Have oftentimes in perils been;  
And over champions I was king;  
And by the strength of this right hand

15

20

<sup>1</sup> Bower.

<sup>2</sup> A lively tune.

Once on a day I kill'd fifteen,  
And left them dead upon the land.  
Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care,  
But play me a Porte most light,  
That I no longer do forbear,  
But dance in all these gentles' sight.  
Although my strength makes you abased,  
Brave gentles all, be not afraid,  
For here are six champions with me,  
staid;  
All by my manhood I have raised.

25

30

*He dances.*

Since I have danced, I think it best  
To call my brethren in your sight,  
That I may have a little rest;  
And they may dance with all their might,  
With heart and hand, as they are knights,  
And shake their swords of steel so bright,  
And show their main strength on this floor.  
For we shall have another bout  
Before we pass out of this boor.  
Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care  
To play to me a Porte most light,  
That I no longer do forbear,  
But dance in all these gentles' sight.

40

*He dances; and then introduces his Knights as  
under:*

Stout James of Spain, both tried and  
stour,

45

<sup>1</sup> From a note inserted in Scott's *The Pirate*, 1821, and reprinted, with other material, by E. K. Chambers, *The Medieval Stage*, ii, 271. It is stated that "the manuscript from which the above was copied was transcribed from a very old one, by Mr. William Henderson, jun., of Papa Stour, in Zetland. Mr. Henderson's copy is not dated, but bears his own signature, and, from various circumstances, it is known to have been written about the year 1788." The date of the original manuscript is not indicated. In Sir Walter Scott's *Letters*, for August 7, 1814, we read: "At Scalloway my curiosity was gratified by an account of the sword-dance now almost lost, but still practised in the Island of Papa, belonging to Mr. Scott . . . Some rude couplets are spoken (in English not Norse), containing a sort of panegyric upon each champion as he is presented. They then dance a sort of cotillon, as the ladies described it, going through a number of evolutions with their swords."

<sup>2</sup> Though this heading appears in the manuscript, the names are omitted, possibly because they were those of the famous Seven Champions of Christendom.

Thine acts are known full well indeed;

[*St. James advances.*]

And champion Dennis, a French knight,  
Who stout and bold is to be seen;

[*St. Denis advances.*]

And David, a Welshman born,  
Who is come of noble blood; 50

[*St. David advances.*]

And Patrick also, who blew the horn,  
An Irish knight, amongst the wood;

[*St. Patrick advances.*]

Of Italy brave Anthony the good,  
And Andrew of Scotland king.

[*St. Anthony and St. Andrew advance.*]

[SAINT JAMES.<sup>1</sup>] Saint George of England,  
brave indeed, 55

Who to the Jews wrought muckle tinte,<sup>2</sup>  
Away with this! Let us come to sport,  
Since that ye have a mind to war.

Since that ye have this bargain sought,  
Come, let us fight, and do not fear. 60

[SAINT GEORGE.] Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care

To play to me a Porte most light,  
That I no longer do forbear,  
But dance in all these gentles' sight.

*He dances, and advances to James of Spain.*

[SAINT GEORGE.] Stout James of Spain,  
both tried and stour, 65

Thine acts are known full well indeed.

Present thyself within our sight,  
Without either fear or dread.

Count not for favour or for feid,<sup>3</sup>  
Since of thy acts thou hast been sure. 70

Brave James of Spain, I will thee lead  
To prove thy manhood on this floor.

*James dances.*

[SAINT GEORGE.] Brave champion Dennis,  
a French knight,

Who stout and bold is to be seen,

Present thyself here in our sight, 75

Thou brave French knight,

Who bold hast been;

Since thou such valiant acts hast done,

Come let us see some of them now.

With courtesy, thou brave French knight,  
Draw out thy sword of noble hue. 81

*Dennis dances, while the others retire to a side.*

[SAINT GEORGE.] Brave David a bow must  
string, and with awe

Set up a wand upon a stand,

And that brave David will cleave in twa.<sup>1</sup>

*David dances solus.*

[SAINT GEORGE.] Here is, I think, an  
Irish knight, 85

Who does not fear, or does not fright.

To prove thyself a valiant man,

As thou hast done full often bright,

Brave Patrick dance, if that thou can.

*He dances.*

[SAINT GEORGE.] Thou stout Italian, come  
thou here! 90

Thy name is Anthony, most stout.

Draw out thy sword that is most clear,

And do thou fight without any doubt;

Thy leg thou shake, thy neck thou lout,<sup>2</sup>

And show some courtesy on this floor. 95

For we shall have another bout

Before we pass out of this boor.

[*He dances.*]

[SAINT GEORGE.] Thou kindly Scotsman,  
come thou here!

Thy name is Andrew of Fair Scotland.

Draw out thy sword that is most clear; 100

Fight for thy king with thy right hand;

And aye as long as thou canst stand

Fight for thy king with all thy heart,

And then, for to confirm his band,

Make all his enemies for to smart. 105

*He dances. Music begins.*

<sup>1</sup> No speaker's name is indicated in the manuscript.

<sup>2</sup> Much harm.

<sup>3</sup> Feud, enmity.

<sup>1</sup> Two.

<sup>2</sup> Bend.



## FIGUR.

The six stand in rank, with their swords reclining on their shoulders.

The Master (Saint George) dances, and then strikes the sword of James of Spain, who follows George, then dances, strikes the sword of Dennis, who follows behind James. In like manner the rest — the music playing — swords as before.

After the six are brought out of rank, they and the Master form a circle, and hold the swords point and hilt. This circle is danced round twice.

The whole, headed by the Master, pass under the swords held in a vaulted manner. They jump over the swords. This naturally places the swords across, which they disentangle by passing under their right sword.

They take up the seven swords, and form a circle, in which they dance round.

The Master runs under the sword opposite, which he jumps over backwards. The others do the same. He then passes under the right-hand sword, which the others follow, in which position they dance, until commanded by the Master, when they form into a circle, and dance round as before.

They then jump over the right-hand sword, by which means their backs are to the circle, and their hands across their backs. They dance round in that form, until the Master calls "Loose!" when they pass under the right sword, and are in a perfect circle.

The Master lays down his sword, and lays hold of the point of James's sword. He then turns himself, James, and the others, into a clew. When so formed, he passes under out of the midst of the circle; the others follow. They vault, as before. After several other evolutions, they throw themselves into a circle, with their arms across the breast.

They afterwards form such figures as to form a shield of their swords,<sup>1</sup> and the shield is so compact that the Master and his knights dance alternately with this shield upon their heads. It is then laid down upon the floor. Each knight lays hold of their former points and hilts with their hands across, which disentangle by figures directly contrary to those that formed the shield.

This finishes the ballet.

<sup>1</sup> This is called a "glass" in the *Revesby Sword Play*, see p. 338.

## EPILOGUE.

Mars does rule; he bends his brows;  
He makes us all agast.  
After the few hours that we stay here  
Venus will rule at last.  
Farewell, farewell, brave gentles all,  
That herein do remain!  
I wish you health and happiness  
Till we return again.

*Exeunt.*

OXFORDSHIRE ST. GEORGE PLAY <sup>1</sup>

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ST. GEORGE OF ENGLAND.  
 KING ALFRED.  
 KING ALFRED'S QUEEN.  
 KING WILLIAM.  
 OLD KING COLE, with a wooden leg.  
 GIANT BLUNDERBORE.

LITTLE JACK.  
 THE OLD DRAGON.  
 OLD DOCTOR BALL.  
 FATHER CHRISTMAS.  
 THE MERRY ANDREW.  
 MORRES-MEN.

*All the mummers come in singing, and walk round the place in a circle, and then stand on one side.*

*Enter King Alfred and his Queen, arm in arm.*

I am King Alfred, and this here is my bride.  
 I've a crown on my pate and a sword by my side. *Stands apart.*

*Enter King Cole.*

I am King Cole, and I carry my stump.  
 Hurrah for King Charles! Down with old Noll's Rump! <sup>1</sup> *Stands apart.*

*Enter King William.*

I am King William of blessed me-mo-ry,  
 Who came and pulled down the high gal-lows-tree, <sup>6</sup>  
 And brought us all peace and pros-pe-ri-ty. *Stands apart.*

*Enter Giant Blunderbore.*

I am Giant Blunderbore, fee, fi, fum!  
 Ready to fight ye all, — so I says, "Come!"

*Enter Little Jack [a small boy].*

And this here is my little man Jack. <sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Apparently an allusion to Oliver Cromwell and the Rump Parliament.

A thump on his rump, and a whack on his back! *Strikes him twice.*

I'll fight King Alfred, I'll fight King Cole,  
 I'm ready to fight any mortal soul!  
 So here I, Blunderbore, takes my stand,  
 With this little devil, Jack, at my right hand, <sup>15</sup>  
 Ready to fight for mortal life. Fee, fi, fum!  
*The Giant and Little Jack stand apart.*

*Enter St. George [the leader of the dance].*

I am St. George of Merry Eng-land.  
 Bring in the morres-men, bring in our band.

*Morres-men come forward and dance to a tune from fife and drum. The dance being ended, St. George continues:*

These are our tricks, — ho! men, ho!  
 These are our sticks, — whack men so! <sup>20</sup>  
*Strikes the Dragon, who roars, and comes forward.*

*The Dragon speaks.*

Stand on head, stand on feet!  
 Meat, meat, meat for to eat!

*Tries to bite King Alfred.*

I am the Dragon, — here are my jaws!  
 I am the Dragon, — here are my claws!

<sup>1</sup> Printed by F. G. Lee in *Notes and Queries*, 5 Series (1874), ii, 503, with the following comment: "The text of the play was taken down by myself from the lips of one of the performers in 1853. I first saw it acted in the Hall of the old Vicarage House at Thame, in the year 1839, by those whose custom it had been, from time immemorial, to perform it at the houses of the gentle-people of that neighborhood at Christmas, between St. Thomas's Day [December 21] and Old Christmas Eve, January 5. These performers (now long scattered, and all dead but one, as I am informed) claimed to be the 'true and legitimate successors' of the mummers who, in the previous centuries, constantly performed at the 'Whitsun' and 'Christmas Church Alce.' . . . The man from whom I took down the following in my Note-book had performed at Brill, in the year 1807, and his father had done the same at Thame Park in the previous century." In *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, 1907, Max Beerbohm gives a delightful account of an Oxfordshire Morris he had recently witnessed by chance "in a tiny village near Oxford." The text of a Worcestershire St. George Play may be found in *Notes and Queries*, 2 Series (1860), xi, 271, and of a Middlesex play, *Ibid.*, x, 466.

Meat, meat, meat for to eat! 25  
Stand on my head, stand on my feet!

*Turns a summersault, and stands aside.*

*All sing, several times repeated:*

Ho! ho! ho!

Whack men so!

*The drum and fife sound. They all fight,  
and after general disorder, fall down.*

*Enter Old Dr. Ball.*

I am the Doctor, and I cure all ills,  
Only gullup my portions,<sup>1</sup> and swallow my  
pills; 30

I can cure the itch, the stitch, the pox, the  
palsy, and the gout,

All pains within, and all pains without.  
Up from the floor, Giant Blunderbore!

*Gives him a pill, and he rises at once.*

Get up, King! get up, Bride!  
Get up, Fool! and stand aside. 35

*Gives them each a pill, and they rise.*

Get up, King Cole, and tell the gentlefolks  
all

There never was a doctor like Mr. Doctor  
Ball.

Get up, St. George, old England's knight!

*Gives him a pill.*

You have wounded the Dragon and fin-  
ished the fight.

*All stand aside but the Dragon, who lies in  
convulsions on the floor.*

Now kill the Dragon, and poison old  
Nick; 40

At Yule-tyde, both o' ye, cut your stick!

*The Doctor forces a large pill down the*

<sup>1</sup> A vulgarism for "potions."

*Dragon's throat, who thereupon roars, and  
dies in convulsions.*

*Then enter Father Christmas.*

I am Father Christmas! Hold, men, hold!

*[Addressing the audience.]*

Be there loaf in your locker, and sheep in  
your fold,

A fire on the hearth, and good luck for your  
lot,

Money in your pocket, and a pudding in  
the pot! 45

*He sings:*

Hold, men, hold!

Put up your sticks;

End all your tricks;

Hold, men, hold!

*Chorus (all sing, while one goes round with  
a hat for gifts).*

Hold, men, hold! 50

We are very cold,

Inside and outside,

We are very cold.

If you don't give us silver,

Then give us gold 55

From the money in your pockets —

*Some of the performers show signs of fighting  
again.*

Hold, men, hold! [etc.]

*Song and chorus.*

God A'mighty bless your hearth and fold,

Shut out the wolf, and keep out the cold!

You gev' us silver, keep you the gold, 60

For 'tis money in your pocket. — Hold,  
men, hold!

*Repeat in chorus.*

God A'mighty bless, &c.

*Exeunt omnes.*

LEICESTERSHIRE ST. GEORGE PLAY <sup>1</sup>

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

1. CAPTAIN SLASHER, *in military costume, with sword and pistol.*
2. KING OF ENGLAND, *in robes, wearing the crown.*
3. PRINCE GEORGE, *King's son, in robes, and sword by his side.*
4. TURKISH CHAMPION, *in military attire, with sword and pistol.*
5. A NOBLE DOCTOR.
6. BEELZEBUB.
7. A CLOWN.

*Enter Captain Slasher.*

[CAPT. S.] I beg your pardon for being so bold;  
I enter your house, the weather's so cold.  
Room! a room! brave gallants, give us  
room to sport;  
For in this house we do resort,  
Resort, resort, for many a day. 5  
Step in, the King of England,  
And boldly clear the way!

*Enter King of England.*

[KING OF E.] I am the King of England,  
that boldly does appear.  
I come to seek my only son, — my only son  
is here.

*Enter Prince George.*

[PRINCE G.] I am Prince George, a  
worthy knight. 10  
I'll spend my blood for England's right;  
England's right I will maintain;  
I'll fight for old England once again.

*Enter Turkish Knight.*

[TURK. KN.] I am the Turkish Cham-  
pion.<sup>1</sup>  
From Turkey's land I come; 15  
I come to fight the King of England  
And all his noble men.

<sup>1</sup> Probably an echo from the Crusades.

*Captain Slasher.*

[CAPT. S.] In comes Captain Slasher.  
Captain Slasher is my name,  
With sword and pistol by my side. 20  
I hope to win the game.

KING OF E. I am the King of England,  
As you may plainly see.  
These are my soldiers standing by me;  
They stand by me your life to end; 25  
On them doth my life depend.

PRINCE G. I am Prince George, the cham-  
pion bold,  
And with my sword I won three crowns of  
gold;  
I slew the fiery dragon and brought him to  
the slaughter,  
And won the King of Egypt's only daugh-  
ter. 30

TURK. KN. [*sneeringly*]. As I was going  
by St. Francis' School,  
I heard a lady cry, "A fool! a fool!"  
"A fool!" was every word.  
"That man's a fool,  
Who wears a wooden sword!" 35

[*Points to Prince George's sword.*]

PRINCE G. A wooden sword, you dirty  
dog!

<sup>1</sup> Printed by William Kelly, *Notices Illustrative of the Drama and Other Popular Amusements*, 1865, p. 53. Kelly writes: "Among the most vivid of our boyish recollections some five and thirty years ago, is that of seeing parties of Mummers going about the town, from house to house, some of them wearing high comical caps of pasteboard, decorated with ribbons and gilt paper, and carrying wooden swords, a club, frying-pan, etc."; and he adds: "As the last traces of this ancient custom will be inevitably swept away in a very few years, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of placing before our readers the 'Mummers' Play' as performed in some villages near Lutterworth, at Christmas, 1863." One may find a vivid description of a very similar play, with Captain Slasher, Prince George, the Turkish Knight, and other characters, in Thomas Hardy's *The Return of the Native*, book ii, chapters iv and v.

My sword is made of the best of metal  
free.

If you would like to taste of it,  
I'll give it unto thee.

[*He draws his sword.*]

Stand off! stand off! you dirty dog! 40  
Or by my sword you'll die!  
I'll cut you down the middle,  
And make your blood to fly.

*They fight; Prince George falls, mortally  
wounded.*

KING OF E. Oh horrible! terrible! What  
hast thou done?

Thou hast ruin'd me! ruin'd me! 45  
By killing of my only son!

Oh, is there ever a noble doctor to be  
found,

To cure this English champion  
Of his deep and deadly wound?

*Enter Noble Doctor.*

[DOCTOR.] Oh yes, there is a noble doctor  
to be found, 50

To cure this English champion  
Of his deep and deadly wound.

KING OF E. And pray what is your  
practice?

DOCTOR. I boast not of my practice;  
neither do I study in the practice of  
physic. 57

KING OF E. What can you cure?

DOCTOR. All sorts of diseases,  
Whatever you pleases: 60

I can cure the itch, the pitch,  
The phthisic, the palsy, and the gout;  
And if the devil's in the man,  
I can fetch him out.

My wisdom lies in my wig. 65  
I torture not my patients with excations

Such as pills, boluses, solutions, and em-  
brocations;

But by the word of command  
I can make this mighty prince to stand.

KING. What is your fee? 70

DOCTOR. Ten pounds, is true.

KING. Proceed, noble doctor;  
You shall have your due.

DOCTOR. Arise! arise! most noble prince,  
arise,

And no more dormant lay! 75  
And with thy sword  
Make all thy foes obey.

*The Prince arises.*

PRINCE G. My head is made of iron,  
My body is made of steel,  
My legs are made of crooked bones 80  
To force you all to yield!

*Enter Beelzebub.*

BEEL. In comes I, old Beelzebub;  
Over my shoulder I carry my club,  
And in my hand a frying-pan,  
Pleased to get all the money I can. 85

*Enter Clown.*

CLOWN. In comes I, who's never been yet,  
With my great head and little wit:  
My head is great, my wit is small,  
I'll do my best to please you all.

[*The Clown turns somersaults, etc., while  
Beelzebub collects money in his frying-pan.*]

*Song, all join.*

And now we are done, and must be gone,  
No longer will we stay here; 91  
But, if you please, before we go,  
We'll taste your Christmas beer.

*Exeunt omnes.*

THE REVESBY SWORD PLAY <sup>1</sup>

*Acted by a set of Plow Boys or Morris Dancers, in riband dresses, with swords, on October 20th, 1770, at Revesby Abbey, in Lincolnshire, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart., P.R.S.<sup>2</sup>*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

*Men.*

THE FOOL . . . . .	John Johnson.
PICKLE HERRING . . . . .	Richd. Johnson.
BLUE BREECHES . . . . .	Henry Johnson.
PEPPER BREECHES . . . . .	John Tomlinson.
GINGER BREECHES . . . . .	Chas. Hodgson.
MR. ALLSPICE . . . . .	Thos. Harness.

*Women.*

CICELY . . . . .	John Fisher.
FIDLER, or MR. MUSICK MAN . . . . .	John Johnson, jun <sup>r</sup> .

## THE PLOUGH BOYS, OR MORRIS DANCERS.

*Enter Fool.<sup>1</sup>*

You gentle lords of honour,  
Of high and low, I say,  
We all desire your favour  
For to see our pleasant play. 4

Our play it is the best, kind sirs,  
That you would like to know;  
And we will do our best, sirs,  
And think it well bestowd. 8

Tho some of us be little,  
And some of a middle sort,  
We all desire your favour  
To see our pleasant sport. 12

You must not look on our actions;  
Our wits they are all to seek;  
So I pray take no exceptions  
At what I am a-going to speak. 16

We are come over the mire and moss;  
We dance an Hobby Horse;<sup>1</sup>  
A Dragon<sup>2</sup> you shall see,  
And a wild Worm<sup>3</sup> for to flee.  
Still we are all brave, jovial boys,  
And takes delight in Christmas toys.<sup>4</sup> 22

We are come both for bread and beer,  
And hope for better cheer,  
And something out of your purse,<sup>5</sup> sir,  
Which I hope you will be never the worse, sir.  
Still we are all brave, jovial boys,  
And takes delight in Christmas toys. 28

<sup>1</sup> The figure of a horse, usually made of canvas, fastened round the waist of the dancer, his own legs going through the body of the horse and enabling him to walk. This amusing device was nearly always employed in the morris dance.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly suggesting the dragon killed by St. George, in which case the rider of the Hobby Horse may be regarded as St. George himself.

<sup>3</sup> Dragon.

<sup>4</sup> Several references in this composite play show that certain of its elements were designed for performance at Christmas.

<sup>5</sup> For the custom of taking a collection, see pages 354, 356.

<sup>1</sup> The plow boys, in their enthusiasm, have combined several plays into one long performance; the first may be called the Morris Dance of the Hobby Horse, with a prologue, lines 1-28, and an epilogue, lines 60-65, in itself a complete text.

<sup>1</sup> Printed by T. Fairman Ordish in *The Folk-Lore Journal*, vii (1889), 338, from a manuscript apparently written down at the time of the performance; John Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, 1813, i, 573, speaks of having "a copy" before him, and quotes some of the lines. Ordish calls the play *Morrice Dancers at Revesby*; I have adopted the title devised by Manly, and have also, for the most part, retained Manly's arrangement of certain lines as verse which appear as prose in the original. All additions to the manuscript as reproduced by Ordish I have set in square brackets.

<sup>2</sup> Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, i, 573.

[Turning to the Fiddler.]

Come now, Mr. Musick Man, play me my delight.

FIDLER. What is that, old father? 31

FOOL. Ah! boy, times is hard! "I love to have money in both pockets." 1

FID. You shall have it, old father.

FOOL. Let me see it. 35

*The Fool then calls in his five sons; first Pickle Herring, then Blue Britches, then Ginger Britches, Pepper Britches, and last calls out:*

Come now, you Mr. Allspice!

*They foot it once round the room, and the man that is to ride the Hobby Horse goes out, and the rest sing the following song:*

[ALL.] Come in, come in, thou Hobby Horse, And bring thy old fool at thy arse!

Sing tanter[a]day, sing tanter[a]day,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry  
down a! 40

[Enter the Hobby Horse.]

*Then The Fool and the Horse fights about the room, whilst the following song is singing by the rest:*

[ALL.] Come in, come in, thou bonny wild Worm!

For thou hast ta'en many a lucky turn.  
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry  
down a! 44

[Enter the Wild Worm.]

*The wild Worm is only sprung three or four times, as the man walks round the room, and then goes out, and the Horse and The Fool fights again, whilst the following song is sung:*

[ALL.] Come in, come in, thou Dragon stout, 2

And take thy compass round about!  
Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,

<sup>1</sup> A popular old song, referred to in the sixteenth century.

<sup>2</sup> The manuscript does not note that a Dragon enters, although the Prologue seems to promise "A Dragon you shall see;" as well as "a wild Worm." Probably the "Worm" and the "Dragon" are identical.

Sing heigh down, down, with a derry  
down a! 48

Now you shall see a full fair fight  
Between our old Fool and his right.

Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry  
down a! 52

Now our scrimmage is almost done;  
Then you shall see more sport soon.

Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry  
down a! 56

FOOL. Up well hart, 1 and up well hind!

Let every man then to his own kind.

Sing tanteraday, sing tanteraday,  
Sing heigh down, down, with a derry  
down a! 60

Come, follow me, merry men all!

Tho' we have made bold for to call, 2

It is only once by the year

That we are so merry here.

Still we are all brave, jovial boys,

And takes delight in Christmas toys. 66

*Then they all foot it round the room and follows The Fool out.*

*They all re-enter, and lock their swords to make the glass; 3 The Fool running about the room.*

PICKLE HERRING. What is the matter now, father?

FOOL. Why, I tell thee] what, Pickle Herring. As a I was a-looking round about me through my wooden spectacles made of a great, huge, little, tiney bit of leather, placed right behind me, even before me, I thought I saw a feat 4 thing — 75

P. H. You thought you saw a feat thing? What might this feat thing be, think you, father?

<sup>1</sup> Ordish hawk; corrected by Manly.

<sup>2</sup> Clearly this stanza marks the end of the first text.

<sup>3</sup> See the *Shelland Sword Dance*, p. 352. The swords were locked together so that all might be lifted by the hilt of one.

<sup>4</sup> Fine.

FOOL. How can I tell, boy, except I see it again? 80

P. H. Would you know it if you see it again?

FOOL. I cannot tell thee, boy. Let me get it looked at.

*Pickle Herring, holding up the glass, says:*

[P. H.] Is this it, father? 85

*The Fool, looking round, says:*

[FOOL.] Why, I protest, Pickle Herring, the very same thing! But what might thou call this very pretty thing?

P. H. What might you call it? You are older than I am. 90

FOOL. How can that be, boy, when I was born before you?

P. H. That is the reason that makes you older.

FOOL. Well, what dost thou call this very pretty thing? 96

P. H. Why, I call it a fine large looking-glass.

FOOL. Let me see what I can see in this fine large looking-glass. Here's a hole through it. [*Looking through at Pickle Herring.*] I see, I see, and I see! 102

P. H. You see, and you see? And what do you see?

FOOL. Marry, e'en a fool, just like the[e]!

P. H. It is only your own face in the glass. 107

FOOL. Why, a fool may be mistain sometimes, Pickle Herring. But what might this fine large looking-glass cost the[e]?

P. H. That fine large looking-glass cost me a guinea.<sup>1</sup>

FOOL. A guinea, boy? Why, I could have bought as good a one at my own door for three half-pence. 115

P. H. Why, fools and cuckolds has always the best luck!

FOOL. That is as much to say thy father is one?

P. H. Why, you pass for one! 120

*The Fool, keeping the glass all the while in his hands, says:*

FOOL. Why was thou such a ninnie,<sup>2</sup> boy, to go to ware <sup>3</sup> a guinea, to look for thy

<sup>1</sup> One pound one shilling.

<sup>2</sup> Fool. <sup>3</sup> Invest, spend.

beauty where it never was? But I will shew thee, boy, how foolish thou hast wared a deal of good money.<sup>1</sup> 125

*Then The Fool flings the glass upon the floor, jumps upon it; then the dancers every one drawing out his own sword [from the glass], and The Fool dancing about the room; Pickle Herring takes him by the collar and says:*

[P. H.] Father, father, you are so merrily disposed this good time there is no talking to you! Here is very bad news.

FOOL. Very good news? I am glad to hear it! I do not hear good news every day. 131

P. H. It is very bad news!

FOOL. Why, what is the matter now, boy? 134

P. H. We have all concluded to cut off your head.

FOOL. Be mercyfull to me, a sinner!<sup>2</sup> If you should do as you have said, there is no such thing. I would not lose my son Pickle Herring for fifty pounds. 140

P. H. It is your son Pickle Herring that must lose you. It is your head we desire to take off.

FOOL. My head? I never had my head taken off in all my life! 145

P. H. You both must and shall.

FOOL. Hold, hold, boy! Thou seem'st to be in good earnest! But I'll tell thee where I'll be buried. 149

P. H. Why, where will you be buried but in the churchyard, where other people are buried?

FOOL. Churchyard! I never was buried there in all my life! 154

P. H. Why, where will you be buried?

FOOL. Ah, boy! I am often dry; I will be buried in Mr. Mirfin's ale-celler.<sup>3</sup>

P. H. It is such a place as I never heard talk off in all my life.

FOOL. No, nor nobody else, boy. 160

P. H. What is your fancy to be buried there?

FOOL. Ah, boy! I am oftens dry; and, when they come to fill the quart, I'll

<sup>1</sup> This seems to be broken-down verse.

<sup>2</sup> A Biblical echo, the prayer of the publican, Luke xviii, 13.

<sup>3</sup> Probably a local allusion.



drink it off, and they will wonder what  
is the matter. 166

P. H. How can you do so when you will be  
dead? We shall take your head from  
your body; and you will be dead.

FOOL. If I must die, I will dye with my  
face to the light, for all you! 171

*Then The Fool, kneeling down, with the  
swords round his neck, says [to the audi-  
ence]:*

[FOOL.] Now, gentlemen, you see how un-  
gratefull my children is grown! When  
I had them all at home, small, about as  
big as I am, I put them out to good  
learning: I put them to Coxcomb Col-  
ledge, and then to the University of  
Loggerheads; and I took them home  
again this good time of Christmas,<sup>1</sup> and  
I examin'd them all one by one, all to-  
gether<sup>2</sup> for shortness. And now they  
are grown so proud and so presumptuous  
they are a-going to kill their old father  
for his little means. So I must dye for  
all this? 185

P. H. You must dye, father.

FOOL. And I will die for all the tother.  
But I have a little something; I will give  
it amongst you as far as it goes, and then  
I shall dye quietly. 190

P. H. I hope you will.

FOOL. So, to my first son, Pickle Herring, —

I'll give him the roaned nag,  
And that will make the rogue brag. 195

And to my second son, —

I'll give him the brindled cow. 195

And to my third son, —

I'll give him the sanded sow;  
And hope I shall please you all enow.

And to my fourth son, —

I'll give him the great ruff dog, 202  
For he always lives like a hog.

And to my fifth son, —

I'll give him the ram,  
And I'll dye like a lamb.

<sup>1</sup> The allusion points to a Christmas performance.  
Possibly the appearance of the plow boys at Revesby  
on October 20 was induced by some special occasion.

<sup>2</sup> Ordish *altogether*; corrected by Manly.

<sup>3</sup> A line seems to be lost.

*Then they draw their swords, and The  
Fool falls on the floor [as dead], and the  
dancers walk once round The Fool; and  
Pickle Herring stamps with his foot and  
The Fool rises on his knees again; and  
Pickle Herring says:*

[P. H.] How now, father? 207

FOOL. How now, then, boy? I have an-  
other squeak for my life?

P. H. You have a many.

*Then, the dancers puting their swords round  
The Fool's neck again,*

FOOL. So I must dye?

P. H. You must dye, father.<sup>1</sup> 212

FOOL. Hold! I have yet a little some-  
thing more to leave amongst you, and  
then I hope I shall dye quietly. So, to  
my first son, Pickle Herring, —

I'll give him my cap and my coat, — 217  
A very good sute, boy.

And to my second son, —

I'll give him my purse and apparel,  
But be sure, boys, you do not quarrel.

As to my other three, 222

My executors they shall be.

*Then, Pickle Herring, puting his hand  
to his sword,*

FOOL. Hold, hold, boy! Now I submit  
my soul to God.

P. H. A very good thought, old father!

FOOL. Marcham churchyard,<sup>2</sup> I hope,  
shall have my bones. 228

*[The Fool falls to the floor as dead.]*

*Then the dancers walk round The Fool  
with their swords in their hands; and  
Pickle Herring stamps with his foot and  
says:*

[P. H.] Heigh, old father!

FOOL. Why, boy, since I have been out of  
this troublesome world I have heard so  
much musick of fiddles playing and bells  
ringing that I have a great fancy to go  
away singing. So, prithee, Pickle Her-

<sup>1</sup> Apparently the dancers have run in a portion of  
the text of another play, thus necessitating a second  
killing of the Fool.

<sup>2</sup> This constitutes further evidence of a second  
text; cf. lines 148-60.

ring, let me have one of thy best  
songs.<sup>1</sup> 236

P. H. You shall have it, old father.

Fool. Let me see it.

[*The dancers again put their swords about  
the Fool's neck.*]

*They sing.*

[Sons.] Good people all, I pray you now  
behold,

Our old Fool's bracelet is not made of  
gold,

But it is made of iron and good steel,  
And unto death we'll make this old Fool  
yield. 242

[*The Fool sings.*]

Fool. I pray forbear, my children small;  
For, as I am lost as parent to you all,  
O, let me live a while your sport for to ad-  
vance,

That I may rise again and with you have a  
dance. 246

*The Sons sing.*

[Sons.] Now, old father, that you know  
our will,

That for your estate we do your body kill,  
Soon after death the bell for you shall toll,  
And wish the Lord he may receive your  
soul! 250

*Then The Fool falls down; and the dancers,  
with their swords in their hands, sings the  
following song:*

[Sons.] Good people all, you see what we  
have done:

We have cut down our father like the eve-  
ning sun!

And here he lies all in his purple gore,  
And we are afraid he never will dance [no]  
more. 254

*Fool rises from the floor and says:*

[Fool.] No, no, my children! By chance  
you are all mistaen!

For here I find myself, I am not slain;  
But I will rise, your sport then to advance,  
And with you all, brave boys, I'll have a  
dance. 258

<sup>1</sup> Possibly a portion of a third text is here intro-  
duced, necessitating the third death of the Fool.

*Then the Foreman and Cicely dances  
down, and the other two couple stand their  
ground. After a short dance called "Jack,  
the brisk young Drummer," they all go out  
but The Fool, Fidler, and Cicely.<sup>1</sup>*

Fool. Hear you, do you please to hear the  
sport of a fool?

Cicely. A fool? for why?

Fool. Because I can neither leap, skip,  
nor dance, but cut a caper thus high.

*[He cuts capers while the dancers are  
changing costume.]*

Sound, music! I must be gon; the Lord  
of Pool draws nigh. 265

*Enter Pickle Herring.*

P. H. I am the Lord of Pool,  
And here begins my measure,  
And after me a fool,  
To dance a while for pleasure  
In Cupid's school. 270

Fool. A fool, a fool, a fool,  
A fool I heard thou say,  
But more the other way,  
For here I have a tool  
Will make a maid to play,  
Although in Cupid's school.  
Come all away! [*Exit the Fool.*] 277

*Enter Blue Britches.*

BLUE B. I am the Knight of Lee,  
And here I have a dagger,  
Offered not to be.  
Come in, thou needy beggar,  
And follow me! 282

*Enter Ginger Britches.*

GINGER B. Behold, behold, behold  
A man of poor estate!  
Not one penny to infold! 285

<sup>1</sup> This, possibly, ends the second play, a sword  
play, the chief episode of which is the death of the  
Fool. The next play, beginning at line 266, is pre-  
ceded by "capers" with which the Fool amuses the  
spectators while the dancers make a change of cos-  
tume.

<sup>2</sup> A line seems to be lost. Possibly Ginger Britches  
and Pepper Britches originally appeared as Lazarus  
and Dives. The speech of Pepper Britches has been  
reduced to one line, doubtless through faulty mem-  
ory.

*Enter Pepper Britches.*

PEPPER B. My money is out at use, or  
else I would.

*Enter Mr. Allspice.*

ALLSPICE. With a hack, a hack, a hack,  
See how I will skip and dance  
For joys that we have found!  
Let each man take his chance,  
And we will all dance round. 292

*Then they dance the sword dance which  
is called "Nelly's Gig." Then they run  
under their swords, which is called "Run-  
ning Battle." Then three dancers dances  
with three swords, and the Foreman jump-  
ing over the swords. Then The Fool goes  
up to Cicely.*

FOOL [*rushing in.*] Here comes I that  
never come yet,  
Since last time, lovy!  
I have a great head but little wit.  
Tho' my head be great and my wits be small,  
I can play the fool for a while as well as  
[the] best of ye all. 297

My name is noble Anthony;  
I am as melancholly as a mantle-tree.  
I am come to show you a little sport and  
activity,  
And soon, too!  
Make room for noble Anthony  
And all his good company! 303

Drive out all these proud rogues, and let  
my lady and I have a par! <sup>1</sup>

[*He drives out all the dancers, and remains  
with Cicely.*] <sup>2</sup>

CICELY. O, ye clown! what makes you  
drive out my men so soon? <sup>3</sup> 309

FOOL. O, pardon, madam, pardon! and I  
Will never offend you more.  
I will make your men come in as fast  
As ever they did before. 311

<sup>1</sup> Conversation.

<sup>2</sup> This, possibly, marks the end of the third play,  
a sword play, in which the text has largely disap-  
peared.

<sup>3</sup> This scene between the two clowns has the pur-  
pose of enabling the dancers to rest, or to change cos-  
tume.

CICELY. I pray you at my sight,  
And drive it not till night,  
That I may see them dance once more  
So lovely in my sight. 315

FOOL. A-faith, madam, and so I will!  
I will play the man  
And make them come in  
As fast as ever I can. — 319

But hold, gip, Mrs. Clagars!  
How do you sell geese?  
CICELY. Go, look, Mister Midgecock!  
Twelve pence apiece. 323

FOOL. Oh, the pretty pardon!  
CICELY. A gip for a frown!  
FOOL. An ale-wife for an apparitor!  
CICELY. A rope for a clown!  
FOOL. Why, all the devise in the country  
Cannot pull this down! 329

I am a valiant knight just come from [over]  
the seas:  
You do know me, do you?  
I can kill you ten thousand, tho' they be  
but fleas.  
I can kill you a man for an ounce of mus-  
tard,  
Or I can kill you ten thousand for a good  
custard.  
I have an old sheep skin,  
And I lap it well in,  
Sword and buckler by my side, all ready  
for to fight! 337

Come out, you whores and gluttons all! for,  
had it not been in this country, I should  
not have shewen my valour amongst  
you. But sound, music! for I must be  
gone. [*Exit the Fool.*] 342

*Enter Pickle Herring.*

P. H. In, first and foremost, do I come,  
All for to lead this race,<sup>1</sup>  
Seeking the country far and near  
So fair a lady to embrace. 346

[*He advances to Cicely.*]

So fair a lady did I never see,  
So comely in my sight,

<sup>1</sup> Dance; *gy. trace.*

Drest in her gaudy gold  
And silver shining bright. 350

She has fingers long, and rings  
Of honor of beaten gold:  
My masters all, behold!  
It is now for some pretty dancing time,  
And we will foot it fine. 355

[*He dances once round with Cicely.*]

[*Enter Blue Britches.*]

BLUE B. I am a youth of jollitree!  
Where is there one like unto me?  
My hair is bush'd very thick;  
My body is like an hasel stick; 359

My legs they quaver like an eel;  
My arms become my body weel;  
My fingers they are long and small:  
Am not I a jolly youth, proper and tall? 363

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,  
Whatsoever may be my chance,  
It is for my ladie's love and mine,  
Strike up the morris dance. 367

*Then they foot it once round.*

[*Enter Ginger Britches.*]

GINGER B. I am a jolly young man of  
flesh, blood and bone;  
Give care, my masters all, each one, 369

And especially you, my lady dear!  
I hope you like me well.  
Of all the gallants here  
It is I that doth so well. 373

Therefore, Mister Musick Man,  
Whatsoever may be my chance,  
It is for my ladie's love and mine,  
Strike up the morris dance. 377

*Then they foot it round.*

[*Enter Pepper Britches.*]

PEPPER B. I am my father's eldest son,  
And heir of all his land[s],  
And in a short time, I hope,  
It will fall into my hands. 381

I was brought up at Lindsey Court

All the days of my life.  
Here s.ands a fair lady,  
I wish she was my wife. 385

I love her at my heart,  
And from her I will never start.  
Therefore, Mr. Musick Man, play up my  
part.

FOOL [*rushing in*]. And mine, too! 389

*Enter Allspice, and they foot it round.  
Pickle Herring, suter to Cicely, takes  
her by the hand, and walks about the  
room.*

P. H. Sweet Ciss, if thou wilt be my love,  
A thousand pounds I will give thee.

CICELY. No, you're too old, sir, and I am  
too young;

And alas! old man, that must not be! 393

P. H. I'll buy the[e] a gown of violet blue,  
A petticoat imbroidered to thy knee;  
Likewise my love to thee shall be true.

CICELY. But alas! old man, that must not  
be! 397

P. H. Thou shalt walk at thy pleasure,  
love, all the day,

If at night thou wilt but come home to me;  
And in my house bear all the sway.

CICELY. Your children they'll find fault  
with me. 401

P. H. I'll turn my children out of doors.

CICELY. And so, I fear, you will do me.

P. H. Nay, then, sweet Ciss, ne'er trust  
me more,

For I never loved lass like the[e] be-  
fore.<sup>1</sup> 405

*Enter Fool.*

FOOL. No, nor behind, neither.

Well met, sweet Cis! Well over-ta'en!

CICELY. You are kindly wellcome, sir, to  
me.

FOOL. I'll wipe my eyes, and I'll look  
again! 409

Methinks, sweet Cis, I now the[e] see!

<sup>1</sup> Manly adopts Kittredge's emendation "before like thee"; and this may have been the original form of the line; but the plow boys doubtless altered the verse for the sake of the Fool's witticism in the line that follows

CICELY. Raf, what has thou to pleasure me?  
 FOOL. Why, this, my dear, I will give the[e],  
 And all I have it shall be thine.

CICELY. Kind sir, I thank you heart-  
 elly. 414

P. H. [to the Fool]. Stand back! stand  
 back, thou silly old swain!

This girl shall go with none but me.

FOOL. I will not!

P. H. Stand back! stand back! or I'll  
 cleave thy brain!

*Then Pickle Herring goes up to Cis, and says:*

O, now, sweet Cis, I am come to thee! 419

CICELY. You are as wellcome as the rest,  
 Wherein you brag so lustily.

FOOL. For a thousand pounds she loves  
 me best!

I can see by the twinkling of her ee.<sup>1</sup> 423

P. H. I have store of gold, whereon I boast;  
 Likewise my sword, love, shall fight for  
 the[e];

When all is done, love, I'll scour the coast,  
 And bring in gold for thee and me. 427

CICELY. Your gold may gain as good as I,  
 But by no means it shall tempt me;

For youthfull years and frozen age  
 Cannot in any wise agree. 431

*Then Blue Britches goes up to her, and says:*

[BLUE B.] Sweet mistress, be advised by me:

Do not let this old man be denyed,

But love him for his gold in store;

Himself may serve for a cloak, be-  
 side. 435

CICELY. Yes, sir, but you are not in the  
 right.

Stand back! and do not council me!

For I love a lad that will make me laugh

In a secret place, to pleasure me.

FOOL. Good wench! 440

PICKLE HERRING. Love, I have a beard as  
 white as milk.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Eye.

<sup>2</sup> An echo of the old Elizabethan song: "His head  
 as white as milk?"

CICELY. Ne'er better for that, thou silly  
 old man!

P. H. Besides, my skin, love, is soft as silk.

FOOL. And thy face shines like a dripping  
 pan. 444

P. H. Rafe, what has thou to pleasure her?

FOOL. Why a great deal more, boy, than  
 there's in the[e].

P. H. Nay then, old rogue, I thee defyce.

CICELY. I pray, dear friends, fall not out  
 for me! 548

P. H. Once I could skip, leap, dance, and  
 sing;

Why will you not give place to me?

FOOL. Nay, then, old rogue, I thee defyce;  
 For thy nose stands like a Maypole  
 tree. 552

*Then goes up Ginger Breeches to Cisley and  
 says:*

[GINGER B.] Sweet mistress, mind what  
 this man doth say,

For he speaks nothing but the truth:

Look on the soldier, now I pray;

See, is not he a handsome youth? 556

CICELY. Sir, I am engaged to one I love,  
 And ever constant I will be,

There is nothing that I prize above.

P. H. For a thousand pounds, she's gone  
 from me!

FOOL. Thou may lay two! 561

CICELY [to Pickle Herring]. Old father, for  
 your reverend years,

Stand you the next man unto me;

Then, he that doth the weapon bear;

For I will have the hind man of the  
 three! 565

FOOL [to Pickle Herring]. Old father, a fig  
 for your old gold!

The soldier, he shall bear no sway!

But you shall see, and so shall we,

'Tis I that carries the lass away! 569

*Then the dancers takes hold of their  
 swords, and foots it round the room; then  
 every man makes his obeisance to the  
 master of the house, and the whole concludes.*

IX  
FARCES



THE PLAYE CALLED THE FOURE PP.<sup>1</sup>A NEWE AND A VERY MERY ENTERLUDE <sup>2</sup> OFA PALMER.<sup>3</sup>A POTYCARY.<sup>5</sup>A PARDONER.<sup>4</sup>

A PEDLER.

Made by JOHAN HEEWOOD.

[Enter the Palmer, with a palm leaf in his hand.]

PALMER. Nowe God be here! Who kepeth this place?

Now, by my fayth, I crye you mercy!  
Of reason I must sew for grace,My rewdnes sheweth me no[w] so homely.<sup>1</sup>

Wherof your pardon axt, and wonne, 5

I sew you, as curtesy doth me bynde,  
To tell thys whiche shalbe begonneIn order as may come beste in mynde.<sup>2</sup>

I am a palmer, as ye se, 9

Whiche of my lyfe much part hath spent  
In many a fayre and farre countre,

As pylgrymes do of good intent.

At Hierusalem haue I bene  
Before Chrystes blessed sepulture;

The Mount of Caluery haue I sene, — 15

A holy place, ye may be sure;

To Iosophat and Olyuete  
On fote, God wote, I wente ryght bare, —Many a salt tere dyde I swete  
Before thys carkes coulede come there; 20Yet haue I bene at Rome, also,  
And gone the stacions all arow,<sup>3</sup>Saynt Peters Shryne, and many mo  
Then, yf I tolde, all ye do know, —

Except that there be any suche 25

That hath ben there and diligently  
Hath taken hede and marked muche,  
Then can they speke as muche as I.

Then at the Rodes also I was,

And rounde about to Amyas; 30

At Saynt Toncomber; and Saynt Tron-

ion;

At Saynt Bothulph; and Saynt Anne of

Buckston;

On the hylles of Armony,<sup>1</sup> where I see

Noes arke;

With holy Iob; and Saynt George in Suth-

warke;

At Waltam; and at Walsyngam; 35

And at the good Rood <sup>2</sup> of Dagnam;

At Saynt Cornelys; at Saynt Iames in

Gales;

And at Saynt Wynefyrydes Well in Walles;

At Our Lady of Boston; at Saynt Ed-

mundes-byry;

And streyght to Saynt Patrykes Purga-

tory; 40

At Rydybone; and at the Blood of Hayles,

Where pylgrymes paynes ryght muche

auayles;

At Saynt Dauys; and at Saynt Denis;

At Saynt Mathew; and Saynt Marke in

Venis;

At Mayster Iohan Shorne; at Canter-

bury; 45

<sup>1</sup> Lacking in refinement.<sup>2</sup> M. mynde. <sup>3</sup> In succession.<sup>1</sup> Armenia.<sup>2</sup> Cross.

<sup>1</sup> The author, John Heywood, was born about 1497, was for a time a musician in the employ of the court, and later became master of an organization of singing boys, probably those connected with St. Paul's Cathedral. The boys of Pauls, we know, were very active in presenting plays; but whether Heywood wrote his farces for them (which seems likely) or for some troupe connected with the court we cannot say. The date of *The Four PP.* is about 1521-25; *Johan Johan*, and *The Weather* were written a little later.

I have reproduced the text from the earliest edition (M.) printed by Wyllyam Myddlyton about 1545 (photographic facsimile by J. S. Farmer, 1908). With this I have collated Manly's careful reprint in *Specimens*, 1896, from which I have taken a few emendations (recorded in footnotes), and have derived aid in my effort to modernize the punctuation and equip the play with stage-directions.

<sup>2</sup> Used at this time in the sense of "play," generally implying an amusing performance.

<sup>3</sup> One who spent his time traveling from shrine to shrine; having visited the Holy Land, he carried, as a sign thereof, a palm leaf in his hand.

<sup>4</sup> One licensed to sell papal pardons and indulgences. He was usually provided also with a stock of holy relics.

<sup>5</sup> Obviously in this case an itinerant vendor of medicines.



The Graet God of Katewade; at Kynge  
Henry;

At Saynt Sauyours; at Our Lady of South-  
well;

At Crome; at Wylsdome; and at Muswell;  
At Saynt Rycharde; and at Saynt Roke;  
And at Our Lady that standeth in the  
Oke. 50

To these, with other many one,  
Deuoutly haue I prayed and gone,  
Prayeng to them to pray for me  
Unto the Blessed Trynyte;  
By whose prayers and my daily payne 55  
I truste the soner to obtay[n]e  
For my saluacyon grace and mercy.  
For, be ye sure, I thynke surely  
Who seketh sayntes for Crystes sake —  
And namely suche as payne do take 60  
On fote to punyshe their<sup>1</sup> frayle body —  
Shall therby meryte more hyely  
Then by any thyng done by man.

[*The Pardoner with his packet of pardons  
and relics has entered while the Palmer is  
speaking.*]

PARDONER. And when ye haue gone as  
farre as ye can,

For all your labour and gostely entente 65  
Yet welcome home as wyse as ye went!

PALMER. Why, sir, dyspyse ye pylgrym-  
age?

PARDONER. Nay, for God, syr! Then  
dyd I rage!

I thynke ye ryght well occupied  
To seke these sayntes on euery syde. 70

Also your payne I nat dispraise it;  
But yet I discomende your wit;

And, or<sup>2</sup> we go, euen so shall ye,  
If ye in this wyl answer me:

I pray you, shew what the cause is 75  
Ye wente al these pylgrymages.

PALMER. Forsoth, this lyfe I dyd begyn  
To rydde the bondage of my syn;

For whiche these sayntes, rehersed or this,  
I haue both sought and sene, i-wys, 80

Besechynge them to be recorde  
Of all my payne vnto the Lorde

That gyueth all remysseyon  
Upon eche mans contricyon.

And by theyr good mediacyon, 85  
Upon myne humble submyssion,

<sup>1</sup> M. thy.

<sup>2</sup> Ere.

I trust to haue in very dede  
For my soule helth the better spede.

PARDONAR. Nowe is your owne confes-  
syon lykely

To make your-selfe a fole quykely! 90  
For I perceyue ye wolde obtayne

No nother thyng for all your payne  
But onely grace your soule to sauc.

Nowe, marke in this what wyt ye haue  
To seke so farre, and helpe so nye! 95

Euen here at home is remedy,  
For at your dore my-selfe doth dwell,

Who coulde haue saued your soule as well  
As all your wyde wandrynge shall do,

Though ye wente thryes to Iericho. 100  
Nowe, syns ye myght haue spedde at

home,  
What haue ye wone by ronnyng at Rome?

PALMER. If this be true that ye haue  
moued,<sup>1</sup>

Then is my wyt in-dede reprodud!  
But let vs here fyrste what ye are. 105

PARDONAR. Truly, I am a pardoner.

PALMER. Truly a pardoner, — that may  
be true,

But a true pardoner doth nat ensew!  
Ryght selde<sup>2</sup> is it sene, or neuer,

That treuth and pardoners dwell to-  
gether; 110

For, be your pardons neuer so great,  
Yet them to enlarge<sup>3</sup> ye wyll nat let<sup>4</sup>

With suche lyes that oftymes, Cryste wot,  
Ye seme to haue that ye haue nat.

Wherefore I went my-selfe to the selfe  
thyng<sup>5</sup> 115

In euery place, and, without faynyng,<sup>6</sup>  
Had as muche pardon there assuredly

As ye can promyse me here doutefully.  
Howe-be-it, I thynke ye do but scoffe.<sup>7</sup>

But yf ye hadde all the pardon ye speke<sup>8</sup>  
of, 120

And no whyt of pardon graunted  
In any place where I haue haunted,

Yet of my labour I nothyng repent.  
God hathe respect how eche tyme is spent;

And, as in his knowledge all is regarded, 125  
So by his goodnes all is rewarded.

PARDONAR. By the fyrste parte of this  
laste tale

<sup>1</sup> Brought forward, propounded.

<sup>2</sup> Seldom.

<sup>3</sup> Magnify.

<sup>4</sup> Desist, forbear.

<sup>5</sup> Thing itself.

<sup>6</sup> Unfeignedly.

<sup>7</sup> M. scathe.

<sup>8</sup> M. Kepe.

It semeth you come late from the ale!  
For reason on your syde so farre doth  
fayle

That ye leue [re]sonyng and begyn to  
rayle; 130

Wherin ye forget your owne parte clerely,  
For ye be as vntrue as I;

And in one poynte ye are beyonde me,  
For ye may lye by aucthoryte, —

And all that hath wandred so farre 135  
That no man can be theyr controller.<sup>1</sup>

And, where ye esteeme your labour so  
muche,

I say yet agayne my pardons be suche  
That, yf there were a thousande soules on a  
hepe,

I wolde brynge them all to heuen as good  
chepe <sup>2</sup> 140

As ye haue brought your-selfe on pylgrym-  
age

In the leste quarter of your vyage, —  
Whiche is farre a thys syde heuen, by God!

There your labour and pardon is od.<sup>3</sup>  
With smale cost, and without any payne,

These pardons bryngeth them to heuen  
playne. 146

Geue me but a peny, or two pens,  
And as sone as the soule departeth hens,

In halfe an houre — or thre quarters at  
moste —

The soule is in heuen with the Holy  
Ghost! 150

[*The Potycary with his packet of medicines  
has entered during the Pardoner's speech.*]

POTYCARY. Sende ye any soules to heuen  
by water?

PARDONER. If we dyd, syr, what is the  
mater?

POTYCARY. By God, I haue a drye soule  
shulde thyther!

I praye you let our soules go to heuen to-  
gyther.

So bysy you twayne be in soules helth, 155  
May nat a potycary come in by stelth?

Yes, that I wyll, by Saynt Antony!  
And, by the leue of thys company,

Proue ye false knaues bothe, or we goo,  
In parte of your sayenges, as thys, lo:<sup>4</sup>

[*To the Palmer.*]

Thou by thy trauaile thynkest heuen to  
gete; 161

[*To the Pardoner.*]

And thou by pardons and relyques count-  
est no lete

To sende thyne owne soule to heuen sure,  
And all other whome thou lyste to procure.

If I toke an accyon,<sup>1</sup> then were they  
blanke; 165

For, lyke theues, the knaues rob away my  
thanke.

All soules in heuen hauynge relefe,  
Shall they thanke your craftes? Nay,  
thanke myn, chefe!

No soule, ye knowe, entreth heuen gate  
Tyll from the bodye he be separate; 170

And whome haue ye knowen dye ho[ne]st-  
lye

Without helpe of the potycary?

Nay, all that commeth to our handlynge, —  
Except ye happe to come to hangynge —

That way, perchaunce, ye shall nat  
myster <sup>2</sup> 175

To go to heuen without a glyster!<sup>3</sup>  
But, be ye sure, I wolde be wo

If ye shulde chaunce <sup>4</sup> to begyle me so.  
As good to lye with me a-nyght

As hange abrode in the mone lyght! 180  
There is no choyse to fle my hande

But, as I sayd, into the bande.<sup>5</sup>  
Syns of our soules the multitude

I sende to heuen, when all is vewed,  
Who shulde but I, then, all-together 185

Haue thanke of all theyr commynge  
thyther?

PARDONER. If ye kylde a thousande in an  
houre space,

When come they to heuen dyenge from  
state of grace?

POTYCARY. If a thousande pardons about  
your neckes were teyd,

When come they to heuen yf they neuer  
dyed? 190

PALMER. Longe lyfe after good workes,  
in-dede,

Doth hynder mannes receyt of mede,<sup>6</sup>  
And deth before one dewty done

<sup>1</sup> Tester as to facts; see lines 454-55.

<sup>2</sup> At as good a bargain. <sup>3</sup> Different,

<sup>4</sup> Manly in error states that M. has so.

<sup>1</sup> Instituted legal proceedings.

<sup>2</sup> Purge.

<sup>3</sup> Hangman's rope.

<sup>4</sup> Need.

<sup>5</sup> M. chaunge.

<sup>6</sup> Reward.

May make vs thynke we dye to[o] sone.

Yet better tary a thyng, then haue it, 195  
Then go to[o] sone and vaynly craue it.

PARDONER. The longer ye dwell in communication,

The lesse shall you lyke thys ymagynacyon;  
For ye may perceyue euen at the fyrst chop  
Your tale is trapt in such a stop 200

That, at the leste, ye seme worse then we.  
POTYCARY. By the masse, I holde vs  
nought, all thre!

[*The Pedler with his pack on his back has entered in time to hear the last speech.*]

PEDLER. By Our Lady, then haue I gone  
wronge!

And yet to be here I thought longe.

POTYCARY. Brother, ye haue gone wronge  
no whylt. 205

I prayse your fortune and your wyt  
That can dyrecte you so discretely  
To plante you in this company:  
Thou [a] palmer, and thou a pardoner,  
I a potycary.

PEDLER. And I a pedler! 210

POTYCARY. Nowe, on my fayth, full well  
matched! <sup>1</sup>

Were the deuyll we we foure hatched?

PEDLER. That maketh no mater, syns we  
be matched.

I coulde be mery yf that I catchyd  
Some money for parte of the ware in my  
packe. 215

POTYCARY. What the deuyll hast thou  
there at thy backe?

PEDLER. Why, dost thou nat knowe that  
every pedler <sup>2</sup>

In euery tryfull must be a medler?

Specyally in womens tryflynges, —  
Those vse we chefe aboue all thynges. 220  
Whiche thynges to se, yf ye be disposed,  
Beholde what ware here is disclosed.

[*He opens his pack.*]

Thys gere sheweth it-selfe in suche bewte  
That eche man thinketh it sayth: "Come,  
bye me!"

Loke, were your-selfe can lyke to be  
chooser, 225

Your-selfe shall make pryce, though I be  
looser!

<sup>1</sup> M. *watched*.

<sup>2</sup> M. *pedled*.

Is here nothyng for my father Palmer?

Haue ye nat a wanton in a corner

For your walkyng to holy places?

By Cryste, I haue herde of as straunge  
cases! 230

Who lyeth in loue, or loue wolde wynne,  
Euen at this packe he must begynne,  
Where is ryght many a proper token,  
Of whiche by name parte shall be spoken:  
Gloues, pynnes, combes, glasses vn-  
spottyd, 235

Pomanders, hookes, and lasses <sup>1</sup> knotted,  
Broches, rynges, and all maner bedes,  
Lace, rounde and flat, for womens hedes,  
Nedyls, threde, thymbell[s], shers, and all  
suche knackes, —

Where louers be, no suche thynges  
lackes, — 240

Sypers, <sup>2</sup> swathbondes, rybandes, and sleue-  
laces,

Gyrdyls, knyues, purses, and pyncases.

POTYCARY. Do women bye theyr pyn-  
cases of you?

PEDLER. Ye, that they do, I make God  
a-vow!

POTYCARY. So mot I thryue, then for my  
parte, 245

I be-shrewe thy knaues nakyd herte  
For makyng my wyfey's pyncase so wyde!  
The pynnes fall out; they can nat abyde.  
Great pynnes must she haue, one or other;  
Yf she lese one, she wyll fynde an-other!  
Wherin I fynde cause to complayne, — 251  
New pynnes to her pleasure, and my  
payne!

PARDONER. Syr, ye seme well sene in  
womens causes.

I praye you, tell me what causeth this,  
That women, after theyr arysynge, 255  
Be so longe in theyr apparelynge?

PEDLER. Forsoth, women haue man'  
lettres, <sup>3</sup>

And they be masked in many nettes,  
As frontlettres, fyllettres, par[t]lettres and  
barcelettes;

And then theyr bonettes, and theyr poy-  
nettes. 260

By these lettres and nettes the lette is suche  
That spede is small whan haste is muche.

<sup>1</sup> Laaces.

<sup>2</sup> Kerchiefs, hat-bands, etc., of cypress satin.

<sup>3</sup> Hindrances.

POTYCARY. An-other cause why they  
come nat forwarde,  
Whiche maketh them dayly to drawe back-  
warde,  
And yet is a thyng they can nat for-  
bere — 265  
The trymmynge and pynnyng vp theyr  
gere,  
Specyally theyr fydlyng with the taylor-  
pyn;  
And, when they wolde haue it prycke in,  
If it chaunce to double in the clothe  
Then be they wode<sup>1</sup> and swereth an  
othe; 270  
Tyll it stande ryght, they wyll nat forsake  
it.  
Thus, though it may nat, yet wolde they  
make it.  
But be ye sure they do but defarre<sup>2</sup> it,  
For, when they wolde make it, ofte tymes  
marre it.  
But prycke them and pynne them as  
myche<sup>3</sup> as ye wyll, 275  
And yet wyll they loke for pynnyng styll!  
So that I durste holde<sup>4</sup> you a ioynt<sup>5</sup>  
Ye shall neuer haue them at a full<sup>6</sup> poynt.  
PEDLER. Let womens maters passe, and  
marke myne!  
What-euer theyr poyntes be, these poyntes  
be fyne. 280  
Wherefore, yf ye be wyllynge to bye,  
Ley downe money! Come of quykely!  
PALMER. Nay, by my trouthe, we be lyke  
fryers:  
We are but beggers, we be no byers.  
PARDONER. Syr, ye maye shewe your  
ware for your mynde, 285  
But I thinke ye shall no profyte fynde.  
PEDLER. Well, though thys iourney<sup>7</sup>  
acqyute no coste,<sup>8</sup>  
Yet thinke I nat my labour loste;  
For, by the fayth of my body,  
I lyke full well thys company. 290  
Up shall this packe, for it is playne  
I came not hyther al for gayne.  
Who may nat play one day in a weke,  
May thinke hys thyrftie is farre to seke!  
Deuyse what pastyme ye thinke beste, 295

And make ye sure to fynde me prest.<sup>1</sup>  
POTYCARY. Why, be ye so vnyuersall  
That you can do what-so-euer ye shall?  
PEDLER. Syr, yf ye lyste to appose<sup>2</sup> me,  
What I can do then shall ye se. 300  
POTYCARY. Than tell me thys: be ye  
perfyte in drynkyng?  
PEDLER. Perfyte in drynkyng as may be  
wysht by thynkyng!  
POTYCARY. Then after your drynkyng,  
how? fall ye to wynkyng?  
PEDLER. Syr, after drynkyng, whyle the  
shot<sup>3</sup> is tynkyng,  
Some hedes be swynking,<sup>4</sup> but myne wyl be  
synkyng, 305  
And vpon drynkyng myne eyse wyll be  
pynkyng,<sup>5</sup>  
For wynkyng<sup>6</sup> to drynkyng is alway  
lynkyng.<sup>7</sup>  
POTYCARY. Then drynke and slepe ye can  
well do.  
But, yf ye were desyred therto,  
I pray you, tell me, can you synge? 310  
PEDLER. Syr, I haue some syght<sup>8</sup> in syng-  
ynge.  
POTYCARY. But is your brest any-thinge  
swete?  
PEDLER. What-euer my breste be, my  
voyce is mete.  
POTYCARY. That answere sheweth you a  
ryght syngynge man!  
Now what is your wyll, good father,  
than? 315  
PALMER. What helpeth wyll where is no  
skyll?  
PARDONER. And what helpeth skyll  
where is no wyll?<sup>9</sup>  
POTYCARY. For wyll or skyll, what help-  
eth it  
Where forwarde knaues be lackynge  
wytt? <sup>10</sup>  
Leue of thys curyosityte; <sup>11</sup> 320  
And who that lyste, synge after me!  
*Here they synge.*<sup>12</sup>  
PEDLER. Thys lyketh <sup>13</sup> me well, so mot I  
the! <sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mad.      <sup>2</sup> Defer.      <sup>3</sup> M. nyche.  
<sup>4</sup> Wager.      <sup>5</sup> M. soynt (or loynt).      <sup>6</sup> M. fall.  
<sup>7</sup> M. journey, which is a variant spelling for jour-  
ney.  
<sup>8</sup> Produce no profit.

<sup>1</sup> Ready.      <sup>2</sup> Interrogate.  
<sup>3</sup> Reckoning, bill.      <sup>4</sup> M. swymmyng.  
<sup>5</sup> Blinking.      <sup>6</sup> Sleeping.  
<sup>7</sup> Linking (associated with).      <sup>8</sup> Skill.  
<sup>9</sup> M. Wyl.      <sup>10</sup> M. Wyll.  
<sup>11</sup> Subtlety.      <sup>12</sup> No song is given.  
<sup>13</sup> Pleaseth.      <sup>14</sup> So may I thrive.

**PARDONER.** So helpe me God, it lyketh  
nat me!

Where company is met and well agreed,  
Good pastyme doth ryght well in-dede; 325  
But who can set <sup>1</sup> in dalyaunce  
Men set <sup>2</sup> in such a variaunce  
As we were set or ye came in?  
Whiche stryfe thys man dyd fyrst begynne,

[Points to the Palmer.]

Allegynge that suche man as vse, 330  
For loue of God, and nat <sup>3</sup> refuse,  
On fot to goo from place to place  
A pylgrymage, callynge for grace,  
Shall in that payne with penitence  
Obtayne discharge of conscience, — 335  
Comparynge that lyfe for the beste  
Enduccyon <sup>4</sup> to our endles reste.  
Upon these wordes our mater grewe;  
For, yf he coule auow them true,  
As good to be a gardener 340  
As for to be a pardonner.

But, when I harde hym so farre wyde,  
I then aproched and replied,  
Sayenge this: that this indulgence,  
Hauyng the forsayd penitence, 345  
Dyschargeth man of all offence  
With muche more profyt then this pre-  
tence.

I aske but two pens at the moste, —  
I-wys, this is nat very great coste, — 349  
And from all payne, without dyspayre, —  
My soule for his, — kepe euen his chayre,<sup>5</sup>  
And when he dyeth he may be sure  
To come to heuen, euen at pleasure.  
And more then heuen he can nat get,  
How farre so-euer he lyste to iet.<sup>6</sup> 355  
Then is hys payne more then hys wit  
To wa[l]ke to heuen, syns he may syt!  
Syr, as we were in this contention,  
In came thys daw <sup>7</sup> with hys inuencyon,

[Points to the Potycary.]

Reuilynge <sup>8</sup> vs, hym-selfe auauentyng, 360  
That all the soules to heuen assendyng  
Are most bounde to the potycary,  
Byscawe he helpeth most men to dye;

<sup>1</sup> M. *syf*. Manly suggests *set* (fetch).  
<sup>2</sup> M. *syf*; emend. suggested by Manly.

<sup>3</sup> M. *God nat and*.

<sup>4</sup> Induction, that which leads on to.

<sup>5</sup> Sit at ease.

<sup>6</sup> Fool.

<sup>7</sup> Strut, walk.

<sup>8</sup> M. *reuilyngs*.

Before whiche deth he sayeth, in-dede,  
No soule to heuen can haue hys mede. 365  
**PEDLER.** Why, do potycaries kyll men?

**POTYCARY.** By God, men say so now and  
then!

**PEDLER.** And I thought ye wolde nat  
haue myst

To make men lyue as longe as ye lyste.

**POTYCARY.** As longe as we lyste? nay,  
longe as they can! 370

**PEDLER.** So myght we lyue without you  
than.

**POTYCARY.** Ye, but yet it is necessary  
For to haue a potycary;

For when ye fele your conscyens redy,  
I can sende you to heuen quykly. 375

Wherefore, concernynge our mater here,  
Aboue these twayne I am best, clere.

And, yf ye <sup>1</sup> lyste to take me so,

I am content you, and no mo,

Shall be our iudge as in thys case, 380

Whiche of vs thre shall take the best place.

**PEDLER.** I neyther wyll iudge the beste  
nor worste;

For, be ye bleste or be ye curste,  
Ye know it is no whyt my sleight <sup>2</sup>

To be a iudge in maters of weyght. 385

It behoueth no pedlers nor proctours <sup>3</sup>

To take on them iudgemente as doctours.

But yf your myndes be onely set

To worke for soule helthe, ye be well met,

For eche of you somewhat doth shoue 390

That soules towarde heuen by you do  
groe.

Then, yf ye can so well agree

To contynue togyther all thre,

And all you thre obey on wyll,

Then all your myndes ye may fulfyll: 395

As, yf ye came all to one man

Who shulde goo pylgrymage more then he  
can,

[To the Palmer.]

In that ye, palmer, as debite,

May clerely dyscharge <sup>4</sup> hym, parde;

[To the Pardonner.]

And for all other syns, ones had contrys-  
syon, 400

Your pardons geueth hym full remysseyon;

<sup>1</sup> M. *v.e.*

<sup>2</sup> M. may haue *sleight*, but the heavy inking makes  
certainty impossible

<sup>3</sup> Minor university officials. <sup>4</sup> M. *dyscharge*.

[To the Potycary.]

And then ye, mayster potycary,  
May sende hym to heuen by-and-by.<sup>1</sup>

POTYCARY. Yf he taste this boxe nye  
aboute the pryme,<sup>2</sup>

By the masse, he is in heuen or euensonge  
tyme! 405

My craft is suche that I can ryght well  
Sende my fryndes to heuen — and my-  
selfe to hell.

But, syrs, marke this man, for he is wyse  
Who <sup>3</sup> coulede deuyse suche a deuyce;

For yf we thre may be as one, 410

Then be we Lordes <sup>4</sup> euerychone, —  
Betwene vs all coulede nat be myste  
To saue the soules of whome we lyste.

But, for good order, at a worde, 414

Twayne of vs must wayte on the thyrde;  
And vnto that I do agree,

For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me!

PARDONER. What chaunce is this that  
suche an elfe

Commaund two knaues, besyde hym-  
selfe? <sup>5</sup> 419

Nay, nay, my frende, that wyll nat be;  
I am to good to wayt on the!

PALMER. By Our Lady, and I wolde be  
loth

To wayt on the better on <sup>6</sup> you both!

PEDLER. Yet be ye sewer, for all thys  
dout, 424

Thys waytynge must be brought about.

Men can nat prosper, wyfully ledde;

All thyng decayeth <sup>7</sup> where is no hedde.

Wherefore, doutlesse, marke what I say:

To one of you thre, twayne must obey;

And, synnes ye can nat agree in voyce 430

Who shall be hed, there is no choyse

But to deuyse some maner thyng

Wherin ye all be lyke <sup>8</sup> connyng;

And in the same who can do beste, 434

The other twayne to make them preste

In euery thyng of hys entente

Holly to be at commaundement.

And now haue I founde one mastry

<sup>1</sup> Immediately.

<sup>2</sup> The first hour of the day, beginning about six o'clock.

<sup>3</sup> M. How.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the Trinity

<sup>5</sup> M. assigns this and the preceding line to the Potycary, and gives the reading *Commaunded two knaues be, beside hym selfe*. I follow Dodsley's reading.

<sup>6</sup> Of.

<sup>7</sup> M. decayed.

<sup>8</sup> Equally.

That ye can do in-dyfferently,  
And is nother sellynge nor byenge, 440  
But euyng only very lyenge!

And all ye thre can lye as well  
As can the falsest deuyll in hell.

And, though afore ye harde me grudge  
In greater maters to be your iudge, 445

Yet in lyeng I can <sup>1</sup> some skyll;

And, yf I shall be iudge, I wyll.

And, be ye sure, without flatery,

Where my consciens fyndeth the mastrye,

Ther shall my iudgement strayt be

founde, 450

Though I myght wynne a thousande  
pounde.

PALMER. Syr, for lyeng, though I can do  
it,

Yet am I loth for to goo to it.

PEDLER [to the Palmer]. Ye haue nat cause  
to feare to be bolde,

For ye may be here vncontrolled.<sup>2</sup> 455

[To the Pardoner.]

And ye in this haue good auauntage,

For lyeng is your comen vsage.

[To the Potycary.]

And you in lyenge be well spedde,

For all your craft doth stande in falsched.

[To all three.]

Ye nede nat care who shall begyn, 460

For eche of you may hope to wyn.

Now speke, all thre, euyng as ye fynde:

Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde?

PALMER. Ye, by my trouthe, I am con-

tente.

PARDONER. Now, in good fayth, and I

assente. 465

POTYCARY. If I denyed, I were a nody,

For all is myne, by Goddes body!

Here the Potycary hoppeth.

PALMER. Here were a hopper to hop for  
the ryngel!

But, syr, thys gere goth nat by hoppyng.

POTYCARY. Syr, in this hoppyng I wyll

hop so well 470

That my tonge shall hop as well as my hele;

Upon whiche hoppyng I hope, and nat

doute it,

To hope so that ye shall hope without

[it].

<sup>1</sup> Have.

<sup>2</sup> Untested as to facts.

PALMER. Syr, I wyll neyther boste ne  
brawll,<sup>1</sup>

But take suche fortune as may fall; 475

And, yf ye wyne this maystry,

I wyll obaye you quietly.

And sure I thynke that quietnesse

In any man is great rychesse,

In any maner company, 480

To rule or be ruled indifferently.

PARDONER. By that bost thou semest a  
begger in-dede.

What can thy quyetenesse helpe vs at nede?

Yf we schulde starue, thou hast nat, I  
thynke, 484

One peny to bye vs one pottle of drynke.

Nay, yf rychesse mygh[t]e rule the roste,<sup>2</sup>

Beholde what cause I haue to boste!

[*He opens his pack.*]

Lo, here be pardons halfe a dosyn.

For gostely<sup>3</sup> ryches they haue no cosyn;

And, more-ouer, to me they brynge 490

Sufficient succour for my luyunge.

And here be relykes of suche a kynde

As in this worlde no man can fynde.

Knele downe, all thre, and, when ye leue  
kyssynge,

Who lyst to offer shall haue my blys-  
syngel! 495

[*He holds up a relic.*]

Friendes, here shall ye se euyn anone

Of All-Hallows the blessyd iaw-bone, —

Kys it hardely, with good deuocion!

POTYCARY. This kysse shall brynge vs  
muche promoeyon. —

Fogh! by Saynt Sauyour, I neuer kyst a  
war! 500

Ye were as good kysse All-Hallows ars!

For, by All-Halows, me thynketh

That All-Halows breth stynkith.

PALMER. Ye iudge All-Halows breth vn-  
knownen;

Yf any breth stynke, it is your owne. 505

POTYCARY. I knowe myne owne breth  
from All-Halows,

Or els it were tyme to kysse the galows.

[*He holds up another relic.*]

PARDONER. Nay, syrs, beholde, here may  
ye se

The great-toe of the Trinite.

Who to thys toe any money voweth, 510

And ones may role it in his moueth,

All hys lyfe after, I vndertake,

He shall be ryd of the toth-ake.

POTYCARY. I praye you, torne that relyke  
aboutel!

Other the Trinite had the goute, 515

Or elles, bycause it is iii toes in one,

God made it muche as thre toes alone.

PARDONER.<sup>1</sup> Well, lette that passe, and  
loke vpon thys; —

[*He holds up another relic.*]

Here is a relyke that doth nat mys

To helpe the leste as well as the moste. 520

This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste!

POTYCARY. By Chryste, and yet, for all  
your boste,

Thys relyke hath be-shyten the roste!

[*Takes out another relic.*]

PARDONER. Marke well thys relyke, —  
here is a whipper!<sup>2</sup>

My friendes, vnfayned,<sup>3</sup> here is a slyp-  
per 525

Of one of the Seuen Slepers,<sup>4</sup> be sure.

Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleas-  
ure,

For all these two dayes it shall so ease  
you

That none other sauours shall displease  
you.

POTYCARY. All these two dayes! nay, all  
thys two yere! 530

For all the sauours that may come here

Can be no worse; for, at a worde,

One of the Seuen Slepers trode in a torde.

PEDLER. Syr, me thynketh your deuocion  
is but smal.

PARDONER. Small? mary, me thynketh he  
hath none at all! 535

POTYCARY. What the deuyll care I what  
ye thynke?

Shall I prayse relykes when they stynke?

[*Takes out another.*]

PARDONER. Here is an eye-toth of the  
Great Turke.

<sup>1</sup> Manly states in error that M. has *drawll*.

<sup>2</sup> Have full authority.

<sup>3</sup> Spiritual.

<sup>1</sup> M. assigns this speech to the Potycary.

<sup>2</sup> A thing that surpasses all others

<sup>3</sup> Without feigning.

<sup>4</sup> M. *asleepers*.

Whose eyes be ones sette on thys pece of  
work 539

May happely lese parte of his eye-syght,  
But nat all tyll he be blynde out-ryght.

POTYCARY. What-so-euer any other man  
seeth,

I haue no deuocion <sup>1</sup> to Turkes teeth;  
For, all-though I neuer sawe a greter,  
Yet me thynketh I haue sene many better.

[*The Pardoner takes out a box.*]

PARDONER. Here is a box full of humble-  
bees 546

That stonge Eue as she sat on her knees  
Tastyng the frute to her forbydden.

Who kysseth the bees within this hydden  
Shall haue as muche pardon, of ryght, 550  
As for any relyke he kyst thys nyght.

PALMER. Syr, I wyll kysse them, with all  
my herte.

POTYCARY. Kysse them agayne, and take  
my parte,

For I am nat worthy, — nay, lette be!  
Those bees that stonge Eue shall nat styng  
me! 555

[*The Pardoner holds up a flask.*]

PARDONER. Good frendes, I haue yet here  
in thys glas,

Whiche on the drynke at the weddyng  
was

Of Adam and Eue vndoutedly.  
If ye honor this relyke deuoutly, 559

All-though ye thurste no whyt the lesse,  
Yet shall ye drynke the more, doutlesse, —  
After whiche drynkyng ye shall be as  
mete

To stande on your hede as on your fete.

POTYCARY. Ye, mary, now I can <sup>2</sup> ye  
thanke!

In presents of thys the reste be blanke. 565  
Wolde God this relyke had come rather! <sup>3</sup>

Kysse that relyke well, good father!

Suche is the payne that ye palmers take  
To kysse the pardon-bowle for the drynke  
sake.

[*He prays.*]

“O holy yeste,<sup>4</sup> that loketh full sown  
stale, 570

For Goddes body helpe me to a cuppe of  
ale!

<sup>1</sup> M. *deracion.*    <sup>2</sup> Give.    <sup>3</sup> Sooner.    <sup>4</sup> Yeast.

The more I be-holde the, the more I  
thurste;

The oftener I kysse the, more lyke to  
burste!

But syns I kysse the so deuoutely,  
Hyre me, and helpe me with drynke till I  
dye!” 575

What, so muche prayenge and so lytell  
spede?

PARDONER. Ye, for God knoweth whan it  
is nede

To sende folkes drynke; but, by Saynt  
Antony,

I wene he hath sent you to muche all-redy.  
POTYCARY. If I haue neuer the more for  
the, 580

Then be the relykes no ryches to me,  
Nor to thy-selfe, excepte they be  
More benefycyall then I can se.

[*He opens his packet of medicines.*]

Rycher is one boxe of [t]his tryacle <sup>1</sup>  
Then all thy relykes that do no myra-  
kell. 585

If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche  
to me

As I haue prayed to thy relykes and the,  
Nothyng concernynge myne occupacion  
But streyght shulde haue wrought in opera-  
cyon.

And, as in value, I pas you an ace. 590

[*He takes out a box.*]

Here lyeth muche rychesse in lytell  
space, —

I haue a boxe of rebarb here,  
Whiche is as deynty as it is dere.  
So helpe me God and hollydam,  
Of this I wolde nat geue a dram <sup>2</sup> 595  
To the beste frende I haue in Englandes  
grounde,

Though he wolde geue me xx pounce;  
For, though the stomake do it abhor,  
It pourget[h] you clete from the color,<sup>3</sup>  
And maketh your stomake sore to wal-  
ter.<sup>4</sup> 600

That ye shall neuer come to the halter.

PEDLER. Then is that medycyn a sou-  
erayn thyng

To preserue a man from hangynge.

<sup>1</sup> Treacle, a salve.  
<sup>2</sup> Choler, bile.

<sup>3</sup> M. *deam.*  
<sup>4</sup> Be upast.



[*He takes out another.*]

POTYCARY. If ye wyll taste but thys  
crome that ye se,  
If euer ye be hanged, neuer truste me! 605

[*He holds up an ointment.*]

Here haue I diapompholicus, —  
A speciall oyntement, as doctours discuse;  
For a fistela or a canker  
Thys oyntement is euen shot-anker,<sup>1</sup> 609  
For this medecyn helpeth one and other,  
Or bryngeth them in case that they nede  
no other.

[*Holds up a vial of syrup.*]

Here is syrapius de Byzansis, —  
A lytell thyng is i-nough of this,  
For euen the weyght of one scryppull<sup>2</sup>  
Shall make you stronge as a cryppull. 615

[*Displays the rest.*]

Here be other: as, diosfialos,  
Diagalanga, and sticados,  
Blanka manna, diopoliticon,  
Mercury sublyme, and metridaticon,  
Pelitory, and arsefetita, 620  
Cassy, and colloquintita.

These be the thynges that breke all stryfe  
Betwene mannes sycknes and his lyfe.  
From all payne these shall you deleuer,  
And set you euen at reste for-euer! 625  
Here is a medecyn — no mo lyke the same  
Whiche comenly is called thus by name  
Alikakabus or alkakengy, —

A goodly thyng for dogges that be mangy.  
Suche be these medycynes that I can 630  
Helpe a dogge as well as a man.  
Nat one thyng here particulary  
But worketh vniuersally, —

For it doth me as muche good when I sell it  
As all the byers that taste it or smell it. 635  
Now, syns my medycyns be so specyall,  
And in operation so generall,  
And redy to worke when-so-euer they  
shall,

So that in ryches I am principall,  
Yf any rewarde may entreat ye, 640  
I besech your mashyp<sup>3</sup> be good to me,  
And ye shall haue a boxe of marmelade

<sup>1</sup> The chief and last reliance.

<sup>2</sup> Scruple.

<sup>3</sup> Masterahip.

So fyne that ye may dyg it with a spade.

PEDLER. Syr, I thanke you; but your re-  
warde

Is nat the thyng that I regarde. 645

I muste, and wyll, be indifferent:  
Wherfore procede in your intente.

POTYCARY. Nowe, yf I wylt<sup>1</sup> thys wyshe  
no synne,

I wolde to God I myght begynne!

PARDONER. I am content that thou lye  
fyrste. 650

PALMER. Euen so am I; and say thy  
worste!

Now let vs here of all thy lyes  
The greatest lye thou mayst deuysse,  
And in the fewyst wordes thou can.

POTYCARY. Forsoth, ye be an honest  
man. 655

PALMER. There sayde ye muche! but yet  
no lye.

PARDONER. Now lye ye bothe, by Our  
Lady!

Thou lyst in bost of hys honestie,  
And he hath lyed in affyrmyng the.

POTYCARY. Yf we both lye, and ye say  
true, 660

Then of these lyes your parte adew!  
And yf ye wyn, make none awaunt;  
For ye are surc of one yll seruante.

[*To the Palmer.*]

Ye may perceyue by the wordes he gaue  
He taketh your mashyp but for a knaue.  
But who tolde true, or lyed in-dede, 666  
That wyll I knowe or we procede.

Syr, after that I fyrste began

To prayse you for an honest man,  
When ye affyrmed it for no lye, — 670  
Now, by our fayth, speke euen truely, —  
Thought ye your affyrmacion true?

PALMER. Ye, mary, I! for I wolde ye  
knewe

I thynke my-selfe an honest man.

POTYCARY. What, thought ye in the con-  
trary than? 675

PARDONER. In that I sayde the contrary,  
I thynke from trouth I dyd nat vary.

POTYCARY. And what of my wordes?

PARDONER. I thought ye lyed.

POTYCARY. And so thought I, by God  
that dyed!

<sup>1</sup> Knew.

Nowe haue you twayne eche for hym-selfe  
layde 680

That none hath lyed ou[gh]t, but both  
truesayd;

And of vs twayne none hath denyed,  
But both affyrmed, that I haue lyed:  
Now syns [ye] both your trouthe confes,  
And that we both my lye so witnes 685  
That twayne of vs thre in one agree, —  
And that the lyer the wyinner must be, —  
Who coulde prouyde suche euydens  
As I haue done in this pretens?

[To the Pedler.]

Me thynketh this mater sufficient 690  
To cause you to gyue iudgement,  
And to giue me the mastrye,  
For ye perceyue these knaues can nat lye.  
PALMER. Though nother of vs as yet had  
lyed,

Yet what we can do is vntryed; 695  
For yet we haue deuysed nothyng,  
But answered you and geuen hyryng.  
PEDLER. Therefore I haue deuysed one  
waye

Wherby all thre your myndes may saye:  
For eche of you one tale shall tell; 700  
And whiche of you telleth most meruell<sup>1</sup>  
And most vnyke to be true,  
Shall most preuayle, what-euer ensew.  
POTYCAR. If ye be set in mervalyng,  
Then shall ye here a meruaylouse  
thyng; 705

And though, in-dede, all be nat true,  
Yet suer the most parte shall be new.

[He begins his lie.]

I dyd a cure, no lenger a-go  
But Anno Domini millesimo,  
On a woman, yonge and so fayre 710  
That neuer haue I sene a gayre.  
God saue all women from that lyknes!  
This wanton had the fallen-syknes, —  
Whiche by dissent came lynally,  
For her mother had it naturally. 715  
Wherefore, this woman to recure  
It was more harde ye may be sure.  
But, though I boste my crafte is suche  
That in suche thynges I can do muche,  
How ofte she fell were muche to re-  
porte; 720

<sup>1</sup> Marvelous.

But her hed so gydy and her helys<sup>1</sup> so  
shorte

That, with the twynglyng of an eye,  
Downe wolde she falle euyn by-and-by.  
But, or she wolde aryse agayne,  
I shewed muche practyse, muche to my  
payne; 725

For the tallest<sup>2</sup> man within this towne  
Shulde nat with ease haue broken her  
sowne.<sup>3</sup>

All-though for lyfe I dyd nat doute her,  
Yet dyd I take more payne about her  
Then I wolde take with my owne syster. 730  
Syr, at the last I gaue her a glyster, —  
I thrust a tampyon<sup>4</sup> in her tewell  
And bad her kepe it for a iewell.  
But I knewe it so heuy to cary  
That I was sure it wolde nat tary; 735  
For where gonpouder is ones fyerd  
The tampyon wyll no lenger be hyerd.  
Whiche was well sene in tyme of thys  
chaunce;

For, when I had charged this ordynaunce,  
Sodeynly, as it had thonderd, 740  
Euen at a clap losed her bumberd.  
Now marke, for here begynneth the reuell:<sup>5</sup>  
This tampyon<sup>6</sup> flew x longe myle leuell,  
To a fayre castell of lyme and stone, —  
For strength I knowe nat suche a one, — 745  
Whiche stode vpon an hyll full hye,  
At fote wherof a ryuer ranne bye,  
So depe, tyll chaunce had it forbyden,  
Well myght the Regent<sup>7</sup> there haue ryden.  
But when this tampyon on this castell  
lyght, 750

It put the castels so farre to flyght  
That downe they came eche vpon other,  
No stone lefte standyng, by Goddes  
Mother!

But rolled downe so faste the hyll  
In suche a nomber, and so dyd fyll, 755  
From botom to bryme, from shore to  
shore,

Thys forsayd ryuer, so depe before,  
That who lyste nowe to walke therto,  
May wade it ouer and wet no shoo.  
So was thys castell layd wyde open 760  
That euery man myght se the token.

<sup>1</sup> Heels.

<sup>2</sup> Stoutest, bravest.

<sup>3</sup> Swoon.

<sup>4</sup> M. tampyon.

<sup>5</sup> Merry-making.

<sup>6</sup> Manly states in error that M. has tampon.

<sup>7</sup> The name of a ship?

But — in a good houre maye these wordes  
be spoken! —

After the tampion on the walles was  
wroken,<sup>1</sup>

And pece by pece in peces broken,  
And she deluyered with suche violens 765  
Of all her inconueniens,  
I left her in good helth and luste.

And so she doth contynew, I truste!

PEDLER. Syr, in your cure I can nothyng  
tell;

But to our purpose ye haue sayd well. 770

PARDONER. Well, syr, then marke what I  
can say!

*[He begins his lie.]*

I haue ben a pardonor many a day,

And done greater cures gostely

Then euer he dyd bodely;

Namely, thys one whiche ye shall here, 775

Of one departed within thys seuen yere, —

A frende of myne, and lykewyse I

To her agayne was as frendly, —

Who fell so syke so sodeynly

That dede she was euen by-and-by,<sup>2</sup> 780

And neuer spake with preste nor clerke,

Nor had no whyt of thys holy warke,

For I was thens, it coude nat be;

Yet harde I say she asked for me.

But when I bethought me howe thys  
chaunced, 785

And that I haue to heuen auauced

So many soules to me but straungers

And coude nat kepe my frende from  
daungers,

But she to dy so daungerously,

For her soule helth especyally, — 790

That was the thyng that greued me soo

That nothyng coude release my woo

Tyll I had tryed euen out of hande<sup>3</sup>

In what estate her soule dyd stande.

For whiche tryall, shorte tale to make, 795

I toke thys journey for her sake, —

Geue eare, for here begynneth the story! —

From hens I went to purgatory,

And toke with me thys gere in my fyste,

Wherby I may do there what I lyst. 800

I knocked, and was let in quickly;

But, Lorde, how lowe the soules made  
curtesy!

And I to euery soule agayne

<sup>1</sup> Avenged.

<sup>2</sup> Immediately.

<sup>3</sup> At once.

Dyd gyue a beck them to retayne,  
And axed them thys question than: 805

Yf that the soule of suche a woman

Dyd late amonge them there appere.

Wherto they sayd she came nat here.

Then ferd I muche it was nat well.

Alas! thought I, she is in hell! 810

For with her lyfe I was so acqueynted

That sure I thought she was nat saynted.

With thys it chaunced me to snese;

"Christe helpe!" quoth a soule that ley for  
his fees.

"Those wordes," quoth I, "thou shalt nat  
lees!"<sup>1</sup> 815

Then with these pardons of all degrees

I payed hys tole, and set hym so quyght<sup>2</sup>

That strayt to heuen he toke his flyght.

And I from thens to hell that nyght,

To help this woman, yf I myght, 820

Nat as who sayth by autorite,<sup>3</sup>

But by the waye of entreate.

And fyrst [to] the deuyll that kept the gate

I came, and spake after this rate:

"All hayle, syr deuyll!" and made lowe  
curtesy. 825

"Welcome!" quoth he, thys smillyngly.

He knew me well. And I at laste

Remembred hym syns longe tyme paste,

For, as good hadde wolde haue it chaunce,

Thys deuyll and I were of olde acqueynt-  
aunce, 830

For oft in the play of Corpus Cristi

He hath<sup>4</sup> played the deuyll at Couentry.

By his acqueyntaunce and my behauoure

He shewed to me ryght frendly fauoure.

And — to make my returne the shorter —

I sayd to this deuyll: "Good mayster  
porter, 836

For all olde loue, yf it lye in your power,

Helpe me to speke with my lorde and  
your."

"Be sure," quoth he, "no tongue can tell

What tyme thou coudest haue come so  
well, 840

For thys daye Lucyfer fell, —

Whiche is our festyuall in hell.

Nothyng vnreasonable craued thys day

That shall in hell haue any nay.

But yet be-ware thou come nat in 845

Tyll tyme thou may thy pasporte wyn.

<sup>1</sup> Lose (without reward).

<sup>2</sup> M. *authorite*.

<sup>3</sup> Free.

<sup>4</sup> Manly has *had*.

Wherefore stande styll, and I wyll wyt <sup>1</sup>  
 Yf I can get thy sauc-condyt."  
 He taryed nat, but shortely gat it,  
 Under scale, and the deuyls hande at it, 850  
 In ample wyse, as ye shall here.  
 Thus it began: "Lucyfer,  
 By the power of God chyefe deuyll of hell,  
 To all the deuyls that there do dwell,  
 And euery of them, we sende gretynge, 855  
 Under streyght <sup>2</sup> charge and commaund-  
 ynge,  
 That they aydynge and assystent be  
 To suche a pardonor," — and named <sup>3</sup>  
 me, —  
 "So that he may at lybertie  
 Passe saue without hys ieopardy 860  
 Tyll that he be from vs extyncte <sup>4</sup>  
 And clerely out of helles precincte.  
 And, hys pardons to kepe sauegarde,  
 We wyll they lye in the porters warde.  
 Geuyn in the fornes of our palyis, <sup>5</sup> 865  
 In our hys courte of maters of malys,  
 Suche a day and yere of our reyne."  
 "God saue the deuyll!" quoth I, "for  
 playne, <sup>6</sup>  
 I truste thys wrytynge to be sure."  
 "Then put thy truste," quoth he, "in  
 cuer, <sup>7</sup> 870  
 Syns thou art sure to take no harme."  
 Thys deuyll and I walket arme in arme,  
 So farre tyll he had brought me thyther  
 Where all the deuyls of hell togyther  
 Stode in a-ray in suche apparell 875  
 As for that day there metely fell:  
 Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes <sup>8</sup> full  
 clene,  
 Theyr taylles well kempt, <sup>9</sup> and, as I wene,  
 With sothery <sup>10</sup> butter theyr bodyes  
 anoynted, —  
 I neuer sawe deuyls so well appoynted. 880  
 The mayster deuyll sat in his iacket,  
 And all the soules were playnge at racket.  
 None other rackettes they hadde in hande  
 Saue euery soule a good fyre-brande;  
 Wherwith they played so pretely 885  
 That Lucyfer laughed merely,  
 And all the resedew of the fendes <sup>11</sup>

Dyd laugh full well togytther lyke frendes.  
 But of my frende I sawe no whyt,  
 Nor durst nat axe for her as yet. 890  
 Anone all this rout was brought in silens,  
 And I by an vsher brought in presens.  
 Then to Lucyfer low as I coude  
 I knelyd. Whiche he so well alowde  
 That thus he beekte; and, by Saynt  
 Antony, 895  
 He smyled on me well-fauoredly,  
 Bendinge hys browes, as brode as barne-  
 durres,  
 Shakyng hys eares, as ruged as burres,  
 Rolyng hys yes, <sup>1</sup> as rounde as two bushels,  
 Flastyng <sup>2</sup> the fyre out of his nose-  
 thryls, 900  
 Gnashynge hys teeth so vaynglorously  
 That me thought tyme to fall to flatery.  
 Wherwith I tolde, as I shall tell:  
 "O plesant pycture! O prince of hell!  
 Feutred <sup>3</sup> in fashyon abominable! 905  
 And syns that [it] is inestimable  
 For me to prayse the worthily,  
 I leue of prays, vnworthy  
 To geue the prays, besechynge the  
 To heare my sewte, and then to be 910  
 So good to graunt the thyng I craue.  
 And, to be shorte, thys wolde I haue, —  
 The soule of one whiche hyther is flytted  
 Deliuered hens, and to me remitted.  
 And in thys doynge, though al be nat quyt,  
 Yet some parte I shall desceue it — 916  
 As thus: I am a pardonor,  
 And ouer soules, as a controller,  
 Thorough-out the erth my power doth  
 stande,  
 Where many a soule lyeth on my hande,  
 That spede in maters as I vse them, 921  
 As I receyue them or refuse them;  
 Wherby, what tyme thy pleasure is,  
 Ye <sup>4</sup> shall requyre any part of thys, —  
 The leste deuyll here that can come  
 thyther 925  
 Shall chose a soule and brynge hym  
 hyther."  
 "Nowe," quoth the deuyll, "we are well  
 pleased!  
 What is hys name thou woldest haue  
 eased?"  
 "Nay," quoth I, "be it good or euyll,  
<sup>1</sup> Eyes. <sup>2</sup> Flashing?  
<sup>3</sup> Featured. <sup>4</sup> M. J; emend. by Manly.

<sup>1</sup> Know. <sup>2</sup> M. streyngt. <sup>3</sup> M. maned.  
<sup>4</sup> Passed away. <sup>5</sup> The furnace of our palace.  
<sup>6</sup> Manly has for, for playne. M. has playue.  
<sup>7</sup> In practice. <sup>8</sup> Claws. <sup>9</sup> Combed.  
<sup>10</sup> Meaning uncertain; Skeat suggests "Surrey."  
<sup>11</sup> M. frendes.

My comynge is for a she deuyll." 930  
 "What calste her?" quoth he, "thou  
 horson!"<sup>1</sup>

"Forsoth," quoth I, "Margery Coorson."

"Now, by our honour," sayd Lucyfer,  
 "No deuyll in hell shall witholde her!  
 And yf thou woldest haue twenty mo, 935  
 Were nat for iustyce, they shulde goo.

For all we deuyls within thys den  
 Haue more to do with two women  
 Then with all the charge we haue besyde.  
 Wherefore, yf thou our frende wyll be  
 tryed, 940

Aply thy pardons to women so  
 That vnto vs there come no mo."  
 To do my beste I promysed by othe.  
 Whiche I haue kepte; for, as the fayth  
 goth,

At these<sup>2</sup> dayes to heuen I do procure 945  
 Ten women to one man, be sure.  
 Then of Lucyfer my leue I toke,  
 And streyght vnto the mayster coke.

I was hadde into the kechyn,  
 For Margaryes offyce was ther-in. 950

All thyng handled there discretely, —  
 For euery soule bereth offyce metely, —  
 Whiche myght be sene to se her syt  
 So bysely turnynge of the spyt;

For many a spyt here hath she turned, 955  
 And many a good spyt hath she burned,  
 And many a spyt full hot<sup>3</sup> hath tosted  
 Before the meat coulede be halfe rosted.  
 And, or the meate were halfe rosted in-  
 dede, 959

I toke her then fro the spyt for spede.  
 But when she sawe thys brought to pas,  
 To tell the ioy wherin she was,  
 And of all the deuyls, for ioy how they  
 Dyd rore at her delyuery, 964

And how the cheymes<sup>4</sup> in hell dyd rynge,  
 And how all the soules therin dyd syng,  
 And how we were brought to the gate,  
 And how we toke our leue therat, —  
 Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat  
 To reherse the xx parte of that! 970

Wherefore, thys tale to conclude breuely,  
 Thys woman thanked me chyefly  
 That she was ryd of thys endles deth;  
 And so we departed on New-Market Heth.  
 And yf that any man do mynde her, 975

<sup>1</sup> M. *horyson*.

<sup>2</sup> M. *thys*.

<sup>3</sup> M. *hoth*.

Who lyste to seke her, there shall he fynde  
 her!

PEDLER. Syr, ye haue sought her wonders  
 well;

And, where ye founde her, as ye tell,  
 To here the chaunce ye founde in hell,  
 I fynde ye were in great parell.<sup>1</sup> 980

[*The Palmer begins his lie.*]

PALMER. His tale is all muche parellous;  
 But parte is muche more meruaylous.  
 As where he sayde the deuyls complayne  
 That women put them to suche payne  
 By theyr condicions so croked and crab-  
 bed, 985

Frowardly fashonde, so waywarde and  
 wrabbed,

So farre in deuision, and sturrynge suche  
 stryfe,

That all the deuyls be wery of theyr lyfe!  
 This in effect he tolde for trueth;<sup>2</sup> 989  
 Whereby muche maruell<sup>3</sup> to me ensueth,  
 That women in hell suche shrewes can  
 be,

And here so gentyll, as farre as I se.  
 Yet haue I sene many a myle,  
 And many a woman in the whyle, —  
 Nat one good cytye, towne, nor borough  
 In Cristendom but I haue ben th[o]r-  
 ough, — 996

And this I wolde ye shulde vnderstande:  
 I haue sene women v hundred thousande  
 [Wives and widows, maids and married,]  
 And oft with them haue longe tyme  
 taryed,<sup>4</sup> 1000

Yet in all places where I haue ben,  
 Of all the women that I haue sene,  
 I neuer sawe, nor knewe, in my consyens,  
 Any one woman out of paciens.

POTYCARY. By the masse, there is a great  
 lye! 1005

PARDONER. I neuer harde a greater, by  
 Our Lady!

PEDLER. A greater? nay, knowe ye any so  
 great?

PALMER. Syr, whether that I lose or get,  
 For my parte, iudgement shall be prayed.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Peril. <sup>2</sup> M. *trueth*. <sup>3</sup> M. *muruell*.

<sup>4</sup> M. *married*; Collier cites Alldie's edition, 1569, as having *taried*. Obviously a line is missing; Manly plausibly suggests *Wives and widows, maid and married*, which would explain the printer's error of *married*. I have inserted Manly's suggestion in the text.

PARDONER. And I desyer as he hath sayd. 1010

POTYCARY. Procede, and ye shall be obeyed.

PEDLER. Then shall nat iudgement be delayd.

Of all these thre, yf eche mannes tale  
In Poules Church-yard<sup>1</sup> were set on sale  
In some mannes hande that hath the  
sleyghte,<sup>2</sup> 1015

He shulde sure sell these tales by weyght.  
For, as they wey, so be they worth.

But whiche weyth beste? to that now forth!

[To the Potycary.]

Syr, all the tale that ye dyd tell  
I bere in mynde; [to the Pardoner] and yours  
as well; 1020

And, as ye sawe the mater metely,  
So lyed ye bothe well and discretely.  
Yet were your lycs with the lest, truste me!

[To the Potycary.]

For, yf ye had sayd ye had made fle  
Ten tamponys, out of ten womens tayles,  
Ten tymes ten myle, to ten castels or  
iayles, 1026  
And fyll ten ryuers, ten tymes so depe  
As ten of that whiche your castell stones  
dyde kepe,<sup>3</sup> —

[To the Pardoner.]

Or yf ye ten tymes had bodely  
Fet ten soules out of purgatory, 1030  
And ten tymes so many out of hell, —  
Yet, by these ten bonnes,<sup>4</sup> I could ryght  
well

Ten tymes sonner all that haue beleued  
Then the tenth parte of that he hath  
meued.<sup>5</sup>

POTYCARY. Two knaues before i lacketh ii  
knaues of fyue; 1035

Then one, and then one, and bothe knaues  
a-lyue;

Then two, and then two, and thre at a  
cast;<sup>6</sup>

Thou knaue, and thou knaue, and thou  
knaue, at last!

Nay, knaue, yf ye try me by nomber,

<sup>1</sup> The center of the book trade.

<sup>2</sup> The literary skill. <sup>3</sup> Intercept.

<sup>4</sup> Holding up his ten fingers.

<sup>5</sup> Propounded. <sup>6</sup> Reckoning.

I wyll as knauyshly you accomber.<sup>1</sup> 1040  
Your mynde is all on your pruyty tythe,<sup>2</sup>  
For all in ten me thynketh your wit  
lythe.<sup>3</sup>

Now ten tymes I beseche Hym that hye  
syttres

Thy wyfes x commaundementes<sup>4</sup> may  
serch thy v wittes;

Then ten of my tordes in ten of thy  
teth, 1045

And ten on<sup>5</sup> thy nose — whiche euery man  
seth.

And twenty tymes ten this wyshe I  
wolde, —

That thou haddest ben hanged at ten yere  
olde!

For thou goest about to make me a  
slaue.

I wyll thou knowe yt<sup>6</sup> I am a gentylman,  
knaue! 1050

[Points to the Pardoner.]

And here is an other shall take my parte.  
PARDONER. Nay, fyrste I be-shrew your  
knaues herte

Or I take parte in your knauery!

I wyll speke fayre, by Our<sup>7</sup> Lady!

Syr, I beseche your mashyp to be 1055  
As good as ye can be to me.

PEDLER. I wolde be glade to do you good,  
And hym also, be he neuer so wood.<sup>8</sup>

But dout you nat I wyll now do 1059  
The thyng my consciens ledeth me to.

Both your tales I take farre impossyble,

Yet take I his fa[r]ther incredyble.

Nat only the thyng it-selfe alloweth it,  
But also the boldenes therof auoweth it.

[To the Potycary.]

I knowe nat where your tale to trye,<sup>9</sup> 1065

[To the Pardoner.]

Nor yours, but in hell or purgatorye;

But hys boldnes hath faced a lye

That may be tryed euyn in thys companye,  
As, yf ye lyst, to take thys order:

[He points to the audience.]

<sup>1</sup> Overwhelm.

<sup>2</sup> Tithe (tenth) which he expected from the Palmer  
by way of reward.

<sup>3</sup> Lyeth.

<sup>4</sup> M. of.

<sup>5</sup> Mad.

<sup>6</sup> Finger-nails, claws.

<sup>7</sup> M. yf.

<sup>8</sup> M. one.

<sup>9</sup> M. trye (Manly says crye).

Amonge the women in thys border, 1070  
Take thre of the yongest and thre of the  
oldest,

Thre of the hottest and thre of the coldest,  
Thre of the wysest and thre of the shrewdest,

Thre of the chastest and thre of the lewd-  
est,<sup>1</sup>

Thre of the lowest and thre of the hy-  
est, 1075

Thre of the farthest and thre of the nyest,  
Thre of the fayrest and thre of the mad-  
dest,

Thre of the fowlest and thre of the sad-  
dest, —

And when all these threes be had a-sonder,  
Of eche thre, two, iustly by number, 1080  
Shall be founde shrewes — excepte thys fall,  
That ye hap to fynde them shrewes all!

Hym-selfe for trouth all this doth knowe,  
And oft hath tried some of thys rowe;  
And yet he swereth, by his consciens, 1085  
He neuer saw woman breke paciens!

Wherfore, considered with true entente,  
Hys lye to be so euident,  
And to appere so euidently

That both you affirmed it a ly, 1090

And that my consciens so depely  
So depe hath sought thys thyng to try,

And tried it with mynde indyfferent,  
Thus I awarde, by way of iudgement, —  
Of all the lyes ye all haue spent 1095  
Hys lye to be most excellent.

PALMER. Syr, though ye were bounde of  
equyte

To do as ye haue done to me,  
Yet do I thanke you of your payne,

And wyll requyte some parte agayne. 1100

PARDONER. Mary, syr, ye can no les do  
But thanke hym as muche as it cometh to.  
And so wyll I do for my parte:

Now a vengeance on thy knaues harte!  
I neuer knewe pedler a iudge before, 1105  
Nor neuer wyll truste pedlyngc-knaue  
more!

[*The Potycary, as though to fulfill the agree-  
ment of the wager, begins to courtesy to the  
Palmer.*]

What doest thou there, thou horson noddy?

<sup>1</sup> This line is missing in M.; supplied by Collier from Alde's edition, 1569.

POTYCARY. By the masse, lerne to make  
curtesy!

Curtesy before, and curtesy behynde hym,  
And then on eche syde — the deuyll blynde  
hym! 1110

Nay, when I haue it perflytly,  
Ye shall haue the deuyll and all of curtesy!  
But it is nat sone lerned, brother,

One knaue to make curtesy to another.  
Yet, when I am angry, that is the worste,  
I shall call my mayster knaue at the fyrste.

PALMER. Then wolde some mayster per-  
happes clowt <sup>1</sup> ye!

But, as for me, ye nede nat doute ye;  
For I had leuer be without ye  
Then haue suche besynesse aboute ye. 1120

PARDONER. So helpe me God, so were ye  
better!

What, shulde a begger be a ietter? <sup>2</sup>  
It were no whyt your honestie  
To haue vs twayne iet after ye.

POTYCARY. Syr, be ye sure he telleth you  
true. 1125

Yf he shulde wayte, <sup>3</sup> thys wolde ensw:  
It wolde be sayd — truste me at a worde —  
Two knaues made curtesy to the <sup>4</sup> thyrede.

PEDLER [*to the Palmer*]. Now, by my trouth,  
to speke my mynde, —

Syns they be so loth to be assyned, <sup>5</sup> 1130  
To let them lose I thynke it beste,  
And so shall ye lyue beste in rest.

PALMER. Syr, I am nat on them so fonde <sup>6</sup>  
To compell them to kepe theyr bonde.

[*To the Potycary and Palmer.*]

And, syns ye lyst nat to wayte on me, 1135  
I clerely of waytyngc dyscharge ye.

PARDONER. Mary, syr, I hertely thanke  
you!

POTYCARY. And I lyke-wyse, I make God  
auowe!

PEDLER. Now be ye all euyn as ye begoon;  
No man hath loste, nor no man hath  
woon. 1140

Yet in the debate wherwith ye began,  
By waye of aduyse I wyll speke as I can:

[*To the Palmer.*]

<sup>1</sup> Cuff heavily.

<sup>2</sup> Swaggerer, strutter.

<sup>3</sup> Attend as followers.

<sup>4</sup> Manly has a.

<sup>5</sup> Appointed (to the office of attending on the  
Palmer)

<sup>6</sup> Infatuated.

I do perceyue that pylgrymage  
Is chyefe the thyng ye haue in vsage;  
Wherto, in effecte, for loue of Chryst 1145  
Ye haue, or shulde haue, bene entyst.  
And who so doth, with suche entent,  
Doth well declare hys tyme well spent.

[To the Pardoner.]

And so do ye in your pretence,  
If ye procure thus indulgence 1150  
Unto your neyghbours charytably  
For loue of them in God onely. —  
All thys may be ryght well applyed  
To shew<sup>1</sup> you both well occupied;  
For, though ye walke nat bothe one  
waye, 1155

Yet, walkyng thus, thys dare I saye:  
That bothe your walkes come to one ende.  
And so for all that do pretende,  
By ayde of Goddes grace, to ensewe<sup>2</sup>  
Any maner kynde of vertue: 1160  
As, some great almyse for to gyue,  
Some in wyllfull pouertie to lyue,  
Some to make hye-ways and suche other  
warkes,

And some to mayntayne prestes and  
clarkes 1164

To synge and praye for soule departed, —  
These, with all other vertues well marked,  
All-though they be of sondry kyndes,  
Yet be they nat vsed with sondry myndes;  
But, as God only doth all those moue,  
So euery man, onely for His loue, 1170  
With loue and dred obediently  
Worketh in these vertues vnyformely.

Thus euery vertue, yf we lyste to scan,  
Is pleasaunt to God and thankfull to man;  
And who that by grace of the Holy Goste  
To any one vertue is moued moste, 1176  
That man, by that grace, that one apply,  
And therin serue God most plentyfully!  
Yet nat that one so farre wyde to wreste,  
So lykyng the same to myslyke the  
reste; 1180

For who so wresteth hys worke is in vayne.  
And euen in that case I perceyue you  
twayne,

Lykyng your vertue in suche wyse  
That eche others vertue you do dyspyse.  
Who walketh thys way for God wolde  
fynde hym, 1185

<sup>1</sup> M. shewell.

<sup>2</sup> Follow.

The farther they seke hym, the farther be-  
hynde hym.

One kynde of vertue to dyspyse another  
Is lyke as the syster myght hange the  
brother.

POTYCARY. For fere lest suche paretls to  
me myght fall,

I thanke God I vse no vertue at all! 1190

PEDLER. That is of all the very worste  
waye!

For more harde it is, as I haue harde  
saye,

To begynne vertue where none is pre-  
tendyd

Then, where it is begonne, the abuse to be  
mended.

How-be-it, ye be nat all to begynne; 1195

One syne<sup>1</sup> of vertue ye are entred in:

As thys, I suppose ye dyd saye true,

In that ye sayd ye vse no vertue;

In the whiche wordes, I dare well reporte,

Ye are well be-loued of all thys sorte, 1200

By your raylynge here openly

At pardons ond relyques so leudly.

POTYCARY. In that I thynke my faute nat  
great;

For all that he hath I knowe conterfete.

PEDLER. For his, and all other that ye  
knowe fayned, 1205

Ye be nother counceled nor constrayned

To any suche thyng in any suche case

To gyue any reuerence in any suche place;

But where ye dout the truthe, nat know-  
ynge,

Beleuyng the beste, good may be grow-  
ynge. 1210

In iudgyng the beste, no harme at the  
leste,

In iudgyng the worste, no good at the  
beste.

But beste in these thynges, it semeth to  
me,

To take<sup>2</sup> no iudgement vpon ye;

But, as the Church doth iudge or take  
them, 1215

So do ye receyue or forsake them;

And so, be sure, ye can nat erre,

But may be a frutfull folower.

POTYCARY. Go ye before, and, as I am  
true man,

I wyll folow as faste as I can. 1220

<sup>1</sup> Sign.

<sup>2</sup> M. make; emend. by Manly.



**PARDONER.** And so wyll I; for he hath  
sayd so well,  
**Reason** wolde we shulde folowe hys counsell.

*[The Palmer addresses the audience by way  
of Epilogue.]*

**PALMER.** Then to our reason God gyue vs  
his grace,

That we may folowe with fayth so fermely  
His commaundementes, that we maye pur-  
chace 1225

Hys loue, and so consequently  
To byleue hys Church faste and fayth-  
fully;

So that we may, accordyng to his prom-  
yse,

Be kepte out of errour in any wyse.

And all that hath scapet vs here by negly-  
gence, 1230

We clerely reuoke and forsake it.

To passe the tyme in thys without of-  
fence,

Was the cause why the maker dyd make  
it;

And so we humbly besече you take it;

Besechyng Our Lorde to prosper you  
all 1235

In the fayth of hys Church Vniuersall!

FINIS.

Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at  
the sygne of the George by Wylliam  
Myddylton.

# A MERY PLAY BETWENE JOHAN JOHAN, THE HUSBANDE, TYB, HIS WYFE, AND SYR JOHAN, THE PREEST<sup>1</sup>

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOHAN JOHAN, the husband.

TYB, his wife.

SYR JOHAN, the priest.]

### *Johan Johan, the Husbande.*

God spede you, maysters, everychone!  
Wote ye not whyther my wyfe is gone?  
I pray God the dyvell take her!  
For all that I do I can not make her  
But she wyll go a gaddyng, very myche 5  
Lyke an Anthony pyg, with an olde wyche<sup>1</sup>  
Whiche ledeth her about hyther and  
thyther;  
But, by Our Lady, I wote not whyther.  
But, by goggis<sup>2</sup> blod, were she come home  
Unto this, my house, by our lady of Crome,  
I wolde bete her or that I drynke. 11  
Bete her, quod a? yea, that she shall  
stynke!  
And at every stroke lay her on the grounde,  
And trayne her by the here<sup>3</sup> about the  
house rounde.  
I am evyn mad that I bete her not nowe.  
But I shall rewarde her hardly<sup>4</sup> well  
ynowe; 16  
There is never a wyfe betwene heven and hell  
Whiche was ever beten halfe so well.  
Beten, quod a? Yea, but what and she  
therof dye? 19

<sup>1</sup> Witch. St. Anthony was the patron saint of swineherds, and was usually pictured with a pig for his page.

<sup>2</sup> God's.

<sup>3</sup> Drag her by the hair.

<sup>4</sup> With energy.

Then I may chaunce to be hanged shortly.  
And when I have beten her tyll she smoke,  
And gyven her many a C<sup>1</sup> stroke,  
Thynke ye that she wyll amende yet?  
Nay, by Our Lady, the devyll spede whyt!  
Therefore I wyll not bete her at all. 25

And shall I not bete her? No shall?  
Whan she offendeth and doth a-mys,  
And kepeth not her house, as her duetie is?  
Shall I not bete her, if she do so?

Yes, by cockis<sup>2</sup> blood, that shall I do! 30  
I shall bete her, and thwak her, I trow,  
That she shall beshyte the house for very  
wo.

But yet I thynk what my neybour wyll  
say than.

He wyll say thus: "Whom chydest thou,  
Johan Johan?"

"Mary!" wyll I say, "I chyde my curst  
wyfe, 35

The veryest drab that ever bare lyfe,  
Whiche doth nothyng but go and come,  
And I can not make her kepe her at home."  
Than I thynke he wyll say by and by: 3

"Walke her cote,<sup>4</sup> Johan Johan! and bete  
her hardely!" 40

But than unto hym myn answer shal be:  
"The more I bete her, the worse is she:

<sup>1</sup> A hundred.

<sup>2</sup> At once.

<sup>3</sup> God's.

<sup>4</sup> Give her a beating.

<sup>1</sup> Scholars have generally assigned this play to John Heywood, and internal evidence of style supports the attribution. There is no external evidence, however, to connect his name with the production, and one should not ignore the possibility of its having been written by some other member of the minstrel-playwright class.

I have reproduced the copy in the Pepys Collection, Magdalene College, Cambridge, of the earliest edition, printed by William Rastell, 1533. Charles Whittington edited the play for the Chiswick Press, about 1830, from a copy of the same edition in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Mr. A. W. Pollard, in *Representative English Comedies*, 1903, reproduced the Chiswick text corrected by the copy in the Pepys Collection. Unless the variations are due to differences between these two original copies of Rastell's edition, Pollard's reprint is not quite as accurate as modern scholars could wish. I have not been able to see the Ashmolean copy. I have modernized the punctuation, the use of capitals, the use of the letters u, v, i, j, and have added in brackets stage-directions to help the reader in following the action.

And wors and wors make her I shall!"

He wyll say than: "Bete her not at all."  
"And why?" shall I say; "this wolde be  
wyst,<sup>1</sup> 45

Is she not myne to chastice as I lyst?"  
But this is another poynt worst of all, —  
The folkis wyll mocke me whan they here  
me brall.

But, for all that, shall I let<sup>2</sup> therefore  
To chastyce my wyfe ever the more, 50  
And to make her at home for to tary?  
Is not that well done? Yes, by Saynt  
Mary!

That is a poynt of an honest man  
For to bete his wyfe well nowe and than.

Therefore I shall bete her, have ye no  
drede! 55

And I ought to bete her, tyll she be starke  
dede.

And why? By God, bicause it is my  
pleasure!

And if I shulde suffre her, I make you sure,  
Nought shulde prevayle<sup>3</sup> me, nother staffe  
nor waster;<sup>4</sup> 4

Within a whyle she wolde be my mayster.  
Therefore I shall bete her, by cokkes  
mother, 61

Both on the tone syde and on the tother,  
Before and behynde — nought shall be her  
bote —<sup>5</sup> 6

From the top of the heed to the sole of the  
fote.

But, masters, for Goddis sake, do not  
entrete 65

For her whan that she shal be bete;  
But, for Goddis passion, let me alone,  
And I shall thwak her that she shall grone:  
Wherfore I beseche you, and hartely you  
pray,

And I beseche you say me not nay, 70  
But that I may beate her for this ones.

And I shall beate her, by cokkes bones,  
That she shall stynke lyke a pole-kat!  
But yet, by goggis body, that nede nat,  
For she wyll stynke without any betyng; 75  
For every nyght, ones she gyveth me an  
hetyng,<sup>6</sup> 6

From her issueth suche a stynkyng smoke  
That the savour therof almost doth me  
choke.

But I shall bete her nowe, without fayle;  
I shall bete her toppe and taylor, 80  
Heed, shulders, armes, legges, and all,  
I shall bete her, I trowe; that I shall!  
And, by goggis boddy, I tell you trewe,  
I shall bete her tyll she be blacke and  
blewe.

But where the dyvell trowe ye she is  
gon? 85

I holde a noble<sup>1</sup> she is with Syr Johan.  
I fere I am begyled away;

But yet, in fayth, I hope well nay.  
Yet I almost enrage that I ne can

Se the behaviour of our gentylwoman. 90  
And yet, I thinke, thyther as she doth go,  
Many an honest wyfe goth thyther also,  
For to make some pastyme and sporte.

But than my wyfe so ofte doth thyther  
resorte  
That I fere she wyll make me weare a  
fether. 95

But yet I nede not for to fere nether,  
For he is her gossyp, that is he.

But abyde a while! yet let me se!  
Where the dyvell hath our gyspyry<sup>2</sup>  
begon?

My wyfe had never chylde, doughter nor  
son. 100

Nowe if I forbede her that she go no more,  
Yet wyll she go as she dyd before;

Or els wyll she chuse some other place,  
And then the matter is in as yll case.

But, in fayth, all these wordes be in  
wast, 105

For I thinke the matter is done and past.  
And whan she cometh home she wyll  
begyn to chyde;

But she shall have her payment-styk<sup>3</sup> by  
her syde!

For I shall order her, for all her brawlyng,  
That she shall repent to go a catter-  
wawlyng.<sup>4</sup> 110

[Tyb has entered during this speech.]

TYB. Why, whom wyll thou beate, I say,  
thou knave?

JOHAN. Who, I, Tyb? None, so God me  
save.

<sup>1</sup> I wager a noble (a coin, 6s. 8d.).  
<sup>2</sup> Gossipyry, spiritual relationship, here referring to  
sponsorship at the baptism of a child.

<sup>3</sup> Beating.  
<sup>4</sup> Go, like cats, on amorous expeditions.

<sup>1</sup> Known.

<sup>2</sup> Deaist.

<sup>3</sup> Avail.

<sup>4</sup> Club.

<sup>5</sup> Remedy, help.

<sup>6</sup> Heating.

TYB. Yes, I harde the say thou woldest  
one bete.

JOHAN. Mary, wyfe, it was stokfysse<sup>1</sup>  
in Temmes Strete,

Whiche wyll be good meate agaynst Lent.  
Why, Tyb, what haddest thou thought  
that I had ment? 116

TYB. Mary, me-thought I harde the  
bawlyng.

Wylt thou never leve this wawlyng?<sup>2</sup>  
Howe the dyvell dost thou thy selfe behave?  
Shall we ever have this worke, thou  
knaue? 120

JOHAN. What! wyfe, howe sayst thou?  
was it well gest of me,

That thou woldest be come home in safete  
As sone as I had kendled a fyre?

Come warme the, swete Tyb, I the requyre.

TYB. O, Johan, Johan, I am afayrd, by  
this lyght, 125

That I shalbe sore syk this nyght.

JOHAN [aside]. By cokkis soule, nowe, I  
dare lay a swan

That she comes nowe streyght fro Syr  
Johan!

For ever whan she hath fatched of hym  
a lyk,<sup>3</sup>

Than she comes home, and sayth she is  
syk. 130

TYB. What sayst thou?

JOHAN. Mary, I say

It is mete for a woman to go play  
Abrode in the towne for an houre or two.

TYB. Well, gentylman, go to, go to!

JOHAN. Well, let us have no more de-  
bate. 135

TYB [aside]. If he do not fyght, chyde, and  
rate,

Braule, and fare as one that were frantylke,  
There is nothing that may hym lyke.<sup>4</sup>

JOHAN [aside]. If that the parysshe preest,  
Syr Johan,

Dyd not se her nowe and than, 140  
And gyve her absolution upon a bed,  
For wo and payne she wolde sone be  
deed.

TYB. For goddis sake, Johan Johan, do  
the not displease;

Many a tyme I am yll at ease.

<sup>1</sup> Dried fish, too hard to be cooked without beat-  
ing.

<sup>2</sup> Squalling, noise-making.

<sup>3</sup> Pleasure.

<sup>4</sup> Compare to.

What thynkest nowe, am not I somewhat  
syk? 145

JOHAN [aside]. Nowe wolde to God, and  
swete Saynt Dyryk,

That thou warte in the water up to the  
throate,

Or in a burnyng oven red hote,

To se and I wolde pull the out!

TYB. Nowe, Johan Johan, to put the out  
of dout, 150

Imagyn thou where that I was

Before I came home.

JOHAN. My percase,<sup>1</sup>

Thou wast prayenge in the Churche of  
Poules

Upon thy knees for all Chrysten soules.

TYB. Nay.

JOHAN. Than if thou wast not so holy,  
Shewe me where thou wast, and make no  
lyc? 156

TYB. Truly, Johan Johan, we made a  
pye,

I and my gossyp Margery,

And our gossyp the preest, Syr Johan,

And my neybour yongest doughter An.

The preest payde for the stuffe and the  
making, 161

And Margery she payde for the bakyng.

JOHAN [aside]. By cokkis lylly woundis,<sup>2</sup>  
that same is she

That is the most bawde hens to Coventre.

TYB. What say you?

JOHAN. Mary, answer me to this: 165  
Is not Syr Johan a good man?

[TYB.] Yes, that he is.

JOHAN. Ha, Tyb, if I shulde not greve the,  
I have somewhat wherof I wolde meve<sup>3</sup>  
the.

TYB. Well, husbande, nowe I do conject  
That thou hast me somewhat in sus-  
pect. 170

But, by my soule, I never go to Syr Johan

But I fynde hym lyke an holy man;

For eyther he is sayenge his devotion,

Or els he is goynge in processyon.

JOHAN [aside]. Yea, rounde about the bed  
doth he go, 175

You two together, and no mo;

And for to fynyshe the processyon,

He lepech up, and thou lyeest downe.

<sup>1</sup> Maybe (guess).

<sup>2</sup> Exhort, request.

<sup>3</sup> By God's lovely wounde.

TYB. What sayst thou?

JOHAN. Mary, I say he doth well;  
For so ought a shepherde to do, as I harde  
tell, 180

For the salvation of all his folde.

TYB. Johan Johan!

[JOHAN]. What is it that thou wolde?

TYB. By my soule I love thee too too! <sup>1</sup>  
And I shall tell the, or I further go,  
The pye that was made, I have it nowe  
here, 185

And therwith I trust we shall make good  
chere.

JOHAN. By kokkis body, that is very  
happy!

TYB. But wotest who gave it?

JOHAN. What the dyvel rek <sup>2</sup> I?

TYB. By my fayth, and I shall say trewe,  
than:

The Dyvell take me and it were not Syr  
Johan. 190

JOHAN. O, holde the peas, wyfe, and  
swere no more!

[*Aside.*] But I beshrewe both your hartes  
therfore.

TYB. Yet peradventure, thou hast sus-  
pection

Of that that was never thought nor done.

JOHAN. Tusshe, wyfe, let all suche mat-  
ters be. 195

I love thee well, though thou love not me.  
But this pye doth nowe catche harme;  
Let us set it upon the hARTH to warme.

TYB. Than let us eate it as fast as we can.  
But bycause Syr Johan is so honest a  
man, 200

I wolde that he shulde therof eate his part.

JOHAN. That were reason, I thee ensure.

TYB. Than, syns that it is thy pleasure,  
I pray the than go to hym ryght, 204  
And pray hym come sup with us to nyght.

JOHAN [*aside*]. Shall he cum hyther?

By kokkis soule, I was a-curst

When that I graunted to that worde furst!  
But syns I have sayd it I dare not say nay,  
For than my wyfe and I shulde make a  
fray;

But whan he is come, I swere by goddis  
mother, 210

I wold gyve the dyvell the tone to cary  
away the tother!

<sup>1</sup> Exceedingly, overmuch.

<sup>2</sup> Care.

TYB. What sayst?

JOHAN. Mary, he is my curate, I say,  
My confessor, and my frende alway.  
Therefore go thou and seke hym by and by,  
And tyll thou come agayne, I wyll kepe the  
pye. 215

TYB. Shall I go for him! Nay, I shrewe  
me than!

Go thou, and seke, as fast as thou can,  
And tell hym it.

JOHAN. Shall I do so?

In fayth, it is not mete for me to go.

TYB. But thou shalte go tell hym, for all  
that. 220

JOHAN. Than shall I tell hym, wotest  
[thou] <sup>1</sup> what?

That thou desyrest hym to come make  
some chere.

TYB. Nay, that thou desyrest hym to  
come sup here.

JOHAN. Nay, by the rode, wyfe, thou  
shalt have the worshyp  
And the thankes of thy gest that is thy  
gossyp. 225

TYB [*aside*]. Full ofte, I se, my husbande  
wyll me rate

For this hether commyng of our gentyll  
curate.

JOHAN. What sayst, Tyb? Let me here  
that agayne.

TYB. Mary, I perceyve very playne  
That thou hast Syr Johan somewhat in  
suspect; 230

But, by my soule, as far as I coniect,  
He is vertuose and full of charyte.

JOHAN [*aside*]. In fayth, all the towne  
knoweth better — that he

Is a hore-monger, a haunter of the stewes,  
An ypocrite, a knave that all men re-  
fuse, 235

A lyer, a wretche, a maker of stryfe —  
Better than they knowe that thou art my  
good wyfe.

TYB. What is that that thou hast sayde?

JOHAN. Mary, I wolde have the table set  
and layde,

In this place or that, I care not whether.

TYB. Than go to, bryng the trestels <sup>2</sup>  
hyther. 241

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by P.

<sup>2</sup> The table was a board set on trestles; when not  
in use, board and trestles were placed out of the  
way.

JOHAN.<sup>1</sup> Abyde a while, let me put of my gown!

But yet I am afraide to lay it down,  
For I fere it shal be sone stolen.

And yet it may lye safe ynough un-  
stolen. 245

It may lye well here, and I lyst, —

But, by cokkis soule, here hath a dogge  
pyst!

And if I shulde lay it on the harth bare,  
It myght hap to be burned or I were ware.

[To one of the audience.]

Therefore I pray you take ye the payne  
To kepe my gowne tyll I come agayne.

[Snatches it back.]

But yet he shall not have it, by my fay;  
He is so nere the dore he myght ron away.

[To another one of the audience.]

But bycause that ye be trusty and sure,  
Ye shall kepe it, and it be your pleas-  
ure; 255

And bycause it is arrayde<sup>2</sup> at the skyrt,  
Whyle ye do nothyng, skrape of the dyrt.

[He turns to his wife.]

Lo, nowc am I redy to go to Syr Johan,  
And byd hym come as fast as he can.

[TYB.] Ye, do so without ony taryeng.

[As he reaches the door she calls him back.]

But, I say, harke! thou hast forgot one  
thyng: 261

Set up the table, and that by and by.<sup>3</sup>

[Johan returns and sets the boards on the  
trestles.]

Nowc go thy ways.

JOHAN. I go shortly;

But se your candelstykkis be not out of the  
way.

TYB [as he reaches the door]. Come agayne,  
and lay the table I say. 265

[He returns and lays the table.]

What! me thynkis, ye have sone don!

JOHAN. Nowe I pray God that his mal-  
ediction

Lyght on my wyfe, and on the baulde<sup>1</sup>  
preest!

TYB. Nowe go thy ways, and hye the!  
seest?

[Johan starts out.]

JOHAN. I pray to Christ, if my wyshe be  
no synne, 270

That the preest may breke his neck whan  
he comes in.

TYB [as he reaches the door]. Now cum  
agayn!

JOHAN. What a myschefe wyll thou, fole!

TYB. Mary, I say, brynge hether yender  
stole.

JOHAN. Nowe go to! A lyttell wolde  
make me

For to say thus: "A vengauce take  
the!" 275

[He brings her the stool.]

TYB. Nowe go to hym, and tell hym  
playn

That tyll thou brynge hym thou wyll not  
come agayn.

JOHAN. This pye doth borne here as it  
doth stande.

[He starts out.]

TYB [as he reaches the door]. Go, washe  
me these two cuppes in my hande.

[He washes the cups, and brings them to her.]

JOHAN. I go, with "a myschyefe lyght on  
thy face!" 280

TYB. Go, and byd hym hyc hym a-pace;  
And the whyle I shall all thynges amende.

JOHAN. This pye burneth here at this ende.  
Understandest thou?

TYB. Go thy ways, I say!

JOHAN. I wyll go nowe, as fast as I may.

[Johan starts out.]

TYB [as he reaches the door]. How! come  
ones agayne: I had forgot. 286

Loke, and there be ony ale in the pot.

JOHAN. Nowe, a vengauce and a very  
myschyefe

<sup>1</sup> Bald (with shaven crown)

<sup>1</sup> R. assigns this speech to Johan, rightly, as it seems to me. Pollard assigns it to Tyb. What has happened is that the marginal catch-names at lines 260 and 263 have been carelessly set by a printer confounded by the paragraph signs.

<sup>2</sup> Soiled with dirt.

<sup>3</sup> Instantly.

Lyght on the pylde <sup>1</sup> preest, and on my wyfe,  
 On the pot, the ale, and on the table, 290  
 The candyll, the pye, and all the rable,  
 (On the trystels, and on the stole!  
 It is moche ado to please a curst fole.

*[He fills the pot with ale.]*

TYB. Go thy ways now; and tary no more,  
 For I am a-hungred very sore. 295

JOHAN. Mary, I go.

TYB *[as he reaches the door]*. But come ones agayne yet!

Brynge hyther that breade, lest I forget it.

*[He brings the bread.]*

JOHAN. I-wys, it were tyme for to torne  
 The pye; for, y-wys, it doth borne.

TYB. Lorde! how my husbände nowe doth patter, 300

And of the pye styl doth clatter.

Go nowe, and byd hym come away;

I have byd the an hundred tymes to day.

JOHAN. I wyll not gyve a strawe, I tell  
 • you playne,

If that the pye waxe cold agayne — 305

TYB. What! art thou not gone yet out of this place?

I had went <sup>2</sup> thou haddest ben come agayne  
 in the space!

But, by cokkis soule, and I shulde do the  
 ryght,

I shulde breke thy knaves heed to nyght.

JOHAN. Nay, than, if my wyfe be set a  
 chydyng, 310

It is tyme for me to go at her byddyng.

There is a proverbe, whiche trewe nowe  
 preveth:

“He must nedes go that the dyvell dry-  
 veth.”

*[He arrives at the Priest's house.]*

How, mayster curate, may I come in 314  
 At your chamber dore without ony syn?

*Syr Johan, the preest.*

Who is there nowe that wolde have  
 me?

What! Johan Johan! What newes with  
 the?

<sup>1</sup> Bald, shaven.

<sup>2</sup> Thought.

JOHAN. Mary, Syr, to tell you shortly,  
 My wyfe and I pray you hartely,  
 And eke desyre you wyth all our myght,  
 That ye wolde come and sup with us to  
 nyght. 321

Syr J. Ye must pardon me; in fayth I ne  
 can.

JOHAN. Yes, I desyre you, good Syr  
 Johan,

Take payne this ones. And, yet at the  
 lest,

If ye wyll do nought at my request, 325  
 Yet do somewhat for the love of my wyfe.

Syr J. I wyll not go, for makynge of stryfe.  
 But I shall tell the what thou shalte do, —  
 Thou shalt tary, and sup with me or thou  
 go.

JOHAN. Wyll ye not go than? Why  
 so? 330

I pray you tell me, is there any dysdayne,  
 Or ony enmyte, betwene you twayne?

Syr J. In fayth, to tell the, betwene the  
 and me,

She is as wyse a woman as any may be.

I know it well; for I have had the charge  
 Of her soule, and serchyd her conscyens at  
 large. 336

I never knew her but honest and wyse,  
 Without any yvyll or any vyce,  
 Save one faut — I know in her no more —  
 And because I rebuke her now and then  
 therfore, 340

She is angre with me, and hath me in hate.  
 And yet that that I do, I do it for your  
 welth.<sup>1</sup>

JOHAN. Now God yeld it yow,<sup>2</sup> god mas-  
 ter curate,

And as ye do, so send you your helth.

Ywys, I am bound to you a plesure. 345

Syr J. Yet thou thynkyst amys, perad-  
 venture,

That of her body she shuld not be a good  
 woman.

But I shall tell the what I have done,  
 Johan,

For that matter; she and I be somtyme  
 aloft,

And I do lye uppon her many a tyme and  
 oft 350

To prove her; yet could I never espy  
 That ever any dyd worse with her I.

<sup>1</sup> Profit, advantage.

<sup>2</sup> Reward you for it.

JOHAN. Syr, that is the lest care I have of  
nyne,

Thankyd be God, and your good doctryne.  
But, yf it please you, tell me the mat-  
ter,

And the debate <sup>1</sup> betwene you and her. 355

Syr J. I shall tell the; but thou must kepe  
secret.

JOHAN. As for that, Syr, I shall not let.<sup>2</sup>

Syr J. I shall tell the now the matter  
playn:

She is angry with me, and hath me in  
dysdayn, 360

Because that I do her oft intyce

To do some penaunce, after myne advyse,

Because she wyll never leve her wrawlyng,<sup>3</sup>

But alway with the she is chydng and  
brawlyng.

And therfore, I knowe, she hatyth my <sup>4</sup>  
presens. 365

JOHAN. Nay, in good feyth, savyng your  
reverens.

Syr J. I know very well she hath me in  
hate.

JOHAN. Nay, I dare swere for her, master  
curate.

[*Aside.*] But, was I not a very knave!  
I thought surely, so God me save, 370

That h<sup>5</sup> had lovdyd my wyfe for to desceyve  
me.

And now he quythyth <sup>6</sup> hym-self; and here  
I se

He doth as much as he may, for his lyfe,  
To stynte <sup>7</sup> the debate betwene me and my  
wyfe.

Syr J. If ever she dyd, or though[t] me  
any yll, 375

Now I forgyve her with my <sup>7</sup> fre wyll.

Therefore, Johan Johan, now get the home;

And thank thy wyfe, and say, I wyll not  
come.

JOHAN. Yet let me know now, good Syr  
Johan,

Where ye wyll go to supper than. 380

Syr J. I care nat greatly and I tell the.

On Saturday last I and ii or thre

Of my frendes made an appoyntement,

And agaynst this nyght we dyd assent

That in a place we wolde sup together. 385

And one of them sayd, [s]he wolde brynge  
thether

Ale and bread; and for my parte, I

Sayd that I wolde gyve them a pye, —

And there I gave them money for the  
makinge;

And an-other sayd, she wolde pay for the  
bakyng; 390

And so we purpose to make good chere

For to dryve away care and thought.

JOHAN. Than I pray you, Syr, tell me  
here,

Whyther shulde all this geare be brought?

Syr J. By my fayth, and I shulde not  
lye, 395

It shulde be delyvered to thy wyfe, the pye.

JOHAN. By God! it is at my house stand-  
yng by the fyre.

Syr J. Who bespake that pye? I the  
requyre.

JOHAN. By my feyth, and I shall not lye:  
It was my wyfe, and her gossyp Mar-  
gerye, 400

And your good masshypp callyd Syr Johan,

And my neyhours yongest doughter An;

Your masshypp payde for the stufte and

making,

And Margery she payde for the bakyng.

Syr J. If thou wylte have me now, in  
faithe I wyll go. 405

JOHAN. Ye, mary, I beseeche your masshypp  
do so.

My wyfe taryeth for none but us twayne;

She thynketh longe or I come agayne.

Syr J. Well now, if she chyd me in thy  
presens 409

I wylbe content, and take [it] <sup>1</sup> in pacyens.

JOHAN. By cokkis soule, and she ones  
chyde,

Or frowne, or loure, or loke asyde,

I shall brynge you a staffe, as myche as I  
may heve. <sup>2</sup>

Than bete her, and spare not! I gyve you  
good leve

To chastyce her for her shreude varyeng.<sup>3</sup>

[*They return to Johan's house.*] <sup>4</sup>

TYB. The devyll take the for thy long  
taryeng! 416

Here is not a whyt of water, by my gowne,

<sup>1</sup> Contention, quarrel.

<sup>2</sup> Squalling (in quarrels).

<sup>3</sup> Freeth.

<sup>4</sup> Omit to do.

<sup>5</sup> R. me.

<sup>6</sup> R. me.

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by P.

<sup>2</sup> Wicked quarreling.

<sup>3</sup> As big as I may lift.

<sup>4</sup> Added by P.



To washe our handis that we myght syt  
downe.<sup>1</sup>

Go, and hye the as fast as a snayle, 419  
And with fayre water fyll me this payle.

JOHAN. I thanke our Lorde of his good  
grace

That I can not rest longe in a place!

TYB. Go, fetch water, I say, at a worde,  
For it is tyme the pye were on the borde;  
And go with a vengeance, and say thou art  
prayde. 425

[*Johan takes the pail and starts out.*]

SYR J. A, good gossyp! is that well sayde?

TYB. Welcome, myn owne swete harte!  
We shall make some chere or we departe.<sup>2</sup>

JOHAN. Cokkis soule, loke howe he ap-  
procheth nere

Unto my wyfe! This abateth my chere.

[*Exit Johan with the pail.*]

SYR J. By God, I wolde ye had harde the  
tryfys, 431

The toys, the mokkes, the fables, and the  
nyfys,<sup>3</sup>

That I made thy husbände to beleve and  
thynke!

Thou myghtest as well into the erthe synke,  
As thou coudest forbear laughyng any  
whyte. 435

TYB. I pray the, let me here parte of that  
whyte.<sup>4</sup>

SYR J. Mary, I shall tell the as fast as I  
can —

But peas! no more; yonder cometh thy  
good man.

[*Re-enter Johan.*]

JOHAN. Cokkis soule, what have we  
here!

As far as I sawe, he drewe very nere 440  
Unto my wyfe.

TYB. What, art come so sone?  
Gyve us water to wasshe now; have  
done.

*Than he bryngeth the payle empty.*

JOHAN. By kockes soule, it was even  
nowe full to the brynk,

<sup>1</sup> It was customary to wash the hands immediately before eating.

<sup>2</sup> Separate.

<sup>3</sup> Fictitious tales.

<sup>4</sup> Wile, stratagem.

But it was out agayne or I coude thynke;  
Wherof I marveled, by God Almyght.

And than I loked betwene me and the  
lyght, 446

And I spyed a clyfte, bothe large and  
wyde.

Lo, wyfe! here it is on the tone syde.

TYB. Why dost not stop it?

JOHAN. Why, howe shall I do it?

TYB. Take a lytle wax.

JOHAN. Howe shal I come to it? 450

SYR J. Mary, here be ii wax candyls, I  
say,

Whiche my gossyp Margery gave me  
yesterday.

TYB. Tussh, let hym alone; for, by the  
rode,

It is pyte to helpe hym, or do hym  
good.

SYR J. What! Johan Johan, canst thou  
make no shyfte? 455

Take this waxe, and stop therwith the  
clyfte.

JOHAN. This waxe is as harde as any  
wyre.

TYB. Thou must chafe it a lytle at the  
fyre.

JOHAN. She that boughte the these waxe  
candelles twayne,

She is a good companyon certayn! 460

[*Johan goes to the fire to mend the pail.*]

TYB. What, was it not my gossyp  
Margery?

SYR J. Yes; she is a blessed woman,  
surely.

TYB. Nowe wolde God I were as good as  
she,

For she is vertuous, and full of charyte.

JOHAN [*aside*]. Nowe, so God helpe me,  
and by my hollydome,<sup>1</sup> 465

She is the errant baud betwene this and  
Rome.

TYB. What sayst?

JOHAN. Mary, I chafe the wax,  
And I chafe it so hard that my fynghers  
krakks.

But take up this py that I here torne;  
And it stand long, y-wys, it wyll borne.

TYB [*removing the pie*]. Ye, but thou must  
chafe the wax, I say. 471

<sup>1</sup> Anything sacred; much used in oaths.

[*Johan approaches the table.*]

JOHAN. Byd hym syt down, I the pray —  
Syt down, good Syr Johan, I you requyre.

TYB. Go, I say, and chafe the wax by the  
fyre,

Whyle that we sup, Syr Johan and I. 475

JOHAN. And how now! what wyll ye do  
with the py?

Shall I not ete therof a morsell?

TYB. Go, and chafe the wax whyle thou  
art well!

And let us have no more pratyng thus.

[*Syr Johan starts to say grace.*]

SYR J. *Benedicite* —

JOHAN [*approaching*]. *Dominus.* 480

TYB. Now go chafe the wax, with a  
myschyfe!

JOHAN. What! I come to blysse the  
bord, swete wyfe.

It is my custome now and than.

Mych good do it you, Master Syr Johan.

TYB. Go chafe the wax, and here no  
lenger tary. 485

[*Johan returns to the fire.*]

JOHAN [*aside*]. And is not this a very  
purgatory —

To se folkis ete, and may not ete a byt?

By kokkis soule, I am a very wodeok.

This payle here, now a vengeaunce take it!

Now my wyfe gyveth me a proud mok! 490

TYB [*eating*]. What dost?

JOHAN. Mary, I chafe the wax here,

And I ymagyn to make you good chere —

[*Aside.*] That a vengeaunce take you both  
as ye syt;

For I know well I shall not ete a byt.

But yet, in feyth, yf I myght ete one  
morsell, 495

I wold thynk the matter went very well.

SYR J. [*eating*]. Gossyp Johan Johan, now  
"mych good do it you!"

What chere make you, there by the fyre?

JOHAN. Master parson; I thank yow now,

I fare well inow after myne own desyre.

SYR J. What dost, Johan Johan, I the  
requyre? 501

JOHAN. I chafe the wax here by the fyre.

TYB. Here is good drynk! and here is a  
good py!

SYR J. We fare very well, thankyd be Our  
Lady.

TYB. Loke how the kokold chafyth the  
wax that is hard, 505

And, for his lyfe, daryth not loke hether-  
ward.

SYR J. [*to Johan*]. What doth my gossyp?

JOHAN. I chafe the wax —

[*Aside.*] And I chafe it so hard that my  
fyngers krakkes;

And eke the smoke puttyth out my eyes  
two:

I burne my face, and ray my clothys also,  
And yet I dare not say one word; 511

And they syt laughyng yender at the bord.

TYB. Now, by my trouth, it is a prety  
jape,<sup>1</sup>

For a wyfe to make her husband her ape.

Loke of Johan Johan, which maketh hard  
shyft 515

To chafe the wax, to stop therewith the  
clyft!

JOHAN [*aside*]. Ye, that a vengeaunce take  
ye both two,

Both hym and the, and the and hym, also!

And that ye may choke with the same  
mete

At the furst mursell that ye do ete. 520

TYB. Of what thyng now dost thou clat-  
ter,<sup>2</sup>

Johan Johan? or whereof dost thou patter?

JOHAN. I chafe the wax, and make hard  
shyft

To stopt her-with of the payll the ryft.

SYR J. So must he do, Johan Johan, by  
my father kyn, 525

That is bound of wedlok in the yoke.

JOHAN [*aside*]. Loke how the pyld preest  
crammyth in;

That wold to God he myght therewith  
choke!

TYB. Now, Master Parson, pleasyth your  
goodnes

To tell us some tale of myrth or sadnes 530

For our pastyme, in way of communycay-  
cyon?

SYR J. I am content to do it for our recre-  
acyon;

And of iii myracles I shall to you say.

<sup>1</sup> Jest.

<sup>2</sup> R. misprints *clatier*; at line 523 *thafe* for *chafe*; at  
line 600 *notwithstandyng*; and at line 661 *nonght*.

JOHAN. What! must I chafe the wax all day,

And stond here, rostyng by the fyre? 535

Syr J. Thou must do somwhat at thy wyves desyre.

I know a man whych weddyd had a wyfe, —

As fayre a woman as ever bare lyfe, —

And within a senyght after, ryght sone,

He went beyond se, and left her alone, 540

And taryed there about a vii yere.

And as he cam homeward he had a hevy chere,

For it was told hym that she was in heven.

But when that he comen home agayn was,

He found his wyfe, and with her chyldren sene, 545

Whiche she had had in the mene space —

Yet had she not had so many by thre

Yf she had not had the help of me.

Is not this a myracle, yf ever were any,

That this good wyfe shuld have chyldren so many 550

Here in this town, whyle her husband shuld be

Beyond the se, in a farre contre?

JOHAN [*aside*]. Now, in good soth, this is a wonderous myracle!

But for your labour, I wolde that your tacle

Were in a skaldyng water well sod.<sup>1</sup> 555

Tyb. Peace, I say; thou lettest the worde of God.

Sir J. An other myracle eke I shall you say,

Of a woman whiche that many a day

Had ben wedded, and in all that season

She had no chylde, nother doughter nor son. 560

Wherefore to Saynt Modwin she went on pilgrimage,

And offered there a lyve pyg, as is the usage

Of the wyves that in London dwell;

And through the vertue therof, truly to tell,

Within a moneth after, ryght shortly, 565

She was delyvered of a chylde as moche as I.

How say you, is not this myracle wonderous?

JOHAN. Yes, in good soth, syr, it is marvelous.

<sup>1</sup> Boiled.

But surely, after myn opynyon,

That chylde was nother doughter nor son.

For certaynly, and I be not begylde, 571

She was delyvered of a knave<sup>1</sup> chylde.

Tyb. Peas, I say, for Goddis passyon!

Thou lettest Syr Johans communication.

Sir J. The thyrd myracle also is this:

I knewe another woman eke, y-wys, 576

Whiche was wedded, and within v monthis after

She was delyvered of a fayre doughter,

As well formed in every membre and joynt,

And as perfyte in every poynt, 580

As though she had gone v monthis full to th' ende.

Lo! here is v monthis of advantage.

JOHAN. A wonderous myracle, so God me mende!

I wolde eche wyfe that is bounde in marriage,

And that is wedded here within this place, Myght have as quicke spede in every suche

case. 586

Tyb. Forsoth, Syr Johan, yet for all that

I have sene the day that pus, my cat,

Hath had in a yere kytlyns eyghtene.

JOHAN. Ye, Tyb my wyfe, and that have I sene. 590

But howe say you, Syr Johan, was it good, your pyc?

The dyvell the morsell that therof eate I.

By the good Lorde, this is a piteous warke.

But nowe I se well the olde proverbe is treu:

"The parysshe preest forgetteth that ever he was clarke!" 595

But, Syr Johan, doth not remembre you

How I was your clerke, and holpe you masse to syng,

And hylde the basyn alway at the offryng?

Ye<sup>2</sup> never had halfe so good a clarke as I!

But, notwithstanding all this, nowe our pyc 600

Is eaten up, there is not lefte a byt;

And you two together there do syt,

Eatynge and drynkyng at your owne desyre,

And I am Johan Johan, whiche must stande by the fyre

Chafyng the wax, and dare none other wyse do. 605

<sup>1</sup> Male (with pun).

<sup>2</sup> P. prints *He*.

SYR J. And shall we alway syt here styll,  
we two?

That were to mych.

TYB. Then ryse we out of this place.

SYR J. And kys me than in the stede of  
grace.<sup>1</sup>

And farewell, leman,<sup>2</sup> and my love so dere.

JOHAN. Cokkis body, this waxe it waxte  
colde agayn here. 610

But what! shall I anone go to bed,  
And eate nothyng, nother meate nor brede?  
I have not be wont to have suche fare.

TYB. Why! were ye not served there as ye  
are,

Chafyng the waxe, standing by the  
fyre? 615

JOHAN. Why, what mete gave ye me, I  
you requyre?

SIR J. Wast thou not served, I pray the  
hartely,

Both with the brede, the ale, and the pye?

JOHAN. No, syr, I had none of that fare.

TYB. Why! were ye not served there as ye  
are, 620

Standing by the fyre chafyng the waxe?

JOHAN [*aside*]. Lo, here be many tryfys  
and knakks —

By kokkis soule, they wene I am other  
dronke or mad!

TYB. And had ye no meate, Johan Johan?  
no had?

JOHAN. No, Tyb my wyfe, I had not a  
whyte. 625

TYB. What, not a morsel?

JOHAN. No, not one byt.

For honger, I trowe, I shall fall in a sowne.<sup>3</sup>

SIR J. O, that were pyte, I swere by my  
crowne.

TYB. But is it trewe?

JOHAN. Ye, for a surete.

TYB. Dost thou ly?

JOHAN. No, so mote I the! <sup>4</sup> 630

TYB. Hast thou had nothyng?

JOHAN. No, not a byt.

TYB. Hast thou not dronke?

JOHAN. No, not a whyt.

TYB. Where wast thou?

JOHAN. By the fyre I dyd stande.

TYB. What dydyst?

JOHAN. I chafed this waxe in my hande,  
Where-as I knewe of wedded men the  
payne 635

That they have, and yet dare not com-  
playne;

For the smoke put out my eyes two,  
I burned my face, and rayde my clothes  
also,

Mendying the payle, whiche is so rotten and  
olde 639

That it wyll not skant together holde.

And syth it is so, and syns that ye twayn  
Wold gyve me no meate for my suffys-  
aunce,

By kokis soule, I wyll take no lenger  
payn!

Ye shall do all your-self, with a very  
vengaunce,

For me. And take thou there thy payle  
now, 645

And yf thou canst mend it, let me se how.

[*Hurls the pail to the floor.*]

TYB. A! horson knave! hast thou brok  
my payll?

Thou shalt repent, by kokis lylly nayll.<sup>1</sup>

Rech me my dystaf, or my clypppyng-  
sherys!

I shall make the blood ronne about his  
erys. 650

[*Johan takes up a shovel full of coals.*]

JOHAN. Nay, stand styll, drab, I say, and  
come no nere;

For, by kokkis blood, yf thou come here,  
Or yf thou onys styrt toward this place,

I shall throw this shovyll full of colys in thy  
face.

TYB. Ye! horson dryvyll! get the out of  
my dore! 655

JOHAN. Nay! get thou <sup>2</sup> out of my house,  
thou prestis hore!

SIR J. Thou lyest, horson kokold, evyn to  
thy face!

JOHAN. And thou lyest, pyld preest, with  
an evyll grace!

TYB. And thou lyest!

JOHAN. And thou lyest!

SYR J. And thou lyest agayn!

<sup>1</sup> The grace at the end of the meal.

<sup>2</sup> Sweetheart. <sup>3</sup> Swoon.

<sup>4</sup> May I thrive.

<sup>1</sup> By God's lovely nail (alluding either to the nails  
used in the crucifixion, or to the fingers).

<sup>2</sup> R. thy. P. prints thou without note.

JOHAN. By kokkis soule, horson preest,  
thou shalt be slayn. 660

Thou hast cate our pye, and gyve me  
nought.

By kokkes blod, it shalbe full derely  
bought!

TYB. At hym, Syr Johan, or els God gyve  
the sorow.

JOHAN. And have at you,<sup>1</sup> hore and thefe,  
Saynt George to borrow!<sup>2</sup>

*Here they fyght by the crys a whyle, and  
than the preest and the wyfe go out of the  
place.*

JOHAN. A! syrs! I have payd some of  
them even as I lyst. 665

They have borne many a blow with my  
fyst.

<sup>1</sup> R. *your*.

<sup>2</sup> Saint George speed me!

I thank God, I have walkyd them well,  
And dryven them hens. But yet, can ye  
tell

Whether they be gô? For, by God, I fere  
me

That they be gon together, he and she, 670  
Unto his chamber; and perhappys she  
wyll,

Spyte of my hart, tary there styll;  
And, peradventure, there he and she  
Wyll make me cokold, evyn to anger me.  
And then had I a pyg in the woyrs pan-  
yer! <sup>1</sup> 675

Therefore, by God, I wyll hye me thyder  
To se yf they do me any vylany.

And thus, fare well this noble company!  
[Exit Johan Johan after his wife and the  
priest.]

<sup>1</sup> In the worse basket.

# FINIS

Impryntyd by Wyllyam Rastell the xii day  
of February the yere of our Lord

MCCCCC and xxxiii.

*Cum privilegio.*

THE PLAY OF THE WETHER<sup>1</sup>A NEW AND A VERY MERY ENTERLUDE OF ALL MANER  
WETHERS*Made by* JOHN HEYWOOD

## THE PLAYERS NAMES

IUPITER, a god.  
MERY-REPORT, the vyce.  
THE GENTYLMAN.  
THE MARCHAUNT.  
THE RANGER.

THE WATER-MYLLER.  
THE WYNDE-MYLLER.  
THE GENTYLOWMAN.  
THE LAUNDER.  
A BOY, the lest that can play.

*[Jupityer speaks from his throne.]*

JUPYTER. Ryght farre to longe, as now,  
were to recyte  
The<sup>1</sup> aunceynt estate wherein our selfe  
hath reyned,  
What honour, what laude, gyven us of very  
ryght,  
What glory we have had, dewly unfayned,  
Of eche creature, whych dewty hath con-  
strayned. 5  
For above all goddes, syns our fathers  
fale,<sup>2</sup>  
We, Iupiter, were ever pryncypale.

If we so have ben — as treuth yt is in-  
dede —  
Beyond the compas of all comparyson,  
Who coude presume to shew, for any  
mede,<sup>3</sup> 10

<sup>1</sup> A. *That*.<sup>2</sup> The fall of Saturn.<sup>3</sup> Reward, recompense.

So that yt myght appere to humayne  
reason  
The hye renowme we stande in at this  
season?  
For, syns that heven<sup>1</sup> and erth were fyrste  
create,  
Stode we never in suche tryumphaunt  
estate 14

As we now do. Whereof we woll reporte  
Suche parte as we se mete for tyme present,  
Chyefely concernynge your perpetuall con-  
forte,  
As the thyng selfe shall prove in expery-  
ment;  
Whyche hyely shall bynde you, on knees  
lowly bent,  
Soolly to honour oure hyenes, day by  
day. 20  
And now to the mater gyve eare, and we  
shall say:

<sup>1</sup> R. *heven*.<sup>1</sup> For a notice of the author, and date, see page 367, note 1.

The first edition was issued by William Rastell in 1533. The printer seems to have had excellent copy (possibly the author's own manuscript), and his text is unusually good. An undated edition, attributed to Robert Wyer, was printed from Rastell's edition; and another, by Anthony Kytson (without date, but between 1549 and 1579) was printed from Wyer. These two later editions have no textual value. In 1906 there was discovered in Ireland still another edition, printed by John Awdeley (without date, but between 1559 and 1575). My collation shows this to be perhaps the poorest of all the editions; innumerable errors are introduced by a slovenly type-setter, and at times whole lines are dropped.

I have reproduced Rastell's edition of 1533 (R.). Mr. A. W. Pollard's reprint (P.) of the same copy of this edition, in *Representative English Comedies*, 1903, is very unsatisfactory, due, probably, to the initial troubles he had in securing copy, and to the difficulty of reading proof in a book printed across the ocean. Only occasionally have I noted readings from the edition by Awdeley (A.). I have modernized the punctuation, and the use of the letters *u* and *v*; and I have normalised the catch-names of the speakers.

Before our presens, in our hye parlyament,  
Both goddes and goddesses of all degrees  
Hath late assembled, by comen assent,  
For the redres of certayne enormytees, 25  
Bred amonge them thorow extremytees  
Abusyd in eche to other of them all;  
Namely, to purpose, in these moste spe-  
cycall:

Our forsayde father Saturne, and Phebus,  
Eolus, and Phebe, these four <sup>1</sup> by name,  
Whose natures not onely so farre contrary-  
ous, 31

But also of malyce eche other to defame,  
Have longe tyme abused, ryght farre out of  
frame,

The dew course of all theyr constellacyons,  
To the great damage of all yerthly na-  
cyons. 35

Whyche was debated in place sayde be-  
fore;

And fyrste (as became), our father, moste  
auncyent,

With berde whyte as snow, his lockes both  
colde and hore,

Hath entred <sup>2</sup> such mater as served his en-  
tent,<sup>3</sup>

Laudynge his frosty mansyon in the fyрма-  
ment, 40

To ayre and yerth as thynges moste pre-  
cycous,

Pourgyng all humours that are conta-  
gyous.

How-be-yt, he alledgeth that of longe tyme  
past

Lyttell hath prevayled his great dyligens.  
Full oft upon yerth his fayre frost he hath  
cast, 45

All thynges hurtfull to banysh out of  
presens;

But Phebus, entendynge to kepe hym in  
sylens,

When he hath labored all nyght in his  
powres,<sup>4</sup>

His glarynge beamys maryth all in two  
howres.

<sup>1</sup> Representing cold, heat, wind, and rain respec-  
tively

<sup>2</sup> Introduced (entered upon record).

<sup>3</sup> Purpose.

<sup>4</sup> Powers (i.e. spreading frost and snow).

Phebus to this made no maner answer-  
ynge. 50

Whereuppon they both then Phebe defyed.  
Eche for his parte leyd in her reprovyng  
That by her shewes superfluous they have  
tried<sup>1</sup>

In all that she may theyr powres be de-  
nyed.

Wherunto Phebe made answer no more  
Then Phebus to Saturne hadde made be-  
fore. 56

Anone uppon Eolus all these dyd fle,  
Complaynyng theyr causes, eche one  
arow,<sup>2</sup>

And sayd, to compare none was so evyll as  
he;

For, when he is dysposed his blastes to  
blow, 60

He suffereth neyther sone-shyne, rayne,  
nor snow.

They eche agaynste other, and he agaynste  
all thre —

Thus can these iiii in no maner agre!

Whyche sene in themselfe, and further con-  
syderynge,

The same to redres was cause of theyr as-  
semble. 65

And also — that we evermore beyng,  
Besyde our puysaunt power of deite,  
Of wysedome and nature so noble and so  
fre,

From all extremytees the meane devyd-  
ynge,

To pease and plente eche thynges attemper-  
ynge — 70

They have, in conclusyon, holly surrendryd  
Into our handes, as mych as concernynge

All maner wethers by them engendryd,  
The full of theyr powrs, for terme everlast-  
ynge,

To set suche order as standyth wyth our  
pleasyng; 75

Whyche thynges, as of our parte no parte re-  
quyred,

But of all theyr partys ryght humbly de-  
syred

To take uppon us; wherto we dyd assente.

<sup>1</sup> Found by experience.

<sup>2</sup> In turn.

And so in all thynges, wyth one voyce agree-  
able,

We have clerely fynysht our foresayd  
parlament, 80

To your great welth,<sup>1</sup> whyche shall be  
fyrme and stable,

And to our honour farre inestymable;  
For syns theyr powers, as ours, addyd to  
our owne,

Who can, we say, know us as we shulde be  
knowne?

But now, for fyne,<sup>2</sup> the rest of our entent  
Wherfore, as now, we hyther are dy-  
scendyd 86

Is onely to satsysfe and content  
All maner people whyche have ben of-  
fendyd

By any wether mete to be amendyd;  
Uppon whose complayntes, declarynge  
theyr grefe, 90

We shall shape remedy for theyr relefe.

And to gyve knowledge for theyr hyther  
resorte

We wolde thys afore proclaymed to be  
To all our people, by some one of thys  
sorte,<sup>3</sup>

Whom we lyste to choyse here amongst  
all ye. 95

Wherfore eche man avaunce, and we shal  
se

Whyche of you is moste mete to be our  
cryer.

*Here entreth Mery-reporte.<sup>4</sup>*

MERY-REPORT. Brother, holde up your  
torche a lytell hyer!<sup>5</sup>

Now, I beseche you, my lorde, loke on me  
furste.

I truste your lordshyp shall not fynde me  
the wurste. 100

JUPYTER. Why! what arte thou that ap-  
prochyst so ny?

MERY-REPORT. Forsothe, and please  
your lordshyppe, it is I.

JUPYTER. All that we knowe very well;  
but what I?

<sup>1</sup> Profit.

<sup>2</sup> To conclude.

<sup>3</sup> The audience.

<sup>4</sup> Presumably he came from the audience.

<sup>5</sup> Addressed to one of the torch-bearers on the stage.

MERY-REPORT. What I? Some saye I  
am I perse I.<sup>1</sup>

But, what maner I so ever be I, 105  
I assure your good lordshyp, I am I.

JUPYTER. What maner man arte thou,  
shewe quickely!

MERY-REPORT. By god! a poore gentyl-  
man, dwellyth here by.

JUPYTER. A gentylman! Thyselfe bryng-  
eth wytnes naye,

Bothe in thy lyght behaviour and araye. 110  
But what arte thou called where thou dost  
resorte?

MERY-REPORT. Forsoth, my lorde,  
Mayster Mery-reporte.

JUPYTER. Thou arte no mete man in our  
bysynes,

For thyne apparence ys of to mych lyght-  
nes.

MERY-REPORT. Why, can not your lord-  
shyp lyke my maner, 115

Myne apparell, nor my name nother?

JUPYTER. To nother of all we have devo-  
cyon.

MERY-REPORT. A proper lycklyhod of  
promocyon!

Well, than, as wyse as ye seme to be,  
Yet can ye se no wysdome in me. 120

But syns ye dyspraise me for so lyghte an  
elfe,

I praye you gyve me leve to prayse my-  
selfe.

And, for the fyrste parte, I wyll begyn  
In my behaviour at my commynge in;

Wherin I thynke I have lytell offendyd, 125  
For, sewer, my curtesy coulede not be  
amendyd!

And, as for my sewt your servaunt to be,  
Myghte yll have bene myst for your hon-  
este;

For, as I be saved, yf I shall not lye,  
I saw no man sew for the offyce but I! 130

Wherfore yf ye take me not or I go,  
Ye must anone whether ye wyll or no.

And syns your entent is but for the wethers,  
What skyls<sup>2</sup> our apparell to be fryse<sup>3</sup> or  
fethers?

I thynke it wysdome, syns no man for-bad  
it, 135

<sup>1</sup> Used in naming a letter which by itself forms a word, as A per se, O per se, and I per se.

<sup>2</sup> Matters.

<sup>3</sup> Frieze.



Wyth thys to spare a better — yf I had it!  
And, for my name: reportyng alwaye  
trewly,

What hurte to reporte a sad mater merely?

As, by occasyon, for the same entent,  
To a serteine wedow thys daye was I  
sent, 140

Whose husbände departyd wythout her  
wyttyng,<sup>1</sup> —

A speycall good lover, and she hys owne  
swettyng!<sup>2</sup>

To whome, at my commyng, I caste suche  
a figure,

Mynglynge the mater accordyng to my  
nature,

That when we departyd,<sup>3</sup> above al other  
thynges 145

She thanked me hartely for my mery tyd-  
ynges!

And yf I had not handled yt meryly,  
Perchaunce she myght have take[n] yt  
hevely;

But in suche facyon I coniured and bounde  
her,

That I left her meryer then I founde  
her! 150

What man may compare to shew the lyke  
comforte

That dayly is shewed by me, Mery-reporte?  
And, for your purpose at this tyme ment,  
For all wethers I am so indyfferent,<sup>4</sup>

Without affeccyon, standyng so up-  
ryght,<sup>5</sup> 155

Son-lyght, mone-lyght, ster-lyght, twy-  
lyght, torch-light,

Cold, hete, moyst, drye, hayle, rayne,  
frost, snow, lightnyng, thunder,

Cloudy, mysty, wyndy, fayre, fowle above  
hed or under,

Temperate, or dystemperate, what-ever yt  
be,

I promyse your lordshyp. all is one to  
me. 160

JUPYTER. Well, sonne, consydrynge thyne  
indyfferency,

And partlye the rest of thy declaracyon,  
We make the our servaunte. And immedi-  
ately

<sup>1</sup> Knowing it.

<sup>2</sup> Separated

<sup>3</sup> This line omitted in A.

<sup>4</sup> Sweeting, darling.

<sup>5</sup> Impartial.

We<sup>1</sup> woll thou departe and cause procla-  
macyon,

Publyshyng our pleasure to every na-  
cyon; 165

Whyche thynges ons done, wyth all dyly-  
gens

Make thy returne agayne to this presens,

Here to receyve all sewters of eche degre;  
And suche as to the may seme moste  
metely,

We wyll thow bryng them before our  
maieste; 170

And for the rest, that be not so worthy,  
Make thou reporte to us effectually,

So that we may heare eche maner sewte at  
large.

Thus se thow departe, and loke uppon thy  
charge!

MERY-REPORTE. Now, good my lorde  
god, Our Lady be wyth ye! 175

[To the audience.]

Friendes, a fellyshyppe,<sup>2</sup> let me go by ye!  
Thynke ye I may stand thrustyng amonge  
you there?

Nay, by god, I muste thrust about other  
gere!

*Mery-reporte goth out [to make proclama-  
tion].*

*At thende of this staf<sup>3</sup> the god hath a song  
played in his trone or Mery-report come in*

JUPITER. Now, syns we have thus farre  
set forth our purpose,

A whyle we woll wythdraw our godly pres-  
ens, 180

To enbold all such more playnely to dys-  
close,

As here wyll attende, in our foresayde  
pretens.

And now, accordyng to your obedyens,  
Reioyce ye in us wyth ioy most ioyfully,  
And we our-selfe shall ioy in our owne  
glory! 185

*[Jupjter draws a curtain about his throne,  
thus concealing himself from the audience;  
thereafter the song is played.]*

<sup>1</sup> R. Well; A. Ws.

<sup>2</sup> Out of friendly feeling.

<sup>3</sup> Stanza

*Mery-report cometh in.*

MERY-REPORT. Now, syrs, take hede!  
for here cometh goddes servaunt!  
Avaunte! carte[r]ly <sup>1</sup> keytyfs, avaunt!  
Why, ye drunken horesons, wyll yt not be?  
By your fayth, have ye nother cap nor kne?  
Not one of you that wyll make curtsy 190  
To me, that am squyre for goddes precyous  
body?

Regarde ye nothyng myne authoritye?  
No "Welcome home!" nor "Where have  
ye be?"

How-be-yt, yf ye axyd, I coule not well  
tell;

But suer I thynke a thousande myle from  
hell, 195

And, on my fayth, I thynke, in my con-  
scyens,

I have ben from heyn as farre as heven is  
hens —

At Lovyn, at London, and in Lombardy,  
At Baldock, at Barfolde, and in Barbary,  
At Canturbery, at Coventre, at Colches-  
ter, 200

At Wansworth, and Welbecke, at West-  
chester,

At Fullam, at Faleborne, and at Fenlow,  
At Wallyngford, at Wakefeld, and at Wal-  
tamstow,

At Tawnton, at Typtre, and at Totnam,  
At Glouceter, at Gylford, and at Gotham,  
At Hartforde, at Harwyche, at Harowe on  
the Hyll, 206

At Sudbery, Suthhampton, at Shoters  
Hyll,

At Walsyngham, at Wyttram, and at Wer-  
wycke,

At Boston, at Brystow, and at Berwycke,  
At Gravelyn, at Gravesend, and at Glas-  
tynbery, 210

Ynge Gyngiang Iayberd, the paryshe of  
Butsbery —

The devyll hym-selfe, wythout more lea-  
sure,

Coude not have gone halfe thus myche, I  
am sure!

But, now I have warned <sup>2</sup> them, let them  
even chose;

For, in fayth, I care not who wyne or  
lose. 215

<sup>1</sup> Rude. (A. *carterly*.)

<sup>2</sup> Given them notice.

*Here the gentylman before he cometh in blow-  
eth his horne.*

MERY-REPORT. Now, by my trouth, this  
was a goodly hear yng!

I went <sup>1</sup> yt had ben the gentylwomens  
blowyng;

But yt is not so, as I now suppose,  
For womens hornes sounde more in a man-  
nys nose.

GENTYLMAN. Stande ye mery, my  
frendes, everychone. 220

MERY-REPORT. Say that to me and let  
the reste alone!

Syr, ye be welcome, and all your meyny.<sup>2</sup>

GENTYLMAN. Now, in good sooth, my  
frende, god a mercy!

And syns that I mete the here thus by  
chaunce,

I shall requyre the of further acqueynt-  
aunce; 225

And brevely to shew the, this is the mater:  
I come to sew to the great god Iupyer

For helpe of thynges concernyng my re-  
creacyon,

Accordyng to his late proclamacyon.

MERY-REPORT. Mary, and I am he that  
this must spede. 230

But fyrst tell me, what be ye in-dede?

GENTYLMAN. Forsoth, good frende, I am  
a gentylman.

MERY-REPORT. A goodly occupacyon,  
by Seynt Anne!

On my fayth, your mashyp <sup>3</sup> hath a mery  
lyfe.

But who maketh all these hornes, your self  
or your wife? <sup>4</sup> 235

Nay, even in earnest I aske you this ques-  
tyon.

GENTYLMAN. Now, by my trouth, thou  
art a mery one!

MERY-REPORT. In fayth, of us both I  
thynke never one sad,

For I am not so mery but ye seme as  
mad!

But stande ye styll and take a lyttell  
payne; 240

I wyll come to you, by and by, agayne.

<sup>1</sup> Thought.

<sup>2</sup> Attendants. Possibly the Gentlyman was at-  
tended by hunters leading dogs.

<sup>3</sup> Mastership

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the horns of the cuckold.

[*He approaches Jupyter's throne.*]

Now, gracious god, yf your wyll so be,  
I pray ye let me speke a worde wyth ye.  
JUPYTER. My sonne, say on! Let us here  
thy mynde.

MERY-REPORTE. My lord, there standeth  
a sewter even here behynde, 245  
A Gentyلمان, in yonder corner;  
And, as I thynke, his name is Mayster  
Horner.

A hunter he is, and comyth to make you  
sporte.

He wolde hunte a sow or twayne out of  
thys sorte.<sup>1</sup>

*Here he poyneth to the women.*

JUPYTER. What-so-ever his mynde be, let  
hym appere. 250

MERY-REPORTE. Now, good Mayster  
Horner, I pray you come nere.

GENTYLMAN. I am no horner,<sup>2</sup> knave! I  
wyll thou know yt.

MERY-REPORTE. I thought ye had [been],  
for when ye dyd blow yt,  
Harde I never horeson make horne so  
goo.

As lefe ye kyste myne ars as blow my hole  
soo! 255

Come on your way, before the God Iupy-  
ter,

And there for your selfe ye shall be  
sewter.

[*He leads him to the throne of Jupyter.*]

GENTYLMAN. Most myghty prynce, and  
god of every nacyon,  
Pleasyth your hyghnes to vouchsave the  
herynge

Of me, whyche, accordyng to [y]our<sup>3</sup>  
proclamacyon, 260

Doth make apparaunce, in way of besce-  
hyng

Not sole for my-self, but generally  
For all come of noble and aunceyent stock,  
Whych sorte above all doth most thank-  
fully

Dayly take payne for welth of the comen  
flocke,<sup>4</sup> 265

With dilygent study alway devysynge  
To kepe them in order and unyte,  
In peace to labour the encrees of theyr lyv-  
ynge,

Wherby eche man may prosper in plente.  
Wherefore, good god, this is our hole desyr-  
ynge, 270

That for ease of our paynes, at tymes  
vacauant,<sup>1</sup>

In our recreacyon, whyche chyefely is  
huntyng,

It may please you to sende us wether pleas-  
aunt,

Drye and not mysty, the wynde calme and  
styll,

That after our houndes yournyng<sup>2</sup> so  
merly, 275

Chasyng the dere over dale and hyll,  
In heryng we may folow and to-comfort  
the cry.

JUPYTER. Ryght well we do perceyve  
your hole request,

Whyche shall not fayle to reste in mem-  
ory.

Wherefore we wyll ye set your-selfe at  
rest, 280

Tyll we have herde eche man indyfferently;  
And we shall take suche order, unyversally,  
As best may stande to our honour infynyte,  
For welth in commune and ech mannys  
synguler profyte.

GENTYLMAN. In heven and yerth hon-  
oured be the name 285

Of Iupyster, who<sup>3</sup> of his godly goodnes  
Hath set this mater in so goodly frame  
That every wyght shall have his desyre,  
doutles.

And fyrst for us nobles and gentyلمان, 289  
I doute not, in his wysedome, to provyde  
Suche wether as in our huntyng, now and  
then,

We may both teyse<sup>4</sup> and receyve<sup>5</sup> on  
every syde.

Whyche thyng ones had, for our seyde re-  
creacyon,

Shall greatly prevayle<sup>6</sup> you in preferrynge  
our helth.

For what thyng more nedefull then our  
preservacyon, 295

<sup>1</sup> I.e., the audience

<sup>2</sup> Cuckold.

<sup>3</sup> R. our; A. your.

<sup>4</sup> The common people as opposed to the gentry.

<sup>5</sup> Idle; leisure time.

<sup>6</sup> R. whome.

<sup>7</sup> Bring down the game.

<sup>8</sup> Running.

<sup>9</sup> Drive, chase

<sup>10</sup> Avail, profit.

Beynge the weale and heddes of all comen-  
welth?

MERY-REPORTE. Now I besech your  
mashyp, whose hed be you?

GENTYLMAN. Whose hed am I? Thy  
hed! What seyst thou now?

MERY-REPORTE. Nay, I thynke yt very  
trew, so god me helpe! 299

For I have ever ben, of a lyttell whelpe,  
So full of fansyes, and in so many fyttes,  
So many smale reasons, and in so many  
wyttes,

That, even as I stande, I pray god I be dede  
If ever I thought them all mete for one  
hedde. 304

But syns I have one hed more then I knew,  
Blame not my reioycynge, — I love all  
thynges new.

And suer yt is a treasour of heddes to have  
store.

One feate can I now that I never coude be-  
fore.

GENTYLMAN. What is that?

MERY-REPORTE. By god, syns ye came  
hyther, 309

I can set my hedde and my tayle to-gyther!  
This hed shall save mony, by Saynt Mary;  
From hens-forth I wyll no potycary;  
For at al tymys, when suche thynges shall  
myster,<sup>1</sup>

My new hed shall geve myne olde tayle a  
glyster.<sup>2</sup>

And, after all this, then shall my hedde  
wayte 315

Uppon my tayle, and there stande at  
receyte.

Syr, for the reste I wyll not now move you;  
But yf we lyve, ye shall smell how I love  
yow.

And, syr, touchyng your sewt here, depart  
when it please you;

For, be ye suer, as I can I wyll ease you. 320

GENTYLMAN. Then gyve me thy hande!  
That promyse I take.

And yf for my sake any sewt thou do make,  
I promyse thy payne to be requyted  
More largely than now shall be recyted.

[Exit the Gentyلمان.]

MERY-REPORTE. Alas, my necke! God-  
des pyty, where is my hed? 325

<sup>1</sup> Be necessary.

<sup>2</sup> Purge.

By Saynt Yve, I feare me I shall be ded!  
And yf I were, me-thynke yt were no  
wonder,

Syns my hed and my body is so farre  
asonder.

*Entreth the Marchaunt.*

Mayster person,<sup>1</sup> now welcome, by my  
lyfe!

I pray you, how doth my mastres, your  
wyfe? <sup>2</sup> 330

MARCHAUNT. Syr, for the presthod, and  
wyfe that ye alledge,

I se ye speke more of dotage then knowl-  
edge.

But let pas, syr. I wolde to you be sewter  
To brynge me, yf ye can, before Iupiter.

[MERY-REPORTE.] Yes, mary, can I; and  
wyll do yt, in-dede. 335

Tary, and I shall make wey for your spede.

[Goes to the throne of Jupyter.]

In fayth, good lord, yf it please your gra-  
cyous godshyp,

I muste have a worde or twayne wyth your  
lordshyp!

Syr, yonder is a nother man in place,  
Who maketh great sewt to speke wyth your  
grace. 340

Your pleasure ones knowen, he commeth  
by and by.<sup>3</sup>

JUPYTER. Bryng hym before our presens,  
sone, hardely.

MERY-REPORTE. Why! where be you?  
Shall I not fynde ye?

Come a-way! I pray god, the devyll  
blynde ye!

[He leads him to the throne.]

MARCHAUNT. Moste myghty prynce, and  
lorde of lordes all, 345

Ryght humbly beseceth your maieste  
Your marchaunt-men thorow the worlde  
all,

That yt may please you, of your benyg-  
nyte,

In the dayly daunger of our goodes and  
lyfe,

<sup>1</sup> Parson; perhaps suggested by the merchant's  
long cloak

<sup>2</sup> The clergy were supposed to be celibate, hence  
the witticism.

<sup>3</sup> At once.

Fyrste to consider the desert of our request, 350  
 What welth we bryng the rest, to our great care and stryfe,  
 And then to rewarde us as ye shall thynke best.  
 What were the surplysage of eche commoditye<sup>1</sup>  
 Whyche groweth and encreaseth in every land, 354  
 Excepte exchange by suche men as we be,  
 By wey of entercours, that lyeth on our hande!<sup>2</sup>  
 We fraught<sup>3</sup> from home thynges wherof there is plente,  
 And home we brynge such thynges as there be scant.  
 Who sholde afore us marchauntes accounted be?  
 For were not we, the worlde shuld wyshe and want 360  
 In many thynges, whych now shall lack hersall.  
 And, brevely to conclude, we beseche your hyghnes  
 That of the benefyte proclaymed in general  
 We may be parte-takers, for comen ences,  
 Stablyshynge wether thus, pleasyng your grace; 365  
 Stormy nor mysty, the wynde mesurable,  
 That savely we may passe from place to place,  
 Berynge our seyls for spede moste vaylable.<sup>4</sup>  
 And also the wynde to chaunge, and to turne  
 East, West, North, and South, as best may be set; 370  
 In any one place not to longe to sojourne,  
 For the length of our vyage may lese our market.  
 JURYER. Ryght well have ye sayde; and we accept yt so,  
 And so shall we rewarde you ere we go hens.  
 But ye muste take pacyens tyll we have hard mo,<sup>5</sup> 375

<sup>1</sup> The over-abundance of each article of commerce.<sup>2</sup> That we are unable to dispose of.<sup>3</sup> Freight, convey as freight.<sup>4</sup> Advantageous.<sup>5</sup> Heard more suitors.

That we may indyfferently gyve sentens;  
 There may passe by us no spot of neglygence,  
 But iustly to iudge eche thyng so up-ryghte  
 That ech mans parte maye shyne in the selfe ryghte.<sup>1</sup>  
 MERY-REPORTE. Now, syr, by your fayth,  
 yf ye shulde be sworne, 380  
 Harde ye ever god speke so, syns ye were borne?  
 So wysly, so gentlylly hys wordes be showd!  
 MARCHAUNT. I thanke hys grace. My sewte is well bestowd.  
 MERY-REPORTE. Syr, what vyage entende ye nexte to go?  
 MARCHAUNT. I truste or myd-lente to be to Syo.<sup>2</sup> 385  
 MERY-REPORTE. Ha, ha! Is it your mynde to sayle at Syo?  
 Nay, then, when ye wyll, byr lady, ye maye go.  
 And let me alone with thys; be of good chere!  
 Ye maye truste me at Syo as well as here.  
 For though ye were fro me a thousande myle space, 390  
 I wolde do as myche as ye were here in place;  
 For, syns that from hens it is so farre thyther,  
 I care not though ye never come agayne hyther.  
 MARCHAUNT. Syr, yf ye remember me when tyme shall come,  
 Though I requyte not all, I shall deserve some. 395

*Exeat Marchaunt.*

MERY-REPORTE. Now, farre ye well, and god thanke you, by Saynt Anne!  
 I pray you, marke the fasshyon of thys honeste manne;  
 He putteth me in more truste at thys metynge here,  
 Then he shall fynde cause why thys twenty yere.

*Here entreth the Ranger.*

RANGER. God be here! Now Cryst kepe thys company! 400

<sup>1</sup> Same equitable treatment.<sup>2</sup> Chios.

MERY-REPORTE. In fayth, ye be welcome  
evyn very skantely!

Syr, for your comynge what is the mater?

RANGER. I wolde fayne speke with the  
god Iupyer.

MERY-REPORTE. That wyll not be. But  
ye may do thys — 404

Tell me your mynde; I am an offycer of hys.

RANGER. Be ye so? Mary, I crye you  
marcy!

Your maystershpy may say I am homely.<sup>1</sup>

But syns your mynde is to have reportyd

The cause wherfore I am now resortyd,

Pleasyth your maystershpy it is so: 410

I come for my-selfe and suche other mo,

Rangers<sup>2</sup> and kepers of certayne places,

As forestes, parkes, purlaws, and chasys,<sup>3</sup>

Where we be chargyd with all maner game.

Smale is our profyte, and great is our  
blame. 415

Alas! For our wages, what be we the  
nere? <sup>4</sup>

What is forty shyllinges, or fyve marke, a  
yere!

Many tymes and oft, where we be flyttynge,

We spende forty pens a pece at a syt-  
tynge!

Now for our vantage, whyche chiefely is  
wyndefale,<sup>5</sup> 420

That is ryght nought; there blowyth no  
wynde at all.

Whyche is the thyng wherin we fynde  
most grefe,

And cause for my comynge to sew for re-  
lefe,

That the god, of pyty, all thys thyng  
knowynge,

May sende us good rage of blustryng and  
blowynge; 425

And yf I can not get god to do some good,  
I wolde hyer the devyll to runne thorow the  
wood,

The rootes to turne up, the toppys to  
brynge under.

A myschyfe upon them, and a wylde  
thunder!

MERY-REPORTE. Very well sayd! I set by  
your charyte 430

<sup>1</sup> Rude, unmannerly.

<sup>2</sup> Keepers of forests.

<sup>3</sup> Hunting-grounds.

<sup>4</sup> Near our purpose, wishes.

<sup>5</sup> Trees blown down by the wind, which rangers  
could sell for fuel.

As mych, in a maner, as by your honeste.

I shall set you somewhat in ease anone;

Ye shall putte on your cappe, when I am  
gone.

For, I se, ye care not who wyn or lese,

So ye maye fynde meanys to wyn your  
fees.<sup>1</sup> 435

RANGER. Syr, as in that, ye speke as it  
please ye.

But let me speke wyth the god, yf it maye  
be.

[*He tries to approach the throne.*]

I pray you, lette me passe ye.

MERY-REPORTE. Why, nay, syr! By the  
massc, ye —

RANGER. Then wyll I leve you evyn as I  
founde ye. 440

MERY-REPORTE. Go when ye wyll! No  
man here hath bounde ye.

*Here entreth the Water Myller, and the  
Ranger goth out.*

WATER MYLLER. What the devyll shold  
skyl<sup>2</sup> though all the world were dum,  
Syns in all our spekyng we never be  
harde?

We crye out for rayne — the devyll sped  
drop wyll cum! 444

We water myllers be nothyng in regarde.<sup>3</sup>  
No water have we to grynde at any  
stynt;

The wynde is so stronge the rayne cannot  
fall,<sup>4</sup>

Whyche kepeth our myldams as drye as a  
flynt.

We are undone! We grynde nothyng at  
all! 449

The greter is the pyte, as thynketh me.

For what avayleth to eche man hys corne

Tyll it be grounde by such men as we be?

There is the losse, yf we be forborne.<sup>5</sup>

For, touchynge our-selves, we are but  
drudgys, 454

And very beggers — save onely our tole,  
Whiche is ryght smale, and yet many  
grudges

For gryste of a bussell to gyve a quarte  
bole.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Perquisites.

<sup>2</sup> Matter.

<sup>3</sup> Estimation.

<sup>4</sup> This line omitted in A.

<sup>5</sup> Dispensed with.

<sup>6</sup> Quart bowl.

Yet, were not reparacyons,<sup>1</sup> we myght do wele:

Our mylston, our whele with her kogges,  
and our trindill<sup>2</sup>

Our floodgate, our mylpooll, our water  
whele, 460

Our hopper, our extre,<sup>3</sup> our yren spynd-  
yll, —

In this, and mych more, so great is our  
charge

That we wolde not recke though no water  
ware;

Save onely it toucheth eche man so  
large,

And ech for our neyghbour Cryste byddeth  
us care. 465

Wherefore my conscyence hath prycked me  
hyther,

In thys to sewe, accordynge to the cry,<sup>4</sup>

For plente of rayne to the god Iupiter.

To whose presence I wyll go evyn boldly!

[*Mery-reporte bars his way.*]

MERY-REPORTE. Sir, I dowt nothyng  
your audacyte, 470

But I feare me ye lacke capacitye;

For, yf ye were wyse, ye myghte well espye

How rudely ye erre from rewls of courtesye.

What! ye come in revelynge and rehey-  
ynge,<sup>5</sup>

Evyn as a knave myght go to a beare-  
beytyngel! 475

WATER MYLLER. All you bere recorde  
what favour I have!

Herke, howe famylyerly he calleth me  
knave!

Dowtles the gentylman is universall!

But marke thys lesson, syr: You shulde  
never call

Your felow<sup>6</sup> knave, nor your brother hore-  
son; 480

For nought can ye get by it when ye have  
done.

MERY-REPORTE. Thou arte nother brother  
nor felowe to me,

For I am goddes servaunt, mayst thou not  
se?

Wolde ye presume to speke wyth the great  
god? 484

<sup>1</sup> Repairs.  
<sup>2</sup> Axletree of a wheel.  
<sup>3</sup> Scolding.

<sup>4</sup> Lantern-wheel.  
<sup>5</sup> Proclamation.  
<sup>6</sup> Equal.

Nay! dyscrecyon and you be to farre od!<sup>1</sup>  
Byr lady, these knavys must be tyed  
shorter!<sup>2</sup>

Syr, who let you in? Spake ye wyth the  
porter?

WATER MYLLER. Nay, by my trouth; nor  
wyth no nother man,

Yet I saw you well when I fyrst began. 489

How-be-it, so helpe me god and holydam,<sup>3</sup>  
I toke you but for a knave, as I am.

But, mary! now, syns I knowe what ye be,  
I muste, and wyll, obey your authoryte.

And yf I maye not speke wyth Iupiter,  
I beseeche you be my solycyter. 495

MERY-REPORTE. As in that, I wyl be your  
well-wyller.

I perceyve you be a water myller;

And your hole desyre, as I take the mater,

Is plente of rayne for encre of water. 499

The let<sup>4</sup> wherof, ye affyrme determynately,

Is onely the wynde, your mortall enemy.

WATER MYLLER. Trouth it is; for it blow-  
yth so alofte,

We never have rayne, or, at the most, not  
ofte.

Wherefore, I praye you, put the god in  
mynde

Clerely for ever to banysh the wynde. 505

*Here entreth the Wynd Myller.*

WYNDE MYLLER. How! Is all the wether  
gone or I come?

For the passyon of god, helpe me to some!

I am a wynd myller, as many mo be.

No wretch in wretchydnes so wrechyd as  
we!

The hole sorte<sup>5</sup> of my crafte be all mard at  
onys! 510

The wynde is so weyke it sturryth not our  
stonys,

Nor skantely can shatter<sup>6</sup> the shyttyn sayle

That hangeth shatterynge<sup>7</sup> at a womans  
tayle.

The rayne never resteth, so longe be the  
showres,

From tyme of begynnynge tyll foure and  
twenty howres; 515

And, ende whan it shall, at nyght or at  
none,

<sup>1</sup> Separated.      <sup>2</sup> Restrained.  
<sup>3</sup> Things sacred.      <sup>4</sup> Prevention, hindrance.  
<sup>5</sup> Particular class, order.  
<sup>6</sup> Wave to and fro.      <sup>7</sup> Waving.

An-other begynneth as soone as that is done.

Such reuell of rayne, ye knowe well inough,  
Destroyeth the wynde, be it never so rough;

Wherby, syns our myllys be come to styll standynge, 520

Now maye we wynd myllers go evyn to hangynge.

A myller! Wyth a moryn<sup>1</sup> and a myschyefe!

Who wolde be a myller? As good be a thefe!

Yet in tyme past, when gryndynge was plente, 524

Who were so lyke goddys felows as we?  
As faste as god made corne, we myllers made meale.

Whyche myght be best forborne<sup>2</sup> for comyn-weale?

But let that gere<sup>3</sup> passe; for I feare our pryde

Is cause of the care whyche god doth us provyde. 529

Wherfore I submyt me, entendynge to se What comforte may come by humylte.

And, now, at thys tyme, they sayd in the crye,

The god is come downe to shape remedye.

MERY-REPORTE. No doute he is here, even in yonder trone; 534

But in your mater he trusteth me alone. Wherein, I do perceyve by your complaynte,

Oppressyon of rayne doth make the wynde so faynte

That ye wynde myllers be clene caste away.

WYNDE MYLLER. If Iupyter helpe not, yt is as ye say.

But, in few wordes to tell you my mynde rounde; 540

Uppon this condycyon I wolde be bounde Day by day to say Our Ladyes sauter<sup>4</sup> —

That in this world were no drope of water, Nor never rayne, but wynde contynual.

Then shold we wynde myllers be lordes over all! 545

MERY-REPORTE. Come on, and assay how you twayne can agre —

A brother of yours, a myller, as ye be!

<sup>1</sup> Plague.

<sup>2</sup> Matter.

<sup>3</sup> Spared, done away with.

<sup>4</sup> Psalter.

WATER MYLLER. By meane of our craft we may be brothers,

But whyles we lyve shall we never be lovers. 549

We be of one crafte, but not of one kynde — I lyve by water and he by the wynde.

*Here Mery-report goth out.*

And, syr, as ye desyre wynde contynual, So wolde I have rayne ever-more to fall;

Whyche two, in experyence ryght well ye se,

Ryght selde or never to-gether can be. 555

For as longe as the wynde rewleth, yt is playne,

Twenty to one ye get no drop of rayne; And when the element is to farre opprest,

Downe commeth the rayne and setteth the wynde at rest. 559

By this, ye se, we can not both obtayne; For ye must lacke wynde, or I must lacke rayne.

Wherfore I thynke good, before this audyens,

Eche for our selfe to say, or we go hens; And whom is thought weykest, when we have fynysht,

Leve off[*f*] his sewt and content to be banyshyt. 565

WYNDE MYLLER. In fayth, agreed! But then, by your lycens,

Our mylles for a tyme shall hange in suspens.

Syns water and wynde is chyefely our sewt,

Whyche best may be spared we woll fyrst dyspute.

Wherfore to the see my reason shall resort, 570

Where shyppes by meane of wynd try from port to port,

From lande to lande, in dystaunce many a myle, —

Great is the passage and smale is the whyle. So great is the profyte, as to me doth seme,

That no mans wysdome the welth can exteme.<sup>1</sup> 575

And syns the wynde is conveyer of all Who but the wynde shulde have thanke above all?

<sup>1</sup> Value.



WATER MYLLER. Amytte <sup>1</sup> in thys place  
 a tree here to growe,  
 And therat the wynde in great rage to  
 blowe;  
 When it hath all blowen, thys is a clere  
 case, 580  
 The tre removyth no here-bred <sup>2</sup> from hys  
 place.  
 No more wolde the shypmys, blow the best  
 it cowde!  
 All-though it wolde blow downe both mast  
 and shrowde,  
 Except the shyppe flete <sup>3</sup> upon the water  
 The wynde can ryght nought do, — a  
 playne mater. 585  
 Yet maye ye on water, wythout any  
 wynde,  
 Row forth your vessell where men wyll  
 have her synde.<sup>4</sup>  
 Nothyng more reioyceth the maryner  
 Then meane coolys <sup>5</sup> of wynde and plente  
 of water; 589  
 For commonly the cause of every wracke  
 Is excesse of wynde where water doth lacke.  
 In rage of these stormys the perell is suche  
 That better were no wynde then so farre to  
 muche.  
 WYNDE MYLLER. Well, yf my reason in  
 thys may not stande, 594  
 I wyll forsake the see and lepe to lande.  
 In every chyrche where goddys servyce is,  
 The organs beare brunt of halfe the quere,  
 i-wys.  
 Whyche causyth the sounde, or <sup>6</sup> water or  
 wynde?  
 More-over, for wynde thys thyng I  
 fynde — 599  
 For the most parte all maner mynstrelsy,  
 By wynde they delyver theyr sound cheffy.  
 Fyll me a bagpype of your water full,  
 As swetly shall it sounde as it were stuffyd  
 with wull!  
 WATER MYLLER. On my fayth, I thynke  
 the moone be at the full!  
 For frantye fansyes be then most plente-  
 full, 605  
 Whyche are at the pryde of theyr sprynge <sup>7</sup>  
 in your hed,  
 So farre from our matter he is now fled.

<sup>1</sup> Admit.<sup>2</sup> Float.<sup>3</sup> R. of.<sup>4</sup> Hair-breadth.<sup>5</sup> Sent.<sup>6</sup> Springtime.<sup>7</sup> Moderate breezes.

As for the wynde in any instrument,  
 It is no percell <sup>1</sup> of our argument; 609  
 We spake of wynde that comyth naturally,  
 And that is wynde forcyd artyfeyally —  
 Whyche is not to purpose. But, yf it were,  
 And water, in-dede, ryght nought coulde  
 do there,  
 Yet I thynke organs no suche commod-  
 yte <sup>2</sup> 614  
 Whereby the water shulde banyshed be.  
 And for your bagpypes, I take them as  
 nyfuls.<sup>3</sup>  
 Your mater is all in fansyes and tryfuls.  
 WYNDE MYLLER. By god, but ye shall  
 not tryfull me of[f] so!  
 Yf these thynges serve not, I wyll reherse  
 mo.  
 And now to mynde there is one olde prov-  
 erbe come, 620  
 "One bushell of Marche dust is worth a  
 kynges raunsome."  
 What is a hundreth thousande bushels  
 worth than?  
 WATER MYLLER. Not one myte, for the  
 thyng selfe, to no man.  
 WYNDE MYLLER. Why, shall wynde  
 every-where thus be obiecte? <sup>4</sup> 624  
 Nay, in the hie-ways he shall take effecte,  
 Where-as the rayne doth never good, but  
 hurt;  
 For wynde maketh but dust, and water  
 maketh durt.  
 Powder, or syrop, syrs, whyche lycke ye  
 beste?  
 Who lycketh not the tone maye lycke up  
 the rest.  
 But, sure, who-so-ever hath assayed such  
 sypes 630  
 Had lever have dusty eyes then dirty  
 lypes.  
 And it is sayd syns afore <sup>5</sup> we were borne  
 That "drought doth never make derth of  
 corne."  
 And well it is knowen to the most foole  
 here  
 How rayne hath pryced corne within this  
 vii yere.<sup>6</sup> 635  
 WATER MYLLER. Syr, I pray the, spare  
 me a lytyll season,

<sup>1</sup> Part.<sup>2</sup> Advantage.<sup>3</sup> Objected to.<sup>4</sup> Before.<sup>5</sup> Pollard notes the dearth and high price of corn<sup>6</sup> in 1523 and 1528.<sup>7</sup> Trifles.

And I shall brevely conclude <sup>1</sup> the wyth  
reason.

Put case on[e] somers daye wythout wynde  
to be,

And ragyous wynde in wynter dayes two or  
thre;

Mych more shall dry that one calme daye  
in somer, 640

Then shall those thre wyndy dayes in  
wynter.

Whom shall we thanke for thys, when all is  
done?

The thanke to wynde? Nay! Thanke  
chyefely the sone.

And so for drought, yf corne therby  
eneres,

The sone doth comfort and rype all dowl-  
les. 645

And oft the wynde so leyth the corne, god  
wot,

That never after can it rype, but rot.

Yf drought toke place, as ye say, yet maye  
ye se,

Lytell helpeh the wynde in thys com-  
modityte. 649

But, now, syr, I deny your pryncyppill.

Yf drought ever were, it were impossyhyll  
To have any grayne; for, or it can grow,

Ye must plow your lande, harrow, and  
sow, —

Whyche wyll not be, except ye maye have  
rayne 654

To temper the ground; and after agayne,  
For spryngynge and plumpyng <sup>2</sup> all maner  
corne,

Yet muste ye have water, or all is forlorne.<sup>3</sup>

Yf ye take water for no commodityte,

Yet must ye take it for thyng of neces-  
syte.

For washynge, for skowrynge, all fylth  
clensynge, 660

Where water lacketh what bestely beyng!

In brewyng, in bakyng, in dressynge of  
meate,

Yf ye lacke water what coude ye drynke or  
eate?

Wythout water coude lyve neyther man  
nor best, 664

For water preservyth both moste and lest.

For water coude I say a thousande thynges  
mo,

Savyng as now the tyme wyll not serve so.  
And as for that wynde that you do sew  
fore,

Is good for your wyndemyll, and for no  
more! 669

Syr, syth all thys in experyence is tryde,  
I say thys mater standeth clere on my  
syde.

WYNDE MYLLER. Well, syns thys wyll  
not serve, I wyll alledge the reste.

Syr, for our myllys, I saye myne is the  
beste.

My wyndmyll shall grynd more corne in  
one our

Then thy water-myll shall in thre or  
foure — 675

Ye, more then thyne shulde in a hole yere,  
Yf thou myghtest have as thou hast  
wyshyd here.

For thou desyrest to have excesse of rayne,  
Whych thyng to the[e] were the worst thou  
couldyst obtayne.

For, yf thou dydyst, it were a playne induc-  
cyon <sup>1</sup> 680

To make thyne owne desyer thyne owne  
destruccyon.

For in excesse of rayne at any flood

Your myllys must stande styll; they can do  
no good.

And whan the wynde doth blow the utter-  
most

Our wyndmylles walke a-mayne <sup>2</sup> in every  
cost.<sup>3</sup> 685

For, as we se the wynde in hys estate,<sup>4</sup>

We moder <sup>5</sup> our saylys after the same rate.

Syns our myllys grynde so farre faster then  
yours,

And also they may grynde all tymes and  
howrs,

I say we nede no watermylles at all, 690

For wyndmylles be suffycient to serve all.

WATER MYLLER. Thou spekest of "all"  
and consyderest not halfe!

In boste <sup>6</sup> of thy gryste thou art wyse as a  
calfe!

For, though above us your mylles grynde  
farre faster,

<sup>1</sup> Confute

<sup>2</sup> For causing to spring up and grow plump.

<sup>3</sup> Utterly lost.

<sup>1</sup> Initial step.

<sup>2</sup> Go with full force.

<sup>3</sup> Place

<sup>4</sup> State (blowing strongly or weakly).

<sup>5</sup> Adjust.

<sup>6</sup> Boast, praise.

What helpe to those from whome ye be  
myche farther? 695

And, of two sortes, yf the tone shold be  
conserved,<sup>1</sup>

I thinke yt mete the moste nomber be  
served.

In vales and weldes,<sup>2</sup> where moste com-  
moditye is,

There is most people; ye must graunte me  
this.

On hylles and downes, whyche partes are  
moste barayne, 700

There muste be few; yt can no mo sus-  
tayne.

I darre well say, yf yt were tryed even now,  
That there is ten of us to one of you.

And where shuld chyefely all necessaries  
be, 704

But there as people are moste in plente?

More reason that you come vii myle to  
myll

Then all we of the vale sholde clyme the  
hyll.

If rayne came reasonable, as I requyre yt,  
We sholde of your wyndemylles have nede  
no whyt.

*Entreth Mery-reportre.*

MERY-REPORTRE. Stop, folysh knaves! for  
your reasonyng is suche, 710

That ye have resoned even ynough, and to  
much.

I hard all the wordes that ye both have  
hadde.

So helpe me god, the knaves be more then  
madde!

Nother of them both that hath wyt nor  
grace

To perceyve that both mylls may serve in  
place. 715

Betwene water and wynde there is no suche  
let

But eche myll may have tyme to use his  
fet.<sup>3</sup>

Whyche thyng I can tell by experyens;  
For I have, of myne owne, not farre from  
hens, 719

In a corner to-gether, a couple of mylls,  
Standynge in a marres<sup>4</sup> betwene two  
hylls —

<sup>1</sup> Kept.

<sup>2</sup> Wealds.

<sup>3</sup> Its feat, its customary action.

<sup>4</sup> Marsh.

Not of inherytaunce, but by my wyfe;  
She is feofed in the taylor for terme of her  
lyfe,

The one for wynde, the other for water.

And of them both, I thanke god, there  
standeth<sup>1</sup> nother; 725

For, in a good hour be yt spoken,

The water gate is no soner open,

But clap, sayth the wyndmyll, even  
strayght behynde!

There is good spedde the devyll and all  
they grynde!

But whether that the hopper be dusty, 730

Or that the mylstonys be sumwhat rusty,  
By the mas, the meale is myschevous  
musty!

And yf ye thynke my tale be not trusty,  
I make ye trew promyse: come, when ye  
lyst,

We shall fynde meane ye shall taste of the  
gryst. 735

WATER MYLLER. The corne at receyt  
happely is not good.

MERY-REPORTRE. There can be no sweeter,  
by the sweet rood!<sup>2</sup>

Another thyng yet, whyche shall not be  
cloked,<sup>3</sup>

My watermyll many tymes is choked.

WATER MYLLER. So wyll she be, though  
ye shuld burste your bones, 740

Except ye be perfytt in settyng your  
stones.

Fere not the lydger,<sup>4</sup> beware your ron-  
ner.<sup>5</sup>

Yet this for the lydger, or ye have wonne  
her —

Parchaunce your lydger doth lacke good  
peckyng.

MERY-REPORTRE. So sayth my wyfe; and  
that maketh all our checkyng.<sup>6</sup> 745

She wolde have the myll peckt, peckt,  
peckt, every day!

But, by god, myllers muste pecke when  
they may!

So oft have we peckt that our stones wax  
right thyn,

And all our other gere not worth a pyn;

For wyth peckyng and peckyng I have so  
wrought, 750

<sup>1</sup> Standeth idle.

<sup>2</sup> Cross.

<sup>3</sup> Concealed.

<sup>4</sup> The nether, and fixed, millstone.

<sup>5</sup> The upper, and moving, millstone.

<sup>6</sup> Quarreling.

That I have peckt a good peekynge-yron  
to nought.

How-be-yt, yf I stycke no better tyll her,  
My wyfe sayth she wyll have a new myller.  
But let yt passe! And now to our mater:  
I say my myllys lacke nother wynde nor  
water; 755

No more do yours, as farre as nede doth re-  
quyre.

But, syns ye can not agree, I wyll desyre  
Iupyer to set you both in suche rest  
As to your welth and his honour may  
stande best.

WATER MYLLER. I praye you hertely re-  
member me! 760

WYNDE MYLLER. Let not me be forgotten,  
I besече ye!

*Both Myllers goth forth.*

MERY-REPORTER. If I remember you not  
both a-lyke

I wolde ye were over the eares in the dyke.  
Now be we ryd of two knaves at one  
chaunce!

By Saynte Thomas, yt is a knavyshe ryd-  
daunce. 765

*The Gentyllwoman entreth.*

GENTYLOWMAN. Now, good god! what a  
foly is this?

What sholde I do where so mych people is?  
I know not how to passe in to the god  
now.

MERY-REPORTER. No, but ye know how he  
may passe into you.

GENTYLOWMAN. I pray you let me in at  
the backe syde. 770

MERY-REPORTER. Ye, shall I so and your  
foresyde so wyde?

Nay, not yet! But syns ye love to be  
alone,

We twayne wyll into a corner anone.  
But fyrste, I pray you, come your way  
hyther, 774

And let us twayne chat a while to-gyther.

GENTYLOWMAN. Syr, as to you I have  
lyttell mater.

My commynge is to speke wyth Iupiter.

MERY-REPORTER. Stande ye styll a while,  
and I wyll go prove

Whether that the god wyll be brought in  
love. 779

*[He goes to Jupyter's throne.]*

My lorde, how now! Loke uppe lustely!  
Here is a derlynge come, by Saynt Antony!  
And yf yt be your pleasure to mary,  
Speke quykly, for she may not tary.

In fayth, I thynke ye may wynne her  
anone,<sup>1</sup>

For she wolde speke wyth your lordshyp  
alone. 785

JUPYTER. Sonne, that is not the thyng that  
this tyme ment.

If her sewt concerne no cause of our hyther  
resorte,

Sende her out of place; but yf she be bent  
To that purpose, heare her and make us re-  
porte.

MERY-REPORTER. I count women lost, yf  
we love them not well, 790

For ye se god loveth them never a dele!  
Maystres ye can not speake wyth the  
god.

GENTYLOWMAN. No! why?

MERY-REPORTER. By my fayth, for his  
lordshyp is ryght besy

Wyth a pece of worke that nedes must be  
doone. 794

Even now is he makynge of a new moone.  
He sayth your olde moones be so farre  
tasted<sup>2</sup>

That all the goodnes of them is wasted;  
Whyche of the great wete<sup>3</sup> hath ben moste  
mater,

For olde moones be leake;<sup>4</sup> they can holde  
no water.

But for this new mone, I durst lay my  
gowne, 800

Except a few droppes at her goyng downe,  
Ye get no rayne tyll her arysynge —

Wythout yt nede, and then no mans devys-  
ynge

Coulde wyshe the fashyon of rayne to be so  
good;

Not gushynge out lyke gutters of Noyes  
flood, 805

But small droppes sprynklyng softly on the  
grounde;

Though they fell on a sponge they wold  
gyve no sounde.

<sup>1</sup> At once, quickly.

<sup>2</sup> Tried by tasting, or eating.

<sup>3</sup> Flood. <sup>4</sup> Leaky.

This new moone shall make a thing spryng  
more in this while

Then a olde moone shal while a man may  
go a mile.

By that tyme the god hath all made an  
ende, 810

Ye shall se how the wether wyll amende.

By Saynt Anne, he goeth to worke even  
boldely!

I thynke hym wyse ynough; for he loketh  
oldely!

Wherefore, maystres, be ye now of good  
chere;

For though in his presens ye can not ap-  
pere, 815

Tell me your mater and let me alone;

May-happe I wyll thynke on you when you  
be gone.

GENTYLWOMAN. Forsoth, the cause of my  
commynge is this:

I am a woman ryght fayre, as ye se; 819  
In no creature more beauty then in me is.

And, syns I am fayre, fayre wolde I kepe  
me;

But the sonne in somer so sore doth burne  
me,

In wynter the wynde on every syde me,  
No parte of the yere wote I where to turne  
me,

But even in my house am I fayne to hyde  
me. 825

And so do all other that beuty have.  
In whose name at this tyme this sewt I  
make,

Besechyng Iupytter to graunt that I  
crave;

Whyche is this: that yt may please hym,  
for our sake, 829

To sende us wether close and temperate,  
No sonne-shyne, no frost, nor no wynde to  
blow.

Then wolde we get <sup>1</sup> the stretes trym as a  
parate.<sup>2</sup>

Ye shold se how we wolde set our-selfe to  
show!

MERY-REPORTER. Iet where ye wyll, I  
swere, by Saynte Quintyne,

Ye passe them all, both in your owne con-  
ceyt and myne. 835

GENTYLWOMAN. If we had wether to  
walke at our pleasure,

<sup>1</sup> Jet, strut up and down. <sup>2</sup> Parrot.

Our lyves wolde be mery out of measure:  
One part of the day for our apparellynge,

A nother parte for eatynge and drynk-  
ynge, 839

And all the reste in stretes to be walkynge,  
Or in the house to passe tyme wyth talk-  
ynge.

MERY-REPORTER. When serve ye God?

GENTYLWOMAN. Who bosteth in vertue  
are but daws.<sup>1</sup>

MERY-REPORTER. Ye do the better, namely  
syns there is no cause.

How spende ye the nyght?

GENTYLWOMAN. In daunsynge and  
syngynge 844

Tyll mydnyght, and then fall to slepyng.

MERY-REPORTER. Why, swete herte! by  
your false fayth, can ye syng?

GENTYLWOMAN. Nay, nay, but I love yt  
above all thyng.

MERY-REPORTER. Now, by my trouthe, for  
the love that I owe you,

You shall here what pleasure I can shew  
you. 849

One songe have I for you, suche as yt is,  
And yf yt were better ye should have yt, by  
gys.<sup>2</sup>

GENTYLWOMAN. Mary, syr, I thanke you  
even hartely.

MERY-REPORTER. Come on, syrs! <sup>3</sup> But  
now let us syng lustlely.

*Here they syng.*<sup>4</sup>

GENTYLWOMAN. Syr, this is well done! I  
hertely thanke you.

Ye have done me pleasure, I make God  
a-vowe. 855

Ones in a nyght I longe for suche a fyt;<sup>5</sup>  
For longe tyme have I bene brought up in  
yt.

MERY-REPORTER. Oft tyme yt is sene, both  
in court and towne,

Longe be women a bryngyng up, and sone  
brought down!

So fete <sup>6</sup> yt is, so nete yt is, so nyse yt  
is, 860

So trycke <sup>7</sup> yt is, so quyeke yt is, so wyse yt  
is!

<sup>1</sup> Fools.

<sup>2</sup> By Jesus.

<sup>3</sup> Possibly addressed to the musicians.

<sup>4</sup> The song is not given.

<sup>5</sup> Strain of music; song.

<sup>6</sup> Fine.

<sup>7</sup> Tricked out.

I fere my selfe, excepte I may entreat her,  
I am so farre in love I shall forget her.  
Now, good maystres, I pray you, let me kys  
ye.

GENTYLWOMAN. Kys me, quoth a! Why,  
nay, syr, I wys ye. 865

MERY-REPORTE. What! yes, hardely!  
Kys me ons and no more.  
I never desyred to kys you before.

*Here the Launder cometh in.*

LAUNDER. Why! have ye alway kyst her  
behynde?

In fayth, good inough, yf yt be your  
mynde. 869

And yf your appetyte serve you so to do,  
Byr lady, I wolde ye had kyst myne ars,  
to!

MERY-REPORTE. To whom dost thou  
speke, foule hore? canst thou tell?

LAUNDER. Nay, by my trouthe, syr,<sup>1</sup> not  
very well;

But by coniecture this ges I have, 874  
That I do speke to an olde baudy knave!  
I saw you dally with your symper de cok-  
ket.<sup>2</sup>

I rede<sup>3</sup> you beware she pyck not your pok-  
ket.

Such ydyll huswyfes do now and than  
Thynke all well wonne that they pyck from  
a man.

Yet such of some men shall have more  
favour 880

Then we, that for them dayly toyle and  
labour.

But I trust the god wyll be so indyfferent  
That she shall fayle some parte of her en-  
tent.

MERY-REPORTE. No dout he wyll deale so  
gracyously 884

That all folke shall be served indyfferently.  
How-be-yt, I tell the trewth, my offyce is  
suche

That I muste reporte eche sewt, lyttell or  
muche.

Wherefore, wyth the god syns thou canst  
not speke,

Trust me wyth thy sewt; I wyll not fayle yt  
to breke.<sup>4</sup>

LAUNDER. Then leane not to myche to  
yonder gyglet,<sup>1</sup> 890

For her desyre contrary to myne is set.

I herde by her tale she wolde banyshe the  
sonne,

And then were we pore launders all un-  
donne.

Excepte the sonne shyne that our clothes  
may dry, 894

We can do ryght nought in our laundry.

A nother maner losse, yf we sholde mys,

Then of suche nycebyceters<sup>2</sup> as she is.

GENTYLWOMAN. I thynke yt better that  
thou envy me,

Then I sholde stande at rewarde<sup>3</sup> of thy  
pytte.

It is the guyse of such grose queynes as  
thou art 900

Wyth such as I am evermore to thwart.

Bycause that no beauty ye can obtayne

Therefore ye have us that be fayre in dys-  
dayne.

LAUNDER. When I was as yonge as thou  
art now,

I was wythin lyttell as fayre as thou; 905

And so myght have kept me, yf I hadde  
wolde;

And as derely my youth I myght have  
solde

As the tryckest and fayrest of you all.

But I feared parcels<sup>4</sup> that after myght  
fall. 909

Wherefore some besynes I dyd me provyde,  
Lest vyce myght enter on every syde,

Whyche hath fre entre where ydylnesse  
doth reyne.

It is not thy beauty that I dysdeyne,  
But thyne ydyll lyfe that thou hast re-  
hersed,

Whych any good womans hert wolde have  
perced.<sup>5</sup> 915

For I perceyve in daunsynge and syngynge,  
In eatynge and drynkyng, and thyne ap-  
parellynge,

Is all the ioye wherin thy herte is set.

But nought of all this doth thyne owne  
labour get;

For haddest thou nothyng but of thyne  
owne travayle<sup>6</sup> 920

<sup>1</sup> R. has "trouth I syr"; the Awdley edition has  
"Now, by my trouthe, syr, I wot not very well."

<sup>2</sup> Mile. Simper de Coquette.

<sup>3</sup> Advise.

<sup>4</sup> Disclose, deliver.

<sup>1</sup> Wanton.

<sup>2</sup> Nicely decked out girls.

<sup>3</sup> As the object of. (Pollard.)

<sup>4</sup> Perils (to the soul).

<sup>5</sup> Penetrated with grief.

<sup>6</sup> Labor.

Thou myghtest go as naked as my nayle.  
 Me-thynke thou shuldest abhorre suche  
 ydynles,  
 And passe thy tyme in some honest besy-  
 nes.  
 Petter to lese some parte of thy beaute 924  
 Then so ofte to icoberd all thyne honeste.<sup>1</sup>  
 But I thynke, rather then thou woldest so  
 do,  
 Thou haddest lever have us lyve ydylly to.  
 And so, no doute, we shulde, yf thou  
 myghtest have  
 The clere sone banyshyt, as thou dost  
 crave!  
 Then were we launders marde; and unto  
 the 930  
 Thyne owne request were smale com-  
 modyte.  
 For of these twayne I thynke yt farre bet-  
 ter  
 Thy face were sone-burned, and thy clothis  
 the swetter,<sup>2</sup>  
 Then that the sonne from shynynge sholde  
 be smytten,  
 To kepe thy face fayre and thy smocke  
 beshytten. 935  
 Syr, howe lycke ye my reason in her case?  
 MERY-REPORTE. Such a raylynge hore, by  
 the holy mas,  
 I never herde, in all my lyfe, tyll now!  
 In-dede, I love ryght well the ton of you;  
 But, or I wolde kepe you both, by goddes  
 mother, 940  
 The devyll shall have the tone to fet<sup>3</sup> the  
 tother!  
 LAUNDER. Promise me to speke that the  
 sone may shyne bryght.  
 And I will be gone quickyly for all nyght.  
 MERY-REPORTE. Get you both hens, I  
 pray you hartely.  
 Your sewtes I perceyve, and wyll reporte  
 them trewly 945  
 Unto Iupyter at the next leysure,  
 And, in the same, desyre to know his pleas-  
 ure;  
 Whyche knowledge hadde, even as he doth  
 show yt,  
 Feare ye not, tyme inough ye shall know  
 yt.  
 GENTYLOWMAN. Syr, yf ye medyll, re-  
 member me fyrste 950

<sup>1</sup> Virtue.<sup>2</sup> Sweeter, cleaner.<sup>3</sup> Fetch.

LAUNDER. Then in this medlynge my  
 parte shalbe the wurst.  
 MERY-REPORTE. Now, I beseeche our  
 lorde, the devyll the burst!  
 Who medlyth wyth many I hold hym ac-  
 curst,  
 Thou hore, can I medyl wyth you both at  
 ones?

*Here the Gentywoman goth forth.*

LAUNDER. By the mas, knave, I wold I  
 had both thy stones 955  
 In my purs, yf thou medyl not indyfferently,  
 That both our maters in yssew may be  
 lykely.  
 MERY-REPORTE. Many wordes, lyttell  
 mater, and to no purpose —  
 Suche is the effect that thou dost dys-  
 close. 959  
 The more ye byb,<sup>1</sup> the more ye babyll;  
 The more ye babyll, the more ye fabyll;  
 The more ye fabyll, the more unstabyll;  
 The more unstabyll, the more unabyll  
 In any maner thyng to do any good.  
 No hurt though ye were hanged, by the  
 holy rood! 965  
 LAUNDER. The les your sylence, the lesse  
 your credence;  
 The les your credens, the les your honeste;  
 The les your honeste, the les your as-  
 systens;  
 The les your assystens, the les abylyte  
 In you to do ought. Wherefore, so god me  
 save, 970  
 No hurte in hangynge such a raylynge  
 knave!  
 MERY-REPORTE. What monster is this! I  
 never harde none suche!  
 For loke how myche more I have made her  
 to myche;  
 And so farre, at lest, she hath made me to  
 lyttell.  
 Wher be ye, Launder? I thynke in some  
 spytynge.<sup>2</sup> 975  
 Ye shall washe me no gere, for feare of fret-  
 ynge.<sup>3</sup>  
 I love no launders that shrynke my gere in  
 wettynge.  
 I praye the go hens, and let me be in rest.  
 I wyll do thyne erand as I thynke best.

<sup>1</sup> Chatter.<sup>2</sup> Lazar-house.<sup>3</sup> Destruction by hard rubbing.

LAUNDER. Now wolde I take my leve, yf  
I wyste how. 980

The lenger I lyve the more knave you!

MERY-REPORTE. The lenger thou lyvest  
the pyte the gretter,

The soner thou be ryd, the tydynges the  
better!

[Exit the Launder.]

Is not this a swete offyce that I have, 984  
When every drab shall prove me a knave?

Every man knoweth not what goddes serv-  
yce is;

Nor I my selfe knewe yt not before this.

I thinke goddes servauntes may lyve  
holily,

But the devyls servauntes lyve more  
meryly.

I know not what god geveth in standynges  
fees, 990

But the devyls servauntes have cas-  
weltees<sup>1</sup>

A hundred tymes mo then goddes serv-  
auntes have.

For, though ye be never so starke a knave,  
If ye lacke money the devyll wyll do no  
wurse

But brynge you strayght to a nother mans  
purse. 995

Then wyll the devyll promote you here in  
this world,

As unto suche ryche<sup>2</sup> yt doth moste accord.  
Fyrste *pater noster qui es in celis*,<sup>3</sup>

And then ye shall sens<sup>4</sup> the shryfe wyth  
your helys.

The greatest frende ye have in felde or  
towne, 1000

Standynge a-typ-to, shall not reche your  
crown.

*The Boy comyth in, the lest that can play.*

BOY. This same is even he, by al lykly-  
hod.

Syr, I pray you, be not you master god?

MERY-REPORTE. No, in good fayth,  
sonne. But I may say to the

I am suche a man that god may not mysse  
me. 1005

<sup>1</sup> Perquisites.

<sup>2</sup> Mighty person.

<sup>3</sup> First you say the Lord's Prayer (before execu-  
tion).

<sup>4</sup> Swing your heels, like censers, over the head of  
the sheriff who hangs you.

Wherfore wyth the god yf thou woldest  
have ought done,

Tell me thy mynde, and I shall shew yt,  
sone.

BOY. Forsothe, syr, my mynde is thys, at  
few wordes:

All my pleasure is in catchynge of byrdes,  
And makyng of snow-ballys and throwyng  
the same; 1010

For the whyche purpose to have set in  
frame,<sup>1</sup>

Wyth my godfater god I wolde fayne have  
spoken,

Desyrynge hym to have sent me by some  
token

Where I myghte have had great frost for  
my pytfallys,

And plente of snow to make my snow-  
ballys. 1015

This onys<sup>2</sup> had, boyes lyvis be such as no  
man leddys.

O, to se my snow-ballys lyght on my fel-  
owes heddys!

And to here the byrdes how they flycker  
theyr wynges

In the pytfale! I say yt passeth all  
thynges.

Syr, yf ye be goddes servaunt, or his kyns-  
man, 1020

I pray you helpe me in this yf ye can.

MERY-REPORTE. Alas, pore boy, who sent  
the hether?

BOY. A hundred boys that stode to-  
gether,

Where they herde one say in a cry

That my godfater, god almyghty, 1025  
Was come from heven, by his owne ac-  
corde,

This nyght to suppe here wyth my lorde;<sup>3</sup>  
And farther he sayde, come whoso<sup>4</sup> wull,

They shall sure have theyr bellyes full

Of all wethers, who lyst to crave, 1030  
Eche sorte suche wether as they lyst to  
have.

And when my felowes thought this wolde  
be had,

And saw me so prety a pratelynge lad,

Uppon agrement, wyth a great noys,  
"Sende lyttell Dyckel!" cryed all the boys.

<sup>1</sup> Order, definite form.

<sup>2</sup> Once.

<sup>3</sup> A compliment to the person in whose house the  
play was acted.

<sup>4</sup> R. *whose*.



By whose assent I am purveyed <sup>1</sup> 1036  
To sew for the wether afore-seyd.

Wherin I pray you to be good, as thus,  
To helpe that god may geve yt us.

MERY-REPORTE. Gyve boys wether, quoth  
a? nonny, nonny! <sup>2</sup> 1040

Boy. Yf god of his wether wyll gyve  
nonny,

I pray you, wyll he sell ony?  
Or lend us a bushell of snow, or twayne,  
And poynt us a day to pay hym agayne?

MERY-REPORTE. I can not tell; for, by  
thys lyght, 1045

I chept <sup>3</sup> nor borrowed none of hym this  
nyght.

But by suche shyfte as I wyll make  
Thou shalte se soone what waye he wyll  
take.

Boy. Syr, I thanke you. Then I may de-  
parte?

*The Boye goth forth.*

MERY-REPORTE. Ye, farewell, good sonne,  
wyth all my harte! 1050

Now suche an other sorte <sup>4</sup> as here hath  
bene

In all the dayes of my lyfe I have not sene!  
No sewters now but women, knavys, and  
boys;

And all theyr sewtys are in fansyes and  
toys! 1054

Yf that there come no wyser after thys cry  
I wyll to the god and make an ende  
quykely.

*[He makes a proclamation to the audience.]*

Oyes! yf that any knave here  
Be wyllynge to appere,  
For wether fowle or clere,  
Come in before thys flocke; 1060  
And be he hole or syckly,  
Come shew hys mynde quykly;  
And yf hys tale be not lykly <sup>5</sup>  
Ye shall lykke my tale in the nocke.

*[He pauses; no one advances.]*

All thys tyme, I perceyve, is spent in wast  
To wayte for mo sewters. I se none make  
hast. 1066

<sup>1</sup> Provided, prepared.

<sup>2</sup> A meaningless exclamation.

<sup>3</sup> P. *chept not, nor.* <sup>4</sup> Crowd.

<sup>5</sup> Likely.

Wherefore I wyll shew the god all thys  
procys, <sup>1</sup>

And be delyvered of my symple <sup>2</sup> offys.

*[He goes to the throne of Jupyter.]*

Now, lorde, accordynge to your com-  
maundement, 1069

Attendynge sewters I have ben dyligent.  
And, at begynnynge as your wyll was I  
sholde,

I come now at ende to shewe what eche  
man wolde.

The fyrst sewter before your selfe dyd ap-  
pere, —

A gentylman desyrynge wether clere, 1074  
Clowdy nor mysty, nor no wynde to blow,

For hurt in hys huntynge. And then, as  
ye know,

The marchaunt sewde for all of that kynde,  
For wether clere, and mesurable wynde,  
As they maye best bere theyr saylys to  
make spede.

And streyght after thys there came to me,  
in-dede, 1080

An other man, who namyd hym-selfe a  
ranger,

And sayd all of hys crafte be farre brought  
in daunger

For lacke of lyvynge, whyche chievely ys  
wynde-fall:

But he playnely sayth there bloweth no  
wynde at al;

Wherefore he desyreth, for encrease of theyr  
fleesys, <sup>3</sup> 1085

Extreme rage of wynde, trees to tere in  
pees.

Then came a water-myller, and he cryed  
out

For water, and sayde the wynde was so  
stout

The rayne could not fale; wherefore he made  
request

For plenty of rayne to set the wynde at  
rest. 1090

And then, syr, there came a wyndemyller  
in,

Who sayde for the rayne he could no  
wynde wyn;

The water he wysht to be banyshd all,  
Beseechynge your grace of wynde continu-  
all.

<sup>1</sup> Procedure, story. <sup>2</sup> Humble. <sup>3</sup> Plunder.

Then came there an other that wolde ban-  
ysh all this — 1095

A goodly dame, an ydyl thyng e iwys!

Wynde, rayne, nor froste, nor sonsynne,  
wold she have,

But fayre close wether, her beautye to save.  
Then came there a nother that lyveth by  
laundry,

Who muste have wether hote and clere  
here clothys to dry. 1100

Then came there a boy for froste and snow  
contynnall,

Snow to make snowballys, and frost for his  
pytfale;

For whyche, god wote, he seweth full  
gredely!

Your fyrst man wold have wether clere and  
not wyndy;

The seconde the same, save cooles to blow  
meanly; <sup>1</sup> 1105

The thyrd desyred stormes and wynde  
moste extremely;

The fourth all in water, and wolde have no  
wynde;

The fyft no water, but al wynde to grynde;  
The syxt wold have none of all these, nor  
no bright son;

The seventh extremely the hote son wold  
have wonne; 1110

The eyght, and the last, for frost and snow  
he prayd.

Byr lady, we shall take shame, I am  
a-frayd!

Who marketh in what maner this sort is led  
May thynke yt impossyble all to be sped.  
This number is smale — there lacketh  
twayne of ten — 1115

And yet, by the masse, amonge ten  
thousand men

No one thyng could stand more wyde  
from the tother!

Not one of theyr sewtes agreeth wyth an  
other.

I promyse you, here is a shrewed pece of  
warke! 1119

This gere wyll trye wether ye be a clarke.  
Yf ye trust to me, yt is a great foly;

For yt passeth my braynes, by goddes  
body!

JUPYTER. Son, thou haste ben dyligent,  
and done so well

<sup>1</sup> Breezes to blow moderately.

That thy labour is ryght myche thanke-  
worthy.

But be thou suer we nede no whyt thy  
counsell; 1125

For in our-selfe we have foresene remedy,  
Whyche thou shalt se. But fyrste, de-  
parte hence quickly

To the gentylman and all other sewters  
here,

And commaunde them all before us to ap-  
pere.

MERY-REPORTE. That shall be no lenger  
in doynge 1130

Then I am in commynge and goynge.

*Mery-report goth out.*

JUPYTER. Suche debate as from above <sup>1</sup>  
ye have harde,

Suche debate beneth amonge your selves ye  
se.

As longe as heddes from temperaunce be  
deferd, 1134

So longe the bodyes in dystemperaunce be:  
This perceyve ye all, but none can helpe  
save we.

But as we there have made peace con-  
cordantly,

So woll we here now gyve you remedy.

*Mery-reporte and al the sewters entreth.*

MERY-REPORTE. If I hadde caught them  
Or ever I raught <sup>2</sup> them, 1140

I wolde have taught them

To be nere me.

Full dere have I bought them,<sup>3</sup>

Lorde, so I sought them;

Yet have I brought them, 1145

Suche as they be!

GENTYLMAN. Pleaseth yt your maieste,  
lorde, so yt is,

We, as your subiectes and humble sewters  
all,

Accordeynge as we here your pleasure is,  
Are presyd <sup>4</sup> to your presens, beyng pryn-

cypall 1150

Hed and governour of all in every place.

Who ioeyth not in your syght, no ioy can  
have.

Wherfore we all commyt us to your grace

<sup>1</sup> In heaven; cf. ll. 22-63.

<sup>2</sup> Reached.

<sup>3</sup> I have paid dear for them (i.e. the search was tedious).

<sup>4</sup> Hurried.

As lorde of lordes us to peryshe<sup>1</sup> or  
save.

JUPYTER. As longe as dyscrecyon so well  
doth you gyde 1155

Obedyently to use your dewte,  
Dout ye not we shall your savete provyde.  
Your grevys we have harde; wherfore we  
sent for ye

To receyve answer, eche man in his  
degre. 1159

And fyrst to content, most reason yt is,  
The fyrste man that sewde; wherfore  
marke ye this:

Oft shall ye have the wether clere and styll  
To hunt in for recompens of your payne.

Also you marchauntes shall have myche  
your wyll;

For oft-tymes, when no wynde on lande  
doth remayne, 1165

Yet on the see plasaunt cooles you shall  
obtaine.

And syns your huntynge maye reste in the  
nyght,

Oft shall the wynde then ryse, and before  
day-lyght.

It shall ratyll downe the wood in suche  
case 1169

That all ye rangers the better lyve may.

And ye wáter-myllers shall obteyne this  
grace —

Many tymes the rayne to fall in the valey,  
When at the selfe tymes on hylls we shall  
purvey

Fayre wether for your wyndmilles, with  
such coolys of wynde

As in one instant both kyndes of mylles  
may grynde. 1175

And for ye fayre women that close wether  
wold have,

We shall provyde that ye may suffyciently  
Have tyme to walke in, and your beauty  
save.

And yet shall ye have, that lyveth by  
laundry,

The hote sonne oft ynough your clothes to  
dry. 1180

Also ye, praty chylde, shall have both frost  
and snow.

<sup>1</sup> Destroy.

Now marke this conclusyon, we charge you  
arow:<sup>1</sup>

Myche better have we now devysed for ye  
all

Then ye all can perceyve, or coude desyre.  
Eche of you sewd to have contynuall 1185  
Suche wether as his crafte onely doth re-  
quyre.

All wethers in all places yf men all tymes  
myght hyer,

Who could lyve by other? What is this  
neglygens

Us to attempt in suche inconvenyens!

Now, on the tother syde, yf we had  
graunted 1190

The full of some one sewt, and no mo,  
And from all the rest the wether had for-  
byd,

Yet who so hadde obtayned had wonne his  
owne wo.

There is no one craft can preserve man so,  
But by other craftes, of necessity, 1195

He muste have myche parte of his com-  
moditye.

All to serve at ones, and one destroy a  
nother,

Or ellys to serve one and destroy all the  
rest, —

Nother wyll we do the tone nor the  
tother,

But serve as many, or as few, as we thynke  
best. 1200

And where, or what tyme, to serve moste or  
lest,

The dyrececyon of that doutles shall stande  
Perpetually in the power of our hande.

Wherfore we wyll the hole worlde to at-  
tende

Eche sorte on suche wether as for them  
doth fall, 1205

Now one, now other, as lyketh us to sende.  
Who that hath yt, ply<sup>2</sup> it; and suer we  
shall

So gyde the wether in course to you all,  
That eche wyth other ye shall hole<sup>3</sup> re-  
mayne 1209

In pleasure and plentyfull welth, certayne.

<sup>1</sup> In a row.

<sup>2</sup> Make use of it.

<sup>3</sup> Whole, hale, sound.

GENTYLMAN. Blessyd was the tyme  
wherin we were borne!

Fyrst for the blysfull chaunce of your godly  
presens,

Next for our sewt. Was there never man  
beforne

That ever harde so excellent a sentens 1214  
As your grace hath gevyn to us all arow?  
Wherin your hyghnes hath so bountyfully  
Dystributed my parte that your grace  
shall know

Your selfe sooll <sup>1</sup> possessed of hertes of all  
chyvalry.

MARCHAUNT. Lyke-wyse we marchauntes  
shall yeld us holy,<sup>2</sup>

Onely to laude the name of Iupyer 1220  
As god of all goddes, you to serve sooly;  
For of every thyng, I se, you are noryshe.

RANGER. No dout yt is so, for so we now  
fynde.

Wherin your grace us rangers so doth bynde,  
That we shall gyve you our hertes with one  
accorde, 1225

For knowledge to know you as our onely  
lorde.

WATER MYLLER. Well, I can no more,  
but — for our water

We shall geve your lordshyp Our Ladyes  
saunter.

WYNDE MYLLER. Myche have ye bounde  
us; for, as I be saved,

We have all obteyned better then we  
craved. 1230

GENTYLWOMAN. That is trew; wherfore  
your grace shal trewly

The hertes of such as I am have surely.

LAUNDER. And suche as I am — who be  
as good as you! —

<sup>1</sup> Solely.

<sup>2</sup> Wholly.

His hyghnes shall be suer on, I make a  
vow.

BOY. Godfather god, I wyll do somewhat  
for you agayne. 1235

By Cryste, ye may happe to have a byrd  
or twayne!

And I promyse you, yf any snow come,  
When I make my snow-ballys ye shall have  
some.

MERY-REPORTE. God thanke your lord-  
shyp. Lo, how this is brought to  
pas!

Syrs, now shall ye have the wether even as  
yt was. 1240

JUPYTER. We nede no whyte our selfe any  
farther to bost,

For our dedes declare us apparauntly.

Not onely here on yerth, in every cost,  
But also above in the hevynly com-  
pany, 1244

Our prudens hath made peace unyversally;  
Whyche thyng, we sey, recordeth us as  
pryncypall

God and governour of heven, yerth, and all.

Now unto that heven we woll make re-  
tourne,

Where we be gloryfied most tryum-  
phantly. 1249

Also we woll all ye that on yerth sojourne,  
Syns cause gyveth cause, to know us your  
lord onely,

And now here to synge moste ioyfully,  
Reioyceynge in us. And in meane-tyme we  
shall

Ascende into our trone celestyall. 1254

[While they sing, Jupyter withdraws.]

FINIS

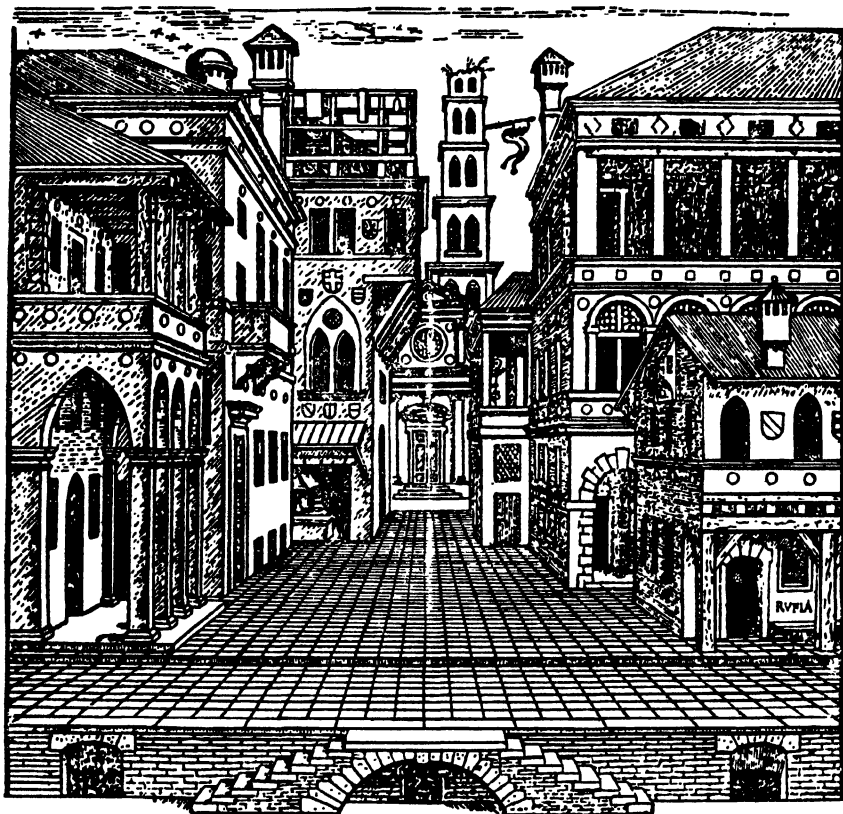
Prynted by W. Rastell.

1533.

*Cum privilegio.*



**X**  
**SCHOOL PLAYS**



THE COMICALL SCENE

ROISTER DOISTER<sup>1</sup>

By NICHOLAS UDALL

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RALPH ROYSTER DOYSTER, a braggart.	HARPAX, servant to Royster.
MATHEWE MERYGREEKE, the fun-maker.	SCRIVENER.
GAWIN GOODLUCKE, a London merchant, affianced to the wealthy widow Custance.	MUSICIANS.
TRISTRAM TRUSTY, an old friend to Good- lucke and Custance.	SERVANTS.
DOBINET DOUGHTIE, a boy, servant to Royster.	CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, a wealthy widow, affianced to Goodlucke.
TOM TRUPENIE, a boy, servant to Cus- tance.	MADGE MUMBLECRUST, an old woman, nurse to Custance.
SYM SURESBY, loyal servant to Goodlucke.	TIBET TALK-A-PACE } ANNOT ALYFACE } maids to Custance.

[The place, LONDON.]

<sup>1</sup> In the first quarter of the sixteenth century the scholars of England came under the influence of the great neo-classical revival of Roman plays inaugurated by the Italian academics, and English high schools and colleges began to present before-school audiences (and occasionally, by invitation, before the Court and before persons of eminence) the comedies of Terence and Plautus. Though at first the students acted the original plays of the Roman dramatists, very soon they began to compose and present plays modeled after the classical masterpieces, some in Latin and some in English. The earliest of the English adaptations of Roman comedy that has come down to us is *Roister Doister*, written by Nicholas Udall, and, in all probability, while he was headmaster of Eton, 1534-41. The importance of the academic drama in calling attention to the technique of the classical drama (act- and scene-divisions, coherence of plot, the unities of time and place, the careful motivation of entrances and exits, etc.) is obvious. And in still another way, perhaps, the efforts of the scholars to revive the drama of the ancients exerted an influence upon the English drama. The great revival of interest in Roman plays led, especially in Italy, to a revival of interest in the classical mode of stage representation. With hints derived from Vitruvius, and under the inspiration of enthusiastic Italian scholars, the architects and painters began to develop theatres and stage-scenery for presenting plays in "the manner of the ancients." The scenery devised consisted usually of canvas stretched over wooden frames (called "players' houses"), and painted in perspective to represent a street. There were entrances at either side into the houses of the chief personages, and a passage or door at the end of the street, leading, as it were, into the town. The figure entitled "The Comical Scene," here reproduced from Serlio's *The Second Book of Architecture*, illustrates a rather elaborate setting for a comedy; in the English plays, no doubt, the setting was much simpler. The actors of *Roister Doister*, we may suppose, placed on one side the house of Dame Custance, on the other side the house of Roister, with a street in perspective between; and all the performers came in or went out at the doors of these two houses, or at the rear end of the street.

Only one copy of the play is extant (now preserved at Eton, and referred to hereafter as E.), and that lacks the title-page. The play, however, was licensed to Thomas Hacket in 1566/67, and was presumably issued shortly afterwards. I have based the text on Arber's reprint, with the corrections noted by Gayley (*Representative English Comedies*, 1903) as a result of his careful collation of this reprint with the unique copy at Eton. The punctuation and the bracketed stage-directions are mine.



## THE PROLOGUE

What creature is in health, eyther yong or olde,  
 But som mirth with modestie wil be glad to vse —  
 As we in thys enterlude shall now vnfolde?  
 Wherin all scurilitie we vtterly refuse;  
 Auoiding such mirth wherin is abuse;  
 Knowing nothing more comendable for a mans recreation  
 Than mirth which is vsed in an honest fashion. 7

For myrth prolongeth lyfe, and causeth health;  
 Mirth recreates our spirites, and voydeth pensiueneesse;  
 Mirth increaseth amitie, not hindring our wealth;  
 Mirth is to be vsed both of more and lesse,<sup>1</sup>  
 Being mixed with vertue in decent comlynesse —  
 As we trust no good nature can gainsay the same.  
 Which mirth we intende to vse, auoidyng all blame. 14

The wyse poets long time heretofore  
 Vnder merrie comedics secretes did declare,  
 Wherein was contained very vertuous lore,  
 With mysteries and forewarnings very rare.  
 Suche to write neither *Plautus* nor *Trence* dyd spare,  
 Whiche among the learned at this day beares the bell.<sup>2</sup>  
 These with such other therein dyd excell. 21

Our comedie, or enterlude, which we intende to play  
 Is named "Royster Doyster," in-deede,  
 Which against the wayne-glorious doth inuey,  
 Whose humour the roysting sort continually doth feede.  
 Thus, by your pacience, we intende to proceede  
 In this our enterlude, by Gods leaue and grace.  
 And here I take my leaue for a certaine space. 28

<sup>1</sup> Persons of great and of small importance.

<sup>2</sup> Are ranked foremost.

FINIS.

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA I

MATHEWE MERYGREEKE.<sup>1</sup> *He entreth singing.*

[M. MERY.] As long lyueth the mery man,  
 they say,  
 As doth the sory man, and longer by a day;  
 Yet the grassehopper, for all his sommer  
 pipyng,  
 Sterueth in winter wyth hungrie gripyng.  
 Therefore an-other sayd sawe <sup>2</sup> doth men  
 aduise 5

<sup>1</sup> The word regularly means "a merry fellow."

<sup>2</sup> Spoken sententious passage.

That they be together both mery and wise.  
 Thys lesson must I practise, or else ere long  
 Wyth mee, Mathew Merygreeke, it will be  
 wrong.  
 In-deede, men so call me; for, by Him that  
 vs bought,  
 What-euer chaunce betide, I can take no  
 thought. 10  
 Yet wisedom would that I did my-selfe  
 bethinke  
 Where to be prouided this day of meate  
 and drinke;  
 For knowe ye, that, for all this merie note  
 of mine,

He might appose<sup>1</sup> me now that should  
 aske where I dine.  
 My lyuing lieth heere, and there, of Gods  
 grace: — 15  
 Sometime wyth this good man; sometyme  
 in that place;  
 Sometime Lewis Loytrer biddeth me come  
 neere;  
 Somewhyles Watkin Waster maketh vs  
 good cheere;  
 Sometime Dauby Diceplayer, when he hath  
 well cast,  
 Keepeth reuell-route as long as it will  
 last; 20  
 Sometime Tom Titiuile maketh vs a feast;  
 Sometime with Sir Hugh Pyc I am a bidden  
 gueast;  
 Sometime at Nichol Neuerthriucs I get a  
 soppe;  
 Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blink-  
 insoppe;  
 Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hoddydodies  
 sleeue — 25  
 But thys day, on Ralph Royster Doysters,  
 by hys leeue!  
 For truely of all men he is my chiefe  
 banker,  
 Both for meate and money, and my chiefe  
 shootanker.<sup>2</sup>  
 For, sooth<sup>3</sup> Roister Doister in that he doth  
 say,  
 And require what ye will; ye shall haue no  
 nay. 30  
 But now of Roister Doister somewhat to  
 expresse,  
 That ye may esteeme him after hys worthi-  
 nesse:  
 In these twentie townes, and seke them  
 throughout,  
 Is not the like stocke whereon to graffe a  
 loute.  
 All the day long is he facing and crak-  
 ing<sup>4</sup> 35  
 Of his great actes in fighting and fray-  
 making;  
 But, when Roister Doister is put to his  
 prooffe,  
 To keepe the Queenes<sup>5</sup> peace is more for  
 his behoofe.

<sup>1</sup> Pose, put to a nonplus.<sup>2</sup> Last reliance.<sup>3</sup> Support, flatter by assenting to.<sup>4</sup> Swagging and boasting<sup>5</sup> Doubtless originally *Kings*.

If any woman smyle, or cast on hym an  
 eye,  
 Vp is he to the harde eares in loue by-and-  
 by! <sup>1</sup> 40  
 And in all the hotte haste must she be hys  
 wife,  
 Else farewell hys good days, and farewell  
 his life!  
 Maister Raufe Royster Doister is but dead  
 and gon  
 Excepte she on hym take some compassion.  
 Then chiefe of counsell must be Mathew  
 Merygreeke. 45  
 "What if I for mariage to suche an one  
 seeke?"  
 Then must I sooth it, what-cuer it is;  
 For what he sayth or doth can not be  
 amisse.  
 Holde vp his yea and nay, be his nowne  
 white sonne;<sup>2</sup>  
 Prayse and rouse<sup>3</sup> him well, and ye haue  
 his heart wonne; 50  
 For so well liketh he his owne fonde<sup>4</sup>  
 fashions  
 That he taketh pride of false commenda-  
 tions.  
 But such sporte haue I with him as I would  
 not leese  
 Though I should be bounde to lyue with  
 bread and cheese.  
 For exalt hym, and haue hym as ye lust,  
 in-deede — 55  
 Yea, to hold his finger in a hole for a  
 neede.  
 I can, with a worde, make him fayne or  
 loth;  
 I can, with as much, make him pleased or  
 wroth;  
 I can, when I will, make him mery and  
 glad;  
 I can, when me lust, make him sory and  
 sad; 60  
 I can set him in hope, and eke in dis-  
 paire;  
 I can make him speake rough, and make  
 him speake faire.  
 But I maruell I see hym not all thys same  
 day.  
 I wyll seeke him out. — But, loe! he com-  
 meth thys way!

<sup>1</sup> Immediately.<sup>2</sup> Darling, boon friend.<sup>3</sup> Encourage.<sup>4</sup> Ridiculous, foolish.

I haue yond espied hym sadly com-  
ming, — 65  
And in loue, for twentie pounce, by hys  
glommyng! <sup>1</sup>

### ACTUS I. SCÆNA II

[Enter] *Rafe Roister Doister. Mathew  
Merygreeke [remains].*

R. ROISTER. Come, death, when thou  
wilt! I am weary of my life!

M. MERY. I tolde you, I, we should wowe  
another wife!

R. ROISTER. Why did God make me  
suche a goodly person?

M. MERY. He is in by the weke. We  
shall haue sport anon.

R. ROISTER. And where is my trustie  
friende, Mathew Merygreeke? 5

M. MERY. I wyll make as I sawe him not.  
He doth me seeke.

R. ROISTER. I haue hym espyed, me  
thinketh; yond is hee.

Hough, Mathew Merygreeke, my friend!  
a worde with thee!

M. MERY. I wyll not heare him, but make  
as I had haste.

[*Pretending to go.*]

Farewell, all my good friendes! the tyme  
away dothe waste; 10

And the tide, they say, tarieth for no man!

R. ROISTER. Thou must with thy good  
counsell helpe me if thou can.

M. MERY. God keepe thee, worshypfull  
Maister Roister Doister!

And fare-well the[e], lustie Maister Roister  
Doister!

[*As he starts away, Roister Doister  
holds him.*]

R. ROISTER. I muste needes speake with  
thee a worde or twaine. 15

M. MERY. Within a month or two I will  
be here againe.

Negligence in greate affaires, ye knowe,  
may marre all.

R. ROISTER. Attende vpon me now, and  
well rewarde thee I shall.

M. MERY. I haue take my leaue, and the  
tide is well spent.

<sup>1</sup> Scowling.

R. ROISTER. I die except thou helpe! I  
pray thee, be content. 20

Doe thy parte wel, nowe, and aske what  
thou wilt;

For without thy aide my matter is all spilt.

M. MERY. Then, to serue your turne, I  
will some paines take,

And let all mync owne affaires alone — for  
your sake.

R. ROISTER. My whole hope and trust  
resteth onely in thee. 25

M. MERY. Then can ye not doe amisse,  
what-euer it bee.

R. ROISTER. Gramercies, Merygreeke!  
most bounde to thee I am.

M. MERY. But vp with that heart, and  
speake out like a ramme!

Ye speake like a capon that had the cough  
now.

Bee of good cheere! Anon ye shall doe  
well ynow. 30

R. ROISTER. Vpon thy comforte I will all  
things well handle.

M. MERY. So, loe, that is a breast to  
blowe out a candle!

But what is this great matter, I woulde  
faine knowe?

We shall fynde remedie therefore, I trowe.  
Doe ye lacke money? Ye knowe myne  
olde offers; 35

Ye haue always a key to my purse and  
coffers.

R. ROISTER. I thanke thee! Had euer  
man suche a frende?

M. MERY. Ye gyue vnto me; I must  
needes to you lende.

R. ROISTER. Nay, I haue money plentie  
all things to discharge.

M. MERY. [*aside*]. That knewe I ryght  
well when I made offer so large. 40

R. ROISTER.<sup>1</sup> But it is no suche matter.

M. MERY. What is it, than?  
Are ye in daunger of debte to any man?

If ye be, take no thought, nor be not  
afraide;

Let them hardly take thought how they  
shall be paide.

R. ROISTER. Tut! I owe nought!

M. MERY. What then? Fear ye im-  
prisonment? 45

R. ROISTER. No

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in E.; supplied by Cooper.

M. MERY. No, i-wist, ye offende not  
so to be shent.<sup>1</sup>

But if ye <sup>2</sup> had, the Toure <sup>3</sup> coulde not you  
so holde

But to breake out at all times ye would be  
bolde.

What is it? Hath any man threatned you  
to beate?

R. ROYSTER. What is he that durst haue  
put me in that heate? 50

He that beateth me — by His armes! —  
shall well fynde

That I will not be farre from him, nor  
runne behinde.<sup>4</sup>

M. MERY. That thing knowe all men euer  
since ye ouerthrewe

The fellow of the lion which Hercules slewe.  
But what is it, than?

R. ROYSTER. Of loue I make my mone

M. MERY. Ah, this foolishe a loue! Wilt  
neare let vs alone? 56

But, bicause ye were refused the last day,<sup>5</sup>  
Ye sayd ye would nere more be intangled  
that way.

I would medle no more, since I fynde all so  
vnkinde.

R. ROYSTER. Yea, but I can not so put  
loue out of my minde. 60

MATH. MER. But is your loue — tell me  
first, in any wise —

In the way of mariage, or of merchandise? <sup>6</sup>  
If it may otherwise than lawfull be founde,  
Ye get none of my helpe for a hundred  
pounde.

R. ROYSTER. No, by my trouth; I would  
haue hir to my wife. 65

M. MERY. Then are ye a good man, and  
God saue your life!

And what, or who, is she with whome ye  
are in loue?

R. ROYSTER. A woman, whome I knowe  
not by what meanes to moue.

M. MERY. Who is it?

R. ROYSTER. A woman, yond!

[*He points to Custance's house*]

M. MERY. What is hir name?

R. ROYSTER. Hir, yonder.

<sup>1</sup> Blamed.

<sup>2</sup> E. *he*.

<sup>3</sup> The Tower of London.

<sup>4</sup> The reader should observe the numerous *double entendres*.

<sup>5</sup> Yesterday.

<sup>6</sup> I.e., illicit love.

M. MERY. Whom?

R. ROYSTER. Mistresse — ah —

M. MERY. Fy, fy, for shame! 70  
Loue ye, and know not whome, but "hir  
yonde," "a woman"?

We shall then get you a wyfe I can not tell  
whan!

R. ROYSTER. The faire woman that  
supped wyth vs yesternyght;  
And I hearde hir name twice or thrice, and  
lad it ryght.

M. MERY. Yea, ye may see ye nere take  
me to good cheere with you; 75  
If ye had, I coulde haue tolde you hir name  
now.

R. ROYSTER. I was to blame in-deede; but  
the nexte tyme, perchaunce —  
And she dwelleth in this house.

M. MERY. What! Christian Custance?

R. ROYSTER. Except I haue hir to my  
wife, I shall runne madde.

M. MERY. Nay, vnwise perhaps, but I  
warrant you for madde! 80

R. ROYSTER. I am vtterly dead vnlesse I  
haue my desirc.

M. MERY. Where be the bellows that  
blewe this sodeine fire?

R. ROYSTER. I heare she is worthe a thou-  
sande pounde and more.

M. MERY. Yea, but learne this one lesson  
of me afore:

An hundred pounde of marriage-money,  
doubtlesse, 85

Is euer thirtie pounde sterlyng, or some-  
what lesse.

So that hir thousande pounde, yf she be  
thriftie,

Is muche neere about two hundred and  
fiftie.

Howebet, wowers and widowes are neuer  
poore!

R. ROYSTER. Is she a widowe? I loue hir  
better therefore. 90

M. MERY. But I heare she hath made  
promise to another.

R. ROYSTER. He shall goe without hir,  
and <sup>1</sup> he were my brother!

M. MERY. I haue hearde say — I am  
right well aduised —

That she hath to Gawyn Goodlucke prom-  
ised.

<sup>1</sup> If.

R. ROYSTER. What is that Gawyn Good-lucke?

M. MERY. A merchant man. 95

R. ROYSTER. Shall he speede afore me?

Nay, sir, by sweete Sainct Anne!

Ah, sir, "Backare,"<sup>1</sup> quod Mortimer to his sowe.

I wyll haue hir myne owne selfe, I make God a-vow —

For, I tell thee, she is worthe a thousande pounde!

M. MERY. Yet a fitter wife for your mashyp might be founde. 100

Suche a goodly man as you might get one wyth lande,

Besides poundes of golde a thousande, and a thousande,

And a thousande, and a thousande, and a thousande,

And so to the summe of twentie hundred thousande.

Your most goodly personage is worthie of no lesse. 105

R. ROYSTER. I am sorie God made me so comely, doubtlesse;

For that maketh me eche-where so highly fauoured,

And all women on me so enamoured.

M. MERY. "Enamoured," quod you? Haue ye spied out that?

Ah, sir, mary, nowe I see you know what is what. 110

"Enamoured," ka? Mary, sir, say that againe!

But I thought not ye had marked it so plaine.

R. ROYSTER. Yes, eche-where they gaze all vpon me, and stare.

M. MERY. Yea, Malkyn, I warrant you, as muche as they dare.

And ye will not beleue what they say in the streete 115

When your mashyp passeth by, all such as I meete,

That sometimes I can scarce finde what aunswere to make.

"Who is this?" sayth one, "Sir Launcelot du Lake?"

"Who is this? Greate Guy<sup>2</sup> of War-wike?" sayth an-other.

"No," say I, "it is the thirteenth Hercules brother." 120

"Who is this? Noble Hector of Troy?" sayth the thirde.

"No, but of the same nest," say I, "it is a birde."

"Who is this? Greate Goliah, Sampson, or Colbrande?"

"No," say I, "but it is a brute of the Alie<sup>1</sup> Lande."

"Who is this? Greate Alexander? or Charle le Maigne?" 125

"No, it is the tenth Worthie," say I to them agayne.

I knowe not if I sayd well?

R. ROYSTER. Yes; for so I am.

M. MERY. Yea, for there were but nine Worthies before ye came.

To some others, the thirde Cato I doe you call.

And so, as well as I can, I aunswere them all. 130

"Sir, I pray you, what lorde, or great gentleman, is this?"

"Maister Ralph Roister Doister, dame," say I, ywis.

"O Lorde!" sayth she than, "what a goodly man it is!

Woulde Christ I had such a husbände as he is!"

"O Lorde," say some, "that the sight of his face we lacke!" 135

"It is inough for you," say I, "to see his backe;

His face is for ladies of high and noble parages.<sup>2</sup>

With whome he hardly scapeth great mariages";

With muche more than this — and much otherwise.

R. ROYSTER. I can<sup>3</sup> thee thanke that thou canst suche answeres deuise.

But I perceyue thou doste me thoroughly knowe. 141

M. MERY. I marke your maners for myne owne learnyng, I trowe.

But suche is your beautie, and suche are your actes,

Suche is your personage, and suche are your factes,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Back, stand back!

<sup>2</sup> E. Cuy.

<sup>3</sup> Holy?

<sup>4</sup> Give.

<sup>2</sup> Lineage.

<sup>4</sup> Deeds of prowess.

That all women, faire and fowle, more and lesse, 145

They<sup>1</sup> eye you, they lubbe you, they talke of you doubtlesse.

Your p[le]asant looke maketh them all merie;

Ye passe not by but they laugh till they be werie;

Yea, and money coulde I haue, the truthe to tell,

Of many, to bryng you that way where they dwell. 150

R. ROISTER. Thyrgreeke, for this thy reporting well of mee —

M. MERY. What shoulde I else, sir? It is my duetie, pardee!

R. ROISTER. I promise thou shalt not lacke, while I haue a grote.

M. MERY. Faith, sir, and I nere had more nede of a newe cote.

R. ROISTER. Thou shalte haue one to-morowe, and golde for to spende. 155

M. MERY. Then I trust to bring the day to a good ende;

For, as for mine owne parte, hauing money inowe,

I could lyue onely with the remembrance of you.

But nowe to your widowe, whome you loue so hotte.

R. ROISTER. By Cocke, thou sayest truthe! I had almost forgotte. 160

M. MERY. What if Christian Custance will not haue you? what?

R. ROISTER. Haue me? yes, I warrant you, neuer doubt of that!

I knowe she loueth me, but she dare not speake.

M. MERY. In-deede, meete it were somebody should it breake.<sup>2</sup>

R. ROISTER. She looked on me twentie tymes yesternight, 165

And laughed so —

M. MERY. That she coulde not sitte vpright?

R. ROISTER. No, faith, coulde she not.

M. MERY. No, euen such a thing I cast.<sup>3</sup>

R. ROISTER. But, for wowyng, thou knowest, women are shamefast.

But, and she knewe my minde, I knowe she would be glad,

And thinke it the best chaunce that euer she had. 170

M. MERY. Too hir, then, like a man, and be bolde forth to starte!

Wowers neuer speede well that haue a false harte.

R. ROISTER. What may I best doe?

M. MERY. Sir, remaine ye a while [here];<sup>1</sup> Ere long one or other of hir house will ap-  
pere.

Ye knowe my minde.

R. ROISTER. Yea, now, hardly, lette me alone! 175

M. MERY. In the meane-time, sir, if you please, I wyll home

And call your musitians; for in this your case It would sette you forth, and all your wow-  
yng grace;

Ye may not lacke your instrumentes to play and sing.

R. ROISTER. Thou knowest I can doe that.

M. MERY. As well as any-thing. 180

Shall I go call your folkes, that ye may shewe a cast?<sup>2</sup>

R. ROISTER. Yea, runne, I beseeche thee, in all possible haste.

M. MERY. I goe. *Ereat.*

R. ROISTER. Yea, for I loue singyng out of measure;

It comforteth my spirites, and doth me great pleasure.

But who commeth forth yond from my swete hearte Custance? 185

My matter frameth well; thys is a luckie chaunce.

### ACTUS I. SCÆNA III

[*Enter*] *Mage Mumble-crust*,<sup>3</sup> *spinning on the distaffe, Tibet Talk-apace, sowyng; [later enter] Annot Alyface, kniltyng. R. Roister [remains].*

M. MUMBL. If thys distaffe were spoonne, Margerie Mumblecrust —

[*Seating herself on the bench.*]

TIB. TALK. Where good stale ale is, will drinke no water, I trust.

<sup>1</sup> Arber misprints *that*.  
<sup>2</sup> Forecasted, anticipated.

<sup>3</sup> Divulge.

<sup>1</sup> Not in E.; added by Cooper.    <sup>2</sup> Specimen.  
<sup>3</sup> One who mumbles her crusts with toothless gums.

M. MUMBL. Dame Custance hath promised vs good ale and white bread —

TIB. TALK. If she kepe not promise I will beshrewe hir head!

But it will be starke nyght before I shall haue done. 5

R. ROYSTER. I will stande here a-while, and talke with them anon.

I heare them speake of Custance, which doth my heart good;

To heare hir name spoken doth euen comfort my blood.

M. MUMBL. Sit downe to your worke, Tibet, like a good girle.

TIB. TALK. Nourse, medle you with your spyndle and your whirle! 10

No haste but good, Madge Mumblecrust; for, whip and whurre,

The olde prouerbe doth say, neuer made good furre.

M. MUMBL. Well, ye wyll sitte downe to your worke anon, I trust.

TIB. TALK. Soft fire maketh sweete malte, good Madge Mumblecrust.

M. MUMBL. And sweete malte maketh ioly good ale for the nones. 15

TIB. TALK. Whiche will slide downe the lane without any bones.

*She sings:*<sup>1</sup>

Old browne bread crustes must haue much good mumblyng,

But good ale downe your throte hath good easie tumbling.

R. ROYSTER. The iolyest wenche that ere I hearde! little mouse!

May I not reioyce that she shall dwell in my house? 20

*[Tibet seats herself.]*

TIB. TALK. So, sirrha,<sup>2</sup> nowe this geare beginneth for to frame.

M. MUMBL. Thanks to God, though your work stand stil, your tong is not lame!

TIB. TALK. And, though your teeth be gone, both so sharpe and so fine,

Yet your tongue can renne on patins<sup>3</sup> as well as mine.

<sup>1</sup> E. Cantel.

<sup>2</sup> Formerly used in addressing women as well as men.

<sup>3</sup> Make a great clatter (as the feet do in pattens, or wooden shoes).

M. MUMBL. Ye were not for nought named Tyb Talke-apace. 25

TIB. TALK. Doth my talke grieue you? Alack, God saue your grace!

M. MUMBL. I holde<sup>1</sup> a grote ye will drinke anon for this geare.

TIB. TALK. And I wyll pray you the stripes for me to beare.

M. MUMBL. I holde a penny, ye will drink without a cup.

TIB. TALK. Wherein-so-ere ye drinke, I wote ye drinke all vp. 30

*[Enter Annot Alyface knitting.]*

AN. ALYFACE. By Cock!<sup>2</sup> and well sowed, my good Tibet Talke-apace!

TIB. TALK. And cen as well knitte, my nowne Annot Alyface!

R. ROYSTER. See what a sort<sup>3</sup> she kepeth that must be my wife!

Shall not I, when I haue hir, leade a merrie life?

TIB. TALK. Welcome, my good wenche, and sitte here by me iust! 35

AN. ALYFACE. And howe doth our old beldame here, Mage Mumblecrust?

TIB. TALK. Chyde, and finde faultes, and threaten to complaine.

AN. ALYFACE. To make vs poore girles shent, to hir is small gaine.

M. MUMBL. I dyd neyther chyde, nor complaine, nor threaten.

R. ROYSTER. It woulde grieue my heart to see one of them beaten. 40

M. MUMBL. I dyd nothing but byd hir worke, and holde hir peace.

TIB. TALK. So would I, if you coulde your clattering cease;

But the deuill can not make olde trotte<sup>4</sup> holde hir tong.

AN. ALYFACE. Let all these matters passe, and we three sing a song!

So shall we pleasantly bothe the tyme beguile now 45

And eke dispatche all our workes ere we can tell how.

TIB. TALK. I shrew them that say nay, and that shall not be I!

M. MUMBL. And I am well content.

TIB. TALK. Sing on, then, by-and-by.

<sup>1</sup> Wager.

<sup>2</sup> Retinue.

<sup>3</sup> God.

<sup>4</sup> Hag.

R. ROYSTER. And I will not away, but  
listen to their song.  
Yet Merygreeke and my folkes tary very  
long. 50

*Tib, An, and Margerie, doe singe here.*

Pipe, mery Annot, etc.<sup>1</sup>

Trilla, trilla, trillarie!

Worke, Tibet; worke, Annot; worke,  
Margerie!

Sewe, Tibet; knitte, Annot; spinne,  
Margerie!

Let vs see who shall winne the victorie. 55

TIB. TALK. This sluce is not willyng to be  
sewed, I trowe.

A small thing might make me all in the  
grounde to throwe!

*Then they sing agayne.*

Pipe, merrie Annot, etc.

Trilla, trilla, trillarie!

What, Tibet? what, Annot? what,  
Margerie? 60

Ye sleepe, but we doe not, that shall  
we trie.

Your fingers be nombde, our worke will  
not lie.

TIB. TALK. If ye doe so againe, well, I  
would aduise you nay.

In good sooth, one stoppe more, and I  
make holy-day.

*They singe the thirde tyme.*

Pipe, mery Annot, etc. 65

Trilla, trilla, trillarie!

Nowe, Tibbet; now, Annot; nowe,  
Margerie!

Nowe whippet apace for the maystrie!

But it will not be, our mouth is so drie.

TIB. TALK. Ah, eche finger is a thombe  
to-day, me thinke! 70

I care not to let all alone, choose it swimme  
or sinke!

*They sing the fourth tyme.*

Pipe, mery Annot, etc.

Trilla, trilla, trillarie!

<sup>1</sup> I suppose etc. is to be expanded as Pipe, Tibet;  
pipe, Margerie! — Manly.

When, Tibet? when, Annot? when,  
Margerie?

I will not! I can not! No more can I! 75  
Then giue we all ouer, and there let it  
lye!

*Lette hir [Tibet] caste downe hir vvorke.*

TIB. TALK. There it lieth! The worste is  
but a curried cote.<sup>1</sup>

Tut, I am vsed therto; I care not a grote!  
AN. ALYFACE. Haue we done singyng  
since? Then will I in againe.

Here I founde you, and here I leaue both  
twaine. Exeat. 80

M. MUMBL. And I will not be long after.  
[She spies Roister.] Tib Talke-  
apace!

TIB. TALK. What is the matter?

M. MUMB. Yond stode a man al this  
space,

And hath hearde all that euer we spake to-  
gyther.

TIB. TALK. Mary! the more loute he for  
his comming hither!

And the lesse good he can, to listen maidens  
talke! 85

I care not and I go byd him hence for to  
walke.

It were well done to knowe what he maketh  
here-away.

R. ROYSTER. Nowe myght I speake to  
them, if I wist what to say.

M. MUMBL. Nay, we will go both off, and  
see what he is.

*[They approach him.]*<sup>2</sup>

R. ROYSTER. One that hath hearde all  
your talke and singyng, ywis. 90

TIB. TALK. The more to blame you! A  
good thriftie husbände<sup>3</sup>

Woulde elsewhere haue had some better  
matters in hande.

R. ROYSTER. I dyd it for no harme, but  
for good loue I heare

To your dame, Mistresse Custance, I did  
your talke heare.

And, mistresse nource, I will kisse you for  
acquaintance. 95

M. MUMBL. I come anon,<sup>4</sup> sir.

<sup>1</sup> A beating.

<sup>2</sup> Added by Manly.

<sup>3</sup> One who manages his affairs with care.

<sup>4</sup> At once, without delay.



TIB. TALK. Faith, I would our dame  
Custance

Sawe this geare!

M. MUMBL. I must first wipe al cleane,  
yea, I must!

[*She wipes her mouth with her apron.*]

TIB. TALK. Ill chieue<sup>1</sup> it, dotyng foole,  
but it must be cust!

[*Roister kisses Madge.*]

M. MUMBL. God yelde<sup>2</sup> you, sir! Chad  
not so much ichotte<sup>3</sup> not whan,  
Nere since chwas bore, chwine, of such a  
gay gentleman! 100

R. ROYSTER. I will kisse you, too,  
mayden, for the good will I beare  
you.

TIB. TALK. No, forsoth, by your leaue, ye  
shall not kisse me!

R. ROYSTER. Yes; be not afearde; I doe  
not disdayne you a whit.

TIB. TALK. Why shoulde I feare you? I  
haue not so little wit.

Ye are but a man, I knowe very well.

R. ROYSTER. Why, then? 105

TIB. TALK. Forsooth, for I wyll not. I  
vse not to kisse men.

R. ROYSTER. I would faine kisse you too,  
good maiden, if I myght.

TIB. TALK. What shold that neede?

R. ROYSTER. But to honor you, by this  
light!

I vse to kisse all them that I loue, to God I  
vowe.

TIB. TALK. Yea, sir, I pray you, when  
dyd ye last kisse your cowe? 110

R. ROYSTER. Ye might be proude to kisse  
me, if ye were wise.

TIB. TALK. What promotion were there-  
in?

R. ROYSTER. Nourse is not so nice.

TIB. TALK. Well, I haue not bene taught  
to kissing and licking.

R. ROYSTER. Yet I thanke you, mistresse  
nourse, ye made no sticking.

M. MUMBL. I will not sticke for a kosse  
with such a man as you! 115

<sup>1</sup> Succeed.

<sup>2</sup> Reward.

<sup>3</sup> Ich wott, I know. The pronominal form *ich* and its compounds (*ich had, chad; ich was, chwas; ich ween, chwine*; etc.) was the stage dialect of the rustic.

TIB. TALK. They that lust! I will againe  
to my sewyng now.

[*Re-enter Annot Alyface.*]

AN. ALYFAC[E]. Tidings, hough! tidings!  
Dame Custance greeteth you well!

R. ROYSTER. Whome? me?

AN. ALYFACE. You, sir? no, sir; I do no  
suche tale tell.

R. ROYSTER. But, and she knewe me  
here —

AN. ALYFACE. Tybet Talke-apace,  
Your mistresse, Custance, and mine, must  
speake with your grace. 120

TIB. TALK. With me?

AN. ALYFACE. Ye muste come in to hir,  
out of all doutes.

TIB. TALK. And my work not half done!  
A mischief on all loutes!

*Ex[ea]nt[is] am[bae]. Roister and Madge Mum-  
blecrust are left alone.*

R. ROYSTER. Ah, good, sweet nourse!

M. MUMB. A, good, sweete gentleman!

R. ROYSTER. What?

M. MUMBL. Nay, I can not tel, sir; but  
what thing would you?

R. ROYSTER. Howe dothe sweete Cus-  
tance, my heart of gold, tell me  
how? 125

M. MUMBL. She dothe very well, sir, and  
commaunde me<sup>1</sup> to you.

R. ROYSTER. To me?

M. MUMBL. Yea, to you, sir.

R. ROYSTER. To me? Nurse, tel  
me plain, —

To me?

M. MUMB. Ye.

R. ROYSTER. That word maketh me  
alieu again!

M. MUMBL. She commaunde me to one  
last day, who-ere it was.

R. ROYSTER. That was een to me and  
none other, by the masse! 130

M. MUMBL. I can not tell you surely, but  
one it was.

R. ROYSTER. It was I and none other.  
This commeth to good passe!

I promise thee, nourse, I fauour hir.

M. MUMB. Een so, sir.

R. ROYSTER. Bid hir sue to me for mariage.

<sup>1</sup> Presents her kind regards to you.

M. MUMBL. Een so, sir.  
 R. ROYSTER. And surely, for thy sake, she shall speede.  
 M. MUMB. Een so, sir. 135  
 R. ROYSTER. I shall be contented to take hir.  
 M. MUMB. Een so, sir.  
 R. ROYSTER. But at thy request, and for thy sake.  
 M. MUMB. Een so, sir.  
 R. ROYSTER. And, come hearke in thine eare what to say.  
 M. MUMB. Een so, sir.  
*Here lette him tell hir a great long tale in hir eare.*

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA IIII

[*Enter at a distance*] *Mathew Merygreeke, Dobinet Doughtie, Harpax [and Musicians]. Ralph Royster [and] Margerie Mumblecrust [remain whispering].*

M. MERY. Come on, sirs, apace; and quite your-selues like men.  
 Your pains shalbe rewarded.  
 D. DOU. But I wot not when.  
 M. MERY. Do your maister worship as ye haue done in time past.  
 D. DOUGH. Speake to them; of mine office he shall haue a cast.  
 M. MERY. Harpax, looke that thou doe well, too, and thy fellow. 5  
 HARPA. I warrant, if he will myne example folowe.  
 M. MERY. Curtsie, whooresons; douke you and crouche at euery worde!  
 D. DOUGH. Yes, whether our maister speake earnest or borde.<sup>1</sup>  
 M. MERY. For this lieth vpon<sup>2</sup> his preferment indecede.  
 D. DOUGH. Oft is hee a wower, but neuer doth he speede. 10  
 M. MERY. But with whome is he nowe so sadly roundyng<sup>3</sup> yond?  
 D. DOUGH. With *Nobs niccebecetur misere*<sup>4</sup> fonde.

[*Merygreeke advances and pretends to think Mumblecrust Roister's bride.*]

<sup>1</sup> Jest.<sup>2</sup> Is necessary to.<sup>3</sup> Whispering.<sup>4</sup> Dear dainty-girl, have mercy!

[M.] MERY. God be at your wedding!  
 Be ye spedde alredie?  
 I did not suppose that your loue was so gredie.  
 I perceiue nowe ye haue chose of deuotion;  
 And ioy haue ye, ladie, of your promotion! 15  
 R. ROYSTER. Tushe, foole, thou art deceiued; this is not she.  
 M. MERY. Well, mocke muche of hir, and keepe hir well, I vise ye;  
 I will take no charge of such a faire piece keeping.  
 M. MUMBL. What ayleth thys fellowe?  
 He driueth me to weeping. 20  
 M. MERY. What! weepe on the wedding day? Be merrie, woman!  
 Though I say it, ye haue chose a good gentleman.  
 R. ROYSTER. Kocks nownes!<sup>1</sup> what meanest thou man? tut a whistle!  
 [M. MERY.]<sup>2</sup> Ah, sir, be good to hir; she is but a gristle!  
 Ah, sweete lambe and coney!<sup>3</sup>  
 R. ROYSTER. Tut, thou art deceiued! 25  
 M. MERY. Weepe no more, lady; ye shall be well received.

[*To the musicians.*]

Vp wyth some mery noyse, sirs, to bring home the bride!  
 R. ROYSTER. Gogs armes, knaue! Art thou madde? I tel thee thou art wide.  
 M. MERY. Then ye entende by nyght to haue hir home brought?  
 R. ROYSTER. I tel thee, no!  
 M. MERY. How then?  
 R. ROYSTER. Tis neither ment ne thought. 30  
 M. MERY. What shall we then doe wit hir?  
 R. ROYSTER. Ah, foolish harebraine! This is not she!  
 M. MERY. No is? Why then, vnsayde againe!  
 And what yong girle is this with your mashyp so bolde?  
 R. ROYSTER. A girle?

<sup>1</sup> God's wounds. <sup>2</sup> E. assigns this speech to Roister.<sup>3</sup> Rabbit, a term of endearment.

M. MERY. Yea; I dare say scarce yet  
three-score yere old.

R. ROYSTER. This same is the faire wid-  
owes nourse of whome ye wotte. 35

M. MERY. Is she but a nourse of a house?  
Hence home, olde trottel! <sup>1</sup>

Hence at once!

R. ROYSTER. No! no!

M. MERY. What! an please your  
maship

A nourse talke so homely <sup>2</sup> with one of your  
worship?

R. ROYSTER. I will haue it so: it is my  
pleasure and will.

M. MERY. Then I am content. Nourse,  
come againe; tarry still. 40

R. ROYSTER. What! she will helpe for-  
ward this my sute for hir part.

M. MERY. Then ist mine owne pygs-nie, <sup>3</sup>  
and blessing on my hart!

R. ROYSTER. This is our best friend, man!

M. MERY. Then teach hir what to say.

M. MUMBL. I am taught alreadie.

M. MERY. Then go, make no delay!

R. ROYSTER. Yet hark one word in thine  
eare. [*He begins again to whisper.*]

M. MERY. Back, sirs from his taile! 45

[*Merygreek pushes the musicians on Roister.*]

R. ROYSTER. Backe vilaynes! Will ye  
be priuie of my counsaile?

M. MERY. Backe, sirs! so! I tolde you  
afore ye woulde be shent!

[*He pushes them away from Roister.*]

R. ROYSTER. She shall haue the first day  
a whole pecke of argent.

M. MUMBL. A pecke! *Nomine Patris!*  
haue ye so much spare?

R. ROYSTER. Yea, and a carte-lode therto,  
or else were it bare, <sup>4</sup> 50

Besides other mouables, housholde stuffe  
and lande.

M. MUMBL. Haue ye lands too?

R. ROYSTER. An hundred marks.

M. MERY. Yea, a thousand!

M. MUMBL. And haue ye cattell too? and  
sheepe too?

R. ROYSTER. Yea, a fewe.

<sup>1</sup> Hag. <sup>2</sup> Intimately.

<sup>3</sup> Pig's eye, a term of endearment.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps this speech should be assigned to Mery-  
greek.

M. MERY. He is ashamed the numbere of  
them to shewe.

Een rounde about him as many thousande  
sheepe goes 55

As he and thou and I too haue fingers and  
toes.

M. MUMBL. And how many yeares olde  
be you?

R. ROYSTER. Fortie at lest.

M. MERY. Yea, and thrice fortie to them!

R. ROYSTER. Nay, now thou dost icst:  
I am not so olde; thou misreckonest my  
yeares.

M. MERY. I know that; but my minde  
was on bullockes and steercs. 60

M. MUMBL. And what shall I shewe hir  
your masterships name is?

R. ROYSTER. Nay, she shall make sute  
ere she know that, ywis!

M. MUMBL. Yet let me somewhat knowe.

M. MERY. This is hee, vnderstand,  
That killed the Blewe Spider in Blanche-  
pouder Lande.

M. MUMBL. Yea, Iesus! William! Zee  
law! Dyd he zo? Law! 65

M. MERY. Yea, and the last elephant  
that euer he sawe;

As the beast passed by, he start out of a  
buske,

And cen with pure strength of armes pluckt  
out his great tuske.

M. MUMBL. Iesus! *Nomine Patris!* what a  
thing was that!

R. ROYSTER. Yea, but, Merygreke, one  
thing thou hast forgot. 70

M. MERY. What?

R. ROYSTER. Of thother elephant.

M. MERY. Oh, hym that fledde away?

R. ROYSTER. Yea.

M. MERY. Yea! he knew that his  
match was in place that day.

Tut, he bet the King of Crickets on  
Christmasse-day,

That he crept in a hole, and not a worde to  
say!

M. MUMBL. A sore <sup>1</sup> man, by zembletee!

M. MERY. Why, he wrong a club 75  
Once, in a fray, out of the hande of Belze-  
bub.

R. ROYSTER. And how when Mumfision?

M. MERY. Oh, your coustrelying <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Strong, bold, fierce.

<sup>2</sup> Groom, lad.

Bore the lanterne a-fielde so before the  
gozelyng —

Nay, that is to long a matter now to be  
tolde!

Neuer aske his name, nurse! I warrant  
thee, be bolde. 80

He conquered in one day from Rome to  
Naples,

And woonne townes, nourse, as fast as thou  
canst make apples.

M. MUMBL. O Lorde! My heart quak-  
eth for feare! He is to sore!

R. ROYSTER. Thou makest hir to much  
afearde. Merygreeke, no more!

This tale woulde feare my sweete heart  
Custance right euill. 85

M. MERY. Nay, let hir take him, nurse —  
and feare not the deuill!

But thus is our song dasht. Sirs, ye may  
home againe.

R. ROYSTER. No, shall they not! I  
charge you all here to remaine.

The villaine slaues! a whole day ere they  
can be founde!

M. MERY. Couche! On your marybones,  
whooresons! Down to the ground!

[*They kneel before Roister.*]

Was it meete he should tarie so long in one  
place 91

Without harmonie of musike, or some sol-  
acc?

Who-so hath suche bees as your maister in  
hys head

Had neede to haue his spirites with musike  
to be fed.

By your maisterships licence!

[*Picks something from his coat.*]

R. ROYSTER. What is that? a moate?

M. MERY. No; it was a foolcs feather had  
light on your coate. 96

R. ROYSTER. I was nigh no feathers since  
I came from my bed.

M. MERY. No, sir, it was a haire that was  
fall from your hed.

R. ROYSTER. My men com when it plesethem. —

M. MERY. By your leue!

[*Brushes something from his gown.*]

R. ROYSTER. What is that?

M. MERY. Your gown was foule spotted  
with the foot of a gnat. 100

R. ROISTER. Their maister to offende  
they are nothing afearde.

[*Merygreeke picks something from Roister's doublet.*]

What now?

M. MERY. A lousy haire from your  
masterships beard.

ALL SERVANTS.<sup>1</sup> And, sir, for nurses sake,  
pardon this one offence.

We shall not after this shew the like negli-  
gence.

R. ROYSTER. I pardon you this once; and  
come sing nere the wurse! 105

M. MERY. How like you the goodnesse of  
this gentleman, nurse?

M. MUMBL. God saue his maistership  
that so can his men forgeue!

And I wyll heare them sing ere I go, by his  
leau.

R. ROYSTER. Mary, and thou shalt, wenche!  
Come, we two will daunce!

M. MUMBL. Nay, I will by myne owne  
selfe foote the song perchaunce.

R. ROYSTER. Go to it, sirs, lustily!

M. MUMBL. Pipe vp a mery note.  
Let me heare it playde, I will foote it, for a  
grote! 112

[*They sing,<sup>2</sup> while Mumblecrust foots it.*]

Who-so to marry a minion wife  
Hath hadde good chaunce and happe,  
Must loue hir and cherishe hir all his life,  
And dandle hir in his lappe. 116

If she will fare well, yf she wyll go gay,  
A good husbände cuer styll,  
What-euer she lust to doe or to say,  
Must lette hir haue hir owne will. 120

About what affaires so-euer he goe,  
He must shewe hir all his mynde;  
None of hys counsell she may be kept froe,<sup>3</sup>  
Else is he a man vnkynde. 124

R. ROYSTER [*producing a letter*]. Now, nurse,  
take thys same letter here to thy  
mistresse;

<sup>1</sup> E. *Omnes famulae.*

<sup>2</sup> E. *Cantent.* The song is printed at the end of  
the play, and entitled "The Second Song."

<sup>3</sup> E. *free: corr. by Cooper*

And, as my trust is in thee, plie my businessse.

M. MUMBL. It shalbe done.

M. MERY. Who made it?

R. ROYSTER. I wrote it, ech whit.

M. MERY. Then nedes it no mending.

R. ROYSTER. No, no!

M. MERY. No; I know your wit;

I warrant it wel.

M. MUMBL. It shal be deliuered.

But, if ye speede, shall I be considered? 130

M. MERY. Whough! dost thou doubt of that?

MADGE. What shal I haue?

M. MERY. An hundred times more than thou canst deuise to craue.

M. MUMBL. Shall I haue some newe geare? <sup>1</sup> for my olde is all spent.

M. MERY. The worst kitchen wench shall goe in ladies rayment.

M. MUMBL. Yea?

M. MERY. And the worst drudge in the house shal go better 135

Than your mistresse doth now.

M. MUMBL.<sup>2</sup> Then I trudge with your letter.

[Exit Mumblecrust into the house.]

R. ROYSTER. Now may I repose me, Custance is mine owne.

Lct vs sing and play homeward, that it may be knowne.

M. MERY. But are you sure that your letter is well enough?

R. ROYSTER. I wrote it my-selfe!

M. MERY. Then sing we to dinner! 140

*Here they sing, and go out singing.*

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA V

[Enter] Christian Custance [with the letter, unopened; followed by] Margerie Mumblecrust.

C. CUSTANCE. Who tooke <sup>3</sup> thee thys letter, Margerie Mumblecrust?

M. MUMBL. A lustie gay bachelor tooke it me of trust;

And if ye seeke to him, he will lowe <sup>4</sup> your doing.

<sup>1</sup> Clothes.

<sup>2</sup> Gave.

<sup>3</sup> E. Mar. (i.e. Margery).

<sup>4</sup> Allow.

C. CUSTANCE. Yea, but where learned he that manner of wowing?

M. MUMBL. If to sue to hym you will any paines take, 5

He will haue you to his wife, he sayth, for my sake.

C. CUSTANCE. Some wise gentleman, be-like! I am bespoken; <sup>1</sup>

And I thought, verily, thys had bene some token

From my dere spouse, Gawin Goodluck; whom, when him please,

God luckily sende home to both our heartes ease! 10

M. MUMBL. A ioyly man it is, I wote well by report,

And would haue you to him for marriage resort.

Best open the writing, and see what it doth speake.

C. CUSTANCE. At thys time, nourse, I will neither reade ne breake.

M. MUMBL. He promised to giue you a whole pecke of golde. 15

C. CUSTANCE. Perchaunce lacke of a pynte, when it shall be all tolde!

M. MUMBL. I would take a gay, riche husbände, and I were you.

C. CUSTANCE. In good sooth, Madge, een so would I, if I were thou.

But no more of this fond talke now; let vs go in.

And see thou no more moue me folly to begin, 20

Nor bring mee no mo letters for no mans pleasare,

But thou know from whom.

M. MUMBL. I warrant ye, shall be sure!

[Ezeunt into the house.]

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA I

[Enter] Dobinet Doughtie [Roister's page].

D. DOUGH. Where is the house I goe to? before or behinde?

I know not where, nor when, nor how, I shal it finde.

If I had ten mens bodies and legs and strength,

<sup>1</sup> Promised, engaged.

This trotting that I haue must needes lame  
me at length.

And nowe that my maister is new set on  
wowyng, 5

I trust there shall none of vs finde lacke of  
doyng.

Two paire of shoes a day will nowe be too  
litle

To serue me, I must trotte to and fro so  
mickle.

"Go beare me thys token!" "Carrie me  
this letter!"

"Nowe this is the best way"; "nowe that  
way is better!" 10

"Vp before day, sirs, I charge you, an  
houre or twaine!"

"Trudge!" "Do me thys message, and  
bring worde quicke againe!"

If one misse but a minute, then: "His  
armes and woundes,

I woulde not haue slacked for ten thousand  
poundes!

Nay, see, I beseeche you, if my most  
trustie page 15

Goe not nowe aboute to hinder my mar-  
riage!"

So feruent hotte wowyng, and so farre  
from wiuing,

I trowe neuer was any creature liuyng.

With euery woman is he in some loues pang.

Then vp to our lute at midnight, twangle-  
dome twang; 20

Then twang with our sonets, and twang  
with our dumps,<sup>1</sup>

And heyhough from our heart, as heaue as  
lead lumpes;

Then to our recorder,<sup>2</sup> with toodleloodle  
poope,

As the howlet out of an yuie bushe should  
hoope;

Anon to our gitterne,<sup>3</sup> thrumpledum,  
thrumpledum thrum, 25

Thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumple-  
dum, thrumpledum thrum!

Of songs and balades also he is a maker,  
And that can he as finely doe as lacke

Raker;<sup>4</sup>

Yea, and *extempore* will he dities com-  
pose, —

<sup>1</sup> Mournful songs.

<sup>2</sup> A wind instrument like the flute.

<sup>3</sup> A stringed instrument like the guitar.

<sup>4</sup> Proverbial as a writer of bad verse.

Foolishe Marsias nere made the like, I sup-  
pose! 30

Yet must we sing them; as good stuffe, I  
vndertake,

As for such a pen-man is well-fittyng to  
make.

"Ah, for these long nights! heyhow! when  
will it be day?"

I feare, ere I come, she will be wowed  
away."

Then, when aunswere is made that it may  
not bee, 35

"O death, why comest thou not by-and-  
by?" sayth he.

But then, from his heart to put away sor-  
owe,

He is as farre in with some newe loue next  
morowe.

But in the meane season we trudge and we  
trot;

From dayspring to midnyght I sit not nor  
rest not. 40

And now am I sent to Dame Christian  
Custance;

But I feare it will ende with a mocke for  
pastance.

I bring hir a ring, with a token in a cloute;<sup>1</sup>

And, by all gesse,<sup>2</sup> this same is hir house,  
out of doute.

I knowe it nowe perfect, I am in my right  
way. 45

And loe yond the olde nourse that was  
wyth vs last day!

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA II

[*Enter hurriedly*] *Mage Mumblecrust. Dobi-  
net Doughtie* [remains].

M. MUMBL. I was nere so shoke vp afore  
since I was borne!

That our mistresse coulde not haue chid, I  
wold haue sworne;

And I pray God I die if I ment any harme.

But, for my life-time, this shall be to me a  
charm!<sup>3</sup>

D. DOUGH. God you saue and see, nurse!  
And howe is it with you? 5

M. MUMBL. Mary, a great deale the  
worse it is, for suche as thou!

<sup>1</sup> Cloth.

<sup>2</sup> Guess.

<sup>3</sup> An enchantment, warning her against such con-  
duct in the future.

D. DOUGH. For me? Why so?  
M. MUMBL. Why, wer not thou one of  
them, say,

That song and playde here with the gentle-  
man last day?

D. DOUGH. Yes; and he would know if  
you haue for him spoken;  
And prayes you to deliuer this ring and  
token. 10

M. MUMBL. Nowe, by the token that  
God tokened, brother,

I will deliuer no token, one nor other!  
I haue once ben so shent for your maisters  
pleasure

As I will not be agayne for all hys treas-  
ure.

D. DOUGH. He will thank you, woman.

M. MUMBL. I will none of his thanke.

*Ex[it into the house].*

D. DOUGH. I weene I am a prophete! this  
geare will proue blanke! 16

But what! should I home againe without  
answere go?

It were better go to Rome on my head than  
so.

I will tary here this moneth but some of the  
house

Shall take it of me; and then I care not a  
louse. 20

But yonder commeth forth a wenche — or,  
a ladde;

If he haue not one Lumbardes touche,<sup>1</sup> my  
lucke is bad.

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA III

[*Enter*] Trupenie. *D. Dough[tie remains].*  
*Tibet T[alk-apace and] Anot Al[yface*  
*enter later].*

TRUPENY. I am cleane lost for lacke of  
mery companie!

We gree not halfe well within, our wenches  
and I.

They will commaunde like mistresses; they  
will forbyd;

If they be not serued, Trupeny must be  
chyd.

Let them be as mery nowe as ye can de-  
sire, 5

<sup>1</sup> Coin of Lombardy, with a pun on the meaning  
of Lombard, a pawnbroker.

With turnyng of a hande our mirth lieth in  
the mire!

I can not skill of such chaungeable mettle;  
There is nothing with them but "in docke,  
out nettle!"

D. DOUGH. Whether is it better that I  
speake to him furst,

Or he first to me? It is good to cast the  
wurst. 10

If I beginne first he will smell all my pur-  
pose;

Otherwise, I shall not neede any-thing to  
disclose.

TRUPENY. What boy haue we yonder? I  
will see what he is.

D. DOUGH. He commeth to me. [*Pre-  
tends to be looking for a house.*] It is  
hereabout, ywis.

TRUPENY. Wouldest thou ought, friende,  
that thou lookest so about? 15

D. DOUGH. Yea; but whether ye can  
helpe me or no, I dout.

I seeke to one Mistresse Custance house,  
here dwellyng.

TRUPENY. It is my mistresse ye seeke  
too, by your telling.

D. DOUGH. Is there any of that name  
heere but shee?

TRUPENY. Not one in all the whole  
towne that I knowe, pardee. 20

D. DOUGH. A widowe she is, I trowe?

TRUPENY. And what and she be?

D. DOUGH. But ensured to an husbände?

TRUPENY. Yea, so thinke we.

D. DOUGH. And I dwell with hir hus-  
bände that trusteth to be.

TRUPENY. In faith, then must thou  
needes be welcome to me.

Let vs for acquaintance shake handes to-  
gether; 25

And, what-ere thou be, heartily welcome  
hither!

[*Enter Tibet and Anot.*]

TIB. TALK. Well, Trupenie, neuer but  
flinging? <sup>1</sup>

AN. ALYFACE. And frisking?

TRUPENY. Well, Tibet and Annot, still  
swinging and whiskyng?

TIB. TALK. But ye roile <sup>2</sup> abroad.

AN. ALYFACE. In the streete, euewhere.

<sup>1</sup> Running about.

<sup>2</sup> Gad about.

TRUPIENE. Where are ye twaine, in  
chambers, when ye mete me  
there? <sup>1</sup> 30

But come hither, foolcs; I haue one nowe  
by the hande,

Seruant to hym that must be our mistresse  
husbande.

Byd him welcome.

AN. ALYFACE. To me, truly, is he wel-  
come!

TIB. TALK. Forsooth, and as I may say,  
heartily welcome!

D. DOUGH. I thank you, mistresse  
maides.

AN. ALYFACE. I hope we shal better  
know. 35

TIB. TALK. And when wil our new master  
come?

D. DOUGH. Shortly, I trow.

TIB. TALK. I would it were to-morow;  
for, till he resorte,

Our mistresse, being a widow, hath small  
comforte.

And I hearde our nourse speake of an hus-  
bande to-day

Ready for our mistresse, a riche man and a  
gay; 40

And we shall go in our Frenche hoodcs  
euery day,

In our silke cassocks, I warrant you, freshe  
and gay,

In our tricke ferdegews <sup>2</sup> and billiments <sup>3</sup> of  
golde,

Braue <sup>4</sup> in our sutes of chaunge seuen  
double folde.

Then shall ye see Tibet, sirs, treade the  
mosse so trimme, —

Nay, why sayd I treade? ye shall see hir  
glide and swimme, 46

Not lumperde clumperdee like our span-  
iell Rig.

[*She struts like a grand lady.*]

TRUPENY. Mary, then, prickmedaintie,<sup>5</sup>  
come toste me a fig!

Who shall then know our Tib Talke-apace,  
trow ye?

AN. ALYFACE. And why not Annot Aly-  
face as fyne as she? 50

TRUPENY. And what! had Tom Trupeny  
a father, or none?

AN. ALYFACE. Then our pretty newe-  
come man wil looke to be one.

TRUPENY. We foure, I trust, shall be a  
ioily, mery knot! <sup>1</sup>

Shall we sing a fitte to welcome our friende,  
Annot?

AN. ALYFACE. Perchaunce he can not  
sing.

D. DOUGH. I am at all assaycs.<sup>2</sup>

TIB. TALK. By Cooke, and the better  
welcome to vs alwayes! 56

*Here they sing:*

A thing very fitte  
For them that haue witte,  
And are felowcs knitte,  
Seruants in one house to bce,  
Is fast <sup>3</sup> for to sitte,  
And not oft to flitte,  
Nor varie a whitte,  
But louingly to agree. 64

No man complainyng,  
Nor other disdaynyng,  
For losse or for gainyng,  
But felowcs or friends to bce;  
No grudge remainyng,  
No worke refrainyng,  
Nor helpe restrainyng,  
But louingly to agree. 72

No man for despite  
By worde or by write  
His felowe to twite,<sup>4</sup>  
But further in honestie;  
No good turnes entwite,<sup>5</sup>  
Nor olde sores recite,  
But let all goe quite,  
And louingly to agree. 80

After drudgerie,  
When they be werie,  
Then to be merie,  
To laugh and sing they be free;  
With chip and cherie

<sup>1</sup> I.e. "Are you two in-doors when you meet me  
in the street?"

<sup>2</sup> Trim farthingales.

<sup>3</sup> Head-dresses.

<sup>4</sup> Handsome.

<sup>5</sup> One who is ridiculously finical in matters of  
dress.

<sup>1</sup> Group.

<sup>2</sup> E. *Is fast*.

<sup>4</sup> Blame.

<sup>3</sup> Attempts.

<sup>5</sup> Rebuke.



Heigh derie derie,  
Trill on the berie,<sup>1</sup>  
And louingly to agree.

88

*Finis.*

TIB. TALK. Wyll you now in with vs vnto  
our mistresse go?

D. DOUGH. I haue first for my maister an  
errand or two.

But I haue here from him a token and a  
ring;

They shall haue moste thanke of hir that  
first doth it bring.

TIB. TALK. [*snatching*]. Mary, that will I!

TRUPENY. See and Tibet snatch not  
now!

TIB. TALK. And why may not I, sir, get  
thanks as well as you?

*Exeat [Tibet hastily into the house].*

AN. ALYFACE. Yet get ye not all; we will  
go with you both,

95

And haue part of your thanks, be ye neuer  
so loth!

*Exeant omnes [in haste after Tibet].*

D. DOUGH. So my handes are ridde of it,  
I care for no more.

I may now return home; so durst I not  
afore.

*Exeat.*

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA III

[*Enter*] C. CUSTANCE, Tibet, Annot Alyface,  
[and] Trupeny.

C. CUSTANCE. Nay, come forth all three!  
and come hither, pretie mayde!

Will not so many forewarnings make you  
afrayde?

TIB. TALK. Yes, forsoth.

C. CUSTANCE. But stil be a runner vp  
and downe?

Still be a bringer of tidings and tokens to  
towne?

TIB. TALK. No, forsoth, mistresse.

C. CUSTANCE. Is all your delite and  
ioy

5

In whiskyng and ramping abroad like a  
tom-boy?

TIB. TALK. Forsoth, these were there  
too, — Annot and Trupenie.

<sup>1</sup> Whirl (dance) on the hillock.

TRUPENY. Yea, but ye alone tooke it, ye  
can not denie.

ANNOT ALY. Yea, that ye did!

TIBET. But if I had not, ye twaine  
would.

C. CUSTANCE. You great calfe! ye should  
haue more witte, so ye should! 10  
But why shoulde any of you take such  
things in hande?

TIBET. Because it came from him that  
must be your husbände.

C. CUSTANCE. How do ye know that?

TIBET. Forsoth, the boy did say so.

C. CUSTANCE. What was his name?

AN. ALYFACE. We asked not.

C. CUSTANCE. No did?

AN. ALYFACE. He is not farre gone, of  
likelyhod.

TRUPENY. I will see.

15

C. CUSTANCE. If thou canst finde him in  
the streete, bring him to me.

TRUPENY. Yes.

*Exeat.*

C. CUSTANCE. Well, ye naughty girles,  
if euer I perceiue

That henceforth you do letters or tokens  
receiue

To bring vnto me from any person or  
place,

Except ye first shewe me the partie face to  
face,

20

Eyther thou, or thou, full truly abyethou  
shalt.

TIBET. Pardon this, and the next tyme  
pouder<sup>1</sup> me in salt!

C. CUSTANCE. I shall make all girles by  
you twaine to beware.

TIBET. If euer I offend againe, do not me  
spare.

But if euer I see that false boy any more,  
By your mistreshyps licence, I tell you  
afore,

26

I will rather haue my cote twentie times  
swinged

Than on the naughtie wag not to be  
auenged.

C. CUSTANCE. Good wenches would not  
so rampe abroad ydelly,

But keepe within doores, and plie their  
work earnestly.

30

If one would speake with me that is a man  
likely,

<sup>1</sup> Preserve.

Ye shall haue right good thanke to bring  
me worde quickly;

But otherwyse with messages to come in  
post,

From henceforth, I promise you, shall be to  
your cost.

Get you in to your work!

TIB. AN. Yes, forsoth.

C. CUSTANCE. Hence, both twaine; 35  
And let me see you play me such a part  
again!

[*Exeunt Tibet and Annot. Re-enter  
Trupeny.*]

TRUPENY. Maistresse, I haue runne past  
the farre ende of the streete,  
Yet can I not yonder craftie boy see nor  
meete.

C. CUSTANCE. No?

TRUPENY. Yet I looked as farre be-  
yonde the people

As one may see out of the toppe of Paules  
steeple. 40

C. CUSTANCE. Hence in at doores, and let  
me no more be vex!

TRUPENY. Forgeue me this one fault, and  
lay on for the next! [*Exeat.*]

C. CUSTANCE. Now will I in too; for I  
thinke, so God me mende,  
This will proue some foolish matter in the  
ende! *Exeat.*

## ACTUS [IIII]. SCÆNA I

[*Enter Mathewe Merygreeke.*]

M. MERY. Nowe say thys againe: — he  
hath somewhat to dooing  
Which followeth the trace<sup>1</sup> of one that is  
wowing,  
Specially that hath no more wit in his hedde  
Than my cousin Roister Doister withall is  
ledde.

I am sent in all haste to espie and to  
marke 5  
How our letters and tokens are likely to  
warke.

Maister Roister Doister must haue aun-  
swere in haste,  
For he loueth not to spende much labour in  
waste.

<sup>1</sup> Path, way.

Nowe, as for Christian Custance, by this  
light,

Though she had not hir trowth to Gawin  
Goodluck plight, 10

Yet rather than with such a loutishe dolte  
to marie,

I dare say, woulde lyue a poore lyfe soli-  
tarie.

But fayne would I speake with Custance, if  
I wist how,

To laugh at the matter. Yond commeth  
one forth now!

## ACTUS III. SCÆNA II

[*Enter*] Tibet. *M. Merygreeke* [*remains*].  
*Christian Custance* [*enters later*].

TIB. TALK. Ah, that I might but once in  
my life haue a sight

Of him that made vs all so yll-shent, by  
this light!

He should neuer escape if I had him by the  
eare,

But euen from his head I would it bite or  
teare;

Yea, and if one of them were not inowe, 5  
I would bite them both off, I make God  
auow!

M. MERY. What is he whome this little  
mouse doth so threaten?

TIB. TALK. I woulde teache him, I trow,  
to make girles shent or beaten!

M. MERY. I will call her. Maide, with  
whome are ye so hastie?

TIB. TALK. Not with you, sir, but with a  
little wagpastie, 10

A deceiuer of folkes by subtyll craft and  
guile.

M. MERY. [*aside*]. I knowe where she is;  
Dobinet hath wrought some wile.

TIB. TALK. He brought a ring and token  
which he sayd was sent

From our dames husbände; but I wot well I  
was shent!

For it liked hir as well, to tell you no  
lies, 15

As water in hir shyppe, or salt cast in hir  
eies.

And yet whence it came neyther we nor she  
can tell.

M. MERY. [*aside*]. We shall haue sport  
anone; I like this very well! —

And dwell ye here with Mistresse Custance,  
faire maide?

TIB. TALK. Yea, mary, doe I, sir. What  
would ye haue sayd? 20

M. MERY. A little message vnto hir by  
worde of mouth.

TIB. TALK. No messages, by your leaue,  
nor tokens, forsoth!

M. MERY. Then help me to speke with hir.

TIBET. With a good wil that.

Here she commeth forth. Now speake —  
ye know best what.

[Enter Custance.]

C. CUSTANCE. None other life with you,  
maide, but abroad to skip? 25

TIB. TALK. Forsoth, here is one would  
speake with your mistresship.

C. CUSTANCE. Ah, haue ye ben learning  
of mo messages now?

TIB. TALK. I would not heare his minde,  
but bad him shewe it to you.

C. CUSTANCE. In at dores!

TIB. TALK. I am gon. *Ex[eat].*

M. MERY. Dame Custance, God ye  
saue!

C. CUSTANCE. Welcome, friend Mery-  
greeke! And what thing wold ye  
haue? 30

M. MERY. I am come to you a little mat-  
ter to breake.

C. CUSTANCE. But see it be honest, else  
better not to speake.

M. MERY. Howe feele ye your-selfe af-  
fected here of late?

C. CUSTANCE. I feele no maner chaunge,  
but after the olde rate.

But wherby do ye meane?

M. MERY. Concerning mariage. 35  
Doth not loue lade<sup>1</sup> you?

C. CUSTANCE. I feele no such cariage.<sup>2</sup>

M. MERY. Doe ye feele no pangues of  
dotage? aunswere me right.

C. CUSTANCE. I dote so that I make but  
one sleepe all the night.

But what neede all these wordes?

M. MERY. Oh Iesus! will ye see  
What dissembling creatures these same  
women be? 40

The gentleman ye wote of, whome ye doe  
so loue

<sup>1</sup> Load.

<sup>2</sup> Burden.

That ye woulde fayne marrie him, yf ye  
durst it moue,

Emong other riche widowes, which are of  
him glad,

Lest ye for lesing of him perchaunce might  
runne mad,

Is nowe contented that, vpon your sute  
making, 45

Ye be as one in election of taking.

C. CUSTANCE. What a tale is this! That  
I wote of? Whome I loue?

M. MERY. Yea, and he is as louing a  
worme, againe, as a doue.

Een of very pitie he is willyng you to take,  
Bicause ye shall not destroy your-selfe for  
his sake. 50

C. CUSTANCE. Mary, God yelde<sup>1</sup> his  
mashyp! What-euer he be,

It is gentmanly spoken!

M. MERY. Is it not, trowe ye?

If ye haue the grace now to offer your-self,  
ye speede.

C. CUSTANCE. As muche as though I did,  
this time it shall not neede.

But what gentman is it, I pray you tell me  
plaine, 55

That woweth so finely?

M. MERY. Lo where ye be againe,  
As though ye knewe him not!

C. CUSTANCE. Tush, ye speake in iest!

M. MERY. Nay, sure, the partie is in good  
knacking earnest;

And haue you he will, he sayth, and haue  
you he must.

C. CUSTANCE. I am promised duryng my  
life; that is iust. 60

M. MERY. Mary, so thinketh he, vnto  
him alone.

C. CUSTANCE. No creature hath my faith  
and trouth but one, —

That is Gawin Goodlucke; and, if it be not  
hee,

He hath no title this way, what-euer he be,  
Nor I know none to whome I haue such  
worde spoken. 65

M. MERY. Ye, knowe him not you by his  
letter and token?

C. CUSTANCE. In-dede, true it is that a  
letter I haue;

But I neuer reade it yet, as God me  
saue!

<sup>1</sup> Reward.

M. MERY. Ye a woman, and your letter  
so long vnredde?

C. CUSTANCE. Ye may therby know what  
hast I haue to wedde. 70

But now who it is for my hande, I knowe by  
gesse.

M. MERY. Ah well, I say!

C. CUSTANCE. It is Roister Doister,  
doubtlesse.

M. MERY. Will ye neuer leaue this dis-  
simulation?

Ye know hym not?

C. CUSTANCE. But by imagination;  
For no man there is but a very dolt and  
loute 75

That to wowe a widowe woulde so go  
about.

He shall neuer haue me hys wife while he  
doe liue.

M. MERY. Then will he haue you if he  
may, so mote I thriue!

And he biddeth you sende him worde by me  
That ye humbly beseech him ye may his  
wife be, 80

And that there shall be no let in you, nor  
mistrust,

But to be wedded on Sunday next, if he lust;  
And biddeth you to looke for him.

C. CUSTANCE. Douth he byd so?

M. MERY. When he commeth, aske hym  
whether he dyd or no.

C. CUSTANCE. Goe, say that I bid him  
keepe him warme at home! 85

For, if he come abroade, he shall cough me  
a mome.<sup>1</sup>

My mynde was vexed, I shrew his head!  
Sottish dolt!

M. MERY. He hath in his head —

C. CUSTANCE. As much braine as a  
burbolt!

M. MERY. Well, Dame Custance, if he  
heare you thus play choploge<sup>2</sup> —

C. CUSTANCE. What will he?

M. MERY. Play the deuill in the horo-  
loge.<sup>3</sup> 90

C. CUSTANCE. I defy him, loute!

M. MERY. Shall I tell hym what ye say?

C. CUSTANCE. Yea; and adde what-so-  
euer thou canst, I thee pray,

<sup>1</sup> Prove himself a fool.

<sup>2</sup> Chop-logic, contentious argument.

<sup>3</sup> The devil in the clock, playing havoc with its  
works, creating confusion.

And I will auouche it, what-so-euer it bee.

M. MERY. Then let me alone! we will  
laugh well, ye shall see.

It will not be long ere he will hither re-  
sorte. 95

C. CUSTANCE. Let hym come when hym  
lust, I wishe no better sport.

Fare ye well. I will in and read my great  
letter;

I shall to my wower make answere the  
better. *Exeat.*

### ACTUS III. SCÆNA III

*Mathew Merygreeke [remains; enter] Roister  
Doister [later].*

M. MERY. Nowe that the whole answere  
in my deuise doth rest,

I shall paint out our wower in colours of the  
best;

And all that I say shall be on Custances  
mouth;

She is author of all that I shall speake, for-  
soth.

But yond commeth Roister Doister nowe,  
in a trauunce. 5

*[Enter Roister.]*

R. ROYSTER. Iuno sende me this day  
good lucke and good chaunce!

I can not but come see how Merygreeke  
doth speede.

M. MERY. I will not see him, but giue  
him a iutte, in-deede.

*[Runs into him.]*

I erie your mastershype mercie!

R. ROYSTER. And whither now?

M. MERY. As fast as I could runne, sir, in  
poste against you. 10

But why speake ye so faintly? or why are  
ye so sad?

R. ROYSTER. Thou knowest the prouerbe  
— bycause I can not be had.

Hast thou spoken with this woman?

M. MERY. Yea, that I haue!

R. ROYSTER. And what, will this geare  
be?

M. MERY. No, so God me saue!

R. ROYSTER. Hast thou a flat answer?

M. MERY. Nay, a sharp answer!

R. ROYSTER. What? 15

M. MERY. Ye shall not, she sayth, by hir  
will marry hir cat!

Ye are such a calfe! such an asse! such a  
blocke!

Such a lilburne! such a hoball! such a lob-  
cocke!

And, bicause ye shoulde come to hir at no  
season,

She despised your maship out of all rea-  
son. 20

"Bawawe<sup>1</sup> what ye say," ko I, "of such a  
ientman!"

"Nay, I feare him not," ko she, "doe the  
best he can.

He vaunteth him-selfe for a man of prow-  
esse greate,

Where-as a good gander, I dare say, may  
him beate.

And, where he is louted, and laughed to  
skorne, 25

For the veriest dolte that euer was  
borne,

And veriest lubber, slouen, and beast  
Liuing in this worlde from the west to the  
east,

Yet of himselfe hath he suche opinion  
That in all the worlde is not the like min-  
ion. 30

He thinketh eche woman to be brought in  
dotage

With the onely sight of his goodly per-  
sonage;

Yet none that will haue hym. We do hym  
loute and flocke,

And make him among vs our common  
sporting-stocke.

And so would I now," ko she, "saue onely  
bicause" — 35

"Better nay," ko I, — "I lust not medle  
with dawes."

"Ye are happy," ko I, "that ye are a  
woman!

This would cost you your life in case ye  
were a man."

R. ROYSTER. Yea, an hundred thousand  
pound should not saue hir life!

M. MERY. No, but that ye wowe hir to  
haue hir to your wife. 40

But I coulede not stoppe hir mouth.

R. ROYSTER [*sinking on a bench*]. Heigh  
how, alas!

<sup>1</sup> Beware?

M. MERY. Be of good cheere, man, and  
let the worlde passe!

R. ROYSTER. What shall I doe, or say,  
nowe that it will not bee?

M. MERY. Ye shall haue choise of a thou-  
sande as good as shee.

And ye must pardon hir; it is for lacke of  
witte. 45

R. ROYSTER. Yea, for were not I an hus-  
bande for hir fitte?

Well, what should I now doe?

M. MERY. In faith, I can not tell.

R. ROYSTER. I will go home and die!

M. MERY. Then shall I bidde toll the  
bell?

R. ROYSTER. No.

M. MERY. God haue mercie on your  
soule! Ah, good gentleman,

That er ye shuld th[us] dye for an vnkinde  
woman! 50

Will ye drinke once ere ye goe? <sup>1</sup>

R. ROYSTER. No, no, I will none.

M. MERY. How feele your soule to God?

R. ROYSTER. I am nigh gone.

M. MERY. And shall we hence streight?

R. ROYSTER. Yea.

M. MERY. *Placebo dilexi*:<sup>2</sup>  
Maister [R]oister Doister will streight go  
home and die.<sup>3</sup>

Our Lorde Iesus Christ his soule haue  
mercie vpon: 55

Thus you see to day a man, to morrow  
Iohn.

Yet sauing for a womans extreeme cru-  
eltie,

He might haue lyued yet a moneth or two  
or three.

R. ROYSTER. Heigh how, alas, the pangs  
of death my hearte do breake!

M. MERY. Holde your peace! For  
shame, sir! a dead man may not  
speake! 60

*Nequando*: What mourners and what  
torches shall we haue?

R. ROYSTER. None.

M. MERY. *Dirige*: He will go darklyng  
to his graue, —

<sup>1</sup> It was customary to offer those who were to be executed something to drink.

<sup>2</sup> What follows is an amusing parody on the Catholic service for the dead.

<sup>3</sup> E. adds *ut infra*. I have inserted the four lines, 55-58, from the mock requiem as printed after the songs at the end of the play.

*Neque lux, neque crux, neque mourners,  
neque clinke;*<sup>1</sup>

He will steale to heauen vnknowing to God,  
I thinke,

*A porta inferi.* Who shall your goodes  
possesse? 65

R. ROYSTER. Thou shalt be my sectour,<sup>2</sup>  
and haue all, more and lesse.

M. MERY. *Requiem æternam!* Now God  
reward your mastershyp!

And I will crie halfepenie-doale for your  
worshyp.

Come forth, sirs, heare the dolefull newes I  
shall you tell!

*He calls in Roister's servants.*<sup>3</sup>

Our good maister here will no longer with  
vs dwell. 70

But, in spite of Custance, which hath hym  
weried,

Let vs see his mashyp solemnely buried;  
And, while some piece of his soule is yet  
hym within,

Some part of his funeralls let vs here begin.

*Audiui vocem:* All men, take heede by this  
one gentleman 75

Howe you sette your loue vpon an vnkinde  
woman!

For these women be all suche madde,  
pieuishe elues,

They will not be wonne except it please  
them-selues.

But, in fayth, Custance, if euer ye come in  
hell,

Maister Roister Doister shall serue you as  
well. 80

And will ye needes go from vs thus, in very  
deede?

R. ROYSTER. Yea, in good sadnesse.

M. MERY. Now Iesus Christ be your  
speede!

Good night, Roger, olde knaue! farewell,  
Roger, olde knaue!

Good night, Roger, old knaue! knaue, knap!

<sup>1</sup> The clinking of the bell, supposed to drive away evil spirits. In the mock requiem printed at the end of the play we find this variant reading:

*Neque lux, neque crux, nisi solum clinke.*  
Neuer gentman so went toward heauen I thinke.  
Yet sirs, as ye wyl the blisse of heauen win,  
When he commeth to the graue lay hym softly in.  
The last two lines probably should follow line 74.

<sup>2</sup> Exeutor.

<sup>3</sup> E. *Evocat servos militie.*

*Nequando. Audiui vocem. Requiem  
æternam.*<sup>1</sup> 85

Pray for the late Maister Roister Doisters  
soule!

And come forth, parish clarke, let the pass-  
ing bell toll. [*Enter Parish Clerk.*]

*To Roister's servants.*<sup>2</sup>

Pray for your mayster, sirs, and for hym  
ring a peale;

He was your right good maister while he  
was in heale.

THE PEALE OF BELLES RONG BY THE  
PARISH CLERK AND ROISTER DOISTERS  
FOURE MEN.<sup>3</sup>

*The first Bell a Triple.*

When dyed he? When dyed he? 90

*The seconde.*

We haue hym! We haue hym!

*The thirde.*

Royster Doyster! Royster Doyster!

*The fourth Bell.*

He commeth! He commeth!

*The greate Bell.*

Our owne! Our owne!

M. MERY. *Qui Lazarum.*

R. ROYSTER. Heigh how!

M. MERY. Dead men go not so fast 95  
*In Paradisum.*

R. ROYSTER. Heihow!

M. MERY. Soft, heare what I haue  
cast!

R. ROYSTER. I will heare nothing, I am  
past.<sup>4</sup>

M. MERY. Whough, wellaway!  
Ye may tarie one houre, and heare what I  
shall say.

Ye were best, sir, for a-while to reuiue  
agaïne

And quite<sup>5</sup> them er ye go.

R. ROYSTER. Trowest thou so?

M. MERY. Ye, plain. 100

R. ROYSTER. How may I reuiue, being  
nowe so farre past?

<sup>1</sup> E. *ut infra*. I have added the line from the text of the mock requiem as printed at the end of the play.

<sup>2</sup> E. *Ad Servos Militie.*

<sup>3</sup> The Peale I have added from the text of the mock requiem at the end of the play.

<sup>4</sup> Dead.

<sup>5</sup> Requite, get even with.

M. MERY. I will rubbe your temples, and  
fette you againe at last.

R. ROYSTER. It will not be possible.

M. MERY. Yes, for twentie pounce.

[*Rubs his head roughly.*]

R. ROYSTER [*leaping up angrily*]. Armes!  
what dost thou?

M. MERY. Fet you again out of your  
sound.

By this crosse, ye were nigh gone in-deede!  
I might feele 105

Your soule departing within an inche of  
your heele.

Now folow my counsell.

R. ROYSTER. What is it?

M. MERY. If I wer you,  
Custance should eft<sup>1</sup> seeke to me ere I  
woulde bowe.

R. ROYSTER. Well, as thou wilt haue me,  
euen so will I doe.

M. MERY. Then shall ye reuiue againe  
for an houre or two? 110

R. ROYSTER. As thou wilt; I am content,  
for a little space.

M. MERY. Good happe is not hastie; yet  
in space comel<sup>2</sup>th grace.

To speake with Custance your-selfe  
shoulde be very well;

What good therof may come, nor I nor you  
can tell.

But, now the matter standeth vpon your  
marriage, 115

Ye must now take vnto you a lustie cour-  
age.

Ye may not speake with a faint heart to  
Custance,

But with a lusty breast and countenance,  
That she may knowe she hath to answer  
to a man.

R. ROYSTER. Yes, I can do that as well as  
any can. 120

M. MERY. Then, because ye must Cus-  
tance face to face wowe,

Let vs see how to behaue your-selfe ye can  
doe.

Ye must haue a portely bragge,<sup>3</sup> after your  
estate.<sup>3</sup>

R. ROYSTER. Tushe, I can handle that  
after the best rate.

<sup>1</sup> A second time.

<sup>2</sup> Pompous demeanor.

<sup>3</sup> State, rank.

[*He struts back and forth.*]

M. MERY. Well done! So loe! Vp, man,  
with your head and chin! 125

Vp with that snoute, man! So loe! nowe  
ye begin!

So! that is somewhat like! But, prankie  
cote,<sup>1</sup> nay, whan!

That is a lustie brute! Handes vnder your  
side, man!

So loe! Now is it euen as it shoulde bee!  
That is somewhat like for a man of your  
degree! 130

Then must ye stately goe, ietting<sup>2</sup> vp and  
downe.

Tut! can ye no better shake the taile of  
your gowne?

There, loe! suche a lustie bragge it is ye  
must make!

R. ROYSTER. To come behind and make  
curtsie, thou must som pains take.

M. MERY. Else were I much to blame, I  
thanke your mastershyp. 135

[*Making curtsy.*]

The Lorde one day all to-begrime you  
with worship!

[*Shoving imaginary persons out of the way.*]

Backe, sir sauce! let gentlefolkes haue el-  
bowe roome!

Voyde, sirs! see ye not Maister Roister  
Doister come?

Make place, my maisters!

[*He bumps hard into Roister.*]

R. ROYSTER. Thou iustlest nowe to  
nigh.

M. MERY. Back, al rude loutes!

[*Bumps him again.*]

R. ROYSTER. Tush!

M. MERY. I crie your maship  
mercy! 140

Hoighdagh! if faire, fine Mistresse Cus-  
tance sawe you now,

Ralph Royster Doister were hir owne, I  
warrant you.

R. ROYSTER. Neare an M by your  
girdle?<sup>3</sup>

M. MERY. Your Good Mastershyps

<sup>1</sup> Set your coat in order. (But *N.E.D.*, citing this passage, defines *prankie* as "full of pranks.")

<sup>2</sup> Strutting.

<sup>3</sup> A proverbial phrase: have you no respectful terms of address to employ towards me?

Maistershyp were hir owne Mistreshyps  
Mistreshyps!

Ye were take vp for haukes,<sup>1</sup> ye were gone,  
ye were gone! 145

But now one other thing more yet I thinke  
vpon.

R. ROYSTER. Shewe what it is.

M. MERY. A wower be he neuer so  
poore,

Must play and sing before his bestbeloues  
doore;

How much more, than, you!

R. ROYSTER. Thou speakest wel, out of  
dout.

M. MERY. And perchaunce that woulde  
make hir the sooner come out. 150

R. ROYSTER. Goe call my musitiens;  
bydde them high apace.

M. MERY. I will be here with them ere  
ye can say trey ace. *Ereat.*

R. ROYSTER. This was well sayde of  
Merygreeke! I lowe hys wit.

Before my sweete hearts dore we will haue  
a fit,

That, if my loue come forth that I may  
with hir talke, 155

I doubt not but this geare shall on my side  
walke.

But lo, how well Merygreeke is returned  
sence!

[*Re-nter Merygreeke with Musicians.*]

M. MERY. There hath grown no grasse on  
my heele since I went hence!

Lo, here haue I brought that shall make  
you pastance.

R. ROYSTER. Come, sirs, let vs sing, to  
winne my deare loue Custance! 160

[*They sing.*] <sup>2</sup>

I mun be maried a Sunday;

I mun be maried a Sunday;

Who-soeuer shall come that way,

I mun be maried a Sunday. 164

Royster Doyster is my name,

Royster Doyster is my name;

A lustie brute, I am the same.

I mun be maried a Sunday. 168

<sup>1</sup> Hawks, used of officers of the law who pounced on criminals.

<sup>2</sup> E. *Cantent*. The song, entitled "The fourth Song," is printed at the end of the play.

Christian Custance haue I founde,  
Christian Custance haue I founde,  
A wydowe worthe a thousande pounce.

I mun be maried a Sunday. 172

Custance is as sweete as honey,

Custance is as sweete as honey;

I hir lambe and she my coney.

I mun be maried a Sunday. 176

When we shall make our wedding-feast,

When we shall make our wedding-feast,

There shall bee cheere for man and beast.

I mun be maried a Sunday.

I mun be maried a Sunday, etc. 181

M. MERY. Lo, where she commeth!

Some countenance to hir make,

And ye shall heare me be plaine with hir  
for your sake.

### ACTUS III. SCÆNA III

[*Enter Custance. Merygreeke [and] Roister  
Doister [remain].*]

C. CUSTANCE. What gaudyng and fool-  
yng is this afore my doore?

M. MERY. May not folke be honest, pray  
you, though they be pore?

C. CUSTANCE. As that thing may be true,  
so rich folke may be foolles!

R. ROYSTER. Hir talke is as fine as she  
had learned in schooles. 4

M. MERY. [*aside to Roister*]. Looke partly  
towards hir, and drawe a little nere.

C. CUSTANCE. Get ye home, idle folkes!

M. MERY. Why, may not we be here?  
Nay, and ye will haze,<sup>1</sup> haze; otherwise, I  
tell you plaine,

And ye will not haze, then giue vs our geare  
again.

C. CUSTANCE. In-deede I haue of yours  
much gay things, God saue all!

R. ROYSTER [*aside to Merygreeke*]. Speake  
gently vnto hir, and let hir take all.

M. MERY. Ye are to tender-hearted;  
shall she make vs dawes? 11

Nay, dame, I will be plaine with you in my  
friends cause.

R. ROYSTER. Let all this passe, sweete  
heart, and accept my seruice!

<sup>1</sup> Have us.



C. CUSTANCE. I will not be serued with a  
foole, in no wise;

When I choose an husbände, I hope to take  
a man. 15

M. MERY. And where will ye finde one  
which can doe that he can?

Now, thys man towarde you being so  
kinde,

You not to make him an answer some-  
what to his minde!

C. CUSTANCE. I sent him a full answer  
by you, dyd I not?

M. MERY. And I reported it.

C. CUSTANCE. Nay, I must speake it  
again. 20

R. ROYSTER. No, no! he tolde it all.

M. MERY. Was I not metely plaine?

R. ROYSTER. Yes.

M. MERY. But I would not tell all;  
for, faith, if I had,

With you, Dame Custance, ere this houre  
it had been bad;

And not without cause, for this goodly per-  
sonage

Ment no lesse than to ioyn with you in  
marriage. 25

C. CUSTANCE. Let him wast no more  
labour nor sute about me.

M. MERY. Ye know not where your pre-  
ferment lieth, I see,

He sending you such a token, ring and  
letter.

C. CUSTANCE. Mary, here it is. Ye  
neuer sawe a better!

M. MERY. Let vs see your letter.

C. CUSTANCE. Holde;<sup>1</sup> reade it, if ye can, 30  
And see what letter it is to winne a woman!

[*He reads the superscription on the outside.*]

M. MERY. "To mine owne deare coney,<sup>2</sup>  
birde, swete-heart, and pigsny,<sup>3</sup>

Good Mistresse Custance, present these by  
and by."

Of this superscription do ye blame the stile?

C. CUSTANCE. Wi h the rest as good  
stuffe as ye redde a great while! 35

[*He opens the letter, and reads.*]

M. MERY. "Sweete mistresse, where as I  
loue you nothing at all,

Regarding your substance and richesse  
chiefe of all,

For your personage, beautie, demeanour  
and wit,

I commende me vnto you neuer a whit.

Sorie to heare report of your good wel-  
fare. 40

For (as I heare say) suche your conditions  
are

That ye be worthie fauour of no liuing man.

To be abhorred of euery honest man;

To be taken for a woman enclined to vice;

Nothing at all to vertue gyuing hir due  
price. 45

Wherefore concerning mariage, ye are  
thought

Suche a fine paragon, as nere honest man  
bought.

And now by these presentes I do you ad-  
uertise

That I am minded to marrie you in no wise.

For your goodes and substance, I coulde  
bee content 50

To take you as ye are. If ye mynde to bee  
my wyfe,

Ye shall be assured for the tyme of my lyfe

I will keepe ye ryght well from good ray-  
ment and fare;

Ye shall not be kepte but in sorowe and  
care.

Ye shall in no wyse lyue at your owne lib-  
ertie; 55

Doe and say what ye lust, ye shall neuer  
please me;

But when ye are mery, I will be all sadde,

When ye are sory, I will be very gladde;

When ye seeke your heartes ease, I will be  
vnkinde;

At no tyme, in me shall ye muche gentle-  
nesse finde. 60

But all things contrary to your will and  
minde

Shall be done: otherwise I wyll not be be-  
hinde

To speake. And as for all them that  
woulde do you wrong

I will so helpe and mainteyne, ye shall not  
lyue long.

Nor any foolishe dolte shall cumbre you  
but I. 65

I, who ere say nay, wyll sticke by you tyll I  
die.

<sup>1</sup> Take.

<sup>2</sup> Rabbit, a term of endearment.

<sup>3</sup> Pig's-eye, a term of endearment.

Thus good mistresse Custance, the Lorde  
you saue and kepe  
From me Roister Doister, whether I wake  
or slepe.

Who fauoureth you no lesse (ye may be  
bolde)

Than this letter purporteth, which ye haue  
vnfolde." 70

C. CUSTANCE. Howe by this letter of  
loue? is it not fine?

R. ROISTER. By the armes of Caleys, it is  
none of myne!

M. MERY. Fie! you are fowle to blame!  
This is your owne hand!

C. CUSTANCE. Might not a woman be  
proude of such an husbände?

M. MERY. Ah, that ye would in a letter  
shew such despite! 75

R. ROISTER. Oh, I would I had hym  
here, the which did it endite!

M. MERY. Why, ye made it your-selfe, ye  
tolde me, by this light!

R. ROISTER. Yea, I ment I wrote it myne  
owne selfe, yesternight.

C. CUSTANCE. Ywis, sir, I would not haue  
sent you such a mocke.

R. ROISTER. Ye may so take it, but I  
ment it not so, by Cocke! 80

M. MERY. Who can blame this woman to  
fume, and frette, and rage?

Tut, tut! your-selfe nowe haue marde your  
owne marriage.

Well, yet, Mistresse Custance, if ye can  
this remitte,

This gentleman other-wise may your loue  
requitte.

C. CUSTANCE. No! God be with you  
both, and seeke no more to me. 85

*Exeat [Custance].*

R. ROISTER. Wough! she is gone for-  
euer! I shall hir no more see!

*[He begins to weep.]*

M. MERY. What, weepe? fye, for shame!  
and blubber? For manhods sake,  
Neuer lette your foe so muche pleasure of  
you take!

Rather play the mans parte, and doe loue  
refraine.

If she despise you, een despise ye hir  
againel 90

R. ROISTER. By Gosse, and for thy sake  
I defye hir, indeede!

M. MERY. Yea, and perchaunce that way  
ye shall much sooner speede;

For one madde propertie these women  
haue, in fey:

When ye will, they will not; will not ye,  
then will they.

Ah, foolish woman! Ah, moste vnluckie  
Custance! 95

Ah, vnfortunate woman! Ah, pieuishe  
Custance!

Art thou to thine harmes so obstinately bent  
That thou canst not see where lieth thine  
high preferment?

Canst thou not lub dis man, which could  
lub dee so well? 99

Art thou so much thine own foe?

R. ROISTER. Thou dost the truth tell.

M. MERY. Wel, I lament —

R. ROISTER. So do I.

M. MERY. Wherfor?

R. ROISTER. For this thing:

Bicause she is gone.

M. MERY. I mourne for an-other thing.

R. ROISTER. What is it, Merygreeke,  
wherfore thou dost griefe take?

M. MERY. That I am not a woman my-  
selfe, for your sake.

I would haue you my-selfe, and a strawe  
for yond Gill! 105

And mocke much of you, though it were  
against my will.

I would not, I warrant you, fall in such a  
rage

As to refuse suche a goodly personage.

R. ROISTER. In faith, I heartily thanke  
thee, Merygreeke.

M. MERY. And I were a woman —

R. ROISTER. Thou wouldest to me  
seeke. 110

M. MERY. For, though I say it, a goodly  
person ye bee.

R. ROISTER. No, no.

M. MERY. Yes, a goodly man as ere I  
dyd see.

R. ROISTER. No, I am a poore homely  
man, as God made mee.

M. MERY. By the faith that I owe to  
God, sir, but ye bee!

Woulde I might, for your sake, spende a  
thousande pound land. 115

R. ROYSTER. I dare say thou wouldest haue me to thy husbände.

M. MERY. Yea; and I were the fairest lady in the shiere,

And knewe you as I know you, and see you nowe here —

Well, I say no more!

R. ROYSTER. Gramercies, with all my hart!

M. MERY. But, since that can not be, will ye play a wise parte? 120

R. ROYSTER. How should I?

M. MERY. Refraine from Custance a-while now,

And I warrant hir soone right glad to seeke to you;

Ye shall see hir anon come on hir knees creeping,

And pray you to be good to hir, salte teares weeping.

R. ROYSTER. But what and she come not?

M. MERY. In faith, then, farewell she! 125

Or else, if ye be wroth, ye may auenged be.

R. ROYSTER. By Cocks precious potsticke,<sup>1</sup> and een so I shall!

I wyll vtterly destroy hir, and house, and all!

But I woulde be auenged, in the meane space,

On that vile scribler,<sup>2</sup> that did my wowyng disgrace. 130

M. MERY. "Scribler," ko you? in-deede, he is worthy no lesse!

I will call hym to you and ye bidde me, doubtlesse.

R. ROYSTER. Yes, for although he had as many liues

As a thousande widowes, and a thousande wiues,

As a thousande lyons, and a thousand rattes, 135

A thousande wolues, and a thousande cattes,

A thousande bulles, and a thousande calues, And a thousande legions diuided in halues,

He shall neuer scape death on my swordes point —

Though I shoulde be torne therfore ioynt by ioynt! 140

<sup>1</sup> By God's precious stick for stirring the pot; a meaningless oath.

<sup>2</sup> Roister means "scrivener."

M. MERY. Nay, if ye will kyll him, I will not fette him;

I will not in so muche extremitie sette him. He may yet amende, sir, and be an honest man.

Therefore pardon him, good soule, as muche as ye can.

R. ROYSTER. Well, for thy sake, this once with his lyfe he shall passe. 145

But I wyll hewe hym all to pieces, by the masse!

M. MERY. Nay, fayth, ye shall promise that he shall no harme haue,

Else I will not fet him.

R. ROYSTER. I shall, so God me saue! But I may chide him a good?

M. MERY. Yea, that do, hardely.

R. ROYSTER. Go, then.

M. MERY. I returne, and bring him to you by-and-by.<sup>1</sup> *Ex[eat].* 150

### ACTUS III. SCÆNA V

*Roister Doister [remains. Later] Mathewe Merygreeke [enters with the] Scriuener.*

R. ROYSTER. What is a gentleman but his worde and his promise?

I must nowe saue this vilaines lyfe in any wise;

And yet at hym already my handes doe tickle.

I shall vneth<sup>2</sup> holde them, they wyll be so fickle.

But lo and Merygreeke haue not brought him sens! 5

*[Enter at a distance Merygreeke and the Scriuener, talking angrily.]*

M. MERY. Nay, I woulde I had of my purse payde fortie pens!

SCRIVENER. So woulde I, too; but it needed not that stounde.<sup>3</sup>

M. MERY. But the ientman had rather spent fye thousande pounce;

For it disgraced him at least fye tymes so muche.

SCRIVENER. He disgraced hym-selfe, his loutishnesse is suche. 10

R. ROYSTER. Howe long they stande prating! Why comst thou not away?

<sup>1</sup> Immediately.

<sup>2</sup> With difficulty.

<sup>3</sup> Time.

M. MERY. Come nowe to hymselfe, and  
hearken what he will say.

SCRUIENER. I am not afraide in his pres-  
ence to appeere.

[*They approach Roister.*]

R. ROYSTER. Arte thou come, fellow?

SCRUIENER. How thinke you? am I not  
here?

R. ROYSTER. What hindrance hast thou  
done me, and what villanic? 15

SCRUIENER. It hath come of thy-selfe, if  
thou hast had any.

R. ROYSTER. All the stocke thou comest  
of, later or rather,<sup>1</sup>

From thy fyrst fathers grandfathers fathers  
father,

Nor all that shall come of thee, to the  
worldes ende,

Though to three-score generations they  
descende, 20

Can be able to make me a iust recompense  
For this trespassse of thine and this one  
offense!

SCRUIENER. Wherin?

R. ROYSTER. Did not you make me a  
letter, brother?

SCRUIENER. Pay the like hire, I will make  
you suche another.

R. ROYSTER. Nay, see and these whoor-  
son Phariseys and Scribes 25

Do not get their liuyng by polling<sup>2</sup> and  
bribes!

If it were not for shame —

[*Drawing back to strike.*]

SCRUIENER. Nay, holde thy hands still!

M. MERY. Why, did ye not promise that  
ye would not him spill?<sup>3</sup>

SCRUIENER. Let him not spare me.

R. ROYSTER. Why, wilt thou strike me  
again?

SCRUIENER. Ye shall haue as good as ye  
bring, of me; that is plaine! 30

M. MERY. I can not blame him, sir,  
though your blowes wold him  
greue,

For he knoweth present death to ensue of  
all ye geue.

R. ROYSTER. Well, this man for once hath  
purchased thy pardon.

<sup>1</sup> Sooner.    <sup>2</sup> Extortion.    <sup>3</sup> Destroy, kill.

SCRUIENER. And what say ye to me? or  
else I will be gon.

R. ROYSTER. I say the letter thou madest  
me was not good. 35

SCRUIENER. Then did ye wrong copy it, of  
likelyhood.

R. ROYSTER. Yes, out of thy copy worde  
for worde I wrote.

[*Roister produces his copy of the letter, and  
also the Scrivener's original draft.*]

SCRUIENER. Then was it as ye prayed to  
haue it, I wote.

But in reading and pointyng there was  
made some faulte.

R. ROYSTER. I wote not; but it made all  
my matter to haulte. 40

SCRUIENER. Howe say you, is this mine  
originall or no?

R. ROYSTER. The selfe-same that I wrote  
out of,<sup>1</sup> so mote I go!

SCRUIENER. Loke you on your owne fist,<sup>2</sup>  
and I will looke on this,

And let this man be iudge whether I reade  
amisse.

[*Reads the superscription.*]

"To myne owne dere coney, birde, sweete-  
heart, and pigsgny, 45  
Good mistresse Custance, present these by  
and by."

How now? doth not this superscription  
agree?

R. ROYSTER. Reade that is within, and  
there ye shall the fault see.

[*The Scrivener opens the letter and reads.*]

SCRUIENER. "Sweete mistresse, where as  
I loue you — nothing at all

Regarding your richesse and substance,  
chiefe of all 50

For your personage, beautie, demeanour  
and witte —

I commende me vnto you. Neuer a whitte  
Sory to heare reporte of your good welfare;  
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions  
are

That ye be worthie fauour; of no liuing  
man 55

To be abhorred; of euery honest man  
To be taken for a woman enclined to vice

<sup>1</sup> Copied.    <sup>2</sup> The copy in your own writing.

Nothing at all; to vertue giuing hir due price.  
 Wherefore, concerning mariage, ye are  
     thought  
 Suche a fine paragon as nere honest man  
     bought. 60  
 And nowe by these presents I doe you ad-  
     uertise  
 That I am minded to marrie you — in no  
     wyse  
 For your goodes and substance; I can be  
     content  
 To take you as you are. Yf ye will be my  
     wife,  
 Ye shall be assured for the time of my  
     life 65  
 I wyll keepe you right well. From good  
     raiment and fare,  
 Ye shall not be kept; but in sorowe and  
     care  
 Ye shall in no wyse lyue; at your owne lib-  
     ertie  
 Doe and say what ye lust; ye shall neuer  
     please me  
 But when ye are merrie; I will bee all  
     saddle 70  
 When ye are sorie; I wyll be very gladde  
 When ye seeke your heartes ease; I will be  
     vnkinde  
 At no time; in me shall ye muche gentle-  
     nesse finde.  
 But all things contrary to your will and  
     minde  
 Shall be done otherwise; I wyl not be be-  
     hynde 75  
 To speake. And as for all they that woulde  
     do you wrong  
 (I wyll so helpe and maintayne ye), shall  
     not lyue long.  
 Nor any foolishhe dolte shall cumber you;  
     but I —  
 I, who ere say nay — wyll sticke by you tyll  
     I die.  
 Thus, good mistresse Custance, the Lorde  
     you saue and kepe. 80  
 From me, Roister Doister, whether I wake  
     or slepe,  
 Who fauoureth you no lesse (ye may be  
     bolde)  
 Than this letter purporteth, which ye haue  
     vnfolde."  
 Now, sir, what default can ye finde in this  
     letter?

R. ROYSTER. Of truth, in my mynde  
     there can not be a better. 85

SCRIVENER. Then was the fault in read-  
     yng, and not in writyng, —

No, nor, I dare say, in the fourme of endit-  
     yng.

But who read this letter, that it sounded so  
     nought?

M. MERY. I redde it, in-deede.

SCRIVENER. Ye red it not as ye ought.

[Roister draws back as though to strike Mery-  
     greeke.]

R. ROYSTER. Why, thou wretched vil-  
     laine! was all this same fault in  
     thee? 90

M. MERY. I knocke your costarde if ye  
     offer to strike me!

[Strikes him.]

R. ROYSTER. Strikest thou in-deede? and  
     I offer but in iest.

M. MERY. Yea, and rappe you againe,  
     except ye can sit in rest.

And I will no longer tarie here, me beleue.

R. ROYSTER. What! wilt thou be angry,  
     and I do thee forgue? 95

Fare ye well, scribler. I crie thee mercie,<sup>1</sup>  
     indeede!

SCRIVENER. Fare ye well, bibbler, and  
     worthily may ye speede!

[Exit the Scrivener.]

R. ROYSTER. If it were an-other but thou,  
     it were a knaue.

M. MERY. Ye are an-other your-selfe, sir,  
     the Lorde vs both saue!

Albeit, in this matter I must your pardon  
     craue. 100

Alas! woulde ye wyshe in me the witte that  
     ye haue?

But, as for my fault, I can quickly  
     amende;

I will shewe Custance it was I that did of-  
     fende.

R. ROYSTER. By so doing, hir anger may  
     be reformed.

M. MERY. But, if by no entreatie she will  
     be turned, 105

Then sette lyght by hir, and bee as testie as  
     shee,

<sup>1</sup> I beg your pardon.

And doe your force vpon hir with extremitie.

R. ROISTER. Come on, therefore, lette vs go home, in sadnesse.

M. MERV. That if force shall neede, all may be in a readinesse.

And, as for thys letter, hardely let all go; 110

We wyll know where she refuse you for that or no. *Exeant am[bo].*

### ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA I

[Enter] Sym Suresby [servant to Gawin Goodluck].

SIM SURE. Is there any man but I, Sym Suresby, alone,

That would haue taken such an enterprise him vpon,

In suche an outrageous tempest as this was, Suche a daungerous gulfe of the sea to passe?

I thinke verily Neptunes mightie godshyp 5 Was angry with some that was in our shyp; And, but for the honestie which in me he

founde,

I thinke for the others sake we had bene drownde.

But fye on that seruant which for his maisters wealth

Will sticke<sup>1</sup> for to hazarde both his lyfe and his health! 10

My maister, Gawyn Goodlucke, after me a day,

Bicause of the weather, thought best hys shyppe to stay.

And now that I haue the rough sourges so well past,

God graunt I may finde all things safe here at last!

Then will I thinke all my trauaile well spent. 15

Nowe the first poynt wherfore my maister hath me sent

Is to salute Dame Christian Custance, his wife

Espoused, whome he tendreth<sup>2</sup> no lesse than his life.

I must see how it is with hir, well or wrong, And whether for him she doth not now thinke long. 20

<sup>1</sup> Hesitate.

<sup>2</sup> Estimeth.

Then to other friendes I haue a message or tway;

And then so to returne and mete him on the way.

Now wyll I goe knocke, that I may dispatche with speede —

But loe, forth commeth hir-selfe, happily, in-deede!

### ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA II

[Enter] Christian Custance. *Sim Suresby [remains].*

C. CUSTANCE. I come to see if any more stirryng be here.

But what straunger is this which doth to me appere?

SYM SURS. I will speake to hir. Dame, the Lorde you saue and see!

C. CUSTANCE. What! friende Sym Suresby? Forsooth, right welcome ye be!

Howe doth mine owne Gawyn Goodlucke? I pray the tell. 5

S. SURESBY. When he knoweth of your health, he will be perfect well.

C. CUSTANCE. If he haue perfect helth, I am as I would be.

SIM SURE. Suche newes will please him well; this is as it should be.

C. CUSTANCE. I thinke now long for him. SYM SURE. And he as long for you.

C. CUSTANCE. When wil he be at home? SYM SURE. His heart is here een now; 10

His body commeth after. C. CUSTANCE. I woulde see that faine.

SIM SURE. As fast as wynde and sayle can cary it a-maine. —

But what two men are yonde comming hitherwarde?

C. CUSTANCE. Now, I shrew their best Christmasse chekes, both togetherward!

### ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA III

*Christian Custance [and] Sym Suresby [remain. At a distance enter] Ralph Roister [and] Mathew Merygreke. Trupeny [enters later].*

C. CUSTANCE [aside]. What meane these lewde felowes thus to trouble me stil?

Sym Suresby here, perchance, shal therof  
deme som yll,

And shall su[s]pect in me some point of  
naughtinesse,

And <sup>1</sup> they come hitherward.

SYM SURE. What is their businesse?

C. CUSTANCE. I haue nought to them, nor  
they to me, in sadnesse. 5

SIM SURE. Let vs hearken them. [*Aside.*]  
Somewhat there is, I feare it.

R. ROYSTER. I will speake out aloude;  
best that she may heare it.

M. MERY. Nay, alas, ye may so feare hir  
out of hir wit!

R. ROYSTER. By the crosse of my sworde,  
I will hurt hir no whit!

M. MERY. Will ye doe no harme,  
indeede? Shall I trust your  
worde? 10

R. ROYSTER. By Roister Doisters fayth, I  
will speake but in borde! <sup>2</sup>

SIM SURE. Let vs hearken them. [*Aside.*]  
Somewhat there is, I feare it.

R. ROYSTER. I will speake out aloude, I  
care not who heare it!

[*He pretends to speak to his servants within.*]

Sirs, see that my harnesse, my tergat, and  
my shield

Be made as bright now as when I was last  
in fielede, 15

As white as I shoulde to warre againe to-  
morrowe;

For sicke shall I be but I worke some folke  
sorow.

Therefore see that all shine as bright as  
Saint George,

Or as doth a key newly come from the  
smiths forge.

I woulde haue my sworde and harnesse to  
shine so bright 20

That I might therwith dimme mine enimies  
sight;

I would haue it cast beames as fast, I tell  
you playne,

As doth the glittryng grasse after a showre  
of raine.

And see that, in case I shoulde neede to  
come to arming,

All things may be ready at a minutes  
warning! 25

<sup>1</sup> If.

<sup>2</sup> Jcst.

For such chaunce may chaunce in an  
houre, do ye heare?

M. MERY. As perchance shall not chaunce  
againe in seuen year.

R. ROYSTER. Now draw we neare to hir,  
and here what shall be sayde.

M. MERY. But I woulde not haue you  
make hir too muche afraide.

[*They advance to Custance.*]

R. ROYSTER. Well founde, sweete wife, I  
trust, for al this your soure looke!

C. CUSTANCE. Wife! why cal ye me wife?

SIM SURE. [*aside*]. Wife! this gear goth  
acrook! 31

M. MERY. Nay, Mistresse Custance, I  
warrant you, our letter

Is not as we redde een nowe, but much  
better;

And, where ye halfe stomaked <sup>1</sup> this gentle-  
man afore

For this same letter, ye wyll loue hym now  
therefore. 35

Nor it is not this letter, though ye were a  
queene,

That shoulde breake marriage betweene  
you twaine, I weene.

C. CUSTANCE. I did not refuse hym for  
the letters sake.

R. ROYSTER. Then ye are content me for  
your husbände to take?

C. CUSTANCE. You for my husbände to  
take? nothing lesse, truely! 40

R. ROYSTER. Yea, say so, sweete spouse,  
afore straungers hardly!

M. MERY. And, though I haue here his  
letter of loue with me,

Yet his ryng and tokens he sent keepe safe  
with ye.

C. CUSTANCE. A mischiefe take his tok-  
ens! and him, and thee too!

But what prate I with fooles? Haue I  
nought else to doo? 45

Come in with me, Sym Suresby, to take  
some repast.

SIM SURE. I must, ere I drinke, by your  
leau, goe in all hast

To a place or two with earnest letters of his.

C. CUSTANCE. Then come drink here with  
me.

SIM SURE. I thank you.

<sup>1</sup> Were offended at.

C. CUSTANCE. Do not misse;  
You shall haue a token to your maister  
with you. 50

SYM SURE. No tokens this time, gram-  
ercies! God be with you! *Exeat.*

C. CUSTANCE. Surely this fellowe mis-  
deemeth some yll in me;  
Which thing, but God helpe, will go neere  
to spill me.

[*Roister calls after Sim Suresby:*]

R. ROYSTER. Yea, farewell, fellow! And  
tell thy maister, Goodlucke,  
That he commeth to late of thys blossome  
to plucke! 55

Let him keepe him there still, or, at least-  
wise, make no hast;

As for his labour hither, he shall spende in  
wast:

His betters be in place now!

M. MERY. [*aside*]. As long as it will  
hold.

C. CUSTANCE. I will be euen with thee,  
thou beast, thou mayst be bolde! <sup>1</sup>

R. ROYSTER. Will ye haue vs, then?

C. CUSTANCE. I will neuer haue thee! 60

R. ROYSTER. Then will I haue you.

C. CUSTANCE. No, the deuill shal haue  
thee!

I haue gotten this houre more shame and  
harne by thee

Then all thy life-days thou canst do me  
honestic.

M. MERY. Why, now we may ye see what it  
cometh too in the ende

To make a deadly foe of your most louing  
frende! 65

And, ywis, this letter, if ye woulde heare it  
now —

C. CUSTANCE. I will heare none of it!

M. MERY. In faith, would rause you.

C. CUSTANCE. He hath stained my name  
for-euer, this is cleare.

R. ROYSTER. I can make all as well in an  
houre.

M. MERY. As ten yeare.

How say ye? Will ye haue him?

C. CUSTANCE. No.

M. MERY. Will ye take him? 70

C. CUSTANCE. I defie him.

M. MERY. At my word? <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Certain, confident.

<sup>2</sup> On my assurance.

C. CUSTANCE. A shame take him!  
Waste no more wynde, for it will neuer  
bee.

M. MERY. This one fault with twaine  
shall be mended, ye shall see.

Gentle Mistresse Custance now, good  
Mistresse Custance,

Honey Mistresse Custance now, sweete  
Mistresse Custance, 75

Golden Mistresse Custance now, white <sup>1</sup>  
Mistresse Custance,

Silken Mistresse Custance now, faire Mis-  
tresse Custance —

C. CUSTANCE. Faith, rather than to mary  
with suche a doltishe loute,

I woulde matche my-selfe with a begger,  
out of doute!

M. MERY. Then I can say no more. [*To  
Roister.*] To speede we are not  
like, 80

Except ye rappe out a ragge of your rhet-  
orike.

C. CUSTANCE. Speake not of winnyng me;  
for it shall neuer be so.

R. ROYSTER. Yes, dame! I will haue  
you, whether ye will or no.

I commaunde you to loue me! Wherefore  
shoulde ye not?

Is not my loue to you chafing and burning  
hot? 85

M. MERY. Too hir! That is well sayd!

R. ROYSTER. Shall I so breake my  
braine

To dote vpon you, and ye not loue vs  
again?

M. MERY. Wel sayd yet!

C. CUSTANCE. Go to, you goose!

R. ROYSTER. I say, Kit Custance,  
In case ye will not haze, <sup>2</sup> — well, better  
yes, perchaunce!

C. CUSTANCE. Auaunt, lozell! Picke  
thee hence!

M. MERY. Wel, sir, ye perceiue, 90  
For all your kinde offer, she will not you  
receiue.

R. ROYSTER. Then a strawe for hir! And  
a strawe for hir, againe!

She shall not be my wife, woulde she neuer  
so faine!

No, and though she woulde be at ten thou-  
sand pounce cost!

<sup>1</sup> A term of endearment.

<sup>2</sup> Have us.



M. MERY. Lo, damc, ye may see what an  
husbande ye haue lost! 95

C. CUSTANCE. Yea, no force;<sup>1</sup> a iewell  
muche better lost than founde!

M. MERY. Ah, ye will not beleue how this  
doth my heart wounde!

How shoulde a mariage betwene you be  
towards

If both parties drawe backe and become so  
frowarde?

R. ROYSTER. Nay, damc, I will fire thee  
out of thy house, 100

And destroy thee and all thine, and that  
by-and-by.<sup>2</sup>

M. MERY. Nay, for the passion of God,  
sir, do not so!

R. ROYSTER. Yes, except she will say yea  
to that she sayde no.

C. CUSTANCE. And what! be there no  
officers, trow we, in towne

To checke idle loytrers braggyng vp and  
downe? 105

Where be they by whome vacabunds  
shoulde be represt,

That poore sillie<sup>3</sup> widowes might liue in  
peace and rest?

Shall I neuer ridde thee out of my companie?  
I will call for helpe. What, hough! Come

forth, Trupenie!

TRUPENIE [*within*]. Anon. [*Entering*.]  
What is your will, mistresse? Dyd

ye call me? 110

C. CUSTANCE. Yea; go runne apacc, and,  
as fast as may be,

Pray Tristram Trusty, my moste assured  
frende,

To be here by-and-by, that he may me de-  
fende.

TRUPENIE. That message so quickly shall  
be done, by Gods grace,

That at my returne ye shall say I went  
apace. *Exeat.* 115

C. CUSTANCE. Then shall we see, I trowe,  
whether ye shall do me harme!

R. ROYSTER. Yes, in faith, Kitte, I shall  
thee and thine so charme<sup>4</sup>

That all women incarnate by thee may be-  
ware.

C. CUSTANCE. Nay, as for charming me,  
come hither if thou dare!

I shall cloute<sup>1</sup> thee tyll thou stinke, both  
thee and thy traine, 120

And coyle<sup>2</sup> thee mine owne handes, and  
sende thee home againe.

R. ROYSTER. Yea, sayst thou me that,  
dame? Dost thou me threaten?

Goe we, I will<sup>3</sup> see whether I shall be  
beaten.

M. MERY. Nay, for the paishe of God, let  
me now treate peace;

For bloudshed will there be, in case this  
strife increace. 125

Ah, good Dame Custance, take better way  
with you!

C. CUSTANCE. Let him do his worst!

[*Roister Doister advances on Custance; she  
beats him.*]

M. MERY. Yeld in time.

R. ROYSTER [*to Merygreeke*]. Come  
hence, thou!

*Exeant Roister et Mery.*

### ACTUS III. SCÆNA III

*Christian Custance [remains. Later enter]  
Anot Alyface, Tibet T., M. Mumblecrust.*

C. CUSTANCE. So, sirra! If I should not  
with hym take this way,

I should not be ridde of him, I thinke, till  
doomes-day.

I will call forth my folkes, that, without  
any mockes,

If he come agayne, we may giue him rappes  
and knockes.

Mage Mumblecrust, come forth! and Tibet  
Talke-apace! 5

Yea, and come forth, too, Mistresse Annot  
Alyface!

ANNOT ALY. [*entering*]. I come.

TIBET [*entering*]. And I am here.

M. MUMB. [*entering*]. And I am here  
too at length.

C. CUSTANCE. Like warriors, if nede bee,  
ye must shew your strength.

The man that this day hath thus begiled you  
Is Ralph Roister Doister, whome ye know

well inowe,<sup>4</sup> 10

<sup>1</sup> It does not matter.

<sup>2</sup> Defenceless.

<sup>3</sup> At once.

<sup>4</sup> Overcome.

<sup>1</sup> Beat.

<sup>2</sup> Thrash.

<sup>3</sup> E. *still*; corrected by Cooper.

<sup>4</sup> E. *move*; corrected by Cooper.

The moste loute and dastarde that euer on  
grounde trode.

TIB. TALK. I see all folke mocke hym  
when he goth abroad.

C. CUSTANCE. What, pretie maide! will  
ye talke when I speake?

TIB. TALK. No, forsooth, good mistresse.

C. CUSTANCE. Will ye my tale breake?  
He threatneth to come hither with all his  
force to fight; 15

I charge you, if he come, on him with all  
your might!

M. MUMBL. I with my distaffe will reache  
hym one rappe!

TIB. TALK. And I with my newe broome  
will sweepe hym one swappe,  
And then with our greate clubbe I will  
reache hym one rappe!

AN. ALIFACE. And I with our skimmer<sup>1</sup>  
will fling him one flappe! 20

TIB. TALK. Then Trupenies fireforke<sup>2</sup>  
will him shrewdly fray,<sup>3</sup>

And you with the spitte may driue him  
quite away.

C. CUSTANCE. Go make all ready, that it  
may be een so.

TIB. TALK. For my parte, I shrewe<sup>4</sup>  
them that last about it go!

*Exant [the Servants].*

### ACTUS IIII. SCÆNA V

*Christian Custance [remains]. Trupenie  
[and] Tristram Trusty [enter later].*

C. CUSTANCE. Trupenie dyd promise me  
to runne a great pace,  
My friend Tristram Trusty to fet into this  
place.

In-deede he dwelleth hence a good stert,<sup>5</sup> I  
confesse;

But yet a quicke messanger might twice  
since, as I gesse,

Hauc gone and come againe. Ah, yond I  
spie him now! 5

*[Enter Trupeny and Trusty.]*

TRUPENY. Ye are a slow goer, sir, I make  
God auow;

<sup>1</sup> A kitchen utensil for skimming liquids.

<sup>2</sup> An iron fork for stirring the fire.

<sup>3</sup> Frighten, assault.

<sup>4</sup> Curse.

<sup>5</sup> Distance.

My Mistresse Custance will in me put all  
the blame.

Yo-ur leggs be longer than myne; come  
apace, for shame!

C. CUSTANCE. I can thee thanke, Tru-  
penie; thou hast done right wele.

TRUPENY. Maistresse, since I went, no  
grasse hath growne on my hele; 10  
But Maister Tristram Trustie here maketh  
no speede.

C. CUSTANCE. That he came at all, I  
thanke him in very deede,  
For now haue I neede of the helpe of some  
wise man.

T. TRUSTY. Then may I be gone againe,  
for none such I [am].

TRUPENY. Ye may bee, by your going;<sup>1</sup>  
for no alderman 15

Can goe, I dare say, a sadder pace than ye  
can.

C. CUSTANCE. Trupenie, get thee in.  
Thou shalt among them knowe  
How to vse thy-selfe like a propre man, I  
trowe.

TRUPENY. I go. *Ex[eat].*

C. CUSTANCE. Now, Tristram Trusty,  
I thank you right much;

For, at my first sending, to come ye neuer  
grutch. 20

T. TRUSTY. Dame Custance, God ye  
saue! and, while my life shall last,  
For my friende Goodluckes sake ye shall not  
sende in wast.

C. CUSTANCE. He shal giue you thanks.

T. TRUSTY. I will do much for his sake.

C. CUSTANCE. But, alack, I feare, great  
displeasure shall be take!

T. TRUSTY. Wherefore?

C. CUSTANCE. For a foolish matter.

T. TRUSTY. What is your cause? 25

C. CUSTANCE. I am yll accombred with a  
couple of dawes.

T. TRUSTY. Nay, weepe not, woman, but  
tell me what your cause is.

As concerning my fricnde is any thing  
amisse?

C. CUSTANCE. No, not on my part; but  
here was Sym Suresby —

T. TRUSTY. He was with me and told me  
so.

C. CUSTANCE. And he stooode by 30

<sup>1</sup> Walking, pace.

While Ralph Roister Doister, with helpe of  
Merygreeke,

For promise of mariage dyd vnto me seeke.

T. TRUSTY. And had ye made any promise  
before them twaine?

C. CUSTANCE. No; I had rather be torne  
in pieces and slaine!

No man hath my faith and trouth but  
Gawyn Goodlucke, 35

And that before Suresby dyd I say, and  
there stucke.

But of certaine letters there were suche  
words spoken —

T. TRUSTIE. He tolde me that too.

C. CUSTANCE. And of a ring, and  
token,

That Suresby, I spied, dyd more than halfe  
suspect

That I my faith to Gawyn Goodlucke dyd  
reiect. 40

T. TRUSTY. But there was no such matter,  
Dame Custance, in-deede?

C. CUSTANCE. If euer my head thought it,  
God sende me yll speede!

Wherefore I beseech you with me to be a  
witness

That in all my lyfe I neuer intended thing  
lesse.

And what a brainsicke foole Ralph Roister  
Doister is 45

Your-selfe know well enough.

T. TRUSTY. Ye say full true, ywis!

C. CUSTANCE. Bicause to bee his wife I ne  
graunt nor apply,<sup>1</sup>

Hither will he com, he sweareth, by-and-by,  
To kill both me and myne, and beate  
downe my house flat.

Therefore I pray your aide.

T. TRUSTIE. I warrant you that. 50

C. CUSTANCE. Haue I so many yerres liued  
a sobre life,

And shewed my-selfe honest, mayde, wid-  
owe, and wyfe,

And nowe to be abused in such a vile  
sorte?

Ye see howe poore widowes lyue, all voyde  
of comfort!

T. TRUSTY. I warrant hym do you no  
harme nor wrong at all. 55

C. CUSTANCE. No; but Mathew Mery-  
greeke doth me most appall,

<sup>1</sup> Think of it.

That he woulde ioyn hym-selfe with suche  
a wretched loute.

T. TRUSTY. He doth it for a iest; I knowe  
hym out of doubtte.

And here cometh Merygreke.

C. CUSTANCE. Then shal we here his  
mind.

### ACTUS III. SCÆNA VI

[Enter] Merygreke [to] Christian Custance  
[and] Trist. Trusty.

M. MERY. Custance and Trustie both, I  
doe you here well finde.

C. CUSTANCE. Ah, Mathew Merygreeke,  
ye haue vsed me well!

M. MERY. Nowe for altogether <sup>1</sup> ye must  
your answer tell:

Will ye haue this man, woman? or else, will  
ye not?

Else will he come — neuer bore so brymme <sup>2</sup>  
nor tost so hot. 5

TRIS. AND CU. But why ioyn ye with  
him?

T. TRUSTY. For mirth?

C. CUSTANCE. Or else in sadnesse?

M. MERY. The more fond of you both!  
hardly the mater gesse.

TRISTRAM. Lo, how say ye, dame?

M. MERY. Why, do ye thinke, Dame  
Custance,

That in this wowyng I haue ment ought  
but pastance?

C. CUSTANCE. Much things ye spake, I  
wote, to maintaine his dotage. 10

M. MERY. But well might ye iudge I  
spake it all in mockage.

For-why, is Roister Doister a fitte husband  
for you?

T. TRUSTY. I dare say ye neuer thought  
it.

M. MERY. No; to God I vow!

And dyd not I knowe afore of the insurance  
Betweene Gawyn Goodlucke and Christian  
Custance? 15

And dyd not I, for the nonce, by my con-  
ueyance,

Reade his letter in a wrong sense for dali-  
ance,

That, if you coulde haue take it vp at the  
first bounde,

<sup>1</sup> Definitely.

<sup>2</sup> Furious.

We should therat such a sporte and pastime  
haue founde

That all the whole towne should haue ben  
the merier? 20

C. CUSTANCE. Ill ake your heades both!  
I was neuer werier,

Nor neuer more vexte, since the first day I  
was borne!

T. TRUSTY. But very well I wist he here  
did all in scorne.

C. CUSTANCE. But I feared therof to take  
dishonestie.<sup>1</sup>

M. MERY. This should both haue made  
sport and shewed your honestie; 25  
And Goodlucke, I dare sweare, your witte  
therin would low.<sup>2</sup>

T. TRUSTY. Yea, being no worse than we  
know it to be now.

M. MERY. And nothing yet to late; for,  
when I come to him,

Hither will he repaire with a sheepes looke  
full grim,

By plaine force and violence to driue you to  
yelde. 30

C. CUSTANCE. If ye two bidde me, we  
will with him pitche a fielde,

I and my maides together.

M. MERY. Let vs see! he bolde!

C. CUSTANCE. Ye shall see womens warre!

T. TRUSTY. That fight wil I behold.

M. MERY. If occasion serue, takyng his  
parte full brim,<sup>3</sup>

I will strike at you, but the rappe shall  
light on him. 35

When we first appeare —

C. CUSTANCE. Then will I runne away  
As though I were afeard.

T. TRUSTY. Do you that part wel play;  
And I wil sue for peace.

M. MERY. And I wil set him on.

Then will he looke as fierce as a Cotssold  
lyon.<sup>4</sup>

T. TRUSTY. But when gost thou for him?

M. MERY. That do I very nowe. 40

C. CUSTANCE. Ye shal find vs here.

M. MERY. Wel, God haue mercy on  
you! Ex[eat].

T. TRUSTY. There is no cause of feare.  
The least boy in the streete —

C. CUSTANCE. Nay, the least girle I haue  
will make him take his feete.

[*The sound of a drum is heard within.*]

But hearke! me-thinke they make prepara-  
tion.

T. TRUSTY. No force,<sup>1</sup> it will be a good  
recreation. 45

C. CUSTANCE. I will stand within, and  
steppe forth speedily,

And so make as though I ranne away  
dreadfully.

[*Exeunt Custance and Trusty.*]

### ACTUS III. SCÆNA VII

[*Enter*] R. Royster [*and*] M. Merygreeke  
[*with Roister's servants in martial array*].

C. Custance, D. Doughtie, Harpaz,  
[*and*] Tristram Trusty [*enter later*].

R. ROYSTER. Nowe, sirs, keepe your  
ray; and see your heartes be  
stoute!

But where be these caiftes? me-think they  
dare not route! <sup>2</sup>

How sayst thou, Merygreeke? What doth  
Kit Custance say?

M. MERY. I am loth to tell you.

R. ROYSTER. Tushe, speake, man! yea  
or nay?

M. MERY. Forsooth, sir, I haue spoken  
for you all that I can. 5

But, if ye winne hir, ye must een play the  
man;

Een to fight it out ye must a mans heart  
take.

R. ROYSTER. Yes, they shall know, and  
thou knowest, I haue a stomacke.<sup>3</sup>

[M. MERY.] "A stomacke," quod you?  
yea, as good as ere man had.

R. ROYSTER. I trowe they shall finde and  
feele that I am a lad. 10

M. MERY. By this crosse, I haue scene  
you eate your meate as well

As any that ere I haue seene of or heard  
tell!

"A stomacke," quod you? He that will  
that denie,

<sup>1</sup> Dishonor, reputation for unchastity.

<sup>2</sup> Allow, approve. <sup>3</sup> Fiercely.

<sup>4</sup> A humorous appellation for a sheep.

<sup>1</sup> It matters not.

<sup>2</sup> Stir forth.

<sup>3</sup> Courage, valor; but Merygreek insists upon  
misunderstanding.

I know was neuer at dynner in your companie!

R. ROYSTER. Nay, the stomacke of a man it is that I meane! 15

M. MERY. Nay, the stomacke of a horse, or a dogge, I weene.

R. ROYSTER. Nay, a mans stomacke with a weapon, meane I.

M. MERY. Ten men can scarce match you with a spoone in a pie.

R. ROYSTER. Nay, the stomake of a man to trie in strife.

M. MERY. I neuer sawe your stomacke cloyed yet in my lyfe. 20

R. ROYSTER. Tushe! I meane in strife or fighting to trie.

M. MERY. We shall see how ye will strike nowe, being angry.

R. ROYSTER. Haue at thy pate, then! and saue thy head if thou may!

[*Strikes at him.*]

M. MERY. Nay, then, haue at your pate agayne, by this day! [*Strikes back.*]

R. ROYSTER. Nay, thou mayst not strike at me againe, in no wise. 25

M. MERY. I can not in fight make to you such warrantise.

But, as for your focs here, let them the bargaine bie.

R. ROYSTER. Nay, as for they, shall euery mothers childe die!

And in this my fume <sup>1</sup> a little thing might make me

To beate downe house and all, and else the deuill take me! 30

M. MERY. If I were as ye be, by Gogs deare mother,

I woulde not leauc one stone vpon an-other, Though she woulde redeeme it with twentie thousand poundes!

R. ROYSTER. It shall be euen so, by His lily <sup>2</sup> woundes!

M. MERY. Bee not at one <sup>3</sup> with hir vpon any amendes. 35

R. ROYSTER. No, though she make to me neuer so many frendes,

Nor if all the worlde for hir woulde vnder-take; <sup>4</sup>

No, not God hymselfe, neither, shal not hir peace make!

<sup>1</sup> Fit of anger.

<sup>2</sup> Reconciled.

<sup>3</sup> Lovely.

<sup>4</sup> Interecede.

[*To his servants.*]

On, therefore! Marche forward! Soft; stay a-whyle yet!

M. MERY. On!

R. ROYSTER. Tary!

M. MERY. Forth!

R. ROYSTER. Back!

M. MERY. On!

R. ROYSTER. Soft! Now forward set!

[*Custance enters.*]

C. CUSTANCE. What businesse haue we here? Out! alas! alas! 41

[*She flees, as if in terror.*]

R. ROYSTER. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dydst thou see that, Merygreeke? how afrayde she was?

Dydst thou see how she fledde apace out of my sight?

Ah, good sweete Custance! I pitie hir, by this light! 45

M. MERY. That tender heart of yours will marre altogether.

Thus will ye be turned with waggyng of a fether?

R. ROYSTER. On, sirs! keepe your ray!

M. MERY. On! Forth, while this geare is hot!

R. ROYSTER. Soft! The armes of Caley's! I haue one thing forgot.

M. MERY. What lacke we now?

R. ROYSTER. Retire! or else we be all slain! 50

M. MERY. Backe! for the pashe of God! backe, sirs! backe againe!

What is the great mater?

R. ROYSTER. This hastie forth-goynge Had almost brought vs all to vtter vndo-ing!

It made me forget a thing most necessarie.

M. MERY. Well remembred of a captaine, by Sainet Marie! 55

R. ROYSTER. It is a thing must be had.

M. MERY. Let vs haue it, then.

R. ROYSTER. But I wote not where, nor how.

M. MERY. Then wote not I when. But what is it?

R. ROYSTER. Of a chiefe thing I am to seeke.

M. MERY. Tut! so will ye be when ye  
haue studied a weke.

But tell me what it is.

R. ROYSTER. I lacke yet an hedpiece.<sup>1</sup>

M. MERY. The kitchen collocaut<sup>2</sup> — the  
best helmes to Greece! 61

Runne fet it, Dobinet, and come at once  
withall.

And bryng with thee my potgunne<sup>3</sup> hang-  
yng by the wall!

[Exit Dobinet.]

I haue seene your head with it full many a  
tyme

Couered as safe as it had bene with a  
skrine;<sup>4</sup> 65

And I warrant it saue your head from any  
stroke,

Except perchaunce to be amased<sup>5</sup> with the  
smoke;<sup>6</sup>

I warrant your head therwith — except for  
the mist —

As safe as if it were fast locked vp in a chist.

And loe, here our Dobinet commeth with  
it nowe! 70

[Re-enter Dobinet.]

D. DOUGH. It will couer me to the shoul-  
ders well inow.

M. MERY. Let me see it on.

[He sets it on Roister's head.]

R. ROYSTER. In fayth, it doth metely well.

M. MERY. There can be no fitter thing.  
Now ye must vs tell

What to do.

R. ROYSTER. Now forth in ray, sirs! and  
stoppe no more!

M. MERY. Now Sainct George to borow!<sup>7</sup>  
Drum, dubbe-a-dubbe afore! 75

[The drum sounds. Enter Trusty.]

T. TRUSTY. What meane you to do, sir?  
committe manslaughter?

R. ROYSTER. To kyll fortie such is a mat-  
ter of laughter.

T. TRUSTY. And who is it, sir, whome ye  
intende thus to spill?

<sup>1</sup> Helmet.

<sup>2</sup> The pot used for cooking meats and vegetables.

<sup>3</sup> A large pistol.

<sup>4</sup> A strong box for keeping valuables.

<sup>5</sup> Stupefied. <sup>6</sup> The fumes. <sup>7</sup> Be our speed!

R. ROYSTER. Foolishe Custance, here,  
forceth me against my will.

T. TRUSTY. And is there no meane your  
extreme wrath to slake? 80

She shall some amendes vnto your good  
mashyp make.

R. ROYSTER. I will none amendes.

T. TRUSTY. Is hir offence so sore?

M. MERY. And he were a loute, she  
coulede haue done no more.

She hath calde him foole, and dressed<sup>1</sup> him  
like a foole,

Mocked hym lyke a foole, vsed him like a  
foole. 85

T. TRUSTY. Well, yet the sheriffe, the  
iustice, or constable,

Hir misdemeanour to punishe might be able.

R. ROYSTER. No, sir! I mine owne selfe  
will in this present cause

Be sheriffe, and iustice, and whole iudge of  
the lawes.

This matter to amende, all officers be I  
shall — 90

Constable, bailiffe, sergeant —

M. MERY. And hangman and all.

T. TRUSTY. Yet a noble courage, and the  
hearte of a man,

Should more honour winne by bearyng  
with a woman.

Therefore, take the lawe, and lette hir aun-  
swere therto.

R. ROYSTER. Merygrecke, the best way  
were euen so to do. 95

What honour should it be with a woman to  
fight?

M. MERY. And what then! will ye thus  
forgo and lese your right?

R. ROYSTER. Nay, I will take the lawe on  
hir withouten grace.

T. TRUSTY. Or, yf your mashyp coulede  
pardon this one trespase, 99

I pray you forgiue hir.

R. ROYSTER. Hoh!<sup>2</sup>

M. MERY. Tushe! tushe, sir, do not!

[T. TRUSTY.] Be good, maister, to hir.

R. ROYSTER. Hoh!

M. MERY. Tush, I say, do not!

And what! shall your people here returne  
streight home?

R. ROYSTER. Yea; leuie the campe, sirs,  
and hence againe, eche one!

<sup>1</sup> Chastised.

<sup>2</sup> Halt! (Retire?)

But be still in readinesse if I happe to call;

I can not tell what sodaine chaunce may befall.<sup>1</sup> 105

M. MERY. Do not off your harnesse,<sup>2</sup> sirs, I you aduise,

At the least for this fortnight, in no maner wise;

Perchaunce in an houre when all ye thinke least,

Our maisters appetite to fight will be best.

But soft! Ere ye go, haue once at Custance house! 110

[*He aims his harquebus at Custance's door.*]

R. ROYSTER. Soft! what wilt thou do?

M. MERY. Once discharge my harquebouse;

And, for my heartes case, haue once more with my potgoon.

R. ROYSTER. Holde thy handes! else is all our purpose cleane fordoone.

M. MERY. And it cost me my life!

R. ROYSTER. I say thou shalt not!

M. MERY. By the matte,<sup>3</sup> but I will! [*Shoots the harquebus.*] Haue once more with haile-shot! 115

[*Shoots the potgun.*]

I will haue some penyworth! I will not leese all!

### ACTUS III. SCÆNA VIII

*M. Merygreeke. C. Custance. R. Roister. Tib. T. An. Alyface. M. Mumblecrust. Trupenie. Dobinet Doughtie. Harpax. Two drummes with their ensignes.*<sup>4</sup>

C. CUSTANCE [*rushing out*]. What caitifes are those that so shake my house-wall?

M. MERY. Ah, sirrha! now, Custance, if ye had so muche wit,

I woulde see you aske pardon, and yourselues submit.

C. CUSTANCE. Haue I still this adoe with a couple of fooles?

M. MERY. Here ye what she saith?

C. CUSTANCE. Maidens, come forth with your tooles! 5

<sup>1</sup> E. attributes lines 104-05 to T. Trustie.

<sup>2</sup> Armour.

<sup>3</sup> Mass.

<sup>4</sup> One drum with ensign (flag) was borne by Roister's forces, and one by Custance's army.

[*Enter the maids, armed, and Truepenny with drum and ensign.*]

R. ROYSTER. In a-ray!

M. MERY. Dubba-dub, sirrha!

R. ROYSTER. In a-ray!

They come sodainly on vs.

M. MERY. Dubbadub!

R. ROYSTER. In a-ray!

That euer I was borne! We are taken tardie!

M. MERY. Now, sirs, quite our-selucs like tall<sup>1</sup> men and hardie.

C. CUSTANCE. On afore, Truepenie! Holde thyne owne, Annot! 10

On towarde them, Tibet! for scape vs they can not.

Come forth, Madge Mumblecrust! So! stand fast together!

M. MERY. God sende vs a faire day.

R. ROYSTER. See, they marche on hither!

TIB. TALK. But, mistresse!

C. CUSTANCE. What sayst thou? <sup>2</sup>

TIB. [TALK.] Shall I go fet our goose?

C. CUSTANCE. What to do?

TIB. [TALK.] To yonder captain I will turne hir loose: 15

And she gape and hisse at him, as she doth at me,

I durst ieoparde my hande she wyll make him flee.

[*Custance and her forces advance to the fray.*]

C. CUSTANCE. On! Forward!

R. ROYSTER. They com!

M. MERY. Stand!

R. ROYSTER. Hold!

M. MERY. Kepe!

R. ROYSTER. There!

M. MERY. Strike!

R. ROYSTER. Take heed!

C. CUSTANCE. Wel sayd, Trupeny!

TRUPENY. Ah, whooresons!

C. CUSTANCE. Wel don, in-deede!

M. MERY. Hold thine owne, Harpax! Downe with them, Dobinet! 20

C. CUSTANCE. Now, Madge! There, Annot! Now, sticke them, Tibet!

TIB. TALK. [*singling out Dobinet*]. All my chiefe quarell is to this same little knaue

<sup>1</sup> Valiant.

<sup>2</sup> E. *you*.

That begyled me last day. Nothyng shall  
him saue!

D. DOUGH. Downe with this litle queane  
that hath at me such spite!

Saue you from hir, maister; it is a very  
sprite! 25

C. CUSTANCE. I my-selfe will Mounsire  
Graunde Captaine vndertake!

R. ROYSTER. They win ground!

M. MERY. Saue your-selfe, sir, for  
Gods sake!

*[Merygreeke lands a blow on Roister's  
"helmet."]*

R. ROYSTER. Out! alas, I am slaine! helpe!

M. MERY. Saue your-self!

R. ROYSTER. Alas!

M. MERY. Nay, then, haue at you, mis-  
tresse!

*[Pretending to strike at Custance he hits  
Roister.]*

R. ROYSTER. Thou hittest me, alas!

M. MERY. I wil strike at Custance here.

*[Hits him again.]*

R. ROYSTER. Thou hittest me!

M. MERY. So I wil! 30  
Nay, Mistresse Custance!

*[Hits him again.]*

R. ROYSTER. Alas, thou hittest me still!  
Hold!

M. MERY. Saue your-self, sir.

*[Hits him again.]*

R. ROYSTER. Help! out! alas, I am  
slain!

M. MERY. Truce! hold your hands! truce  
for a pissing-while or twaine!

*[All cease fighting.]*

Nay, how say you, Custance? For sauing  
of your life,

Will ye yelde, and graunt to be this gent-  
mans wife? 35

C. CUSTANCE. Ye tolde me he loued me.  
Call ye this loue?

M. MERY. He loued a-while, euen like a  
turtle-doue.

C. CUSTANCE. Gay loue, God saue it, so  
soone hotte, so soone colde!

M. MERY. I am sory for you. He could  
loue you yet, so he coulde.

R. ROYSTER. Nay, by Cocks precious, she  
shall be none of mine! 40

M. MERY. Why so?

R. ROYSTER. Come away. By the  
matte, she is mankine! <sup>1</sup>

I durst aduenture the losse of my right  
hande

If shee dyd not slee hir other husbände.

And see, if she prepare not againe to  
fight!

M. MERY. What then? Sainet George to  
borow, our Ladies knight! 45

R. ROYSTER. Slee else whom she will, by  
Gog, she shall not slee mee!

M. MERY. How then?

R. ROYSTER. Rather than to be slaine,  
I will flee.

C. CUSTANCE. Too it againe, my knight-  
esses! Downe with them all!

*[The fight is resumed.]*

R. ROYSTER. Away! away! away! She  
will else kyll vs all!

M. MERY. Nay, sticke to it, like an  
hardie man and a tall. 50

*[Hits him.]*

R. ROYSTER. Oh, bones! thou hittest me!  
Away! or else die we shall!

M. MERY. Away, for the pashe of our  
sweete Lord Iesus Christ!

C. CUSTANCE. Away, loute and lubber! or  
I shall be thy priest!

*[Roister flees, followed by all his men.] <sup>2</sup>*

So this field is ours! We haue driuen  
them all away!

TIB. TALK. Thankes to God, mistresse,  
ye haue had a faire day! 55

C. CUSTANCE. Well, nowe goe ye in, and  
make your-selfe some good cheere.

ALL. <sup>3</sup> We goe.

*[Exeunt the maids and Truepenny.]*

T. TRUST. Ah, sir, what a field we haue  
had heere!

C. CUSTANCE. Friend Tristram, I pray  
you, be a witnesse with me.

<sup>1</sup> Infuriated.

<sup>2</sup> E. Exeant om.

<sup>3</sup> E. Omnes pariter.



T. TRUSTY. Dame Custance, I shall de-  
pose <sup>1</sup> for your honestie.

And nowe fare ye well, except some-thing  
else ye wolde.<sup>60</sup>

C. CUSTANCE. Not now; but, when I nede  
to sende, I will be bolde.

*Exeat [Tristram].*

I thanke you for these paines. And now I  
wyll get me in.

Now Roister Doister will no more wowyng  
begin! *Ex[eat].*

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA I

[Enter] Gawyn Goodlucke [and] Sym Suresby  
[in front of Custance's house].

[G. GOODL.] Sym Suresby, my trustie  
man, nowe aduise thee well,  
And see that no false surmises thou me tell:  
Was there such adoe about Custance, of a  
truth?

SIM SURE. To reporte that I hearde and  
sawe, to me is ruth,

But both my duetie and name and prop-  
retie <sup>5</sup>

Warneth me to you to shewe fidelitie.

It may be well enough, and I wyshe it so to  
be;

She may hir-selfe discharge, and trie <sup>2</sup> hir  
honestie.

Yet their clayme to hir, me-thought, was  
very large,<sup>3</sup>

For with letters, rings and tokens they dyd  
hir charge; <sup>10</sup>

Which when I hearde and sawe, I would  
none to you bring.<sup>4</sup>

G. GOODL. No, by Saint Marie! I allowe  
thee in that thing!

Ah, sirra, nowe I see truthe in the prouerbe  
olde:

All things that shineth is not by-and-by  
pure golde.

If any doe lyue a woman of honestie, <sup>15</sup>  
I would haue sworne Christian Custance  
had bene shee.

SIM SURE. Sir, though I to you be a seru-  
ant true and iust,

<sup>1</sup> Give evidence under oath.

<sup>2</sup> Prove. <sup>3</sup> Ample, great.

<sup>4</sup> I.e. no token; cf. Act IV, Sc. iii, lines 50-51.

Yet doe not ye therfore your faithfull  
spouse mystrust;

But examine the matter, and if ye shall it  
finde

To be all well, be not ye for my wordes vn-  
kinde. <sup>20</sup>

G. GOODL. I shall do that is right, and as  
I see cause why.

But here commeth Custance forth; we shal  
know by-and-by.

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA II

[Enter] C. Custance. Gawyn Goodlucke  
[and] Sym Suresby [remain].

C. CUSTANCE. I come forth to see and  
hearken for newes good,  
For about this houre is the tyme, of likely-  
hood,

That Gawyn Goodlucke, by the sayings of  
Suresby,  
Would be at home. And lo, yond I see  
hym, I!

*[She runs to him.]*

What, Gawyn Goodlucke, the onely hope  
of my life, <sup>5</sup>

Welcome home! and kysse me, your true  
espoused wife!

GA. GOOD. Nay, soft, Dame Custance!  
I must first, by your licence,

See whether all things be cleere in your  
conscience.

I heare of your doings, to me very straunge.

C. CUSTANCE. What, feare ye that my  
faith towards you should chaunge?

GA. GOOD. I must needes mistrust ye be  
elsewhere entangled, <sup>11</sup>

For I heare that certaine men with you haue  
wrangled

About the promise of mariage by you to  
them made.

C. CUSTANCE. Coulede any mans reporte  
your minde therein persuade?

GA. GOOD. Well, ye must therin declare  
your-selfe to stande cleere, <sup>15</sup>

Else I and you, Dame Custance, may not  
ioyne this yere.

C. CUSTANCE. Then woulde I were dead,  
and faire layd in my graue!

Ah, Suresby! is this the honestie that ye  
haue,

To hurt me with your report, not knowyng  
the thing?

SIM SURE. If ye be honest, my wordes can  
hurt you nothing; 20

But what I hearde and sawe, I might not  
but report.

C. CUSTANCE. Ah, Lorde, helpe poore  
widowes, destitute of comfort!

Truly, most deare spouse, nought was done  
but for pastance.

G. GOOD. But such kynde of sporting is  
homely <sup>1</sup> daliance.

C. CUSTANCE. If ye knewe the truthe, ye  
would take all in good parte. 25

GA. GOOD. By your leaue, I am not halfe-  
well skilled in that arte.

C. CUSTANCE. It was none but Roister  
Doister, that foolishe mome.<sup>2</sup>

GA. GOOD. Yea, Custance, "Better," they  
say, "a badde seuse than none."

C. CUSTANCE. Why, Tristram Trustie,  
sir, your true and faithfull frende,  
Was priue bothe to the beginning and the  
ende. 30

Let him be the iudge and for me testifie.

GA. GOOD. I will the more credite that he  
shall verifie.

And, because I will the truthe know een as it  
is,

I will to him my-selfe, and know all without  
misse.

Come on, Sym Suresby, that before my  
friend thou may 35

Auouch the same wordes which thou dydst  
to me say.

*Ereant [Goodluck and Suresby].*

### ACTUS V. SCÆNA III

*Christian Custance [remains].*

C. CUSTANCE. O Lorde! howe necessarie  
it is nowe-of-dayes

That eche bodie liue vprightly all maner  
wayes;

For lette neuer so little a gappe be open,  
And be sure of this: — the worst shall be  
spoken!

Howe innocent stande I in this for deede or  
thought! 5

And yet see what mistrust towards me it  
hath wrought!

<sup>1</sup> Uncomely, rude.

<sup>2</sup> Dolt.

But thou, Lorde, knowest all folkes  
thoughts and eke intents;  
And thou arte the deliuerer of all inno-  
centes.

Thou didst helpe the aduoutresse <sup>1</sup> that she  
might be amended;

Much more, then, helpe, Lorde, that neuer  
yll intended! 10

Thou didst helpe Susanna, wrongfully ac-  
cused,

And no lesse dost thou see, Lorde, how I  
am now abused.

Thou didst helpe Hester when she should  
haue died,

Helpe also, good Lorde, that my truth may  
be tried!

Yet, if Gawin Goodlucke with Tristram  
Trusty speake, 15

I trust of yll report the force shall be but  
weake.

And loe! yond they come, sadly talking to-  
gether.

I wyll abyde, and not shrinke for their  
comming hither.

### ACTUS V. SCÆNA IIII

*[Enter at a distance] Gawyn Goodlucke [and]  
Tristram Trustie [walking towards] C.  
Custance. Sym Suresby [accompany-  
ing them].*

GA. GOOD. And was it none other than ye  
to me reporte?

TRISTRAM. No; and here were ye wished  
to haue scene the sporte.

GA. GOOD. Woulde I had, rather than  
halfe of that in my purse!

SIM SURE. And I doe muche reioyce the  
matter was no worse.

And, like as to open it I was to you faith-  
full, 5

So of Dame Custance honest truth I am  
ioyfull;

For God forfende that I shoulde hurt hir by  
false reporte.

GA. GOOD. Well, I will no longer holde hir  
in discomforte.

C. CUSTANCE. Nowe come they hither-  
warde. I trust all shall be well.

GA. GOOD. Sweete Custance, neither  
heart can thinke nor tongue tell 10

<sup>1</sup> Adulteress.

Howe much I ioy in your constant fidelitie.  
Come nowe, kisse me, the pearle of perfect  
honestie!

C. CUSTANCE. God lette me no longer to  
continue in lyfe

Than I shall towards you continue a true  
wyfe!

GA. GOODL. Well now, to make you for  
this some parte of amendes, 15  
I shall desire first you, and then suche of  
our frendes

As shall to you seeme best, to suppe at  
home with me,

Where at your fought field we shall laugh  
and mery be.

SIM SURE. And, mistresse, I beseech you,  
take with me no greefe;

I did a true mans part, not wishyng you re-  
preefe. 20

C. CUSTANCE. Though hastie reportes  
through surmises growyng

May of poore innocentes be vtter ouer-  
throwyng,

Yet, because to thy maister thou hast a  
true hart,

And I know mine owne truth, I forgiue  
thee for my part.

GA. GOODL. Go we all to my house. And  
of this geare no more! 25

Goe prepare all things, Sym Suresby;  
hence, runne afore!

SIM SURE. I goe. *Ex[eat].*

G. GOOD. But who commeth yond?  
M. Merygreeke?

C. CUSTANCE. Roister Doisters cham-  
pion; I shreve his best cheek!

T. TRUSTY. Roister Doister selfe, your  
wower, is with him, too.

Surely some-thing there is with vs they  
haue to doe. 30

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA V

*[Enter at a distance] M. Merygreeke [and]  
Ralph Roister. Gawyn Goodlucke,  
Tristram Trustie [and] C. Custance  
[remain].*

M. MERY. Yond I see Gawyn Goodlucke,  
to whom lyeth my message.

I will first salute him after his long voyage,  
And then make all thing well concerning  
your behalfe.

R. ROYSTER. Yea, for the pashe of God!  
M. MERY. Hence out of sight, ye calfe,  
Till I haue spoke with them, and then I  
will you fet.<sup>1</sup> 5

R. ROYSTER. In Gods name!

*[Roister retires.]*

M. MERY. *[advancing]*. What, Master  
Gawyn Goodluck, wel met!  
And from your long voyage I bid you right  
welcome home.

GA. GOOD. I thanke you.

M. MERY. I come to you from an hon-  
est mome.<sup>2</sup>

GA. GOOD. Who is that?

M. MERY. Roister Doister, that dough-  
tie kite.

C. CUSTANCE. Fye! I can scarce abide  
ye shoulde his name recite. 10

M. MERY. Ye must take him to fauour,  
and pardon all past.

He heareth of your returne, and is full yll  
agast.

GA. GOOD. I am ryght well content he  
hauc with vs some chere.

C. CUSTANCE. Fye vpon him, beast!  
Then wyll not I be there!

GA. GOOD. Why, Custance! do ye hate  
hym more than ye loue me? 15

C. CUSTANCE. But for your mynde, sir,  
where he were would I not be!

T. TRUSTY. He woulde make vs al  
laugh.

M. MERY. Ye nere had better sport.

GA. GOOD. I pray you, sweete Custance,  
let him to vs resort.

C. CUSTANCE. To your will I assent.

M. MERY. Why, suche a foole it is  
As no man for good pastime would forgoe  
or misse. 20

G. GOODL. Fet him to go wyth vs.

M. MERY. He will be a glad man.

*Ex[eat Merygreeke].*

T. TRUSTY. We must, to make vs mirth,  
maintaine<sup>3</sup> hym all we can.

And loe, yond he commeth, and Mery-  
greeke with him!

C. CUSTANCE. At his first entrance ye  
shall see I wyll him trim!

<sup>1</sup> Fetch.

<sup>2</sup> Fool.

<sup>3</sup> Back him up (with flattery and encouragement).

But first let vs hearken the gentlemen  
wise talke. 25  
T. TRUSTY. I pray you marke if euer ye  
sawe crane so stalke.

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA VI

[Enter at a distance] R. Roister [and] M.  
Merygreeke. C. Custance, G. Goodlucke,  
T. Trustie [remain]. D. Doughtie  
[and] Harpax [enter later].

R. ROISTER. May I then be bolde?  
M. MERY. I warrant you, on my worde.  
They say they shall be sicke but ye be at  
theyr borde.

R. ROISTER. Thei wer not angry, then?  
M. MERY. Yes, at first, and made strange;  
But, when I sayd your anger to fauour  
shoulde change,

And therewith had commended you ac-  
cordingly, 5

They were all in loue with your mashyp  
by-and-by,

And cried you mercy that they had done  
you wrong.

R. ROISTER. For-why no man, woman,  
nor childe can hate me long?

M. MERY. "We feare," quod they, "he  
will be auenged one day;

Then for a peny giue all our liues we  
may!" 10

R. ROISTER. Sayd they so in-deede?

M. MERY. Did they? yea, euen with  
one voice.

"He will forgiue all," quod I. Oh, how  
they did reioyce!

R. ROISTER. Ha, ha, ha!

M. MERY. "Goe fette hym," say they,  
"while he is in good moode,

For, haue his anger who lust, we will not,  
by the roode!" 15

R. ROISTER. I pray God that it be all  
true that thou hast me tolde —

And that she fight no more.

M. MERY. I warrant you, be bolde.  
Too them, and salute them!

R. ROISTER [advancing]. Sirs, I greeete  
you all well!

OMNES. Your maistership is welcom!

C. CUSTANCE. Sauyng my quarell,  
For, sure, I will put you vp into the  
Eschequer — 20

M. MERY. Why so? better nay. Wherefore?  
C. CUSTANCE. For an vsurer.

R. ROISTER. I am no vsurer, good mis-  
tresse, by His armes!

M. MERY. When tooke he gaine of money  
to any mans harmes?

C. CUSTANCE. Yes, a fowle vsurer he is,  
ye shall see els, —

R. ROISTER. Didst not thou promise she  
would picke no mo quarels? 25

C. CUSTANCE. He will lende no blowes  
but he haue in recompence

Fiftene for one: whiche is to muche, of  
conscience!

R. ROISTER. Ah, dame, by the auncient  
lawe of armes, a man

Hath no honour to foile <sup>1</sup> his handes on a  
woman.

C. CUSTANCE. And, where other vsurers  
take their gaines yerely, 30

This man is angry but he haue his by-  
and-by.

GA. GOODL. Sir, doe not for hir sake beare  
me your displeasure.

M. MERY. Well, he shall with you talke  
therof more at leasure.

Vpon your good vsage, he will now shake  
your hande.

R. ROISTER. And much heartily welcome  
from a straunge lande! 35

M. MERY. Be not afearde, Gawyn, to let  
him shake your fyst!

GA. GOODL. Oh, the moste honeste  
gentleman that ere I wist! <sup>2</sup>

[They shake hands.]

I beseeche your mashyp to take payne to  
suppe with vs!

M. MERY. He shall not say you nay; and  
I too, by Iesus!

Bicause ye shall be friends, and let all  
quarels passe. 40

R. ROISTER. I wyll be as good friends  
with them as ere I was.

M. MERY. Then let me fet your quier  
that we may haue a song.

R. ROISTER. Goe.

[Exit Merygreeke.]

G. GOODLUCK. I haue hearde no mel-  
odie all this yeare long.

<sup>1</sup> Foul, defile.

<sup>2</sup> Knew.

[*Re-enter Merygreeke with the musicians.*]

M. MERY. Come on, sirs, quickly!

R. ROYSTER. Sing on, sirs, for my  
frends sake!

D. DOUGH. Cal ye these your frends?

R. ROYSTER. Sing on, and no mo  
words make! 45

*Here they sing.*<sup>1</sup>

[*After the song, the actors all kneel.*]

GA. GOOD. The Lord preserue our most  
noble Queene of renowne,  
And hir virtues rewarde with the heauenly  
crowne.

C. CUSTANCE. The Lorde strengthen hir  
most excellent Maiestie,  
Long to reigne ouer vs in all prosperitie.

<sup>1</sup> The song is not given.

T. TRUSTY. That hir godly proceedings  
the faith to defende 50

He may stablishe and maintaine through to  
the ende.

M. MERY. God graunt hir, as she doth,  
the Gospell to protect,

Learning and vertue to aduaunce, and vico  
to correct.

R. ROYSTER. God graunt hir louyng sub-  
iects both the minde and grace

Hir most godly procedyngs worthily to  
imbrace. 55

HARPAX. Hir Highnesse most worthy  
counsellers God prosper

With honour and loue of all men to minister.

OMNES. God graunt the Nobilitie hir to  
serue and loue,

With all the whole Commontie,<sup>1</sup> as doth  
them behoue.

*Amen.*

<sup>1</sup> Commons.

**FINIS.**

A RYGH  
PITHY, PLEASAUNT AND MERIE COMEDIE: INTYTULED  
GAMMER GURTONS NEDLE <sup>1</sup>

PLAYED ON STAGE, NOT LONGE AGO IN CHRISTES COLLEDGE  
IN CAMBRIDGE

*Made by MR. S. MR. OF ART*

Imprinted at London in Fleetestreat beneth the Conduit at the signe  
of S. John Euangelist by Thomas Colwell.

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS IN THIS COMEDIE

DICCON, the Bedlem. <sup>2</sup>	DAME CHATTE.
HODGE, Gammer Gurtons seruante.	DOCTOR RAT, the Curate.
TYB, Gammer Gurtons mayde.	MAYSTER BAYLYE.
GAMMER GURTON.	DOLL, Dame Chattes mayde.
COCKE, <sup>3</sup> Gammer Gurtons boye.	SCAPETHRYFT, <sup>4</sup> Mayst[er] Beylies seruante.
	Mutes.

[The place: A village in England.]

GOD SAUE THE QUEENE!

<sup>1</sup> Professor Henry Bradley has presented evidence rendering it highly probable that this play was written by William Stevenson, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and acted by the students in Christ's College in 1553-54, and revived in 1559-60, possibly with the assistance of John Bridges. The play was entered by Thomas Colwell in the Stationers' Registers, 1563, as *Dyceon of Bedlam, etc.*, and he may then, or shortly after, have issued an edition. The only edition of which we know, however, bears the date 1575.

I have based the present text on the copy of the 1575 edition (A.) in the British Museum. In modernizing the punctuation and stage directions, as well as in other details, I have derived some assistance from the editions by Manly, *Specimens*, 1896, and Bradley, in *Representative English Comedies*, 1903.

<sup>2</sup> A discharged patient from the Bethlehem Hospital for the insane, who was licensed to travel about the country as a beggar.

<sup>3</sup> A. Docke

<sup>4</sup> Manly's scribe in error reads *Scapethryk*.

## THE PROLOGUE

As Gammer Gurton with manye a wyde styche  
 Sat pesynge <sup>1</sup> and patching of Hodg her mans briche,  
 By chance, or misfortune, as shee her geare <sup>2</sup> tost,  
 In Hodge lether bryches her needle shee lost.  
 When Diccon the bedlem had hard by report  
 That good Gammer Gurton was robde in thys sorte, 5  
 He quyetly perswaded with her in that stound <sup>3</sup>  
 Dame Chat, her deare gossyp,<sup>4</sup> this needle had found.  
 Yet knew shee no more of this matter, alas,  
 Then knoeth Tom, our clarke, what the priest saith at masse! 10  
 Here-of there ensued so fearfull a fraye  
 Mas Doctor was sent for these gossyps to staye,  
 Because he was Curate, and esteemed full wyse;  
 Who found that he sought not,<sup>5</sup> by Diccons deuce.  
 When all thinges were tombled and cleane out of fassicn,  
 Whether it were by fortune or some other constellacion, 15  
 Sodenlye the neele Hodge found by the prickynge,  
 And drew it out of his bottocke where he felt it stickynge.  
 Theyr hartes then at rest with perfect securytie,  
 With a pot of good nale <sup>6</sup> they stroake vp theyr plauditie. 20

<sup>1</sup> Mending.      <sup>2</sup> Stuff.      <sup>3</sup> Time.      <sup>4</sup> Friend, chum.  
<sup>5</sup> Found what he was not expecting.      <sup>6</sup> Ale.

## THE FYRST ACTE

## THE FYRST SCEANE

[A village street in perspective. Gammer Gurton's house on one side, Dame Chat's ale-house on the other. The time, Saturday evening after sun-down.]

[Enter] Diccon [out of Gammer Gurton's house].

Diccon. Many a myle haue I walked diuers and sundry waies,  
 And many a good mans house haue I bin at in my daies,  
 Many a gossips cup in my tyme haue I tasted,  
 And many a broche and spyt haue I both turned and basted,  
 Many a peece of bacon haue I had out of thir balkes <sup>1</sup> 5  
 In ronnyng ouer the countrey with long and were walks —  
 Yet came my foote neuer within those doore-cheekes,  
 To seeke flesh, or fysh, garlyke, onyons, or leekes,

<sup>1</sup> Tie-beams in houses.

That euer I saw a sorte <sup>1</sup> in such a plyght  
 As here within this house appereth to my syght! 10  
 There is howlyng and scowlyng, all cast in a dumpe;<sup>2</sup>  
 With whewling and pewling, as though they had lost a trump;  
 Syghing and sobbing they weepe and they wayle.  
 I maruell in my mynd what the deuill they ayle.  
 The olde trot <sup>3</sup> syts groning, with "alas!" and "alas!" 15  
 And Tib wrings her hands, and takes on in worse case,  
 With poore Cocke, theyr boye. They be dryuen in such fyts  
 I feare mee the folkes be not well in theyr wyts.  
 Aske them what they ayle, or who brought them in this staye,  
 They aunswer not at all but "alacke!" and "welaway!" 20  
 Whan I saw it booted not, out at doores I hyed mee,

<sup>1</sup> Crowd, company.      <sup>2</sup> Fit of sadness.      <sup>3</sup> Hag.

And caught a slyp of bacon, when I saw  
that none spied mee;  
Which I intend not far hence, vnles my  
purpose fayle,  
Shall serue for a shoinghorne <sup>1</sup> to draw on  
two pots of ale.

[*He starts over towards Dame Chat's ale-house.*]

## THE FYRST ACTE

### THE SECOND SCEANE

[*Enter, as from the fields*] Hodge [*to*] Diccon.

HODGE. See! So cham <sup>2</sup> arayed with  
dabylng in the durt!

[*Points to the dirt on his breeches.*]

She that set me to ditchinge, ich wold she  
had the squirt!

Was neuer poore soule that such a life had!  
Gogs bones, thys vylthy glaye hase drest <sup>3</sup>  
mee to bad!

Gods soule, see how this stuffe teares! 5

[*Shows the torn state of his breeches.*]

Iche were better to bee a bearward and set  
to keepe beares!

By the masse, here is a gasshe! a shamefull  
hole in-deade!

And one stytech teare funder, a man may  
thruste in his heade.

DICCON. By my fathers soule, Hodge, if I  
shulde now be sworne

I can not chuse but say thy breech is foule  
be-torne! 10

But the next remedye in such a case and hap  
Is to plaunche <sup>4</sup> on a piece as brode as thy  
cap.

HODGE. Gogs soule, man, tis not yet two  
dayes fully ended

Synce my dame Gurton, chem sure, these  
breches amended!

But cham made such <sup>5</sup> a drudge, to trudge  
at euery neede, 15

Chwold rend it though it were stitched  
wath <sup>6</sup> sturdy pacthreede.

<sup>1</sup> The N.E.D. defines as "an appetizer." It possibly means here that Diccon will exchange the bacon for two pots of ale.

<sup>2</sup> The southern dialect (ich = I, icham = cham = I am, chawe = I have, etc.) early became the conventional stage dialect for rustics.

<sup>3</sup> Spoiled.

<sup>4</sup> Clap.

<sup>5</sup> A *suec*, possibly intentionally.

<sup>6</sup> A. *what*.

DICCON. Hoge, let thy breeches go, and  
speake and tell mee soone

What deuill ayleth Gammer Gurton and  
Tib, her mayd, to frowne.

HODGE. Tush, man, thart deceyued! Tys  
theyr dayly looke;

They coure <sup>1</sup> so ouer the coles theyr eyes be  
bleard with smooke. 20

DICCON. Nay, by the masse! I perfectly  
perceiued, as I came hether,

That eyther Tib and her dame hath ben by  
the eares together,

Or els as great a matter — as thou shalt  
shortly see.

HODGE. Now iche beseeche our Lord they  
neuer better agree!

DICCON. By Gogs soule, there they syt as  
still as stones in the streite, 25

As though they had ben taken <sup>2</sup> with  
fairies, or els with some il sprite.

HODGE. Gogs hart! I durst haue layd  
my cap to a crowne

Chwold lerne of some prancome <sup>3</sup> as sone  
as ich came <sup>4</sup> to town!

DICCON. Why, Hodge, art thou inspyred?  
or dedst thou therof here?

HODGE. Nay; but ich saw such a wonder  
as ich saw nat this vii yere. 30

Tome Tannkards cow — be Gogs bones! —  
she set me vp her saile,

And flynging about his halfe-aker, fysking  
with her taile,

As though there had ben in her ars a  
swarme of bees —

And chad not cryed, "Tphrowh, hoore!"  
shead leapt out of his lees. <sup>5</sup>

DICCON. Why, Hodg! lies the connyng in  
Tom Tankards coves taile? 35

HODGE. Well, ich chaue hard some say  
such tokens do not fayle.

But ca[n]st thou not tell, <sup>6</sup> in faith, Diccon,  
why she frownes, or wher-at?

Hath no man stolne her ducks, or henes, or  
gelded Gyb, her cat?

DICCON. What deuill can I tell, man? I  
cold not haue one word;

They gaue no more hede to my talk then  
thou woldst to a lorde. 40

HODGE. Iche cannot styll but muse what  
meruaylous thinge it is!

<sup>1</sup> Cower. <sup>2</sup> Bewitched. <sup>3</sup> Unusual occurrence.

<sup>4</sup> Manly come. <sup>5</sup> Pastures. <sup>6</sup> A. *till*.



Chyll in, and know my-selſe what matters  
are amys.

DICCON. Then farewell, Hodge, a-while,  
ſynce thou doest inward haſt,  
For I will into the good-wyfe Chats, to  
feele how the ale dooth taſte.

[Exit Diccon into Dame Chat's ale-house.]

## THE FYRST ACTE

### THE THYRD SCEANE

*Hodge [remains. Later enter] Tyb.*

HODGE. Cham agast, by the masse! Ich  
wot not what to do.

Chad nede blesse me well before ich go  
them to! [Crosses himself.]

Perchaunce some felon sprit may haunt our  
house indeed,

And then chwere but a <sup>1</sup> noddy to venter  
where cha no neede!

[While he stands, afraid to enter, Tyb comes  
out of the house.]

TIB. Cham worse then mad, by the masse,  
to be at this staye! <sup>2</sup> 5

Cham chyd, cham blamd, and beaton all  
thoures on the daye,

Lamed, and hunger-storued, prycked vp  
all in iaggas,

Hauyng no patch to hyde my backe saue a  
few rotten ragges!

HODGE. I say, Tyb, — if thou be Tyb, as  
I trow sure thou bee, —

What deuyll make-a-doe is this betweene  
our dame and thee? 10

TIB. Gogs breade, Hodg, thou had a good  
turne thou warte not here [this  
while!] <sup>3</sup>

It had ben better for some of vs to haue ben  
hence a myle!

My gammer is so out of course and fran-  
tyke all at ones

That Cocke, our boy, and I, poore wench,  
haue felt it on our bones.

HODGE. What is the matter — say  
on, Tib — wherat she taketh so  
on? 15

TIB. She is vndone, she sayth! Alas, her  
ioye and life is gone!

If shee here not of some comfort, she is,  
sayth, but dead;

Shall neuer come within her lyps one inch  
of meate ne bread!

HODGE. Byr Ladie, cham not very glad to  
see her in this dumpe.

Cholde a noble <sup>1</sup> her stole hath fallen and  
shee hath broke her rumpe! 20

TIB. Nay, and that were the worst we  
wold not greatly care,

For bursting of her huckle-bone, or break-  
yng of her chaire;

But greatter, greater, is her grief! as,  
Hodge, we shall all feele.

HODGE. Gogs woundes, Tyb! my gammer  
has neuer lost her — neele? <sup>2</sup>

TIB. Her neele!

HODGE. Her neele?

TIB. Her neele! 25

By him that made me, it is truc, Hodge, I  
tell thee.

HODGE. Gogs sacrament, I wold shee had  
lost tharte <sup>3</sup> out of her bellie!

The deuill, or els his dame, they ought <sup>4</sup>  
her, sure, a shame!

How a murryon came this chaunce — say,  
Tib — vnto our dame?

TIB. My gammer sat her downe on  
her pcs,<sup>5</sup> and bad <sup>6</sup> me reach thy  
breeches; 30

And by-and-by, — a vengeance in it! — or  
shee had take two stitches

To clap a clout vpon thine ars, by chaunce  
a-syde she leares,

And Gyb, our cat, in the milke-pan she  
spied ouer head and cares.

“Ah, hore! Out, thefe!” she cryed aloud,  
and swapt the breches downe.

Up went her staffe, and out leapt Gyb at  
doors into the towne. 35

And synce that time was neuer wyght cold  
set ther eies vpon it.

Gogs malison <sup>7</sup> chaue Cocke and I byd  
twenty times light on it.

HODGE. And is not, then, my breches  
sewid vp, to-morow that I shuld  
were? <sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I wager a noble. <sup>2</sup> Needle. <sup>3</sup> The heart.

<sup>4</sup> Owed. <sup>5</sup> Stool. <sup>6</sup> Manly had. <sup>7</sup> Curse.

<sup>8</sup> Hodge's anxiety about his breeches is explained  
by the fact that he was eager to go to church on the  
morrow to see Kirstian Clack, a young lady who  
smiled at him last Sunday. See II, i, 61-64.

<sup>1</sup> A. af. <sup>2</sup> State of affairs, condition.

<sup>3</sup> Added by Dodsley.

TYB. No, in faith, Hodge. Thy breeches lie, for al this, neuer the nere.<sup>1</sup>

HODGE. Now a vengeance light on al the sort, that better shold haue kept it, — 40

The cat, the house, and Tib our maid that better shold haue swept it!

*[He spies Gammer coming out.]*

Se where she commeth crawling! Come on, in twenty deuils way!

Ye haue made a fayre daies worke, haue you not? pray you say!

## THE FYREST ACTE

### THE IIII SCEANE

*[Enter from her house] Gammer. Hodge [and] Tyb [remain]. Cocke [enters later].*

GAMMER. Alas, Hoge! Alas! I may well curssc and ban

This daie, that cuer I saw it, with Gyb and the mylke-pan!

For these, and ill lucke to-gather, as knoweth Cocke, my boye,

Haue stacke<sup>2</sup> away my deare neele, and robd me of my ioye, —

My fayre, longe, strayght neele, that was myne onely treasure! 5

The fyrst day of my sorow is, and last end of my pleasure!

HODGE. Might ha kept it when ye had it! But foolles will be foolles styll!

Lose that is vast in your handes? — ye neede not; but ye will!

GAMMER. Go hie thee, Tib, and run, thou hoore, to thend here of the towne!<sup>3</sup>

Didst cary out dust in thy lap; seeke wher thou porest it downe; 10

And, as thou sawest me roking<sup>5</sup> in the ashes where I morned,<sup>6</sup>

So see in all the heape<sup>7</sup> of dust thou leaue no straw vnturned.

TYB. That chal, Gammer, swythe and tyte,<sup>8</sup> and sone be here agayne!

GAMMER. Tib, stoope, and loke downe to

<sup>1</sup> No better off.

<sup>2</sup> Stuck.

<sup>3</sup> The yard attached to a house.

<sup>4</sup> A. *doude*; corr. by Dodsley, the first editor of the play, who has made various other obvious corrections

<sup>5</sup> Possibly *raking*.

<sup>6</sup> Mourned?

<sup>7</sup> Manly *heaps*.

<sup>8</sup> Quickly and speedily.

the ground! To it, and take some paine! *[Exit Tyb.]*

HODGE. Here is a prety matter! To see this gere how it goes! 15

By Gogs soule, I think you wold loes your ars and it were loose!

Your neele lost? It is a pitie you shold lack care and endlesse sorow!

Gogs deth, how shall my breeches be sewid? Shall I go thus to-morow? 17

GAMMER. Ah, Hodg, Hodg! if that ich cold find my neele, by the reed,<sup>2</sup>

Chould sow thy breeches, ich promise thee<sup>3</sup> with full good double threed, 20

And set a patch on either knee shuld last this monethes twaine.

Now God and good Saint Sithe I praye to send it home againe!

HODGE. Wherto serued your hands and eies but this your neele to kepe?

What deuill had you els to do? Ye kept, ich wot, no sheepe!

Cham faime a-brode to dyg and delue, in water, myre, and claye, 25

Sossing and possing in the durte styll<sup>4</sup> from day to daye;

A hundred things that be abrode, cham set to see them wecle, —

And foure of you syt idle at home, and can not keepe a neele!

GAMMER. My neele, alas! Ich lost it, Hodge, what time ich me vp-hasted

To saue the milke set vp for the, which Gib our cat hath wasted. 30

HODGE. The deuill he burst both Gib and Tib, with all the rest!

Cham alwayes sure of the worst end, who-euer haue the best!

Where ha you ben fidging<sup>5</sup> abroad since you your neele lost?

GAMMER. Within the house, and at the dore sitting by this same post,

Wher I was loking a long howre before these folks came here. 35

But, welaway! all was in wayne; my neele is neuer the nere!

HODGE. Set me a candle; let me seeke and grope where-euer it bee.

<sup>1</sup> Sunday. At church Hodge expects to see a certain young lady, Kirstian Clack. Cf. II, i, 61-64.

<sup>2</sup> Cross.

<sup>3</sup> A. has *ye*.

<sup>4</sup> Continuously.

<sup>5</sup> Moving about uneasily.

Gogs hart, ye be so folish, ich thinke you knowe it not when you it see!

GAMMER. Come hether, Cocke! What, Cocke, I say!

[Enter from the house Gammer's boy, Cocke.]

COCKE. Howe, Gammer!

GAMMER. Goe hye the soone, And grope behynd the old brasse pan;

whyeh thing when thou hast done, Ther shalt thou fynd an old shooe; wher-in, if thou looke well, 41

Thou shalt fynd lyeng an inche of a whyte tallow-candell.<sup>1</sup>

Lyght it, and brynge it tite awaye.

COCKE. That shalbe done anone.

[Exit Cocke into the house.]

GAMMER. Nay, tary, Hodg, til thou hast light, and then weele seke ech one.

HODGE. Cum away, ye horson boy! Are ye a slepe? Ye must haue a crier!<sup>2</sup> 45

COCKE. Ich cannot get the candell light; here is almost no fier.<sup>3</sup>

HODGE. Chil hold the a peny chil make the come if that ich may catch thine eares!

Art deffe, thou horson boy? Cocke, I say, why, canst not heares?

GAMMER. Beate hym not, Hodge, but help the boy, and come you two together.

[Hodge rushes into the house.]

## THE I ACTE

### THE V SCEANE

Gammer [remains. Enter] Tyb. Cocke [and] Hodge [enter later].

GAMMER. How now, Tyb? Quyeke, lets here what newes thou hast brought hether!

TYB. Chaue tost and tumbled yender heap ou[e]r and ouer againe,

And winowed it through my fingers as men wold winow grain;

Not so much as a hens turd but in pieces I tare it,

<sup>1</sup> I have adopted Manly's division of lines 39-42.

<sup>2</sup> One to summon you by formal proclamation.

<sup>3</sup> Cocke was attempting to light the candle from the coals in the fire-place.

Or what-so-euer clod or clay I found, I did not spare it, 5

Lokying within, and eke without, to fynd your neele, alas!

But all in vaine, and without help. Your neele is where it was!

GAMMER. Alas, my neele! We shall neuer meete! Aduel! Aduel, for aye!

TYB. Not so, Gammer; we myght it fynd if we knew where it laye.

[Enter Cocke from the house, laughing.]

COCKE. Gogs crosse, Gammer! if ye will laugh, looke in but at the doore, 10 And see how Hodg lieth tomblynge and tossing amids the floure!

Rakyng there some fyre to find amonge the ashes dead, —

Where there is not one sparke so byg as a pyns head, —

At last in a darke corner two sparkes he thought he sees,

Whiche were,<sup>1</sup> indeede, nought els but Gyb our cats two eyes 15

"Puffe!" quod Hodg, thinking therby to haue fyre without doubt;

With that Gyb shut her two eyes, and so the fyre was out.

And by-and-by them opened, euen as they were before;

With that the sparkes appered, euen as they had done of yore.

And euen as Hodge blew the fire, as he did thincke, 20

Gyb, as she felt the blast, straight-way began to wyncke.

Tyll Hodge fell of swering, as came best to his turne,

The fier was sure bewicht, and therfore wold not burne.

At last Gyb vp the stayers among the old postes and pinnes;

And Hodge he hied him after till broke were both his shinnes, — 25

Cursynge and swering othes were neuer of his makynge,

That Gyb wold fyre the house if that shee were not taken.

GAMMER. See! here is all the thought that the foolyish urchyn taketh!

<sup>1</sup> A. where.

And Tyb, me thinke, at his elbowe almost  
as mery maketh!

This is all the wyt ye haue, when others  
make their mone. 30

Come downe, Hodge! Where art thou?  
And let the cat alone!

HODGE [*within*]. Gogs harte, helpe and  
come vp! Gyb in her tayle hath fyre,  
And is like to burne all if shee get a lytle  
hier!

"Cum downe," quoth you? nay, then you  
might count me a patch!

The house cometh downe on your heads if  
it take ons the thatch.<sup>1</sup> 35

GAMMER. It is the cats eyes, foole, that  
shineth in the darke!

HODGE [*within*]. Hath the cat, do you  
thinke, in euery eye a sparke?

GAMMER. No, but they shyne as lyke fyre  
as euer man see.

HODGE [*within*]. By the masse, and she  
burne all, yoush beare the blame for  
mee!

GAMMER. Cum downe, and help to seeke  
here our neele, that it were found. 40

Downe, Tyb, on thy<sup>2</sup> knees, I say!  
Downe, Cocke, to the ground!

To God I make a-vowe, and so to good  
Saint Anne,

A candell shall they haue a-peece, get it  
where I can,

If I may my neele find in one place or in  
other.

[*Enter Hodge.*]

HODGE. Now a vengeance on Gib lyght,  
on Gyb and Gybs mother, 45

And all the generacyon of cats both far and  
nere!

Looke on the ground, horson? Thinks  
then the neele is here?

COCKE. By my trouth, Gammer, me  
thought your neele here I saw,

But, when my fynghers toucht it, I felt it  
was a straw.

TYB. See, Hodge! whats tys? May it not  
be within it? 50

HODGE. Breake it, foole, with thy hand,  
and see and thou canst fynde it.

TYB. Nay, breake it you, Hodge, accord-  
yng to your word.

<sup>1</sup> The grass roof of the house.

<sup>2</sup> A. *tho*.

HODGE. Gogs sydes! fye, it styncks! It  
is a cats tourd!

It were well done to make thee eate it, by  
the masse!

GAMMER. This matter amendeth not; my  
neele is still where it wasse; 55

Our candle is at an ende: let vs all in  
quight,

And come another tyme, when we haue  
more lyght!

[*They go into the house.*]

## THE II ACTE

*Fyrste a songe:*<sup>1</sup>

*Backe and syde, go bare, go bare;*

*Booth foote and hande, go colde:*

*But, bellye, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,*  
*Whether it be newe or olde!* 4

I can not eate but lytle meate,

My stomacke is not good;

But, sure, I thinke that I can dry[n]cke

With him that weares a hood.

Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,

I am nothinge a-colde,

I stuffe my skyn so full within

Of ioly good ale and olde. 12

*Backe and syde, go bare, go bare;*

*Booth foote and hand, go colde:*

*But, belly, God send the good ale inoughe,*  
*Whether it be new or olde!* 16

I loue no<sup>2</sup> rost, but a nut-browne toste<sup>3</sup>

And a crab<sup>4</sup> layde in the fyre;

A lytle bread shall do me stead,

Much breade I not desyre.

No froste nor snow, no winde, I trowe,

Can hurte mee if I wolde,

I am so wrapt and throwly lapt

Of ioly good ale and olde. 24

*Backe and syde, go bare, &c.*

And Tyb, my wyfe, that as her lyfe

Loueth well good ale to seeke,

<sup>1</sup> In the academic drama we find evidence that the acts were separated by music; cf. II, v, 11-12.

<sup>2</sup> Manly incorrectly gives the reading of A. as *to*.

<sup>3</sup> A piece of toasted bread, soaked in the ale.

<sup>4</sup> Crab-apple, roasted at the fire and dropped into the pot of ale.

Full ofte drynkes shee tyll ye may see  
 The teares run downe her cheeke; <sup>1</sup>  
 Then dooth she trowle to mee the bowle,  
 Euen as a mault-worme shuld,  
 And sayth, "Sweete hart, I tooke my part  
 Of this ioly good ale and olde." 32

*Backe and syde, go bare, &c.*

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and  
 winke,  
 Euen as good felowes shoulde doe;  
 They shall not mysse to haue the blisse  
 Good ale doth bringe men to.  
 And all poore soules that haue scowred  
 boules

Or haue them lustely trolde,  
 God saue the lyues of them and theyr  
 wyues,

Whether they be yonge or olde! 40

*Backe and syde, go bare, &c.*

#### THE FYRST SCEANE

[*Enter*] Diccon [*from Dame Chat's ale-house,*  
*with a pot of ale in his hand*]. Hodge  
 [*enters later*].

Diccon. Well done, be Gogs malt! Well  
 songe, and well sayde!

Come on, mother Chat, as thou art true  
 mayde!

One fresh pot of ale lets see, to make an  
 ende,

Agaynst this colde wether my naked armes  
 to defende!

[*Dame Chat gives him a fresh pot of ale,*  
*which he drinks off.*]

This gere it warms the soule! Now, wind,  
 blow on thy <sup>2</sup> worst! 5

And let vs drink and swill till that our  
 bellies burstle!

Now were he a wyse man by cunnyng  
 colde defyne

Which way my iourney lyeth, or where  
 Dyceon will dyne.

But one good turne I haue: be it by nyght,  
 or daye,

South, east, north, or west, I am neuer out  
 of my waye! 10

[*Enter from Gammer's house Hodge with a*

<sup>1</sup> A. cheekes.

<sup>2</sup> A. the.

*piece of barley bread in one hand, and  
 an empty milke pan in the other.]*

HODGE. Chym goodly rewarded, cham I  
 not, do you thyncke?

Chad a goodly dynner for all my sweate  
 and swyncke!

Neyther butter, cheese, mylke, onyons,  
 fleshe, nor fyshe,

Sauē thys poor pece of barly bread, — tis a  
 pleasant costly dishe!

Diccon. Haile, fellow Hodge, and will <sup>1</sup> to  
 fare with thy meat — if thou haue  
 any! 15

But by thy words, as I them smelled, thy  
 daintrels <sup>2</sup> be not manye.

HODGE. Daintrels, Diccon? Gogs soule,  
 man, saue this pece of dry horsbred,

Cha byt no byt this lyue-longe daie; no  
 crome come in my hed;

My gutts they yawle-crawle, and all my  
 belly rumbleth;

The puddynges <sup>3</sup> can not lye still, ech one  
 ouer other tumbleth. 20

By Gogs harte, cham so vexte and in my  
 belly pende

Chould one peece were at the spittlehouse,  
 another at the castels ende!

Diccon. Why, Hodge, was there none at  
 home thy dinner for to set?

HODGE. Godgs bread, Diccon, ich came to  
 late; was nothing ther to get!

Gib — a fowle feind might on her light! —  
 lickt the milke-pan so clene, — 25

See, Diccon, twas not so well washt this vii  
 yere, as ich wene!

A pestilence lyght on all ill lucke! Chad  
 thought yet, for all thys,

Of a morsell of bacon behynde the dore at  
 worst shuld not misse;

But when ich sought a slyp to cut, as ich  
 was wont to do,

Gogs soule, Diccon, Gyb, our cat, had cate  
 the bacon tol! 30

*Which bacon Diccon stole, as is declared  
 before.*

Diccon. Ill <sup>4</sup> luck, quod he? mary, swere  
 it, Hodg! This day, the truchth to tel,  
 Thou rose not on thy right syde, or els blest  
 thee not wel.

<sup>1</sup> Well.

<sup>2</sup> Dainties.

<sup>3</sup> Entrails.

<sup>4</sup> Mainly incorrectly states that A. reads *All*.

Thy mylk slopt vp, thy bacon filched, —  
that was to bad luck, Hodg!

HODGE. Nay, nay, ther was a fowler fault:  
my gammer ga me the dodge! <sup>1</sup>

Seest not how cham rent and torn — my  
heels, my knees, and my breech? <sup>35</sup>  
Chad thought as ich sat by the fire, help  
here and there a stitch;

But there ich was powpte <sup>2</sup> indeede!

DICCON. Why, Hodge?

HODGE. Bootes not, <sup>3</sup> man, to tell.  
Cham so drest <sup>4</sup> amonst a sorte of fooles  
chad better be in hell!

My gammer, chain ashamed to say, by  
God, serued me not weele!

DICCON. How so, Hodge?

HODGE. Hase she not gone, trowest  
now, and lost her neele? <sup>40</sup>

DICCON. Her eelee, Hodge? Who fysht of  
late? That was a dainty dysh!

HODGE. Tush, tush, her neele! her neele!  
her neele, man! Tys neyther flesh  
nor fysh.

A lytle thing, with an hole in the end, as  
bright as any syller,

Small, longe, sharpe at the poynt, and  
straight as any pyller.

DICCON. I know not what a deuil thou  
menest. Thou bringst me more in  
doubt! <sup>45</sup>

HODGE. Knowest not with what Tom  
Tailers man sits broching throughe  
a clout?

A neele! neele! a neele! my gammers neele  
is gone!

DICCON. Her neele, Hodge? Now I smel  
thee! That was a chaunce alone!

By the masse, thou hadst a shamefull losse  
and it wer but for thy breeches!

HODGE. Gogs soule, man, chould giue a  
crown <sup>5</sup> chad it but iii stitches! <sup>50</sup>

DICCON. How sayest thou, Hodg? What  
shuld he haue, again thy neele  
got?

HODGE. Bem vathers soule, <sup>6</sup> and chad it,  
chould giue him a new grot!

DICCON. Canst thou keepe counsaile in  
this case?

HODGE. Els chwould my tonge <sup>1</sup> were  
out.

DICCON. Do thou <sup>2</sup> but then by my ad-  
uise, and I will fetch it without  
doubt.

HODGE. Chyll runne, chyll ryde, chyll  
dygge, chyl delue, chill toyle, chill  
trudge, shalt see; <sup>55</sup>

Chill hold, chil drawe, chil pull, chill  
pynche, chill kneele on my bare  
kneē;

Chill serape, chill scratche, chill syfte, chyll  
seeke, chill bowe, chill bende, chill  
sweate,

Chil stoop, chil stur, chil cap, chil knele,  
chil crepe on hands and feete;

Chil be thy bondman, Diccon, ich sweare  
by sunne and moone.

And channot sum-what to stop this gap,  
cham vtterly vndone! <sup>60</sup>

*Pointing behind to his torne breeches.* <sup>3</sup>

DICCON. Why, is ther any special cause  
thou takest hereat such sorow?

HODGE. Kirstian Clack, Tom Simsons  
maid, bi the masse, coms hether to-  
morrow!

Channot able to say, betweene vs what  
may hap, —

She smyled on me the last Sonday when ich  
put of my cap.

DICCON. Well, Hodge, this is a matter of  
weight, and must be kept close; <sup>65</sup>  
It might els turne to both our costes, as the  
world now gose.

Shalt sware to be no blab, Hodge!

HODGE. Chyll, Diccon!

DICCON. Then, go to!  
Lay thine hand here; say after me as thou  
shalt here me do.

Haste no booke?

HODGE. Cha no booke, I!

DICCON. Then needes must force  
vs both

Upon my breech to lay thine hand, and  
there to take thine othe. <sup>70</sup>

*[Hodge places his hand on Diccon's breech,  
and recites the oath after Diccon line by  
line.]*

HODGE. I, Hodge, breechelesse,

<sup>1</sup> A. *thonge*.

<sup>2</sup> A. *than*.

<sup>3</sup> A. *kreeches*.

<sup>1</sup> The "slip." A. misprints *dogde*.

<sup>2</sup> Cheated, befooled. <sup>3</sup> It avails nothing.

<sup>4</sup> Spoiled, undone.

<sup>5</sup> A coin of the value of five shillings.

<sup>6</sup> By my father's soul.

Swear to Diccon, rechelesse,<sup>1</sup>

By the crosse that I shall kysse,

To kepe his counsaile close,

And alwayes me to dispose

To worke that his pleasure is. 76

*Here he kysseth <sup>2</sup> Diccons breeche.*

DICCON. Now, Hodge, see thou take heede

And do as I thee byd.

For so I iudge it meete

This nedle againe to win, —

There is no shift therin

But coniure vp a spreete. 82

HODGE. What! the great deuill? Diccon, I saye!

DICCON. Yea, in good faith, that is the waye, —

Fet with some prety charme.

*[Diccon begins to draw a magician's circle on the floor.]*

HODGE. Softe, Diccon! Be not to hasty yet, By the masse, for ich begyn to sweat!

Cham afrayde of some <sup>3</sup> harme! 88

DICCON. Come hether then, and sturre the nat

One inche out of this cyrcle plat,

But stande as I thee teache.

*[Places him in a small circle.]*

HODGE. And shall ich be here safe from theyr clawes?

DICCON. The mayster deuill with his longe pawes

Here to thee can not reache. 94

Now will I settle me to this geare.

*[Takes his place in a larger circle, and prepares to conjure.]*

HODGE. I saye, Diccon! Heare me, heare!

Go softly to thys matter!

DICCON. What deuyll, man! art afraide of nought?

HODGE. Canst not tarrye a lytle thought Tyll ich make a curtesie of water? 100

<sup>1</sup> Careless.

<sup>2</sup> Manly gives the reading of A. as *kessech*; it is *kyssech*.

<sup>3</sup> A. *syme*.

DICCON. Stand still to it! Why shuldest thou feare hym?

*[Resumes his conjuring.]*

HODGE. Gogs sydes, Diccon, me thinke ich heare him!

And tarrye, chal mare all!

DICCON. The matter is no worse than I tolde it.

HODGE. By the masse, cham able no longer to holde it!

To bad! iche must beraye the hall! 106

DICCON. Stand to it, Hodge! Sture not, you horson!

What deuyll! be thine ars-strynges brusten?

Thy-selke a-while but staye;

The deuill — I smell hym — wyll be here anone.

HODGE. Hold him fast, Diccon! Cham gone! Cham gone!

Chyll not be at that fraye! 112

*[Exit Hodge running.]*

## THE II ACTE

### THE II SCEANE

*Diccon [remains]. [Dame] Chat [enters later].*

DICCON. Fy, shyttten knaue! and out vpon thee!

Aboue all other loutes fye on thee!

Is not here a clenly prancke?

But thy matter was no better,

Nor thy presence here no sweter,

To flye I can the thanke. 6

Here is a matter worthy glosynge <sup>1</sup>

Of Gammer Gurtuns nedle losynge,

And a foule peece of warke!

A man, I thyncke, myght make a playe,

And nede no worde to this they saye,

Being but halfe a clarke. 12

Softe, let me alone! I will take the charge This matter further to enlarge

Within a tyme shorte.

If ye will marke my toyes, and note,

I will geue ye laue to cut my throte

If I make not good sporte. 18

<sup>1</sup> Making glosses on; editing with commentaries.

[*Advances to Dame Chat's door.*]

Dame Chat, I say! Where be ye? within?

[*Enter Dame Chat, with cards in her hand.*]

CHAT. Who haue we there maketh such a din?

DICCON. Here is a good fellow maketh no great daunger.

CHAT. What? Diccon? Come nere; ye be no straunger!

We be fast set at trumpe, man, hard by the fyre.

Thou shalt set on the king, if thou come a little nyer.

DICCON. Nay, nay, there is no taryng; I must be gone againe. 25

But, first, for you in counceyl I haue a word or twaine.

CHAT. Come hether, Dol! [*Enter Dol.*]

Dol, sit downe and play this game, And, as thou sawest me do, see thou do euen the same.

There is five trumps beside the queene, — the hindmost thou shalt finde her.

Take hede of Sim Glouers wife; she hath an eie behind her! [*Exit Dol.*] 30

Now, Diccon, say your will.

DICCON. Nay, softe a little yet!

I wold not tel it my sister, the matter is so great.

There I wil haue you sweare by our dere Lady of Bullaine,

S. Dunstone, and S. Donnyke, with the three Kinges of Kullaine,

That ye shal keepe it secret.

CHAT. Gogs bread, that will I doo! 35  
As secret as mine owne thought, by God, and the deuil two! 1

DICCON. Here is Gammer Gurton, your neighbour, a sad and heuy wight, — Her goodly faire red cock at home was stole this last night.

CHAT. Gogs soule! her cock with the yelow legs, that nightly crowed so iust? 2

DICCON. That cocke is stollen.

CHAT. What! was he fet out of the hens ruste? 40

DICCON. I can not tel where the deuil he was kept, vnder key or locke;

<sup>1</sup> Too.

<sup>2</sup> So accurately on the hour.

But Tib hath tykled<sup>1</sup> in Gammers eare that you shoulde steale the cocke.

CHAT. Haue I, stronge hoore? By bread and salte —

DICCON. What, softe, I say! be styl! Say not one word for all this gear.

CHAT. By the masse, that I wyl! I wil haue the yong hore by the head and the old trot by the throte! 45

DICCON. Not one word, Dame Chat, I say! Not one word, for my cote!

CHAT. Snall such a begars brawle<sup>2</sup> as that, thinkest thou, make me a theefe?

The pocks light on her hores sydes! a pestlence and a mischeefe!

[*Starts towards Gammer Gurton's.*]

Come out, thou hungry, nedy bytche! O that my nails be short!

[*Diccon restrains her.*]

DICCON. Gogs bred. woman, hold your peace! this gere wil els passe sport!

I wold not for an hundred pound this matter shuld be knowen, 51

That I am auctour of this tale or haue abrode it blowen!

Did ye not sweare ye wold be ruled, before the tale I tolde?

I said ye must all secret keepe, and ye said sure ye wold.

CHAT. Wolde you suffer, your-selfe, Diccon, such a sort to reuile you, 55  
With slaunderous words to blot your name, and so to defile you?

DICCON. No, goodwife Chat; I wold be loth such drabs shulde blot my name;

But yet ye must so order all that Diccon beare no blame.

CHAT. Go to, then! What is your rede? 3  
Say on your minde; ye shall mee rule herein.

DICCON. Godamereye to Dame Chat! In faith, thou must the gere begin. 60  
It is twenty pound to a goose-turd my Gammer wil not tary,

But hetherward she comes as fast as her legs can her cary

To brawle with you about her cocke. For well I hard Tib say

<sup>1</sup> Whispered.

<sup>2</sup> Brat.

<sup>3</sup> Advice



The cocke was rosted in your house to  
breakfast yesterday;

And, when ye had the carcas eaten, the  
fethers ye out flunge; 65

And Doll, your maid, the legs she hid a  
foote depe in the dunge.

CHAT. Oh gracyous God! my harte is  
burst! 1

DICCON. Well, rule your-selfe a space!  
And Gammer Gurton, when she commeth  
anon into thys place —

Then to the queane! Lets see! Tell her  
your mynd, and spare not!

So shall Diccon blamelesse bec; and then,  
go to, I care not! 70

CHAT. Then hooore, beware her throte! I  
can abide no longer! 2

In faith, old witch, it shall be scene which of  
vs two be stronger!

And, Diccon, but at your request, I wold  
not stay one howre.

DICCON. Well, keepe it in till she be here,  
and then — out let it powre!

In the meane-while get you in, and make  
no wordes of this. 75

More of this matter with-in this howre to  
here you shall not misse.

Because I knew you are my freind, hide it  
I cold not, doubtles.

Ye know your harm; see ye be wise about  
your owne busines!

So fare ye will!

CHAT. Nay, soft, Diccon, and drynke!  
What, Doll, I say!

Bringe here a cup of the best ale; lets see!  
come quicly a-waye! 80

[Doll serves him with a cup of ale.]

## THE II ACTT

### THE III SCEANE

*Hodge [later enters]. Diccon [remains].*

DICCON. Ye see, masters, the one end  
tapt of this my short deuise!

Now must we broche tother, 3 to, before the  
smoke arise.

And, by the time they haue a-while run, I  
trust ye need not craue it,

<sup>1</sup> A. *burstes*.

<sup>2</sup> A. *lenger*, and its rhyme mate seems to be  
*stronger*; but the ink is blurred.

<sup>3</sup> A. *thuter*.

But, loke, what lieth in both their harts, ye  
ar like, sure, to haue it.

[Hodge sticks his head through the door of  
Gammer's house.]

HODGE. Yea, Gogs soule, art aliuie yet?  
What, Diccon, dare ich come? 5

DICCON. A man is wel hied 1 to trust to  
thee! I wil say nothing but mum.

But, and ye come any nearer, I pray you  
see all be sweete!

[Hodge advances, wearing his other breeches  
which Gammer had been mending.]

HODGE. Tush, man! Is Gammers neele  
found? That chould gladly weete! 2

DICCON. She may thanke thee it is not  
found; for if thou had kept thy  
standing,

The deuil he wold haue fet it out, euen,  
Hodge, at thy commaunding. 10

HODGE. Gogs hart! and cold he tel noth-  
ing wher the neele might be found?

DICCON. Ye folysh dolt, ye were to seek  
ear we had got our ground;

Therefore his tale so doubtfull was that I  
cold not perceiue it.

HODGE. Then ich se wel something was  
said. Chope one day yet to haue it.

But, Diccon, Diccon, did not the deuill cry  
"ho! ho! ho"? 15

DICCON. If thou hadst taryed where thou  
stoodst, thou woldest haue said so.

HODGE. Durst swere of a boke, chard 3  
him rore, streight after ich was  
gon!

But tel me, Diccon, what said the knaue?  
let me here it anon.

DICCON. The horson talked to mee I  
know not well of what:

One whyle his tonge it ran and paltered of a  
cat; 20

Another whyle he stamered styll vppon a  
rat;

Last of all, there was nothing but euery  
word "chat!" "chat!"

But this I well perceyued, before I wolde  
him rid,

Betweene "chat" and the "rat" and the  
"cat", the nedle is hyd.

<sup>1</sup> Manly suggests *paid*, rewarded.

<sup>2</sup> Know.

<sup>3</sup> I heard.

Now, wether Gyb, our cat, haue eate it in  
her mawe, 25  
Or Doctor Rat, our curat, haue found it in  
the straw,  
Or this Dame Chat, your neighbour, haue  
stollen it, God hee knoweth!  
But by the morow at this time we shal  
learn how the matter goeth.  
HODGE. Canst not learn to-night, man?  
Seest not what is here?

*Pointyng behind to his torne breeches.*

DICCON. Tys not possyble to make it  
sooner appere. 30  
HODGE. Alas, Diccon, then chaue no  
shyft but — least ich tary to  
longe —  
Hye me to Sym Glouers shop, theare to  
seeke for a thonge,  
Ther-with this breech to tatche and tye as  
ich may.  
DICCON. To-morow, Hodg, if we chauce  
to meete, shalt see what I will say.  
*[Exit Hodge down the street.]*

## THE II ACTE

### THE III SCEANE

*Diccon [remains]. Gammer [enters later].*

DICCON. Now this gere must forward goe,  
for here my gammer commeth.  
Be still a-while, and say nothing; make  
here a litle romth! <sup>1</sup>

*[Enter from her house Gammèr Gurton.]*

GAMMER. Good Lord, shall neuer be my  
lucke my neele agayne to spy!  
Alas the whyle, tys past my helpe! Where  
tis, still it must lye!  
DICCON. Now Iesus, Gammer Gurton,  
what driueth you to this sadnes? 5  
I feare me, by my conscience, you will sure  
fall to madnes.  
GAMMER. Who is that? What, Diccon?  
Cham lost, man, fye! fye!  
DICCON. Mary, fy on them that be  
worthy! But what shuld be your  
trouble?  
GAMMER. Alas, the more ich thinke on it,  
my sorow it waxeth doble!

<sup>1</sup> Space.

My goodly tossing sporyars <sup>1</sup> neele, chaue  
lost, ich wot not where. 10  
DICCON. Your neele! Whan?  
GAMMER. My neele! Alas, ich myght  
full ill it spare!  
As God him-selfe he knoweth, nere one be-  
syde chaue.  
DICCON. If this be all, good Gammer, I  
warrant you all is saue.  
GAMMER. Why, know you any tydings  
which way my neele is gone?  
DICCON. Yea, that I do, doubtlesse, as ye  
shall here anone. 15  
A <sup>2</sup> see a thing this matter toucheth, within  
these xx howres,  
Euen at this gate, <sup>3</sup> before my face, by a  
neyghbour of yours:  
She stooped me downe, and vp she toke a  
nedle or a pyn.  
I durst be sworne it was euen yours, by all  
my mothers kyn.  
GAMMER. It was my neele, Diccon, ich  
wot; <sup>4</sup> for here, euen by this poste, 20  
Ich sat, what time as ich vp-starte, and so  
my neele it loste.  
Who was it, leiu<sup>5</sup> son? Speke, ich pray  
the, and quickly tell me that!  
DICCON. A suttile queane as any in thys  
towne! your neyghboure here, Dame  
Chat.  
GAMMER. Dame Chat, Diccon? Let me  
be gone! Chil thyther in post-  
haste.

*[Starting toward Dame Chat's.]*

DICCON. Take my counsell yet or ye go,  
for feare ye walke in wast! 25  
It is a murrior crafty drab, and froward to  
be pleased;  
And ye take not the better way, our nedle  
yet ye lese <sup>6</sup> it.  
For when she tooke it vp, euen here before  
your doores,  
“What, soft, Dame Chat,” quoth I, “that  
same is none of yours!”  
“Auant,” quoth she, “syr knaue! What  
pratest thou of that I fynd? 30  
I wold thou hadst kist me I wot whear,” —  
she ment, I know, behind.

<sup>1</sup> Excellent spurrier's (harness-maker's).

<sup>2</sup> I. <sup>3</sup> Door. <sup>4</sup> I know.

<sup>5</sup> Dear. <sup>6</sup> A. lose; corr. by Manly.

And home she went as brag<sup>1</sup> as it had ben a bodelouche.<sup>2</sup>

And I after as bold as it had ben the good-man of the house.

But there and ye had hard her how she began to scolde —

The tonge it went on patins,<sup>3</sup> by hym that Iudas solde! 35

Ech other worde I was a knaue, and you a hore of hores,

Because I spake in your behalfe and sayde the neele was yours.

GAMMER. Gogs bread! and thinks the callet thus to kepe my neele me fro?

DICCON. Let her alone, and she minds non other but euen to dresse you so!

GAMMER. By the masse, chil rather spend the cote that is on my backe! 40

Thinks the false quean by such a slyght<sup>4</sup> that chill my neele lacke?

DICCON. Slepe<sup>5</sup> not you[r] gere, I counsell you, but of this take good hede:

Let not be knowne I told you of it, how well soeuer ye spede!

GAMMER. Chil in, Diccon, a cleene aperne to take and set before me;

And ich may my neele once see, chil, sure, remember the! 45

[*Exit Gammer Gurton into her house.*]

## THE II ACTE

### THE V SCEANE

*Diccon [remains].*

DICCON. Here will the sporte begin! If these two once may meete,

Their chere,<sup>6</sup> durst lay money, will proue scarsly sweete!

My gammer, sure, intends to be vppon her bones

With staues or with clubs or els with coblestones.

Dame Chat, on the other syde, if she be far behynde, 5

I am right far deceiued; she is geuen to it of kynde.<sup>7</sup>

He that may tarry by it a-whyle, and that but shorte,

<sup>1</sup> Valiant, briskly.

<sup>2</sup> Body-louche.

<sup>3</sup> Noisily, as a person wearing pattens, or wooden shoes.

<sup>4</sup> A. *slygh*.

<sup>5</sup> Slip.

<sup>6</sup> Cheer.

<sup>7</sup> By nature.

I warrant hym — trust to it — he shall see all the sporte.

Into the towne will I, my frendes to vysit there,

And hether straight againe to see thend of this gere. 10

In the meane-time, felowes, pype vpp your fiddles! I saie, take them,

And let your freyndes here such mirth as ye can make them! <sup>1</sup>

[*Exit Diccon down the street.*]

## THE III ACTE

### THE I SCEANE

[*Enter Hodge [with thongs and awl, returning from Sym Glover's].*]

HODGE. Sym Glouer, yet gramercey! cham meetlye well-spued now.

Thart euen as good a felow as cuer kyste a cowe!

Here is a thonge<sup>2</sup> in-dede; by the masse, though ich speake it,

Tom Tankards great bald curtal,<sup>3</sup> I thinke, could not breake it!

And when he spyed my neede to be so straight and hard, 5

Hays lent me here his naull<sup>4</sup> to set the gyb forward.<sup>5</sup>

As for my gammers neele, the flyenge feynd go weete! <sup>6</sup>

Chill not now go to the doore againe with it to meete.

Should make shyfte good inough and chad a candels ende.

The cheefe hole in my breeche with these two chil amende. 10

## THE III ACTE

### THE II SCEANE

*Gammer [meets] Hodge [at the door].*

GAMMER. How, Hodge! mayst nowe be glade! Cha newes to tell thee:

Ich knowe who hais my neele; ich trust soone shalt it see.

<sup>1</sup> See page 475, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> A. *thyngs*.

<sup>3</sup> A horse with its tail cut short.

<sup>4</sup> Awl.

<sup>5</sup> To help matters.

<sup>6</sup> With it.

HODGE. The deuyll thou does! Hast  
hard, Gammer, indeede, or doest  
but iest?

GAMMER. Tys as true as steele, Hodge.

HODGE. Why, knowest well where  
dydst leese it?

GAMMER. Ich know who found it, and  
tooke it vp; shalt see, or it be  
longe. 5

HODGE. Gods Mother dere, if that be  
true, far-wel both naule an thong!  
But who hais it, Gammer? say on! Chould  
faine here it disclosed.

GAMMER. That false fixen,<sup>1</sup> that same  
Dame Chat, that counts her-selfe so  
honest!

HODGE. Who tolde you so?

GAMMER. That same did Diccon the  
bedlam, which saw it done.

HODGE. Diccon? It is a vengeable  
knaue, Gammer! Tis a bo[m]nable  
horson! 10

Can do mo things then that, els cham de-  
ceyued euill.

By the masse, ich saw him of late cal vp a  
great blacke deuill!

O, the knaue cryed "ho! ho!" He roared,  
and he thundred.

And yead bene here, cham sure yould mur-  
renly ha wondred!

GAMMER. Was not thou afraide, Hodge,  
to see him in this place? 15

HODGE. No! And chad come to me,  
chould haue laid him on the face!

Chould haue! promised him!

GAMMER. But, Hodge, had he no  
hornes to pushe?

HODGE. As long as your two armes! Saw  
ye neuer Fryer Rushe

Painted on a cloth,<sup>2</sup> with a side long cowes  
taye,

And crooked clouen feete, and many a  
hoked nayle? 20

For al the world, if I shuld iudg, chould  
reken him his brother.

Loke, euen what face Frier Rush had, the  
deuil had such another!

GAMMER. Now <sup>3</sup> Iesus! mercy! Hodg! did  
Diccon in him bring?

<sup>1</sup> Vixen

<sup>2</sup> The painted cloths used to adorn the homes of  
the middle classes.

<sup>3</sup> A. New.

HODGE. Nay, Gammer, heare me speke!  
Chil tel you a greater thing:

The deuill, when Diccon had him, — ich  
hard him wondrous weel, — 25  
Sayd plainly here before vs that Dame  
Chat had your neele.

GAMMER. Then let vs go and aske her  
wherfore she minds to kepe it!

Seing we know so much, tware a madnes  
now to slepe it.

HODGE. Go to her, Gammer. See ye not  
where she stands in her doores?

Byd her geue you the neele. Tys none of  
hers but yours! 30

## THE III ACTE

### THE III SCEANE

*Gammer [advances to Dame] Chat. Hodge  
[keeps at a safe distance].*

GAMMER. Dame Chat, cholde praye the  
fair, let me haue that is mine!

Chil not this twenty yeres take one fart  
that is thyne.

Therefore giue me mine owne, and let me  
liue besyde the!

CHAT. Why! art thou crept from home  
hether to mine own doores to chide  
me?

Hence, doting drab! auaunt, or I shall set  
the further! 5

Intends thou and that knaue mee in my  
house to murther?

GAMMER. Tush, gape not so on <sup>1</sup> me,  
woman! Shalt not yet eate mee!

Nor all the frends thou hast in this shall  
not intrate mee!

Mine owne goods I will haue, and aske the  
on beleue.<sup>2</sup>

What, woman! pore folks must haue right,  
though the thing you agreue. 10

CHAT. Giue thee thy right, and hang thee  
vp, with al thy baggers <sup>3</sup> broode!

What, wilt thou make me a theefe, and say  
I stole thy good?

GAMMER. Chil say nothing, ich warrant  
thee, but that ich can proue it well.

Thou fet <sup>4</sup> my good euen from my doore,  
cham able this to tel!

<sup>1</sup> A. no.

<sup>3</sup> Beggar's

<sup>2</sup> Ask thee for quickly.

<sup>4</sup> Fetched, took.

CHAT. Dyd I, olde witche, steale oft <sup>1</sup> was  
thine? How should that thing be  
knownen? 15

GAMMER. Ich can not tel; but vp thou  
tokest it, as though it had ben thine  
owne.

CHAT. Mary, fy on thee, thou old gyb,<sup>2</sup>  
with al my very hart!

GAMMER. Nay, fy on thee, thou rampe,<sup>3</sup>  
thou ryg,<sup>4</sup> with al that take thy  
parte!

CHAT. A vengeance on those lips that  
laie th such things to my charge!

GAMMER. A vengeance on those callats<sup>5</sup>  
hips whose conscience is so large! 20

CHAT. Come out, hogge!

GAMMER. Come out, hogge! and let me  
haue<sup>6</sup> right!

CHAT. Thou arrant witche!

GAMMER. Thou bawdie biche, chil  
make thee curse this night!

CHAT. A bag and a wallet!

GAMMER. A carte for a callet!

CHAT. Why, wenest thou thus to pre-  
uaile?

I hold thee a grote I shall patche thy coate!

GAMMER. Thou warte as good kysse  
my tayle!

Thou slut! thou kut! thou rakes! thou  
iakes! will not shame make thee<sup>7</sup>  
hide? 25

CHAT. Thou skald! thou bald! thou rot-  
ten! thou glotton! I will no lenger  
chyd!<sup>8</sup>

But I will teache the to kepe home.

GAMMER. Wylt thou, drunken beaste?

[*They fight.*]

HODGE [*at a distance*]. Sticke to her,  
Gammer! Take her by the head!  
Chil warrant you thys feast!

Smyte, I saye, Gammer! Byte, I say,  
Gammer! I trow ye wyll be  
keene!

Where be your nayls? claw her by the  
iawes! Pull me out bothe her  
eyen! 30

<sup>1</sup> Aught.

<sup>2</sup> A cat; used as a term of reproach for an old woman.

<sup>3</sup> A vulgar woman.

<sup>4</sup> A wanton woman.

<sup>5</sup> Where's.

<sup>6</sup> A. *let haue me*.

<sup>7</sup> Manly states, incorrectly, that A. reads *y<sup>e</sup>*.

<sup>8</sup> A. *chyd the*.

[*Dame Chat gets Gammer down.*]

Gogs bones, Gammer, holde vp your head!

CHAT. I trow, drab, I shall dresse thee.

[*To Hodge.*]

Tary, thou knaue, I hold the a grote I shall  
make these hands blesse thee!

[*Exit Hodge. Dame Chat gives Gammer a  
sound beating.*]

Take thou this, old hore, for a-mends, and  
lerne thy tonge well to tame,  
And say thou met at this bickering, not  
thy<sup>1</sup> fellow, but thy dame!

[*Exit Dame Chat. Hodge enters with a  
heavy club.*]

HODGE. Where is the strong stued hore?  
Chil geare<sup>2</sup> a hores marke! 35  
Stand out ones way that ich kyll none in  
the darke!

Up, Gammer, and ye be alyue! Chil  
feygh[t] now for vs bothe.

[*Dame Chat re-appears at her door.*]

Come no nere me, thou scalde callet! To  
kyll the ich wer loth.

CHAT. Art here gaync, thou hoddie-peke!  
What, Doll, bryng me out my  
spitte!

HODGE. Chill broche thee wyth this!  
Bim father soule, chyll coniure that  
foule sprete! 40

[*Over his shoulder to Cocke:*]

Let dore stand, Cock! [*To Dame Chat:*]  
Why coms in-deede? [*To Cocke:*]  
Kepe dore, thou horson boy!

CHAT. Stand to it, thou dastard, for thine  
eares! Ise teche the, a sluttish toye!

[*Dame Chat advances towards Hodge.*]

HODGE. Gogs woundes, hore, chil make  
the auaunte! [*Hodge flees into the  
house.*] Take heede, Cocke, pull in  
the latche!

CHAT. I faith, sir loose-breche, had ye  
taried, ye shold haue found your  
match!

<sup>1</sup> Manly incorrectly states that A. repeats *thy*.

<sup>2</sup> Give her.

[While Dame Chat stands at the door threatening Hodge, Gammer rises and attacks her from behind.]

GAMMER. Now ware thy throte, losell!  
Thouse pay<sup>1</sup> for all!

[Gets Dame Chat down and gives her a sound beating.]

HODGE [from the door]. Well said, Gammer, by my soule! 45

Hoyse her! souse her! bounce her! trounce her! pull out her throte-boule!

CHAT. Comst behynd me, thou withered witch? And I get once on foote, Thouse pay for all, thou old tarlether! Ile teach the what longs to it!

[Dame Chat gets Gammer down and beats her again.]

Take the this to make vp thy mouth til time thou come by more!

[Exit Dame Chat in triumph. After a time Hodge cautiously advances.]

HODGE. Up, Gammer! Stand on your fecte. Where is the old hore? 50  
Faith, woulde chad her by the face! choulde cracke her callet crowne!

GAMMER. A, Hodg, Hodg, where was thy help, when fixen<sup>2</sup> had me downe?

HODGE. By the masse, Gammer, but for my staffe, Chat had gone nye to spyl you!

Ich think the harlot had not cared, and chad not com, to kill you.

But shall we loose our neele thus?

GAMMER. No, Hodge, chwarde<sup>3</sup> lothe doo soo. 55

Thinkest thou chill take that at her hand? No, Hodg, ich tell the, no!

HODGE. Chold yet this fray wer wel take vp, and our own neele at home.

Twill be my chaunce els some to kil, wher-euer it be, or whome!

GAMMER. We haue a parson, Hodge, thou knoes, a man esteemed wise,

Mast[er] Doctor Rat; chil for hym send, and let me here his aduise. 60

He will her shriue for all this gere, and geue her penaunce strait;

<sup>1</sup> A. pray. <sup>2</sup> Vixen. <sup>3</sup> Ich ware, I would be.

Wese<sup>1</sup> haue our neele, els Dame Chat comes nere with-in heauen gate!

HODGE. Ye, mary, Gammer, that ich think best. Wyll you now for him send?

The sooner Doctor Rat be here, the soner wese ha an ende.

And here, Gammer! Dycecons deuill, as 65  
iche remember well,  
Of cat, and Chat and Doctor Rat a felonous tale dyd tell.

Chold<sup>2</sup> you forty pound that is the way your neele to get againe!

GAMMER. Chil ha him strait! Call out the boy; wese make him take the payn.

HODGE. What, Coke, I saye! Come out! What deuill! canst not here?

COCKE<sup>3</sup> [entering]. How now, Hodg? How does, Gammer? Is yet the wether cleare? 70

What wold chauce me to doo?

GAMMER. Come hether, Cocke, anon! Hence swythe<sup>4</sup> to Doctor Rat, hye the that thou were gone!

And pray hym come speke with me; cham not well at ease.

Shalt haue him at his chamber, or<sup>5</sup> els at Mother Bees;<sup>6</sup>

Els seeke him at Hob Fylchers shop, for, as charde it reported, 75

There is the best ale in al the towne, and now is most resorted.

COCKE. And shall ich brynge hym with me, Gammer?

GAMMER. Yea, by-and-by,<sup>7</sup> good Cocke.

COCKE. Shalt see that shalbe here anone, els let me haue on<sup>8</sup> the docke! <sup>9</sup>

[Exit Cocke down the street.]

HODGE.<sup>10</sup> Now, Gammer, shal we two go in, and tary for hys commynge?

What deuill, woman! plucke vp your hart, and leue of al this glomming! 80

Though she were stronger at the first, as ich thinke ye did find her,

Yet there ye drcest the drunken sow what time ye cam behind her.

<sup>1</sup> We shall.

<sup>2</sup> I wager.

<sup>3</sup> A. incorrecly assigns to Gammer.

<sup>4</sup> Quicklv.

<sup>5</sup> A. of.

<sup>6</sup> An ale house.

<sup>7</sup> At once.

<sup>8</sup> A. one.

<sup>9</sup> Tail.

<sup>10</sup> In A. this and the three preceding speakers' names are elevated one line in the margin above their correct place

GAMMER. Nay, nay, cham sure she lost not all; for, set thend to the begin-ning,

And ich doubt not but she will make small boast of her winning.

[*They start to go in.*]

### THE III ACTE

#### THE IIII SCEANE

*Tyb* [entering hurriedly, meets] *Hodge* [and] *Gammer*. *Cocke* [enters later].

TYB. See, Gammer, Gammer, Gib, our cat! Cham afraid what she ayl-eth!

She standes me gasping behind the doore, as though her winde her faileth.

Now let ich doubt what Gib shuld mean, that now she doth so dote.

HODGE. Hold hether! <sup>1</sup> Ichould twenty pound your neele is in her throte!

[*Hodge takes the cat.*]

Grope <sup>2</sup> her, ich say! Me thinkes ich feele it. Does not pricke your hand? <sup>5</sup>

GAMMER. Ich can feele nothing.

HODGE. No? Ich know thars not within this land

A muryner <sup>3</sup> cat then Gyb is, betwixt the Tems and Tyne;

Shase as much wyt in her head almost as chaue in mine!

TYB. Faith, shase eaten some-thing that wil not easly downe.

Whether she gat it at home or abrode in the towne 10

Ich can not tell.

GAMMER. Alas, ich feare it be some croked pyn!

And then, farewell Gyb! she is vndone, and lost — al saue the skyn.

HODGE. Tys <sup>4</sup> your neele, woman, I lay! Gogs soule, geue me a knyfe, And chil haue it out of her mawe, or els chal lose my lyfe!

GAMMER. What! Nay, Hodg, fy! Kil not our cat. Tis al the cats we ha now! 15

HODGE. By the masse, Dame Chat hays me so moued iche care not what I kyll, ma[k] God a-vowe!

Go to, then, Tyb! to this geare! Holde vp har tayle, and take her!

Chil see what deuil is in her guts! Chil take the <sup>1</sup> paines to rake <sup>2</sup> her!

GAMMER. Rake a cat, Hodge? what woldst thou do?

HODGE. What! thinkst that cham not able?

Did not Tom Tankard rake his curtal toore <sup>3</sup> day, standing in the stable?

[*Enter Cocke from down the street.*]

GAMMER. Soft, be content; lets here what newes Cocke bringeth from Maist[er] Rat! 21

COCKE. Gammer, chaue ben ther-as you bad, you wot wel about what.

Twill not be long before he come, ich durst sweare of a booke.

He byds you see ye be at home, and there for him to looke.

GAMMER. Where didst thou find him, boy? Was he not wher I told thee? 25

COCKE. Yes, yes, euen at Hob Filchers house, by him that <sup>4</sup> bought and solde me;

A cup of ale had in his hand, and a crab lay in the fyer.

Chad much a-do to go and come, al was so ful of myer.

And, Gammer, one thing I can tel: Hob Filchers naule was loste,

And Doctor Rat found it againe, hard beside the doore-poste. 30

I chould a penny can say something your neele againe to fet.

GAMMER. Cham glad to heare so much, Cocke. Then trust he wil not let

To helpe vs herein best he can; therfore, tyl time he come,

Let vs go in. If there be aught to get, thou shalt haue some.

[*They go into the house.*]

<sup>1</sup> A. *thou*.

<sup>2</sup> Scrape clean.

<sup>3</sup> The other. Manly prints *toore*.

<sup>4</sup> Manly's scribe reads A. as *y*<sup>4</sup>; to me it is clearly *y*<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Hand her hither

<sup>2</sup> A more cursed.

<sup>3</sup> Feel, probe.

<sup>4</sup> A. *Tyb*.

## THE IIII ACTE

THE I SCEANE <sup>1</sup>

[*Enter*] Doctor Rat. Gammer Gurton [*enters later*].

D. RAT. A man were better twenty times  
be a bandog and barkes,  
Then here among such a sort be parish-  
priest or clarke,  
Where he shal neuer be at rest one pissing-  
while a day,

But he must trudge about the towne this  
way and that way,  
Here to a drab, there to a theefe, his shoes  
to teare and rent, 5

And, that which is worst of al, at euery  
knaues commaundement!

I had not sit the space to drinke two pots of  
ale

But Gammer Gurtons sory boy was straite-  
way at my taile,

And she was sicke, and I must come — to  
do I wot not what!

If once her fingers-end but ake, "Trudge!  
Call for Doctor Rat!" 10

And when I come not at their call, I only  
therby loose;

For I am sure to lacke therefore a tythe-pyg  
or a goose.

I warrant you, when truth is knowen, and  
told they haue their tale,

The matter where-about I come is not  
worth a half-peny-worth of ale!

Yet must I talke so sage and smothe as  
though I were a glosier, 15

Els, or the yere come at an end, I shalbe  
sure the loser.

[*He sees Gammer Gurton working in her house.*]

What! worke ye, Gammer Gurton! Hoow,  
here is your frend M[aster] Rat!

GAMMER [*entering*]. A, good M[aster]  
Doctor, cha trobled, cha trobled  
you, chwot wel that!

D. RAT. How do ye, woman? Be  
ye lustie, or be ye not wel at  
ease?

<sup>1</sup> A. gives this as Act II scene iv, obviously in error; cf. the following scene.

<sup>2</sup> Flatterer.

GAMMER. By Gys, master, cham not  
sick,<sup>1</sup> but yet chaue a disease. 20  
Chad a foule turne now of late; chill tell it  
you, by Gigs!

D. RAT. Hath your browne cow cast  
hir calfe, or your sandy sowe her  
pigs?

GAMMER. No; but chad ben as good they  
had as this, ich wot weel.

D. RAT. What is the matter?

GAMMER. Alas! alas! cna lost my good  
neele!

My neele, I say! And, wot ye what? a  
drab came by and spied it, 25  
And, when I asked hir for the same, the  
filth flatly denied it.

D. RAT. What was she that —

GAMMER. A dame, ich warrant you!  
She began to scold and brawle —

Alas, alas! Come hether, Hodge! This  
wr[e]tche can tell you all.

## THE IIII ACTE

## THE II SCEANE

[*Enter*] Hodge [*to*] Doctor Rat [*and*] Gammer.  
Diccon [*enters later*].<sup>2</sup>

HODGE. God morew, Gaffer Vicar!

D. RAT.<sup>3</sup> Come on, fellow; let vs heare.  
Thy dame hath sayd to me thou knowest  
of all this geare;

Lets see what thou canst saie.

HODGE. Bym fay, sir, that ye shall!  
What matter so-euer here was done, ich can  
tell your maship [all].

My Gammer Gurton heare — see now? 5  
Sat her downe at this doore — see now?

And, as she began to stirre her — see now?

Her neele fell in the floore — see now?

And while her staffe shее tooke — see now?

At Gyb her cat, to flynge — see now? 10

Her neele was lost in the floore — see now?

Is not this a wondrous thing — see now?  
Then came the queane, Dame Chat — see  
now?

To aske for hir blacke cup — see now?

<sup>1</sup> A. *sick*.

<sup>2</sup> A. adds the name of Chat. But the author begins a new scene with the entrance of a new character creating a new situation. I have adopted Manly's scene division

<sup>3</sup> Manly says not in A. His copyist was mistaken.



And euen here at this gate — see now? 15

She tooke that neele vp — see now?

My gammer then she yee'de<sup>1</sup> — see now?

Hir neele againe to bring — see now?

And was caught by the head — see now?

Is not this a wondrous thing — see now? 20

She tare my gammers cote — see now?

And scratched hir by the face — see now?

Chad thought shad stopt hir throte — see now?

Is not this a wondrous case — see now?

When ich saw this, ich was wrothe<sup>2</sup> — see now? 25

And start betwene them twaine — see now?

Els, ich durst take a booke-othe — see now?

My gammer had bene slaine — see now?

GAMMER. This is euen the whole matter, as Hodge has plainly tolde.

And chould faine be quiet, for my part, that chould. 30

But helpe vs, good master, — beseech ye that ye doo, —

Els shall<sup>3</sup> we both be beaten, and lose our neele too.

D. RAT. What wold ye haue me to doo? Tel me, that I were gone.

I will do the best that I can to set you both at one.

But be ye sure Dame Chat hath this your neele founde? 35

GAMMER. Here comes the man that see hir take it vp of the ground;

Aske him your-selfe, Master Rat, if ye beleue not me.

And helpe me to my neele, for Gods sake and Saint Charitie!

[Enter Diccon from down the street.]

D. RAT. Come nere, Diccon, and let vs heare what thou can expresse.

Wilt thou be sworne thou seest Dame Chat this womans neele haue? 40

DICCON. Nay, by S. Benit, wil I not! Then might ye thinke me raue.

GAMMER. Why, didst not thou tel me so euen here? Canst thou for shame deny it?

DICCON. I, mary, Gammer; but I said I wold not abide by it.

D. RAT. Will you say a thing, and not sticke to it to trie it?

DICCON. "Stick to it," quoth you, Master Rat? mary, sir, I defy it! 45

Nay, there is many an honest man, when he suche blastes hath blowne

In his freindes cares, he woulde be loth the same by him were knowne.

If such a toy be vsed oft among the honestie,

It may be-seme a simple man of<sup>1</sup> your and my degree.

D. RAT. Then we be neuer the nearer for all that you can tell? 50

DICCON. Yes, mary, sir, if ye will do by mine aduise and counsaile.

If Mother Chat se al vs here, she knoweth how the matter goes;

Therefore I red you three go hence, and within keepe close;

And I will into Dame Chats house, and so the matter vse

That, or you cold go twise to church, I warrant you here news. 55

She shall looke wel about hir, but, I durst lay a pledge,

Ye shal of Gammers neele haue shortly better knowledge.

GAMMER. Now, gentle Diccon, do so; and, good sir, let vs trudge.

D. RAT. By the masse, I may not tarry so long to be your iudge.

DICCON. Tys but a little while, man. What! take so much paine! 60

If I here no newes of it, I will come sooner againe.

HODGE. Tary so much, good Master Doctor, of your gentlenes!

D. RAT. Then let vs hie vs inward; and, Diccon, speede thy busines!

[Dr. Rat, Gammer, and Hodge go into the house.]

<sup>1</sup> Went.

<sup>2</sup> Angered. A. misprints *worthe*.

<sup>3</sup> A. *shall*, or the final *i* may be merely broken.

<sup>1</sup> A. *if*.

## [THE IIII ACT

THE IIII SCEANE] <sup>1</sup>

[Diccon remains.]

DICCON. Now, sirs, do you no more but  
kepe my counsaile iuste,  
And Docter Rat shall thus catch some  
good, I trust.  
But Mother Chat, my gossop, talke first  
with-all I must,  
For she must be chiefe captaine to lay the  
Rat in the dust.

[Diccon walks towards Dame Chat's house,  
and meets her coming out.]

God deuen, Dame Chat, in faith, and wel  
met in this place! 5

CHAT. God deuen, my friend Diccon.  
Whether walke ye this pace?

DICCON. By my truth, euen to you, to  
learne how the world goeth.

Hard ye no more of the other matter, say  
me now, by your troth!

CHAT. O yes, Diccon. Here the olde  
hoore, and Hodge, that great  
knaue —

But, in faith, I would thou hadst sene! —  
O Lord, I drest them braue! 10

She bare me two or three souses behind in  
the nape of the necke,

Till I made hir olde wesen <sup>2</sup> to answere  
againc, "kecke"! <sup>3</sup>

And Hodge, that dirty dastard that at hir  
elbow standes, —

If one paire of legs had not bene worthe  
two paire of hands,

He had had his bearde shauen if my nayles  
wold haue serued! 15

And not without a cause, for the knaue it  
well deserued.

DICCON. By the masse, I can the thank,  
wench, thou didst so wel acquite  
the!

CHAT. And thodst scene him, Diccon, it  
wold haue made the beshite the

For laughter. The horsen dolt at last  
caught vp a club

As though he would haue slaine the master-  
deuil, Belsabub; 20

But I set him soone inward.

DICCON. O Lorde, there is the thing  
That Hodge is so offended! That makes  
him starte and flyng!

CHAT. Why, makes the knaue any moyl-  
ing, as ye haue sene or hard?

DICCON. Euen now I sawe him last. Like  
a mad-man he farde, <sup>1</sup>

And sware by heauen and hell he would  
a-wreake <sup>2</sup> his sorowe, 25

And leue you neuer a hen on-liue by viii of  
the clock to-morow.

Therefore marke what I say, and my  
wordes see that ye trust:

Your hens be as good as dead if ye leaue  
them on the ruste!

CHAT. The knaue dare as wel <sup>3</sup> go hang  
himself as go vpon my ground!

DICCON. Wel, yet take hede, I say! I  
must tel you my tale round. 30

Haue you not about your house, behind  
your furnace or leade, <sup>4</sup>

A hole where a crafty knaue may crepe in  
for neade? <sup>5</sup>

CHAT. Yes, by the masse, a hole broke  
down euen within these ii dayes.

DICCON. Hodge he intendes this same  
night to slip in there-a-ways.

CHAT. O Christ, that I were sure of it!  
In faith, he shuld haue his mede! 35

DICCON. Watch wel, for the knaue wil be  
there as sure as is your crede.

I wold spend my-selfe a shilling to haue  
him swung well.

CHAT. I am as glad as a woman can be of  
this thing to here tell.

By Gogs bones, when he commeth, now  
that I know the matter,

He shal sure at the first skip to leape in  
scalding water, — 40

With a worse turne besides! When he will,  
let him come!

DICCON. I tell you as my sister, <sup>6</sup> You  
know what meaneth "mum"!

[Exit Dame Chat into her house.]

<sup>1</sup> Walked about, behaved.

<sup>2</sup> Avenge.

<sup>3</sup> A. *wol*, which may be Chat's pronunciation of  
"well."

<sup>4</sup> Pot used for brewing ale.

<sup>5</sup> A. *neades*.

<sup>6</sup> In strict confidence.

<sup>1</sup> Manly begins a new scene at this point, correctly,  
I think. Hazlitt would begin the scene five lines  
later.

<sup>2</sup> Throat.

<sup>3</sup> A. *kicket*(?), corr. by Dodsley.

## [THE IIII ACT

THE IIII SCEANE] <sup>1</sup>

[Diccon remains.]

[DICCON.] Now lacke I but my doctor to play his part againe.

And lo,<sup>2</sup> where he commeth towards, — peradventure, to his paine!

[Enter Dr. Rat from Gammer's house.]

D. RAT. What good newes, Diccon, fellow? Is Mother Chat at home?

DICCON. She is, syr, and she is not, but it please her to whome.

Yet dyd I take her tardy, as subtile as she was! 5

D. RAT. The thing that thou wentst for, hast thou brought it to passe?

DICCON. I haue done that I haue done, be it worse, be it better!

And Dame Chat at her wyts ende I haue almost set her.

D. RAT. Why, hast thou spied the neele? Quickly, I pray thee, tell!

DICCON. I haue spied it, in faith, sir, I handled my-selfe so well. 10

And yet the crafty queane had almost take my trumpe.

But, or all came to an ende, I set her in a dumpe!

D. RAT. How so, I pray thee, Diccon?

DICCON. Mary, syr, will ye heare? She was clapt downe on the backside, by

Cocks Mother dere,

And there she sat sewing a halter, or a bande, 15

With no other thing saue Gammers nedle in her hande.

As soone as any knocke, if the filth be in doubt,

She needes but once puffe, and her candle is out.

Now I, sir, knowing of euery doore the pin,

Came nycely, and said no worde till time I was within; 20

And there I sawe the neele, euen with thes two eyes.

Who-euer say the contrary, I will sweare he lyes!

D. RAT. O Diccon, that I was not there then in thy steade!

DICCON. Well, if ye will be ordred and do by my read,<sup>1</sup>

I will bring you to a place, as the house standes, 25

Where ye shall take the drab with the neele in hir handes.

D. RAT. For Gods sake, do so, Diccon, and I will gage my gowne

To geue thee a full pot of the best ale in the town!

DICCON. Follow me but a litle, and marke what I will say.

Lay downe your gown beside you.

[Dr. Rat lays aside his clerical gown.]

Go to, come on your way! 30  
Se ye not what is here? — a hole wherin ye may creepe

Into the house, and sodenly vnwares among them leape.

There shal ye finde the bitchfox and the neele together.

Do as I bid you, man; come on your wayes hether!

D. RAT. Art thou sure, Diccon, the swiltub standes not here-about? 35

DICCON. I was within my-selfe, man, euen now, there is no doubt.

Go softly, make no noyse. Giue me your foote, sir John! <sup>2</sup>

[Diccon helps him up.]

Here will I waite vpon you tyl you come out anone.

[Doctor Rat climbs into the house. Dame Chat and her maids fall upon him with clubs.]

D. RAT. Helpe, Diccon! Out, alas! I shal be slaine among them!

DICCON. If they giue you not the nedle, tel them that ye will hang them. 40

Ware that! Hoow, my wenches! haue ye caught the foxe

That vsed to make reuel among your hennes and cocks?

<sup>1</sup> The scene division added by Manly.<sup>2</sup> A. to, but inking is heavy, and the reading may be lo.<sup>1</sup> Advice.<sup>2</sup> The conventional name for a parson.

Saue his life yet for his order, though he  
susteine some paine.  
Gogs bread, I am afraide, they wil beate  
out his braine!

[*Exit Diccon down the street. Enter Doctor  
Rat through the hole, wet and torn.*]

D. RAT. Wo worth the houre that I came  
heare! 45

And wo worth him that wrought this geare!  
A sort of drabs and queanes haue me blest!  
Was euer creature halfe so euill drest?  
Who-euer it wrought and first did inuent it,  
He shall, I warrant him, erre long repent  
it! 50

I will spend all I haue, without my skinne,<sup>1</sup>  
But he shall be brought to the plight I am  
in!

Master Bayly,<sup>2</sup> I trow, and he be worth his  
eares,

Will snaffle these murderers and all that  
them beares.<sup>3</sup>

I will surely neither byte nor suppe 55  
Till I fetch him hether, this matter to take  
vp.

[*Exit down the street.*]

## THE V ACTE

### THE I SCEANE

[*Enter*] Master Bayly [*led in by*] Doctor Rat.  
[*Scapethryft attending.*]

BAILIE. I can perceiue none other, I speke  
it from my hart,

But either ye ar in al the fault, or els in the  
greatest part.

D. RAT. If it be counted his fault, besides  
all his greuous,

When a poore man is spoyled and beaten  
among theeues,

Then I confesse my fault herein at this  
season; 5

But I hope you wil not iudge so much  
against reason.

BAILY. And me thinkes, by your owne  
tale, of all that ye name,

If any plaid the theefe, you were the very  
same.

<sup>1</sup> Except my skin.

<sup>2</sup> Support, uphold.

<sup>3</sup> Bailiff.

The women they did nothing, as your  
words make probation,  
But stoutly withstood your forcible inua-  
sion. 10

If that a theefe at your window to enter  
should begin,

Wold you hold forth your hand and helpe  
to pull him in?

Or wold you <sup>1</sup> kepe him out? I pray you,  
answere me.

D. RAT. Mary, kepe him out, and a good  
cause why!

But I am no theefe, sir, but an honest,  
learned clarke. 15

BAILY. Yea, but who knoweth that when  
he meets you in the darke.

I am sure your learning shines not out at  
your nose.

Was it any maruaile though the poore  
woman arose

And start vp, being afraide of that was in  
her purse?

Me thinke you may be glad that you[r]  
lucke was no worse. 20

D. RAT. Is not this euill ynough, I pray  
you, as you thinke?

*Showing his broken head.*

BAILY. Yea, but a man in the darke, if <sup>2</sup>  
chaunces do wincke,

As soone he smites his father as any other  
man,

Because for lacke of light discerne him he  
ne can.

Might it not haue ben your lucke with a  
spit to haue ben slaine? 25

D. RAT. I thinke I am litle better — my  
scalpe is clouen to the braine!

If there be all the remedy, I know who  
beares the k[n]ockes.

BAILY. By my troth, and well worthy be-  
sides to kisse the stockes.

To come in on the backe-side, when ye  
might go about!

I know non such, vnles they long to haue  
their braines knockt out. 30

D. RAT. Well, wil you be so good, sir, as  
talke with Dame Chat,

And know what she intended? I aske no  
more but that.

<sup>1</sup> A. *you wold*; like many other obvious corrections  
in the text; this was first noted by Dodsley.

<sup>2</sup> A. *of*.

BAYLY. Let her be called, fellow, because  
of Master Doctor.

[*Scapethryft goes to Dame Chat's house.*]

I warrant in this case she wil be hir owne  
proctor;

She will tel hir owne tale, in metter or in  
prose, 35

And byd you seeke your remedy, and so go  
wype your nose!

## THE V ACTE

### THE II SCEANE

[*To*] M. Bayly [*Scapethrift leads in Dame*]  
Chat. D. Rat [*remains*]. Gammer,  
Hodge, [*and*] Diccon [*enter later*].

BAYLY. Dame Chat, Master Doctor vpon  
you here complained

That you and your maides shuld him much  
misorder,

And taketh many an oth that no word he  
fained,

Laying to your charge' how you thought  
him to murder;

And, on his part againe, that same man  
saith furdur

He neuer offended you in word nor in-  
tent.

To heare you answer hereto, we haue now  
for you sent. 7

CHAT. That I wold haue murdered him?  
Fye on him, wretch!

And euil mought he thee<sup>1</sup> for it, our Lord I  
besech.

I will swere on al the bookes that opens and  
shuttes,

He faineth this tale out of his owne guttes!  
For this seuen weekes with me, I am sure,  
he sat not downe.

Nay, ye haue other minions, in the other  
end of the towne,

Where ye were liker to catch such a blow  
Then any-where els, as farre as I know! 15

BAYLY. Be-like then, Master Doctor,  
you[r] stripe there ye got not!

D. RAT. Thinke you I am so mad that  
where I was bet I wot not?

Will ye beleue this queane before she hath  
tryd<sup>2</sup> it?

<sup>1</sup> Thrive.

<sup>2</sup> Put it to proof.

It is not the first dede she hath done and  
afterward denide it.

CHAT. What, man, will you say I broke  
your head? 20

D. RAT. How canst thou proue the con-  
trary?

CHAT. Nay, how prouest thou that I did  
the deade?

D. RAT. To plainly, by S. Mary!  
This profe, I trow, may serue though I no  
word spoke!

*Showing his broken head.*

CHAT. Bicause thy head is broken, was it  
I that it broke? 25

I saw thee, Rat, I tel thee, not once within  
this fortnight.

D. RAT. No, mary, thou sawest me not,  
for-why thou hadst no light;

But I felt thee, for al the darke, beshrew  
thy smothe cheekes!

And thou groped me — this wil declare any  
day this six weekes.

*Showing his heade.*

BAYLY. Answere me to this, M[aster] Rat:  
when caught you this harme of  
yours? 30

D. RAT. A-while a-go, sir, God he know-  
eth, with-in les then these ii houres.

BAYLY. Dame Chat, was there none with  
you — confesse, i-faith — about that  
season?

What, woman! let it be what it wil, tis  
neither felony nor treason.

CHAT. Yes, by my faith, Master Bayly,  
there was a knaue not farre

Who caught one good philup on the brow  
with a dore-barre, — 35

And well was he worthy, as it semed to mee.  
But what is that to this man, since this was  
not hee?

BAYLY. Who was it then? Lets here!

D. RAT. Alas! sir, aske you that?

Is it not made plain inough by the owne  
mouth of Dame Chat?

The time agreeth, my head is broken, her  
tong can not lye; 40

Onely vpon a bare nay she saith it was  
not I.

CHAT. No, mary, was it not, indeede. Ye  
shal here by this one thing:

This after-noone a frend of mine for good  
 wil gaue me warning,  
 And bad me wel loke to my ruste<sup>1</sup> and al  
 my capons pennies,  
 For, if I toke not better heede, a knaue  
 wold haue my hennies. 45  
 Then I, to saue my goods, toke so much  
 pains as him to watch;  
 And, as good fortune serued me, it was my  
 chaunce him for to catch.

What strokes he bare away, or other what  
 was his gaines,  
 I wot not — but sure I am he had some-  
 thing for his paines!

BAILY. Yet telles thou not who it was.

CHAT. Who it was? A false theefe, 50  
 That came like a false foxe my pullaine<sup>2</sup> to  
 kil and mischeefe!

BAILY. But knowest thou not his name?

CHAT. I know it. But what than?  
 It was that crafty cullyon,<sup>3</sup> Hodge, my  
 Gammer Gurtons man.

BAILIE. Call me the knaue hether. He  
 shal sure kysse the stockes.

I shall teach him a lesson for filching hens  
 or cocks! 55

[Exit Scapethryft into Gammer's house.]

D. RAT.<sup>4</sup> I maruaile, Master Bayly, so  
 bleared be your eyes!

An egge is not so ful of meate as she is ful of  
 lycs.

When she hath playd this pranke to excuse  
 al this geare,

She laycth the fault in such a one as I know  
 was not there.

CHAT. Was he not thear? Loke on his  
 pate! That shalbe his witness! 60

D. RAT. I wold my head were half so hole,  
 I wold secke no redresse!

[Enter Gammer Gurton.]

BAILY. God blesse you, Gammer Gurton!

GAMMER. God dylde you, master mine!

BAILY. Thou hast a knaue with-in thy  
 ho[u]se, — Hodge, a seruant of  
 thine.

They tel me that busy knaue is such a filch-  
 ing one

That hen, pig, goose, or capon thy neigh-  
 bour can haue none. 65

GAMMER. By God, cham much ameued to  
 heare any such reporte!

Hodge was not wont, ich trow, to haue<sup>1</sup>  
 him in that sort.

CHAT. A theeuisher knaue is not on-liue,  
 more filching nor more false!

Many a truer man then he hase hanged vp  
 by the halse.<sup>2</sup>

And thou, hic dame, of al his theft thou art  
 the sole reccaucr. 70

For Hodge to catch and thou to kepe I  
 neuer knew none better.

GAMMER. Sir reuerence of your master-  
 dome, and you were out a-doore,

Chold be so bolde, for al hir brags, to cal  
 hir arrant whoore!

And ich knew Hodge so bad as tow,<sup>3</sup> ich  
 wish me endlesse sorow

And chould<sup>4</sup> not take the pains to hang  
 him vp before to-morow! 75

CHAT. What haue I stolne from the or  
 thine, thou il-fauored olde trot?

GAMMER. A great deale more, by Gods  
 blest, then cheuer by the got!

That thou knowest wel, I neade not say it.  
 BAILY. Stoppe there, I say!

And tel me here, I pray you, this matter by  
 the way:

How chaunce Hodge is not here? Him  
 wol[d]e I faine haue had. 80

GAMMER. Alas, sir, heel be here anon; ha  
 be handled to bad!

CHAT. Master Bayly, sir, ye be not such a  
 foole, wel I know,

But ye perceiue by this lingring there is a  
 pad<sup>5</sup> in the straw.

*Thinking that Hodge his head was broke,  
 and that Gammer wold not let him come  
 before them.*

GAMMER. Chil shew you his face, ich war-  
 rant the, — lo now where he is!

[Scapethryft leads in Hodge.]

BAILIE. Come on, fellow! It is tolde me  
 thou art a shrew, i-wysse. 85

Thy neighbours hens thou takest, and  
 playes the two-legged foxe;

<sup>1</sup> Roost. <sup>2</sup> Poultry, hens.

<sup>3</sup> Rascal.

<sup>4</sup> A. inserts this name before the preceding line;  
 but the ¶ mark clearly shows that it was misplaced  
 by printer's error.

<sup>5</sup> Behave. <sup>6</sup> Neck. <sup>7</sup> As thou. <sup>8</sup> If I would.

<sup>9</sup> Toad; a proverbial saying — something hidden.

Their chickens and their capons to, and now  
and then their cocks.

HODGE. Ich defy them al that dare it say!  
Cham as true as the best!

BAYLY. Wart not thou take within this  
houre in Dame Chats hens nest?

HODGE. Take there? No, master.  
Chold not do't for a house-ful of  
gold! 90

CHAT. Thou, or the deuill in thy cote!  
swear this I dare be bold.

D. RAT. Swear me no swearing, quean!  
The deuill he geue the sorow!

Al is not worth a gnat thou canst swear  
till to-morow.

Where is the harme he hath? Shew it, by  
Gods bread!

Ye beat him, with a witnes, but the stripes  
light on my head! 95

HODGE. Bet me? Gogs blessed body,  
chold first, ich throw, haue burst the.

Ich thinke, and chad my hands loose, cal-  
let, chould haue crust the!

CHAT. Thou shitten knaue, I throw thou  
knowest the ful weight of my fist!

I am fowly deceiued onles thy head and my  
doore-bar kyste!

HODGE. Hold thy chat, whore. Thou cri-  
est so loude can no man els be  
hard. 100

CHAT. Well, knaue, and I had the alone, I  
wold surely rap thy costard!

BAYLY. Sir, answer me to this: is thy head  
whole or broken?

CHAT. Yea, Masier Bayly, blest be euery  
good token!

HODGE. Is my head whole? Ich warrant  
you tis neither scuruy nor scald!

What, you foule beast, does think tis either  
pild<sup>1</sup> or bald? 105

Nay, ich thanke God, chil not, for al that  
thou maist spend,

That chad one scab on my narse as brode as  
thy fingers end.

BAYLY. Come nearer heare!

HODGE. Yes, that iche dare.

[The bailiff examines Hodge's head.]

BAYLY. By Our Lady, here is no harme.  
Hodges head is hole ynowgh, for al Dame  
Chats charme.

<sup>1</sup> Shorn.

CHAT. By Gogs blest, how-euer the thing  
he clockes<sup>1</sup> or smolders, 110

I know the blowes he bare away either  
with head or shoulders.

Camest thou not, knaue, within this houre  
creeping into my pens,

And there was caught within my hous  
groping among my hens?

HODGE. A plage both on thy hens and the!  
A carte, whore! a carte!<sup>2</sup>

Chould I were hanged as hie as a tree and  
chware as false as thou art! 115

Geue my Gammer again her washical<sup>3</sup>  
thou stole away in thy lap!

GAMMER. Yea, Maister Bayly, there is  
a thing you know not on, may-  
hap:

This drab she kepes away my good — the  
deuill he might her snare!

Ich pray you that ich might haue a right  
action on her.

CHAT. Haue I thy good, old filth, or any  
such, old sowes? <sup>4</sup> 120

I am as true, I wold thou knew, as skin be-  
twene thy browes!

GAMMER. Many a truer hath ben hanged,  
though you escape the daunger!

CHAT. Thou shalt answer, by Gods pity,  
for this thy foule slaunder!

BAYLY. Why, what can ye charge hir  
withal? To say so ye do not well.

GAMMER. Mary, a vengeance to hir  
hart, the whore hase stoln my  
neele! 125

CHAT. Thy nedle, old witch? How so?  
It were almes thy scul to knock!

So didst thou say the other day that I had  
stolne thy cock,

And rosted him to my breakfast, — which  
shal not be forgotten.

The deuill pul out thy lying tong and teeth  
that be so rotten!

GAMMER. Geue me my neele! As for my  
Cocke, chould be very loth 130

That chuld here tel he shuld hang on thy  
false faith and troth.

BAYLY. Your talke is such I can scarce  
learne who shuld be most in fault.

<sup>1</sup> Cloaks, conceal.

<sup>2</sup> Whores were carted through the streets.

<sup>3</sup> What-you-call-it.

<sup>4</sup> A term of abuse, sometimes, as here, used in the plural of a single person.

GAMMER. Yet shal ye find no other wight  
saue she, by bred and salt!

BAILY. Kepe ye content a-while; se that  
your tonges ye holde;

Me thinkes you shuld remembre this is no  
place to scolde. 135

How knowest thou, Gammer Gurton,  
Dame Chat thy nedle had?

GAMMER. To name you, sir, the party,  
should not be very glad.

BAILY. Yea, but we must nedes heare it,  
and therefore say it boldly.

GAMMER. Such one as told the tale full  
soberly and coldly,

Euen he that loked on — wil sweare on a  
booke — 140

What time this drunken gossip my faire  
long neele vp tooke:

Diccon, Master, the bedlam. Cham very  
sure ye know him.

BAILIE. A false knaue, by Gods pitie! Ye  
were but a foole to trow <sup>1</sup> him.

I durst auenture wel the price of my best  
cap

That when the end is knowen all wil turne  
to a iape.<sup>2</sup> 145

Tolde he not you that, besides, she stole  
your cocke that tyde?<sup>3</sup>

GAMMER. No, master, no indede; for then  
he shuld haue lyed!

My cocke is, I thanke Christ, safe and wel  
a-fine.

CHAT. Yea, but that ragged colt, that  
whore, that Tyb of thine,

Said plainly thy cocke was stolne, and in  
my house was eaten. 150

That lying cut <sup>4</sup> is lost that she is not  
swinged and beaten, —

And yet for al my good name it were a  
small amendes!

I picke not this geare, hearst thou, out of  
my fingers endes;

But he that hard it told me, who thou of  
late didst name, —

Diccon, whom al men knowes, — it was the  
very same. 155

BAILY. This is the case: you lost your  
nedle about the dores,

And she answeres againe she hase no cocke  
of yours;

Thus, in you[r] talke and action, from that  
you do intend

She is whole fye mile wide from that she  
doth defend.

Will you saie she hath your cocke?

GAMMER. No, mary,<sup>1</sup> sir, that chil  
not! 160

BAILY. Will you confesse hir neele?

CHAT. Will I? no, sir, will I not!

BAILY. Then there lieth all the matter.

GAMMER. Soft, master, by the way!

Ye know she could do litle and she cold  
not say nay.

BAILY. Yea, but he that made one lie  
about your cock-stealing,

Wil not sticke to make another, what time  
lies be in dealing. 165

I weene the ende wil proue this brawle did  
first arise

Upon no other ground but only Diccons  
lyes.

CHAT. Though some be lyes, as you belike  
haue espyed them,

Yet other some be true — by proof I haue  
wel tryed them.

BAILY. What other thing beside this,  
Dame Chat.

CHAT. Mary, syr, euen this: 170  
The tale I tolde before, the selfe-same tale

it was his;

He gaue me, like a frende, warning against  
my losse,

Els had my hens be stolne eche one, by  
Gods crosse!

He tolde me Hodge wold come, and in he  
came indeede;

But, as the matter chaunsed, with greater  
hast then speede. 175

This truth was said, and true was found, as  
truly I report.

BAILY. If Doctor Rat be not deceiued, it  
was of another sort.

D. RAT. By Gods Mother, thou and he be  
a cople of suttel foxes!

Betweene you and Hodge I beare away the  
boxes.

Did not Diccon apoynt the place wher thou  
shuldst stand to mete him? 180

CHAT. Yes, by the masse; and, if he  
came, bad me not sticke to speet <sup>2</sup>  
hym.

<sup>1</sup> A. mery.

<sup>2</sup> Spit.

<sup>1</sup> Trust.

<sup>2</sup> Jest.

<sup>3</sup> Time.

<sup>4</sup> A term of abuse.



D. RAT. Gods sacrament, the villain  
 knaue hath drest vs round about!  
 He is the cause of all this brawle, that  
 dyrt, shitten loute!  
 When Gammer Gurton here complained,  
 and made a ruful monc,  
 I heard him swear that you had gotten hir  
 nedle that was gone; 185  
 And this to try, he furdre said, he was ful  
 loth; how-be-it  
 He was content with small adoe to bring  
 me where to see it.  
 And where ye sat, he said ful certain, if I  
 wold folow his read,  
 Into your house a priuy way he wold me  
 guide and leade,  
 And where ye had it in your hands, sewing  
 about a clowte; 190  
 And set me in the backe-hole, therby to  
 finde you oute.  
 And, whiles I sought a quietnes, creping  
 vpon my knees,  
 I found the weight of your dore-bar for my  
 reward and fees.  
 Such is the lucke that some men gets while  
 they begin to mel  
 In setting at one such as were out, minding  
 to make al wel. 195  
 HODGE. Was not wel blest, Gammer, to  
 scape that stoure? <sup>1</sup> And chad ben  
 there,  
 Then chad ben drest, <sup>2</sup> be-like, as ill, by the  
 masse, as Gaffar Vicar.  
 BAYLY. Mary, sir, here is a sport alone.  
 I loked for such an end.  
 If Diccon had not playd the knaue, this had  
 ben sone amend.  
 My Gammer here he made a foole, and  
 drest hir as she was; 200  
 And goodwife Chat he set to scolc, till both  
 partes cried "alas";  
 And D[octo]r Rat was not behind, whiles  
 Chat his crown did pare;  
 I wold the knaue had ben starke blind, if  
 Hodg had not his share!  
 HODGE. Cham meetly wel-spced alreedy  
 amongs; cham drest like a coult!  
 And chad not had the better wit, chad bene  
 made a doul. 205  
 BAYLY. Sir knaue, make hast Diccon were  
 here; fetch him where-euer he bee!

<sup>1</sup> Up[roar]. A. prints *scours*.<sup>2</sup> Beaten.

[Exit Scapethryft.]

CHAT. Fie on the villaine! fie! fie! that  
 makes vs thus agree!  
 GAMMER. Fie on him knaue, with al my  
 hart! now fie! and fie againe!  
 D. RAT. Now fie on him! may I best say,  
 whom he hath almost slaine.  
 [Scapethryft leads in Diccon.]  
 BAYLY. Lo where he commeth at hand.  
 Belike he was not fare! 210  
 Diccon, heare be two or three thy company  
 can not spare.  
 DICCON. God blesse you — and <sup>1</sup> you may  
 be blest so many al at once!  
 CHAT. Come, knaue, it were a good deed  
 to geld the, by Cockes bones!  
 Seest not thy handiwarke? Sir Rat, can ye  
 forbear him?  
 DICCON. A vengeance on those hands  
 lite! for my hands cam not nere  
 hym. 215  
 The horsen priest hath lift the pot in some  
 of these alewyues chayres,  
 That his head wolde not serue him, belyke,  
 to come downe the stayres.  
 BAYLY. Nay, soft! thou maist not play the  
 knaue and haue this language to!  
 If thou thy tong bridle a-while, the better  
 maist thou do.  
 Confesse the truth, as I shall aske, and  
 cease a-while to fable; 220  
 And for thy fault, I promise the, thy hand-  
 dling shalbe reasonable.  
 Hast thou not made a lie or two to set these  
 two by the eares?  
 DICCON. What if I haue? Fiue hundred  
 such haue I seene within these seuen  
 yeares.  
 I am sory for nothing else but that I see not  
 the sport  
 Which was betwene them when they met,  
 as they them-selues report. 225  
 BAYLY. The greatest thing [pointing to Dr.  
 Rat] — Master Rat! Ye se how he is  
 drest! <sup>2</sup>  
 DICCON. What deuil nede he be groping so  
 depe in goodwife Chats hens nest?  
 BAYLY. Yea, but it was thy drift to bring  
 him into the briars.

<sup>1</sup> If.<sup>2</sup> Beaten.

DICCON. Gods bread! hath not such an  
old foole wit to saue his cares?

He showeth himselfe herein, ye see, so very  
a coxe,<sup>1</sup> 230

The cat was not so madly alured by the foxe  
To run into the snares was set for him,  
doubtlesse;

For he leapt in for myce, and this sir John <sup>2</sup>  
for madnes.

D. RAT. Well, and ye shift no better, ye  
losel, lyther and lasye,<sup>3</sup>

I will go neare, for this, to make ye leape at  
a dasye.<sup>4</sup> 235

In the kings <sup>5</sup> name, Master Bayly, I  
charge you set him fast!

DICCON. What? fast at cardes, or fast on-  
slepe? It is the thing I did last.

D. RAT. Nay, fast in fetters, false varlet,  
according to thy deedes!

BAYLY. Master doctor, ther is no remedy,  
I must intreat you, needes,  
Some other kinde of punishment.

D. RAT. Nay, by all halowes! 240  
His punishment, if I may iudge, shalbe  
naught els but the gallous.

BAYLY. That ware to sore. A spiritual  
man to be so extreame!

D. RAT. Is he worthy any better, sir?  
How do ye iudge and deame?

BAYLY. I graunt him wort[h]ie punish-  
ment, but in no wise so great.

GAMMER. It is a shame, ich tel you plaine,  
for such false knaues intreat! 245

He has almost vndone vs al; that is as true  
as steele.

And ye[t] for al this great ado cham neuer  
the nere my neele!

BAYLY. Canst thou not say any-thing to  
that, Diccon, with least or most?

DICCON. Yea, mary, sir, thus much I can  
say: — wel, the nedle is lost!

BAYLY. Nay, canst not thou tel which  
way that nedle may be found? 250

DICCON. No, by my fay, sir, though I  
might haue an hundred pound.

HODGE. Thou lier, lickdish! didst not say  
the neele wold be gitten?

<sup>1</sup> Fool.

<sup>2</sup> Parson.

<sup>3</sup> Ye scoundrel, base and lazy.

<sup>4</sup> Be hanged.

<sup>5</sup> This indicates that the play was written while a  
king was upon the throne. Professor Bradley has  
shown that the date of the original presentation of the  
play fell in the last year of Edward's reign.

DICCON. No, Hodge, by the same token  
you were <sup>1</sup> that time beshittene

For feare of Hobgobling, — you wot wel  
what I meane;

As long as it is sence, I feare me yet ye be  
scarce cleane. 255

BAYLY. Wel, Master Rat, you must both  
learne and teach vs to forgeue.

Since Diccon hath confession made and is  
so cleane shreue,<sup>2</sup>

If ye to me consent, to amend this heauie  
chaunce

I wil inioyne him here some open kind of  
penaunce, —

Of this condition: where ye know my fee is  
twenty pence 260

For the bloodshed, I am agreed with you  
here to dispence, —

Ye shal go quite,<sup>3</sup> so that ye graunt the  
matter now to run

To end with mirth among vs al, euen as it  
was begun.

CHAT. Say yea, Master Vicar, and he shal  
sure confes to be your detter,

And al we that be heare present wil loue  
you much the better. 265

D. RAT. My part is the worst; but, since  
you al here-on agree,

Go euen to, Master Bayly, — let it be so  
for mee!

BAYLY. How saicst thou, Diccon? art con-  
tent this shal on me depend?

DICCON. Go to, M[aster] Bayly, sav on  
your mind. I know ye are my frend.

BAYLY. Then marke ye wel: to recom-  
pence this thy former action, 270

Because thou hast offended al, to make  
them satisfaction,

Before their faces here kneele downe, and,  
as I shal the teach, —

For thou shalt take on othe of Hodges  
leather breache:

First, for Master Doctor, vpon paine of his  
curse,

Where he wil pay for al thou neuer draw  
thy pursse, 275

And when ye meete at one pot, he shal  
haue the first pull,

And thou shalt neuer offer him the cup but  
it be full;

<sup>1</sup> A. where.

<sup>2</sup> Shriuen.

<sup>3</sup> Freed from the sum due me.

To goodwife Chat thou shalt be sworne,  
euen on the same wyse,  
If she refuse thy money once, neuer to offer  
it twice, —

Thou shalt be bound by the same here, as  
thou dost take it, 280

When thou maist drinke of free cost, thou  
neuer forsake it;

For Gammer Gurtons sake, againe sworne  
shalt thou bee,

To helpe hir to hir nedle againe, if it do lie  
in thee, —

And likewise be bound by the vertue of that  
To be of good abering to Gib, hir great  
cat; 285

Last of al, for Hodge, the othe to scanne,  
Thou shalt neuer take him for fine gentle-  
man.

HODGE [*slooping over*]. Come on, fellow  
Diccon! Chalbe euen with thee  
now!

BAYLY. Thou wilt not sticke to do this,  
Diccon, I trow?

DICCON. No, by my fathers skin, my hand  
downe I lay it! 290

Loke! as I haue promised, I wil not deny  
it.

But, Hodge, take good heede now thou do  
not beshite me!

*And gaue him a good blow on the buttocke.*

HODGE [*leaping up*]. Gogs hart! Thou  
false villaine, dost thou bite mee?

BAYLY. What, Hodge! doth he hurt the or  
euer he begin?

HODGE. He thrust me into the buttocke  
with a bodkin or a pin! 295

*[He draws out the needle.]*

I saie, Gammer! Gammer!

GAMMER. How now, Hodge? how now?

HODGE. Gods malt, Gammer Gurton!

GAMMER. Thou art mad, ich trow!

HODGE. Will you see! The deuil, Gam-  
mer!

GAMMER. The deuil, sonne? God  
blesse vs!

HODGE. Chould iche were hanged, Gam-  
mer!

GAMMER. Mary, so<sup>1</sup> ye might  
dresse vs.

<sup>1</sup> A. se; emend. suggested by Manly.

HODGE. Chaue it, by the masse, Gammer!  
GAMMER. What? Not my neele,

Hodge? 300

HODGE. Your neele, Gammer! your neele!

GAMMER. No, fie, dost thou dodge!

HODGE. Cha found your neele, Gammer!  
Here in my hand be it!

GAMMER. For al the loues on carth,  
Hodge, let me see it!

HODGE. Soft, Gammer!

GAMMER. Good Hodge!

HODGE. Soft, ich say; tarie a while!

GAMMER. Nay, sweete Hodge, say truth,  
and do not me begile! 305

HODGE. Cham sure on it, ich warrant you  
it goes no more a-stray.

GAMMER. Hodge, when I speake so faire,  
wilt stil say me nay?

HODGE. Go neare the light, Gammer.  
This wel! In faith, good lucke!

Chwas almost vndone, twas so far in my  
buttocke!

GAMMER. Tis min owne deare neele,  
Hodge, sykerly I wot! 310

HODGE. Cham I not a good sonne, Gam-  
mer! cham I not?

GAMMER. Christs blessing light on thee!  
hast made me for-euer!

HODGE. Ich knew that ich must finde it,  
els choud a had it neuer!

CHAT. By my troth, Gossyp Gurton, I am  
euen as glad

As though I mine owne selfe as good a  
turne had! 315

BAYLY. And I, by my conscience, to see it  
so come forth,

Reioyce so much at it as three nedles be  
worth!

D. RAT. I am no whit sory to see you so  
reioyce!

DICCON. Nor I much the gladder for al  
this noyce!

Yet say, "Gramercy, Diccon," for spring-  
ing of the game. 320

GAMMER. Gramercy, Diccon, twenty  
times! O how glad cham!

If that chould do so much, your master-  
dome to come hether,

Master Rat, goodwife Chat, and Diccon,  
together, —

Cha but one halpenny, as far as iche know  
it,

And chil not rest this night till ich bestow  
it. 325

If euer ye loue me, let vs go in and drinke!

BAYLY. I am content, if the rest thinke as  
I thinke.

Master Rat, it shalbe best for you if we so  
doo;

Then shall you warme you and dresse your-  
self too.

DICCON. Soft, syrs, take vs with you; the  
company shalbe the more! 330

As proude coms behinde, they say, as any  
goes before!

[To the audience.]

But now, my good masters, since we must  
be gone

And leaue you behinde vs here, all alone, —

Since at our last ending thus mery we  
bee,

For Gammer Gurtons nedle sake let vs  
haue a plaudytie! 335

FINIS, GURTON. PERUSED AND ALLOWED, &c.

*Imprinted at London  
in Fleetestreate beneath the Conduite  
at the signe of S. John Euangelist, by  
Thomas Colwell.*

1575.



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**XI**  
**INNS OF COURT PLAYS**

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THE TRAGIDIE OF  
[GORBODUC; OR OF] FERREX AND PORREX <sup>1</sup>

SET FORTH WITHOUT ADDITION OR ALTERATION BUT ALTOGETHER AS  
THE SAME WAS SHEWED ON STAGE BEFORE THE QUEENES MAIESTIE,  
ABOUT NINE YEARES PAST, VZ., THE XVIIJ DAY OF IANUARIE 1561.

BY THE GENTLEMEN OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

Seen and allowed, &c.

Imprinted at London by Iohn Daye, dwelling ouer Aldersgate.

THE P[RINTER] TO THE READER

Where this tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand Christmasse in the Inner Temple first written about nine yeares agoe by the Right Honourable Thomas, now Lorde Buckherst, and by T. Norton, and after shewed before her Maiestie, and neuer intended by the authors therof to be published; yet one W. G.<sup>2</sup> getting a copie therof at some yongmans hand that lacked a litle money and much discretion, in the last great plage, an[no] 1565, about v yeares past, while the said lord was out of England, and T. Norton farre out of London, and neither of them both made priuie, put it forth exceedingly corrupted, — euen as if by meanes of a broker, for hire, he should haue entised into his house a faire maide and done her villanie, and after all-to-bescratched her face, torne her apparell, berayed and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of dores dishonested. In such plight, after long wandring, she came at length home to the sight of her frendes, who scant knew her but by a few tokens and markes remayning. They — the authors, I meane — though they were very much displeased that she so ranne abroad without leaue, whereby she caught her shame, as many wantons do, yet seeing the case, as it is, remediesse, haue, for common honestie and shamefastnesse, new apparelled, trimmed, and attired her in such forme as she was before. In which better forme since she hath come

<sup>1</sup> The Inns of Court Plays, following the models of the classical drama, are closely akin to the School Plays; but they were performed by gallants of fashion (many of them young noblemen), in the highest circles of London society, and as products of fashionable society, they show the marked influence of the contemporary Italian drama. *Gorboduc*, famous as the first regular English tragedy, was composed by Thomas Sackville (later Earl of Dorset and Lord High Treasurer) and Thomas Norton (whose brilliant career as a lawyer and courtier was cut short by his early death). It was acted by the young gentlemen of the Inner Temple in 1561-62 on the occasion of their annual Christmas festival, and was repeated by them before Queen Elizabeth on January 18, 1561-62, at Whitehall Palace. Though the play was ultimately modeled on Seneca, the authors drew much of their inspiration from contemporary Italian tragedy (itself an adaptation of Seneca): for instance, blank verse, now first used in the English drama, they took over from the Italians; and the dumb shows they derived from the Italian *intermedii*. But Sackville and Norton were not slavish imitators either of Seneca or of the Italian writers of tragedy.

A surreptitious and very corrupt edition (A.) was published by William Griffith in 1565, with the title: *The Tragedie of Gorboduc, wherof three Actes were written by Thomas Nortone, and the two laste by Thomas Sackuyle*. The authors, apparently, were offended at the corrupt text of this edition, and gave an authorized text to John Day, who published it about 1570 (B.). A third edition (C.) was issued by Edward Alde in 1590; but this was merely a reprint of the first, and corrupt, edition, and has no special value. I have based the present text on a copy of the second and authorized edition (B.) in the British Museum. In a few cases I have adopted readings from the other editions: these are properly recorded in the footnotes. I have, of course, modernized the punctuation; and I have abbreviated the catch-names, and supplied stage-directions in place of the bare list of speakers with which each scene is headed.

<sup>2</sup> William Griffith.



to me, I haue harbored her for her frendes sake, and her owne; and I do not dout her parentes, the authors, will not now be discontent that she goe abroad among you, good readers, so it be in honest companie. For she is by my encouragement, and others, somewhat lesse ashamed of the dishonestie done to her, because it was by fraude and force. If she be welcome among you, and gently entertained, in fauor of the house from whence she is descended and of her owne nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her frendes will thanke you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproched with her former missehap, or quarelled at by enuious persons, she, poore gentlewoman, will surely play Lucreces part, and of her-self die for shame; and I shall wishe that she had taried still at home with me, where she was welcome, for she did neuer put me to more charge but this one poore blacke gowne lined with white that I haue now geuen her to goe abroad among you withall.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDIE <sup>1</sup>

Gorboduc, king of Brittain, diuided his realme in his lifetime to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex; the sonnes fell to discention; the yonger killed the elder; the mother, that more dearly loued the elder, for reuenge killed the yonger; the people, moued with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother; the nobilitie assembled and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwarde, for want of issue of the prince, whereby the succession of the crowne became vncertaine, they fell to ciuill warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slaine, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

## THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS

GORBODUC, king of Great Brittain.

VIDENA, queene, and wife to king Gorboduc.

FERREX, elder sonne to king Gorboduc.

PORREX, yonger sonne to king Gorboduc.

CLOTYN,<sup>2</sup> duke of Cornewall.

FERGUS, duke of Albanye.

MANDUD, duke of Loegriss.

GWENARD, duke of Cumberland.

EUBULUS, secretarie to the king.

AROSTUS, a counsellor to the king.

DORDAN, a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest sonne, Ferrex.

PHILANDER, a counsellor assigned by the king to his yongest sonne, Porrex.

Both being of the olde kinges counsell before.

HERMON, a parasite remaining with Ferrex.

TYNDAR, a parasite remaining with Porrex.

NUNTIVS, a messenger of the elder brothers death.

NUNTIVS, a messenger of Duke Fergus rising in armes.

MARCELLA, a lady of the queenes priuie-chamber.

CHORUS, foure auncient and sage men of Brittain.

[THE SCENE: Britain.]

<sup>1</sup> In B. this argument is printed on the back of the title-page.

<sup>2</sup> B. Clouton.

[GORBODUC; OR, FERREX AND PORREX.]

THE ORDER OF THE DOMME SHEW BEFORE  
THE FIRST ACT, AND THE SIGNIFICA-  
TION THEREOF.

First the musicke of violence began to play, during which came in vpon the stage sixe wilde men clothed in leaues, of whom the first bare in his necke a fagot of small stickes, which they all, both seuerally and together, assayed with all their strengthes to breake; but it could not be broken by them. At the length, one of them plucked out one of the stickes and brake it; and the rest plucking out all the other stickes one after an-other did easely breake them, the same being seuered, which, being conioyned, they had before attempted in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the musicke ceased. Hereby was signified that a state knit in vniute doth continue strong against all force, but being diuided is easely destroyed; as befell vpon Duke Gorboduc diuiding his land to his two sonnes, which he before held in monarchie, and vpon the discention of the brethren to whom it was diuided.

ACTUS PRIMUS

SCENA PRIMA.

[*The palace of King Gorboduc. Enter Queen Videna and her eldest son Ferrex.*] <sup>1</sup>

VID. The silent night, that brings the quiet pawse

From painefull traualles of the wearie day,  
Prolonges my carefull thoughtes, and makes me blame

The slowe Aurore, that so for loue or shame  
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face; <sup>5</sup>

And now the day renewes my grieffull plaint.

FERR. My gracious lady and my mother deare,

Pardon my grieffe for your so grieved minde

To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart.

VID. So great a wrong, and so vniust despite, <sup>10</sup>

Without all cause, against all course of kinde!

FERR. Such causelesse wrong, and so vniust despite,

May haue redresse, or, at the least, reuenge.

VID. Neither, my sonne; such is the froward will,

The person such, such my mischappe and thine. <sup>15</sup>

FERR. Mine know I none but grief for your distresse.

VID. Yes, mine for thine, my sonne. A father? No;

In kinde <sup>1</sup> a father, not in kindliness.

FERR. My father? Why, I know nothing at all <sup>19</sup>

Wherein I haue misdone vnto his Grace.

VID. Therefore the more vnkinde to thee and mee!

For, knowing well, my sonne, the tender loue  
That I haue euer borne and beare to thee,

He, greued thereat, is not content alone  
To spoile thee of my sight, <sup>2</sup> my chiefeest ioye; <sup>25</sup>

But thee of thy birthright and heritage,  
Causelesse, vnkindly, and in wrongfull wise

Against all lawe and right, he will bereaue.  
Halfe of his kingdom he will geue away.

FERR. To whom?

VID. Euen to Porrex, his yonger sonne; <sup>30</sup>  
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect

That, being raised to equall rule with thee,  
Mee thinkes I see his enuious hart to swell,

Filled with disdain, and with ambitious hope.

The end the goddes do know, whose altars I <sup>35</sup>

Full oft haue made in vaine of cattell slaine  
To send the sacred smoke to Heauens throne

For thee, my sonne, if thinges do so succede <sup>3</sup>

As now my ielous mind misdemeeth sore.

FERR. Madam, leaue care and careful plaint for me. <sup>40</sup>

Just hath my father bene to euery wight;  
His first vniustice he will not extend

To me, I trust, that geue no cause therof.

<sup>1</sup> In the old editions each scene is headed with a list of all the speakers without indication as to when they entered.

<sup>1</sup> Nature.

<sup>2</sup> Manly suggests *To spoile me of thy sight.*

<sup>3</sup> Come to pass.

My brothers pride shall hurt him-selfe, not  
me.

VID. So graunt the goddes! But yet thy  
father so 45

Hath firmly fixed his vnmoued minde  
That plaintes and prayers can no whit  
auaile, —

For those haue I assaied, — but euen this day  
He will endeouour to procure assent  
Of all his counsell to his fonde<sup>1</sup> deuise. 50

FERR. Their ancestors from race to race  
haue borne

True fayth to my forefathers and their  
seede;

I trust they eke will beare the like to me.

VID. There resteth all. But if they faile  
thereof,

And if the end bring forth an ill successe, 55  
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall;  
And so I pray the goddes requite it them, —  
And so they will, for so is wont to be.

When lordes, and trusted rulers vnder  
kinges, 59

To please the present fancie of the prince,  
With wrong transpose the course of gou-  
ernance,

Murders, mischief, or ciuill sword at  
length,

Or mutuall treason, or a iust reuenge  
When right-succeeding line returnes againe,  
By Ioues iust iudgement and deserued  
wrath 65

Bringes them to cruell and reprochfull  
death,

And rootes their names and kindredes from  
the earth.

FERR. Mother, content you; you shall see  
the end.

VID. The end? Thy end, I feare!• Ioue  
end me first! [Exeunt.]

## ACTUS PRIMUS

### SCENA SECUNDA

[*The Court of King Gorboduc. Enter King  
Gorboduc, with his Counsellors Arostus  
and Philander, and his Secretary,  
Eubulus.*]

GORB. My lords, whose graue aduise and  
faithful aide

<sup>1</sup> Foolish

Haue long vpheld my honour and my  
realme,

And brought me to this age from tender  
yeres,

Guidyng so great estate with great re-  
nowme,

Nowe more importeth mee than erst to  
vse 5

Your fayth and wisdom, — whereby yet  
I reigne, —

That when by death my life and rule shall  
cease

The kingdome yet may with vnbroken  
course

Haue certayne prince, by whose vndoubted  
right

Your fayth and peace may stand in quiet  
stay; <sup>1</sup> 10

And eke that they, whome nature hath pre-  
parde

In time to take my place in princely seate,  
While in their fathers tyme their plant  
youth

Yeldes to the frame of skilfull gouernance,  
Maye so be taught and trayned in noble  
artes 15

As, what their fathers which haue reigned  
before

Haue with great fame deriued downe to  
them,

With honour they may leaue vnto their  
seede;

And not be thought, for their vnworthy life  
And for their lawlesse swaruyng out of  
kinde, 20

Worthy to lose what lawe and kind them  
gaue;

But that they may preserue the common  
peace —

The cause that first began and still main-  
teines

The lyneall course of kinges inheritance —  
For me, for myne, for you, and for the  
state, 25

Whereof both I and you haue charge and  
care.

Thus do I meane to vse youre wonted fayth  
To me and myne, and to your natiue  
lande.

My lordes, be playne, without all wrie re-  
spect

<sup>1</sup> Condition.

Or poysonous craft to speake in pleasyng  
wise; 30

Lest, as the blame of yll-succedyng thinges  
Shall light on you, so light the harmes  
also.

AROS. Your good acceptance so, most  
noble king,

Of suche our faithfulnessse as heretofore  
We haue employed in dueties to your  
Grace 35

And to this realme, whose worthy head you  
are,

Well proues that neyther you mistrust at  
all,

Nor we shall neede in boasting wise to  
shewe

Our truth to you, nor yet our wakefull  
care

For you, for yours, and for our native  
lande. 40

Wherefore, O kyng, — I speake as one for  
all,

Sithe all as one do beare you egall faith, —  
Doubt not to vse our counsellis and our  
aides,

Whose honours, goods, and lyues are whole  
auowed

To serue, to ayde and to defende your  
Grace. 45

GORB. My lordes, I thanke you all! This  
is the case:

Ye know, the gods — who haue the sou-  
eraigne care

For kings, for kingdomes, and for common-  
weales —

Gaue me two sonnes in my more lusty age,  
Who nowe in my decayeng yeres are  
growen 50

Well towards ryper state of minde and  
strength

To take in hande some greater princely  
charge.

As yet they lyue and spende [their] <sup>1</sup> hope-  
full daies

With me and with their mother here in  
courte.

Their age nowe asketh other place and  
trade, 55

And myne also doth aske an-other chaunge:  
Theirs to more trauaile,<sup>2</sup> myne to greater  
ease.

<sup>1</sup> B. omits *their*.

<sup>2</sup> Labor.

Whan fallall death shall ende my mortall  
life,

My purpose is to leaue vnto them twaine  
The realme diuided in two <sup>1</sup> sondry  
partes: 60

The one Ferrex, myne elder sonne, shall  
haue;

The other shall the yonger, Porrex, rule.  
That both my purpose may more firmlye  
stande,

And eke that they may better rule their  
charge,

I meane forthwith to place them in the  
same, 65

That in my life they may both learne to  
rule,

And I may ioy to see their ruling well.  
This is, in summe, what I woulde haue ye  
wey:

First, whether ye allowe my whole deuise  
And thinke it good for me, for them, for  
you, 70

And for our countrey, mother of vs all;  
And, if ye lyke it and allowe it well,

Then, for their guydinge and their gou-  
ernaunce,

Shew forth such meanes of circumstance  
As ye thinke meete to be both knowne and  
kept. 75

Loe, this is all. Now tell me your aduise.  
AROS. And this is much! and asketh great  
aduise.

But, for my part, my soueraigne lord and  
kyng,

This do I thinke: your Maiestie doth know  
How, vnder you, in iustice and in peace 80

Great wealth and honour long we haue en-  
ioyed,

So as we can not seeme with gredie mindes  
To wishe for change of prince or gouer-  
naunce;

But, if we lyke your purpose and deuise,  
Our lyking must be deemed to proceede 85

Of rightfull reason, and of heedefull care  
Not for ourselues but for the common  
state,

Sithe our owne state doth neede no better  
change.

I thinke in all as erst your Grace hath saide.  
Firste, when you shall vnloade your aged  
mynde 90

<sup>1</sup> A. B. into *two*; corr. by Manly.

Of heuye care and troubles manifolde,  
 And laye the same vpon my lordes your  
     sonnes,  
 Whose growing yeres may beare the burden  
     long, —  
 And long I pray the goddes to graunt it  
     so! —  
 And in your life while you shall so be-  
     holde 95  
 Their rule, their vertues, and their noble  
     deedes,  
 Suche as their kinde behighteth <sup>1</sup> to vs all,  
 Great be the profites that shall growe  
     therof:  
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last;  
 Your lasting age shalbe their longer stay;  
 For cares of kynges that rule — as you  
     haue ruled — 101  
 For publike wealth and not for priuate  
     ioye  
 Do wast mannes lyfe, and hasten crooked  
     age  
 With furrowed face and with enfeebled  
     lymmes  
 To draw on creepyng death a swifter  
     pace. 105  
 They two yet yong shall beare the parted  
     reigne  
 With greater ease than one, nowe olde,  
     alone  
 Can welde the whole, for whom muche  
     harder is  
 With lessened strength the double weight  
     to beare.  
 Your eye, your counsell, and the graue re-  
     garde 110  
 Of fathers <sup>2</sup> — yea, of such a fathers —  
     name,  
 Nowe at beginning of their sondred reigne,  
 When is the hazarde of their whole suc-  
     cesse,  
 Shall bridle so their force of youthfull  
     heates,  
 And so restraine the rage of insolence, 115  
 Whiche most assailes the yonge and noble  
     minds,  
 And so shall guide and traine in tempred  
     stay  
 Their yet greene, bending wittes with reu-  
     erent awe,

<sup>1</sup> Their nature promises.<sup>2</sup> B. *father*; I follow the reading of A.

As — now inured with vertues at the  
     first, —  
 Custome, O king, shall bring delightful-  
     nesse; 120  
 By vse of vertue, vice shall growe in hate.  
 But if you so dispose it that the daye  
 Which endes your life shall first begin their  
     reigne,  
 Great is the perill what will be the ende,  
 When such beginning of such liberties, 125  
 Voide of suche stayes as in your life do  
     lye,  
 Shall leaue them free to randon of their  
     will,  
 An open prae to traiterous flatterie, —  
 The greatest pestilence of noble youthe;  
 Whiche perill shalbe past, if in your life 130  
 Their tempred youthe with aged fathers  
     awe  
 Be brought in vre <sup>1</sup> of skilfull stayednesse;  
 And in your life their liues disposed so,  
 Shall length your noble life in ioyfulnesse.  
 Thus thinke I that your Grace hath wisely  
     thought, 135  
 And that your tender care of common  
     weale  
 Hath bred this thought, so to diuide your  
     lande  
 And plant your sonnes to beare the present  
     rule  
 While you yet liue to see their rulinge well,  
 That you may longer lyue by ioye therein.  
 What furder meanes behouefull are and  
     meete, 141  
 At greater leisure may your Grace deuise,  
 When all haue said, and when we be agreed  
 If this be best to part the realme in twaine  
 And place your sonnes in present gouerne-  
     ment. 145  
 Whereof, as I haue plainly said my mynde,  
 So woulde I here the rest of all my lordes.  
 PHIL. In part I thinke as hath bene said  
     before,  
 In parte, agayne, my minde is otherwise.  
 As for diuiding of this realme in twaine, 150  
 And lotting out the same in egall partes  
 To either of my lordes your Graces sonnes,  
 That thinke I best for this your realmes  
     behoef,  
 For profite and aduauncement of your  
     sonnes,

<sup>1</sup> Practice.

And for your comforte and your honour  
eke. 155

But so to place them while your life do last  
To yelde to them your royall gouernaunce,  
To be aboute them onely in the name  
Of father not in kingly state also,

I thinke not good for you, for them, nor  
vs. 160

This kingdome, since the bloudie ciuill  
fielde

Where Morgan slaine did yeld his con-  
quered parte

Unto his cosins sworde in Camberland,  
Conteineth all that whilome did suffice  
Three noble sonnes of your forefather  
Brute. 165

So your two sonnes it maye suffice also.  
The moe <sup>1</sup> the stronger, if they gree in one.  
The smaller compasse that the realme doth  
holde

The easier is the swey thereof to welde,  
The nearer iustice to the wronged poore,  
The smaller charge, — and yet ynoughe  
for one. 171

And, whan the region is diuided so  
That brethren be the lordes of either parte,  
Such strength doth Nature knit betwene  
them both

In sondrie bodies by conioyned loue 175  
That, not as two, but one of doubled force,  
Eche is to other as a sure defence;  
The noblenesse and glory of the one  
Doth sharpe the courage of the others  
mynde

With vertuous enuie to contende for  
praise. 180

And suche an egalnesse <sup>2</sup> hath Nature  
made

Betwene the brethren of one fathers seede  
As an vnkindly wrong it seemes to bee  
To throwe the brother subiect vnder feete  
Of him whose peere he is by course of  
kinde. 185

And Nature, that did make this egalnesse,  
Ofte so repineth at so great a wrong  
That ofte she rayseth vp a grudginge grieue  
In yonger brethren at the elders state,  
Wherby both townes and kingdomes haue  
ben rased, 190

And famous stockes of royall bloud de-  
stroyed:

<sup>1</sup> More.

<sup>2</sup> Equalnesse.

The brother, that shoulde be the brothers  
aide

And haue a wakefull care for his defence,  
Gapes for his death, and blames the lynger-  
ing yeres

That draw not forth his ende with faster  
course; 195

And oft, impacient of so longe delayes,  
With hatefull slaughter he preuentes the  
Fates,

And heapes a iust rewarde for brothers  
bloode,

With endlesse vengeance on his stocke for  
aye.

Suche mischiefes here are wisely mette  
withall, 200

If egall state maye nourishe egall loue,  
Where none hath cause to grudge at others  
good.

But nowe the head to stoupe beneath them  
bothe,

Ne kind, ne reason, ne good ordre beares.  
And oft it hath ben seene, where Natures  
course 205

Hath ben peruerted in disordered wise,  
When fathers cease to know that they  
should rule,

The children cease to know they should  
obey;

And often ouerkindly tendernesse  
Is mother of vnkindly stubbornnesse. 210  
I speake not this in enuie or reproche,  
As if I grudged the glorie of your sonnes, —  
Whose honour I beseech the goddess en-  
crease! —

Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine  
So filthie cankers in their noble brestes, 215  
Whom I esteeme — which is their greatest  
praise —

Undoubted children of so good a kyng;  
Onelie I meane to shewe, by certeine rules  
Whiche Kinde hath graft within the mind  
of man,

That Nature hath her ordre and her  
course, 220

Which being broken doth corrupt the state  
Of myndes and thinges, euen in the best of  
all.

My lordes your sonnes may learne to rule  
of you;

Your owne example in your noble courte  
Is fittest guyder of their youthfull yeares.

If you desire to see some present ioye 226  
 Ey sight of their well rulyng in your lyfe,  
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule:  
 Who-so obeyeth not with humblenesse  
 Will rule with outrage and with insolence. 230  
 Longe maye they rule, I do beseche the  
 goddes!  
 But longe may they learne, ere they begyn  
 to rule!  
 If Kinde and Fates woulde suffre, I would  
 wisse  
 Them aged princes, and immortall kinges.  
 Wherefore, most noble kynge, I well as-  
 sent 235  
 Betwene your sonnes that you diuide your  
 realme,  
 And, as in kinde, so match them in degree.  
 But, while the goddes prolong your royall  
 life,  
 Prolong your reigne! For therto lyue you  
 here,  
 And therefore haue the goddes so long for-  
 borne 240  
 To ioyne you to them-selues, that still you  
 might  
 Be prince and father of our common-weale.  
 They, when they see your children ripe to  
 rule,  
 Will make them rounge, and will remoue  
 you hence,  
 That yours, in right ensuyng of your  
 life, 245  
 Maye rightly honour your immortall name.  
 Eub. Your wonted true regarde of faith-  
 full hartes  
 Makes me, O kinge, the bolder to presume  
 To speake what I conceiue within my brest,  
 Although the same do not agree at all 250  
 With that which other here my lordes haue  
 said,  
 Nor which yourselfe haue seemed best to  
 lyke.  
 Pardon I craue, and that my wordes be  
 demed  
 To flowe from hartie zeale vnto your Grace,  
 And to the safetie of your common-  
 weale. 255  
 To parte your realme vnto my lordes your  
 sonnes  
 I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,  
 But worste of all for this our natieue lande.

Within one land one single rule is best:  
 Diuided reignes do make diuided hartes,  
 But peace preserues the country and the  
 prince. 261  
 Suche is in man the gredy minde to reigne,  
 So great is his desire to climbe alofte,  
 In worldly stage the stateliest partes to  
 beare,  
 That faith and iustice and all kindly  
 loue 265  
 Do yelde vnto desire of soueraignitie  
 Where egall state doth raise an egall hope  
 To winne the thing that either wold at-  
 taine.  
 Your Grace remembreth how in passed  
 yeres  
 The mightie Brute, first prince of all this  
 lande, 270  
 Possessed the same and ruled it well in one;  
 He, thinking that the compasse did suffice  
 For his three sonnes three kingdoms eke to  
 make,  
 Cut it in threc, as you would now in twaine;  
 But how much Brittish blood hath since  
 bene spilt 275  
 To ioyne againe the sondred vnitie,  
 What princes slaine before their timely  
 houre,  
 What wast of townes and people in the  
 lande,  
 What treasons heaped on murders and on  
 spoiles  
 Whose iust reuenge even yet is scarcely  
 ceased, 280  
 Ruthfull remembrance is yet rawe in  
 minde!  
 The gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe!  
 And you, O king, geue not the cause therof!  
 My lord Ferrex, your elder sonne, per-  
 happes,  
 Whome kinde and custome geues a right-  
 full hope 285  
 To be your heire and to succede your  
 reigne,  
 Shall thinke that he doth suffre greater  
 wrong  
 Than he perchance will beare, if power  
 serue.  
 Porrex, the younger, so vpraised in state,  
 Perhappes in courage will be rayseed  
 also. 290  
 If flatteric, then, which fayles not to assaile

The tendre mindes of yet vnskilfull youth,  
In one shall kindle and encrease disdaine,  
And enuie in the others harte enflame,  
This fire shall waste their loue, their liues,  
their land, 295  
And ruthfull ruine shall destroy them  
both.

I wishe not this, O kyng, so to befall,  
But feare the thing that I do most abhorre.  
Geue no beginning to so dreadfull ende!  
Kepe them in order and obedience, 300  
And let them both, by now obeying you,  
Learne such behauiour as besemes their  
state, —

The elder, myldnesse in his gouernaunce,  
The yonger, a yelding contentednesse.  
And kepe them neare vnto your presence  
still, 305

That they, restreyned by the awe of you,  
May liue in compasse of well tempred  
staye,  
And passe the perilles of their youthfull  
yeares.

Your aged life drawes on to febler tyme,  
Wherin you shall lesse able be to beare 310  
The trauailes that in youth you haue sus-  
teyned

Both in your persones and your realmes de-  
fence.

If planting now your sonnes in further  
partes

You sende them further from your present  
reach,

Lesse shall you know how they them-selues  
demeane; 315

Traiterous corrupters of their plyant youth  
Shall haue, vnspied, a muche more free ac-  
cesse;

And if ambition and inflamed disdaine  
Shall arme the one, the other, or them  
both,

To ciuill warre or to vsurping pride, 320  
Late shall you rue that you ne recked be-  
fore.

Good is, I graunt, of all to hope the best,  
But not to liue still dreadlesse of the worst;  
So truste the one that the other be forsene.  
Arme not vnskilfulnesse with princely  
power; 325

But you, that long haue wisely ruled the  
reignes

Of royaltie within your noble realme,

So holde them, while the gods for our  
auayles

Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged  
daies.

To soone he clambe into the flaming  
carre 330

Whose want of skill did set the earth on  
fire.

Time, and example of your noble Grace,  
Shall teach your sonnes both to obey and  
rule.

When time hath taught them, time shal  
make them place, —

The place that now is full: and so, I  
pray, 335

Long it remaine, to comforte of vs all!

GORB. I take your faithful harts in thank-  
ful part.

But sihe I see no cause to draw my minde  
To feare the nature of my louing sonnes,  
Or to misdeme that enuie or disdaine 340  
Can there worke hate where nature plant-  
eth loue,

In one selfe purpose do I still abide.

My loue extendeth egally to both;

My lande suffiseth for them both also.

Number shall parte the marches <sup>1</sup> of theyr  
realmes: 345

The sotherne part the elder shall possesse;  
The no[r]therne shall Porrex, the yonger,  
rule.

In quiet I will passe mine aged dayes,  
Free from the trauaile and the painefull  
cares

That hasten age vpon the worthiest  
kings. 350

But, lest the fraude that ye do seeme to  
feare

Of flattering tongues corrupt their tender  
youth

And wrythe them to the wayes of youthfull  
lust,

To climyng pride, or to reuenging hate,  
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge,  
Lewdely to lyue in wanton recklesnesse,  
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,  
Or not to wreke the wronges done to the  
poore, 358

To trade downe truth, or fauour false de-  
ceite,

I meane to ioine to eyther of my sonnes

<sup>1</sup> Boundaries.



Some one of those whose long approued  
faith 361

And wisdom tried may well assure my  
harte

That mynyng fraude shall finde no way to  
crepe

Into their fensed eares with graue aduise.  
This is the ende. And so I pray you all  
To beare my sonnes the loue and loyaltie  
That I haue founde within your faithfull  
brestes. 367

AROS. You, nor your sonnes, our sou-  
eraign lord, shal want

Our faith and seruice while our liues do  
last! [Exeunt.]

#### CHORUS.

When settled stay doth holde the royall  
throne

In stedfast place by knowen and doubt-  
les right,

And chiefly when discent on one alone  
Makes single and vnparted reigne to  
light,

Eche chaunge of course vnioynts the whole  
estate

And yeldes it thrall to ruine by debate.<sup>1</sup> 6

The strength that, knit by faste accorde in  
one,

Against all forrein power of mightie foes  
Could of it-selfe defende it-selfe alone,

Disioyned once, the former force doth  
lose.

The stickes that, sondred, brake so soone in  
twaine,

In faggot bounde attempted were in  
vain. 12

Oft tender minde, that leades the parciall eye  
Of erring parentes in their childrens loue,

Destroyes the wrongly loued childe  
thereby.

This doth the proude sonne of Apollo  
proue,

Who, rasshelly set in chariot of his sire,  
Inflamed the parched earth with heauens  
fire. 18

And this great king, that doth deuide his  
land,

<sup>1</sup> Strife.

And chaunge the course of his disceding  
croune,

And yeldes the reigne into his childrens  
hande,

From blisfull state of ioye and great re-  
nowne

A myrrour shall become to princes all  
To learne to shunne the cause of suche a  
fall. 24

#### THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DOMME SHEW BEFORE THE SECOND ACTE.

First, the musicke of cornettes began to playe, dur-  
ing which came in vpon the stage a king accompanied  
with a nombre of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And,  
after he had placed him-self in a chaire of estate pre-  
pared for him, there came and kneled before him a  
graue and aged gentelman, and offred vp a cuppe  
vnto him of wyne in a glasse, which the king refused;  
after him comes a braue<sup>1</sup> and lustie yong gentleman  
and presents the king with a cup of golde filled with  
poyson, which the king accepted, and, drinking the  
same, immediately fell downe dead vpon the stage,  
and so was carried thence away by his lordes and  
gentlemen. And then the musicke ceased. Hereby  
was signified, that, as glasse by nature holdeth no  
poyson, but is cleere and may easely be seen through,  
ne boweth<sup>2</sup> by any arte, so a faythfull counsellour  
holdeth no treason, but is playne and open, ne yeld-  
eth to any vndercrete affection, but geueth holsome  
counsell, which the yll-advised prince refuseth. The  
delightfull golde filled with poyson betokeneth flate-  
ry, which vnder faire seeming of pleasant wordes  
beareth deadly poyson, which destroyeth<sup>3</sup> the prince  
that receyueth it; as befell in the two brethren,  
Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the holsome aduise  
of graue counsellours, credited these yong parasites,  
and brought to them-selues death and destruction  
therby.

#### ACTUS SECUNDUS

##### SCENA PRIMA.

[The court of Ferrex. Enter Ferrex attended  
by the parasite Hermon and the wise Coun-  
sellor Dordan.]

FERR. I meruaile much what reason ledde  
the king,

My father, thus without all my desert,  
To reue<sup>4</sup> me halfe the kingdome, which by  
course

Of law and nature should remayne to me.

HER. If you with stubborne and vntamed  
pryde 5

Had stood against him in rebelling wise,  
Or if with grudging minde you had enuid

<sup>1</sup> Handsomely dressed.

<sup>2</sup> B. destroyed; A. destroyeth.

<sup>3</sup> Bendeth.

<sup>4</sup> Rob.

So slow a slidynge of his aged yerces,  
 Or sought before your time to haste the  
     course  
 Of fatall death vpon his royall head, 10  
 Or stained your stocke with murder of your  
     kyn,  
 Some face of reason might perhaps haue  
     seemed  
 To yelde some likely cause to spoyle ye thus.  
 FERR. The wrekeful <sup>1</sup> gods powre on my  
     cursed head  
 Eternall plagues and neuer-dying woes, 15  
 The hellish prince adiudge my dampned  
     ghost  
 To Tantaless thirste, or proude Ixions  
     wheele,  
 Or cruell gripe to gnaw my growing harte,  
 To during tormentes and vnquenched  
     flames,  
 If euer I conceyued so foule a thought 20  
 To wisse his ende of life, or yet of reigne!  
 Dor. Ne yet your father, O most noble  
     prince,  
 Did euer thinke so fowle a thing of you;  
 For he, with more than fathers tendre  
     loue,  
 While yet the Fates do lende him life to  
     rule, — 25  
 Who long might lyue to see your ruling  
     well, —  
 To you, my lorde, and to his other sonne,  
 Lo, he resignes his realme and royaltie:  
 Which neuer would so wise a prince haue  
     done,  
 If he had once misdemed that in your  
     harte 30  
 There euer lodged so vnkinde a thought.  
 But tendre loue, my lorde, and settled  
     truste  
 Of your good nature and your noble minde  
 Made him to place you thus in royall  
     throne,  
 And now to geue you half his realme to  
     guide, — 35  
 Yea, and that halfe which in abounding  
     store  
 Of things that serue to make a welthy  
     realme,  
 In stately cities, and in frutefull soyle,  
 In temperate breathing of the milder  
     heauen,

<sup>1</sup> Avenging.

In thinges of nedefull vse which frendly  
     sea 40  
 Transportes by traffike from the forreine  
     partes,  
 In flowing wealth, in honour, and in force,  
 Doth passe the double value of the parte  
 That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne.  
 Such is your case; such is your fathers  
     loue. 45  
 FERR. Ah loue, my frendes? loue wrongs  
     not whom he loues!  
 Dor. Ne yet he wrongeth you, that geu-  
     eth you  
 So large a reigne ere that the course of  
     time  
 Bring you to kingdome by discended right;  
 Which time, perhaps, might end your time  
     before. 50  
 FERR. Is this no wrong, say you, to reau-  
     from me  
 My natie right of halfe so great a realme,  
 And thus to matche his yonger sonne with  
     me  
 In egall power and in as great degree?  
 Yea, and what sonne? The sonne whose  
     swelling pride 55  
 Would neuer yelde one point of reuerence  
 When I, the elder and apparaunt heire,  
 Stoode in the likelihode to possesse the  
     whole;  
 Yea, and that sonne which from his child-  
     ish age  
 Enuieth myne honour and doth hate my  
     life. 60  
 What will he now do, when his pride, his  
     rage,  
 The mindefull malice of his grudging harte,  
 Is armed with force, with wealth, and  
     kingly state?  
 HER. Was this not wrong, — yea, yll-  
     advised wrong,  
 To giue so mad a man so sharpe a  
     sword? 65  
 To so great perill of so great missehappe  
 Wide open thus to set so large a waye?  
 Dor. Alas, my lord, what griefull thing is  
     this,  
 That of your brother you can thinke so ill?  
 I neuer saw him vtter likelie signe 70  
 Whereby a man might see or once misdeme  
 Such hate of you ne such unyielding pride.  
 Ill is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,

That, raysing such mistrustfull feare in  
you,

Sowing the seede of such vnkindly hate, 75  
Trauaile<sup>1</sup> by treason to destroy you both.

Wise is your brother, and of noble hope,  
Worthie to welde a large and mightie  
realme:

So much a stronger frende haue you therby,  
Whose strength is your strength, if you  
grce in one. 80

HER. If Nature and the goddes had  
pinched so

Their flowing bountie and their noble  
giftes

Of princelie qualities from you, my lorde,  
And powdre them all at ones in wastfull  
wise

Upon your fathers yonger sonne alone, 85  
Perhappes there be that in your preiudice  
Would say that birth should yeld to worth-  
inesse.

But sithe in eche good gift and princelie  
arte

Ye are his matche, and, in the chiefe of  
all, —

In mildnesse and in sobre gouver-  
naunce, — 90

Ye farre surmount; and sith there is in you  
Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnesse  
To weld the whole and match your elders  
prayse,

I see no cause why ye should loose the  
halfe.

Ne would I wisse you yelde to such a  
losse, 95

Lest your milde sufferance of so great a  
wronge

Be deemed cowardishe and simple drede,  
Which shall geue courage to the fierie head  
Of your yonge brother to inuade the whole.  
While yet, therefore, stickes in the peoples  
minde 100

The lothed wrong of your disheritaunce;  
And ere your brother haue, by settled  
power,

By guilefull cloke of an alluring showe,  
Got him some force and fauour in the  
realme;

And while the noble queene, your mother,  
lyues 105

To worke and practise all for your auaille, —

Attempt redresse by armes, and wreake  
your-self

Upon his life that gayneth by your losse,  
Who nowe, to shame of you, and grieve of  
vs,

In your owne kingdome triumphes ouer  
you. 110

Shew now your courage meete for kingly  
state,

That they which haue auowed to spend  
theyr goods,

Their landes, their liues and honours in  
your cause,

May be the bolder to mainteyne your  
parte,

When they do see that cowarde feare in  
you 115

Shall not betray ne faile their faithfull  
hartes.

If once the death of Porrex ende the strife,  
And pay the price of his vsurped reigne,  
Your mother shall perswade the angry  
kyng.

The lords, your frends, eke shall appease  
his rage; 120

For they be wise, and well they can forsee  
That ere longe time your aged fathers  
death

Will bryng a time when you shall well re-  
quite

Their frendlie fauour, or their hatefull  
spite,

Yea, or their slackenesse to auance your  
cause. 125

“Wise men do not so hang on passing state  
“Of present princes, chiefly in their age,

“But they will further cast their reaching  
eye

“To viewe and weye the times and reignes  
to come.”<sup>1</sup>

Ne is it likely, though the kyng be wrothe,  
That he yet will or that the realme will  
beare 131

Extreme reuenge vpon his onely sonne;  
Or, if he woulde, what one is he that dare  
Be minister to such an enterprise?

And here you be now placed in your  
owne, 135

Amyd your frendes, your vassalles, and  
your strength.

<sup>1</sup> Quotation marks were used in the sixteenth cen-  
tury to emphasise sententious passages.

<sup>1</sup> Labor.

We shall defende and kepe your person  
safe,

Till either counsell turne his tender minde,  
Or age or sorrow end his werie dayes.

But, if the feare of goddes and secrete  
grudge 140

Of Natures law, repining at the fact,  
Withholde your courage from so great at-  
tempt,

Know ye that lust of kingdomes hath no  
law:

The goddes do beare and well allow in  
kinges

The things [that] they abhorre in rascall  
routes. 145

"When kinges on slender quarrells runne to  
warres,

"And then, in cruell vnkindely wise,  
"Commaund theftes, rapes, murders of  
innocentes,

"The spoile of townes, ruines of mighty  
realmes, —

"Thinke you such princes do suppose  
them-selues 150

"Subject to lawes of Kinde and feare of  
gods?"

Murders and violent theftes in priuate men  
Are hainous crimes, and full of foule re-  
proch;

Yet none offence, but deckt with glorious  
name

Of noble conquestes, in the handes of  
kinges. 155

But, if you like not yet so hote deuisse,  
Ne list to take such vantage of the time,  
But, though with perill of your owne es-  
tate,

You will not be the first that shall inuade,  
Assemble yet your force for your de-  
fence, 160

And, for your safetie, stand vpon your  
garde.

DOR. O Heauen! was there euer heard or  
known

So wicked counsell to a noble prince?

Let me, my lorde, disclose vnto your Grace  
This hainous tale, what mischief it con-  
taines: — 165

Your fathers death, your brothers, and  
your owne,

Your present murder and eternall shame.  
Heare me, O king, and suffer not to sinke

So high a treason in your princely brest!  
FERR. The mightie goddes forbid that  
euer I 170

Should once conceaue such mischief in my  
hart!

Although my brother hath bereft my  
realme,

And beare, perhappes, to me an hateful  
minde,

Shall I reuenge it with his death, therefore?  
Or shall I so destroy my fathers life 175

That gaue me life? The gods forbid, I  
say:

Cease you to speake so any more to me.

Ne you, my frend, with answere once re-  
peate

So foule a tale, — in silence let it die!

What lord or subiect shall haue hope at  
all 180

That vnder me they safely shall enioye

Their goods, their honours, landes, and lib-  
erties,

With whom neither one onely brother  
deare,

Ne father dearer, could enioye their liues?  
But, sith I feare my yonger brothers

rage, 185

And sith perhappes some oþher man may  
geue

Some like aduise to moue his grudging head  
At mine estate, — which counsell may per-  
chaunce

Take greater force with him than this with  
me, —

I will in secrete so prepare myselfe 190

As, if his malice or his lust to reigne  
Breake forth in armes or sodeine violence,  
I may withstand his rage and keepe mine  
owne.

[*Exeunt Ferrex with the parasite Hermon.*]

DOR. I feare the fatall time now draweth  
on

When ciuil hate shall end the noble line 195

Of famous Brute and of his royall seede.  
Great Ioue, defend the mischiefes now at  
hand!

O that the Secretaries wise aduise  
Had erst bene heard, when he besought the  
king

Not to diuide his land, nor send his  
sonnes 200

To further partes from presence of his court,  
 Ne yet to yelde to them his gouernaunce.  
 Lo, such are they now in the royall throne  
 As was rashe Phaeton in Phœbus carre;  
 Ne then the fiery stedes did draw the  
     flame 205  
 With wilder randon through the kindled  
     skies  
 Than traitorous counsell now will whirle  
     about  
 The youthfull heades of these vnskilfull  
     kinges!  
 But I hereof their father will enforme.  
 The reuerence of him perhappes shall  
     stay 210  
 The growing mischiefs while they yet are  
     greene.  
 If this helpe not, then woe vnto them-  
     selues,  
 The prince, the people, the diuided land!

[Exit.]

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

## SCENA SECUNDA.

[The court of Porrex. Enter Porrex attended  
 by the parasite Tyndar and the wise  
 Counsellor Philander.]

PORR. And is it thus? And doth he so  
     prepare  
 Against his brother as his mortall foe?  
 And now while yet his aged father liues?  
 Neither regards he him, nor feares he me?  
 Warre would he haue? And he shall haue  
     it so! 5  
 TYND. I saw myselfe the great prepared  
     store  
 Of horse, of armour, and of weapon there;  
 No bring I to my lorde reported tales  
 Without the ground of seen and searched  
     truth.  
 Loe, secrete quarrels runne about his  
     court 10  
 To bring the name of you, my lorde, in  
     hate.  
 Ech man almost can now debate the cause  
 And aske a reason of so great a wrong:—  
 Why he, so noble and so wise a prince,  
 Is, as vnworthy, reft his heritage; 15  
 And why the king, misseledde by craftie  
     meanes,

Diuided thus his land from course of right.  
 The wiser sort holde downe their griefull  
     heades.  
 Eche man withdrawes from talke and com-  
     pany  
 Of those that haue bene knowne to fauour  
     you. 20  
 To hide the mischief of their meaning  
     there,  
 Rumours are spread of your preparing  
     here.  
 The rascall numbers of [the]<sup>1</sup> vnskilfull sort  
 Are filled with monstrous tales of you and  
     yours. 24  
 In secrete I was counselled by my frendes  
 To hast me thence, and brought you, as  
     you know,  
 Letters from those that both can truely tell  
 And would not write vnlesse they knew it  
     well.  
 PHIL. My lord, yet ere you moue vn-  
     kindly warre,  
 Send to your brother to demaund the  
     cause. 30  
 Perhappes some traitorous tales haue filled  
     his eares  
 With false reportes against your noble  
     Grace,  
 Which once disclosed shall end the growing  
     strife,  
 That els, not stayed with wise foresight in  
     time,  
 Shall hazarde both your kingdomes and  
     your liues. 35  
 Send to your father eke. He shall appease  
 Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this  
     feare.  
 PORR. Ridde me of feare? I feare him  
     not at all!  
 Ne will to him, ne to my father, send.  
 If danger were for one to tary there, 40  
 Thinke ye it safetie to returne againe?  
 In mischiefs such as Ferrex now intendes  
 The wonted courtious lawes to messengers  
 Are not obserued, which in iust warre they  
     vse.  
 Shall I so hazard any one of mine? 45  
 Shall I betray my trusty frendes to him,  
 That haue disclosed his treason vnto-me?  
 Let him entreate that feares! I feare him  
     not!

<sup>1</sup> The reading of A.; omitted in B.

Or shall I to the king, my father, send?  
Yea, and send now while such a mother  
liues, 50

That loues my brother and that hateth me?  
Shall I geue leasure, by my fonde delays,  
To Ferrex to oppresse me all vnware?  
I will not. But I will inuade his realme,  
And seeke the traitour prince within his  
court! 55

Mischiefe for mischiefe is a due reward.  
His wretched head shall pay the worthy  
price

Of this his treason and his hate to me.  
Shall I abide, and treate, and send, and  
pray,

And holde my yelden throate to traitours  
knife, 60

While I, with valiant minde and conquer-  
ing force,

Might rid myselfe of foes and winne a  
realme?

Yet rather, when I haue the wretches head,  
Then to the king, my father, will I send!  
The bootelesse case may yet appease his  
wrath; 65

If not, I will defend me as I may.

[*Exeunt Porrex with the parasite Tyndar.*]

PHIL. Lo, here the end of these two  
youthful kings,

The fathers death, the ruine of their  
realmes!

"O most vnhappy state of counsellers  
That light on so vnhappy lordes and  
times 70

"That neither can their good aduise be  
heard,

"Yet must they beare the blames of ill suc-  
cesse."

But I will to the king, their father, haste,  
Ere this mischiefe come to the likely end,  
That, — if the mindfull wrath of wrekefull  
gods, 75

Since mightie Ilions fall not yet appeased  
With these poore remnantes of the Troian  
name,<sup>1</sup>

Haue not determined by vnmoued fate  
Out of this realme to rase the Brittische  
line, —

By good aduise, by awe of fathers name, 80

<sup>1</sup> The royal family of Britain traced its pedigree back to Brutus, a grandson of Æneas of Troy.

By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate  
May yet be quenched ere it consume us  
all. [*Exit.*]

CHORUS.

When youth, not bridled with a guiding  
stay,

Is left to randon of their owne delight  
And welds whole realmes by force of sou-  
craign sway,

Great is the daunger of vnmaistred  
might,

Lest skillesse rage throwe downe with  
headlong fall

Their lands, their states, their liues, them-  
selues, and al. 6

When growing pride doth fill the swelling  
brest,

And gredy lust doth rayse the climbing  
minde,

Oh hardlie maye the perill be repress:  
Ne feare of angrie goddes, ne lawes  
kinde,

Ne countries care can fiered hartes re-  
strayne,

Whan force hath armed enuie and dis-  
daine. 12

When kinges of foresette<sup>1</sup> will neglect the  
rede<sup>2</sup>

Of best aduise, and yelde to pleasing tales  
That do their fansies noysome humour  
feede,

Ne reason nor regarde of right auails:  
Succeeding heapes of plagues shall teach, to  
late,

To learne the mischiefes of misguided  
state. 18

Fowle fall the traitour false that vnder-  
mines

The loue of brethren to destroye them  
both!

Wo to the prince that pliant care enclynes,  
And yeldes his mind to poysonous tale  
that floweth

From flattering mouth! And woe to  
wretched land

That wastes it-selfe with ciuil sworde in  
hand! 24

<sup>1</sup> Fore-determined.

<sup>2</sup> Advice.

Loe, thus it is, poyson in golde to take,  
And holsome drinke in homely cuppe for-  
sake.

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE  
DOMME SHEWE BEFORE THE THIRDE ACT.

Firste the musicke of flutes began to playe, during which came in vpon the stage a company of mourners all clad in blacke, betokening death and sorowe to ensue vpon the ill-aduised misgouernement and discention of bretherne: as befell vpon the murder<sup>1</sup> of Ferrex by his yonger brother. After the mourners had passed thryse about the stage, they departed; and than the musicke ceased.

ACTUS TERTIUS

SCENA PRIMA.

[*The court of King Gorboduc. Enter King Gorboduc with his Secretary, Eubulus, and his Counsellor, Arosus.*]

GORB. O cruel Fates! O mindful wrath  
of goddes!

Whose vengeance neither Simois stayned  
strcames

Flowing with bloud of Troian princes  
slaine,

Nor Phrygian fieldes made ranck with  
corpses dead

Of Asian kynges and lordes, can yet ap-  
pease! 5

Ne slaughter of vnhappie Pryams race,  
Nor Ilions fall made leuell with the soile,

Can yet suffice! but still-continued rage  
Pursues our lynes, and from the farthest

seas 9  
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troye.

"Oh, no man happie till his ende be seene."  
If any flowing wealth and seemyng ioye

In present yeres might make a happy  
wight,

Happie was Hecuba, the wofullest wretch  
That euer lyued to make a myrrour of; 15

And happie Pryam with his noble sonnes;  
And happie I, till now, alas, I see

And feele my most vnhappye wretched-  
nesse!

Beholde, my lordes! read ye this letter  
here!

Loe, it contains the ruine of our realme, 20  
If timelie speede prouide not hastie helpe.

Yet, O ye goddes, if euer wofull kyng

<sup>1</sup> B. murderer.

Might moue ye, kings of kinges, wreke it on  
me

And on my sonnes, not on this gilltesse  
realme!

Send down your wasting flames from  
wrathful skies 25

Te reue me and my sonnes the hatefull  
breath!

Read, read, my lordes! This is the matter  
why

I called ye nowe to haue your good aduysse.

*The letter from Dordan, the Counsellour of  
the elder prince.*

*Eubulus readeth the letter:*

"My Soueraigne Lord: what I am loth to  
write,

But lothest am to see, that I am forced 30  
By letters nowe to make you vnderstande.

My lord Ferrex, your eldest sonne, mis-  
ledde

By traitorous fraude of yong vntempered  
wittes,

Assembleth force agaynst your yonger  
sonne;

Ne can my counsell yet withdrawe the  
heate 35

And furyous panges of hys enflamed head.  
Disdaine, sayth he, of his disheritance

Armes him to wreke the great pretended  
wrong

With ciuyl sword vpon his brothers life.  
If present helpe do not restraine this

rage, 40  
This flame will wast your sonnes, your  
land, and you.

*Your Maiesties faithfull and most  
humble subiect,*

DORDAN."

AROS. O king, appease your grieve and  
stay your plaint!

Great is the matter, and a wofull case;  
But timely knowledge may bring timely

helpe.  
Sende for them both vnto your presence

here: 45  
The reuerence of your honour, age and state,

Your graue aduice, the awe of fathers  
name,

Shall quicklie knit agayne this broken  
peace.

And if in either of my lordes your sonnes  
Be suche vntamed and vnyelding pride 50  
As will not bende vnto your noble hestes, —  
If Ferrex, the elder sonne, can beare no  
peere,

Or Porrex, not content, aspires to more  
Than you him gaue about his natiue  
right, —

Ioyne with the iuster side. So shall you  
force 55

Them to agree, and holde the lande in stay.

EUB. What meaneth this? Loe, yonder  
comes in hast

Philander from my lord your yonger sonne.

*[Enter Philander, the Counsellor of the  
younger prince.]*

GORB. The goddes sende ioyfull newes!

PHIL. The mightie Ioue  
Preserue your Maiestie, O noble king! 60  
GORB. Philander, welcome! But how  
doth my sonne?

PHIL. Your sonne, sir, lyues, and healthie  
I him left.

But yet, O king, the want of lustfull health  
Could not be halfe so grieffull to your  
Grace

As these most wretched tidynge that I  
bryng. 65

GORB. O heauens, yet more? no <sup>1</sup> ende of  
woes to me?

PHIL. Tyndar, O king, came lately from  
the court

Of Ferrex to my lord your yonger sonne,  
And made reporte of great prepared store  
For warre, and sayth that it is wholly  
ment 70

Agaynst Porrex, for high disdayne that he  
Lyues now a king, and egall in degree  
With him that claimeth to succede the  
whole

As by due title of discending right.

Porrex is nowe so set on flaming fire, 75  
Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrath,  
Partely with hope to gaine a realme  
thereby,

That he in hast preparereth to inuade  
His brothers land, and with vnkindely  
warre

Threatens the murder of your elder  
sonne; 80

<sup>1</sup> The reading of A., B. has not.

Ne could I him perswade that first he  
should

Send to his brother to demaunde the cause,  
Nor yet to you to staie this hatefull  
strife.

Wherefore, sithe there no more I can be  
hearde,

I come my-selfe now to enforme your  
Grace, 85

And to besече you, as you loue the life  
And safetie of your children and your  
realme,

Now to employ your wisdom and your  
force

To stay this mischief ere it be to late.

GORB. Are they in armes? Would he not  
sende to me? 90

Is this the honour of a fathers name?

In vaine we trauaile to asswage their  
mindes,

As if their hartes, whome neither brothers  
loue,

Nor fathers awe, nor kingdomes cares, can  
moue,

Our counsels could withdraw from raging  
heat. 95

Ioue slay them both and end the cursed  
line!

For, though perhappes feare of such  
mightie force

As I, my lordes, ioyned with your noble  
aides,

Maye yet raise shall represser their present  
heate,

The secret grudge and malice will re-  
mayne. 100

The fire, not quenched, but kept in close  
restraint,

Fedde still within, breakes forth with  
double flame.

Their death and myne must peaze <sup>1</sup> the  
angrie gods.

PHIL. Yelde not, O king, so much to  
weake dispire!

Your sonnes yet lyue, and long, I trust,  
they shall. 105

If Fates had taken you from earthly life  
Before beginning of this ciuyll strife,

Perhaps your sonnes in their vnmaistered  
youth,

Loose from regarde of any lyuing wight,

<sup>1</sup> Appease.



Would runne on headlong with vnbridled  
race 110

To their owne death and ruine of this  
realme;

But, sith the gods — that haue the care for  
kinges,

Of thinges, and times — dispose the order  
so

That in your life this kindled flame breakes  
forth,

While yet your lyfe, your wisdome, and  
your power 115

May stay the growing mischiefe and re-  
presse

The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate,  
It seemes — and so ye ought to deeme  
thereof —

That louyng Ioue hath tempred so the  
time

Of this debate to happen in your dayes 120

That you yet lyuing may the same appeaze  
And adde it to the glory of your latter age,  
And they, your <sup>1</sup>sonnes, may learne to lue  
in peace.

Beware, O king, the greatest harme of  
all —

Lest by your wayfull plaints your has-  
tened death 125

Yelde larger rounge vnto their growing  
rage.

Preserue your life, the onely hope of stay.  
And, if your Highnes herein list to vse  
Wisdome, or force, counsell, or knightly  
aide,

Loe, we, our persons, powers, and lyues,  
are yours. 130

Use us tyll death, O king! We are your  
owne.

EUR. Loe, here the perill that was erst  
foresene,

When you, O king, did first deuide your  
lande

And yelde your present reigne vnto your  
sonnes!

But now, O noble prince, now is no  
time 135

To waile and plaine, and wast your wofull  
life.

Now is the time for present good aduise.  
Sorrow doth darke the iudgement of the  
wytte.

<sup>1</sup> A. B. *our*; C. *your*.

"The hart vnbroken, and the courage free  
"From feble faintnesse of bootlesse de-  
speire, 140

"Doth either ryse to safetic or renowne

"By noble valure of vnuanquisht minde,

"Or yet doth perishe in more happy sort."

Your Grace may send to either of your  
sonnes

Some one both wise and noble person-  
age, 145

Which with good counsell and with  
weightie name

Of father shall present before their eyes

Your hest, your life, your safetic, and their  
owne,

The present mischiefe of their deadly  
strife.

And, in the while, assemble you the  
force 150

Which your commaundement and the  
spedy hast

Of all my lordes here present can prepare.

The terrour of your mightie power shall  
stay

The rage of both, or yet of one at lest.

[Enter Nuntius.]

NUNT. O king, the greatest grieffe that  
euer prince dyd heare, 155

That euer wofull messenger did tell,

That euer wretched lande hath sene before,

I bryng to you! Porrex, your yonger  
sonne,

With soden force inuaded hath the lande

That you to Ferrex did allotte to rule,

And with his owne most bloudy hand he  
hath 161

His brother slaine, and doth possesse his  
realme.

GORB. O Heauens, send down the flames  
of your reuenge!

Destroy, I say, with flash of wrekefull fier

The traitour sonne, and then the wretched  
sire! 165

But let vs go, that yet perhappes I may

Die with reuenge, and peaze the hatefull  
gods. [Exeunt.]

CHORUS.

The lust of kingdome knowes no sacred  
faith,

No rule of reason, no regarde of right,

No kindly loue, no feare of heauens  
wrath;

But with contempt of goddes, and mans  
despite, 4

Through blodie slaughter doth prepare the  
waies

To fatall scepter and accursed reigne!

The sonne so lothes the fathers lingering  
daies,

Ne dreads his hand in brothers blode to  
staine. 8

O wretched prince, ne doest thou yet re-  
corde

The yet fresh murthers done within the  
lande

Of thy forefathers, when the cruell sworde  
Bereft Morgan his life with cosyns  
hand? 12

Thus fatall plagues pursue the giltie race  
Whose murderous hand, imbrued with  
giltlesse blood,

Askes vengeance still before the heauens  
face,

With endlesse mischiefs on the cursed  
broode! 16

The wicked childe thus bringes to wofull  
sire

The mournfull plaintes, to wast his very  
life.

Thus do the cruell flames of ciuyll fier  
Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull  
strife,

And hence doth spring the well from which  
doth flow

The dead black streames of mourning,  
plaints, and woe! 22

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF  
THE DOMME SHEW BEFORE THE  
FOURTH ACT.

First the musick of howboies<sup>1</sup> began to plaie,  
during which there came from vnder the stage, as  
though out of hell, three Furies, Aleto, Megera and  
Ctesiphone, clad in black garmentes sprinkled with  
bloud and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their  
heds spred with serpentes in stead of heare; the one  
bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the  
third a burning firebrand, ech druing before them a  
king and a queene, which, moued by furies, vn-  
naturally had slaine their owne children: the names  
of the kings and queenes were these Tantalus, Me-  
dea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Althea. After that the  
Furies and these had passed about the stage thrise,

<sup>1</sup> A double-reed wind instrument of high pitch.

they departed; and than the musicke ceased. Hereby  
was signified the vnnaturall murders to follow, that  
is to say, Porrex slaine by his owne mother, and of  
King Gorboduc and Queene Viden, killed by their  
owne subiectes.

ACTUS QUARTUS

SCENA PRIMA.

[*King Gorboduc's palace. Enter Queen  
Videna.*]

VID. Why should I lyue, and linger forth  
my time

In longer life to double my distresse?

O me, most wofull wight, whom no mis-  
happe

Long ere this day could haue bereued  
hence! 5

Mought not these handes by fortune or by  
fate

Haue perst this brest, and life with iron  
reft? 5

Or in this palace here, where I so long  
Haue spent my daies, could not that happie  
houre

Once, once haue hapt in which these hugie  
frames

With death by fall might haue oppressed  
me? 10

Or should not this most hard and cruell  
soile,

So oft where I haue prest my wretched  
steps,

Sometime had ruthe of myne accursed life  
To rende in twayne [and]<sup>1</sup> swallow me  
therin? 14

So had my bones possessed now in peace  
Their happie graue within the closed  
grounde,

And greedie wormes had gnawen this  
pyned<sup>2</sup> hart

Without my feeling payne; so should not  
now

This lyuing brest remayne the ruthefull  
tombe

Wherin my hart yelden to death is  
graued, 20

Nor driery thoughts, with panges of pining  
griefe,

My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus.

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in B., supplied from A.

<sup>2</sup> Wasted by suffering.

O my beloued sonne! O my swete childe!  
 My deare Ferrex, my ioye, my lyues de-  
 lyght! 24  
 Is my beloued sonne, is my sweete childe,  
 My deare Ferrex, my ioye, my lyues de-  
 light,  
 Murdered with cruell death? O hatefull  
 wretch!  
 O heynous traitour both to heauen and  
 earth!  
 Thou, Porrex, thou this damned dede hast  
 wrought!  
 Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearely bye the  
 same! 30  
 Traitour to kinne and kinde, to sire and me,  
 To thine owne fleshe, and traitour to thy-  
 selfe,  
 The gods on thee in hell shall wreke their  
 wrath,  
 And here in earth this hand shall take re-  
 uenge  
 On thee, Porrex, thou false and caitife  
 wight! 35  
 If after bloud so eigre<sup>1</sup> were thy thirst,  
 And murderous minde had so possessed  
 thee,  
 If such hard hart of rocke and stonie flint  
 Liued in thy brest that nothing els could  
 like<sup>2</sup>  
 Thy cruell tyrantes thought but death and  
 bloud, 40  
 Wilde sauage beasts, mought not their  
 slaughter serue  
 To fede thy gredie will, and in the midst  
 Of their entrailes to staine thy deadly  
 handes  
 With bloud deserued, and drinke thereof  
 thy fill?  
 Or, if nought els but death and bloud of  
 man 45  
 Mought please thy lust, could none in  
 Brittain land,  
 Whose hart betorne out of his panting  
 brest  
 With thine owne hand, or worke what  
 death thou wouldest,  
 Suffice to make a sacrifice to peaze<sup>3</sup>  
 That deadly minde and murderous thought  
 in thee, 50  
 But he who in the selfesame wombe was  
 wrapped

<sup>1</sup> Sharp.<sup>2</sup> Please.<sup>3</sup> Appease.

Where thou in dismall hower receiuedst  
 life?  
 Or, if nedes, nedes, thy hand must slaugh-  
 ter make,  
 Moughtest thou not haue reached a mor-  
 tall wound,  
 And with thy sword haue pearced this  
 cursed wombe 55  
 That the accursed Porrex brought to  
 light,  
 And guen me a iust reward therefore?  
 So Ferrex yet sweete life mought haue en-  
 ioyed,  
 And to his aged father comfort brought  
 With some yong sonne, in whom they both  
 might liue. 60  
 But whereunto waste I this ruthfull speche  
 To thee that hast thy brothers bloud thus  
 shed?  
 Shall I still thinke that from this wombe  
 thou sprong?  
 That I thee bare? Or take thee for my  
 sonne?  
 No, traitour, no! I thee refuse for  
 mine! 65  
 Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not  
 mine.  
 Neuer, O wretch, this wombe conceiued  
 thee,  
 Nor neuer bode I painfull throwes for  
 thee!  
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my  
 childe,  
 Nor to no wight that sparke of pitie  
 knew. 70  
 Ruthelesse, vnkinde, monster of natures  
 worke,  
 Thou neuer suckt the milke of womans  
 brest,  
 But from thy birth the cruell tigers teates  
 Haue nursed thee! Nor yet of fleshe and  
 bloud  
 Formde is thy hart, but of hard iron  
 wrought; 75  
 And wilde and desert woods bredde thee to  
 life!  
 But canst thou hope to scape my iust re-  
 uenge?  
 Or that these handes will not be wrooke on  
 thee?  
 Doest thou not know that Ferrex mother  
 liues,

That loued him more dearly than her-  
selfe? 80  
And doth she liue, and is not venged on  
thee? [Exit.]

# ACTUS QUARTUS

## SCENA SECUNDA.

[The court of King Gorboduc. Enter King  
Gorboduc attended by his Counsellor  
Arostus.]

GORB. We maruell much wherto this lin-  
gving stay  
Falles out so long. Porrex vnto our court  
By order of our letters is returned,  
And Eubulus receaued from vs by hest  
At his arriuall here to geue him charge 5  
Before our presence straight to make re-  
paire, —  
And yet we haue no worde whereof he  
stayer.

AROS. Lo, where he commes and Eubulus  
with him.

[Enter the King's Secretary, Eubulus, leading  
in Porrex.]

EUB. According to your Highnesse hest to  
me,  
Here haue I Porrex brought, euen in such  
sort 10  
As from his wried horse he did alight,  
For that your Grace did will such hast  
therein.

GORB. We like and praise this speddy will  
in you

To worke the thing that to your charge we  
gaue.

Porrex, if we so farre should swarue from  
kinde 15

And from those boundes which lawe of  
nature sets

As thou hast done by vile and wretched  
deede

In cruell murder of thy brothers life,  
Our present hand could stay no longer  
time,

But straight should bathe this blade in  
bloud of thee 20

As iust reuenge of thy detested crime.  
No, we should not offend the lawe of  
kinde

If now this sworde of ours did slay thee  
here;

For thou hast murdered him whose heinous  
death

Euen natures force doth moue vs to re-  
uenge 25

By bloud againe, and iustice forceth vs  
To measure death for death, thy due de-  
sert.

Yet, sithens thou art our childe, and sith as  
yet

In this hard case what worde thou canst  
alledge

For thy defence by vs hath not bene  
heard, 30

We are content to staye our will for that  
Which iustice biddes vs presently to worke,  
And geue thee leaue to vse thy speche at  
full,

If ought thou haue to lay for thine excuse.  
PORR. Neither, O king, I can or will  
denie 35

But that this hand from Ferrex life hath  
reft, —

Which fact how much my dolefull hart  
doth waile,

Oh would it mought as full appeare to sight  
As inward griefe doth poure it forth to me!

So yet, perhappes, if euer ruthfull hart 40  
Melting in teares within a manly brest  
Through depe repentance of his bloody  
fact,

If euer griefe, if euer wofull man  
Might moue regreite with sorrowe of his  
fault,

I thinke the torment of my mournfull  
case, 45

Knownen to your Grace as I do feeble the  
same,

Would force euen Wrath her-selfe to pitie  
me.

But, as the water troubled with the mudde  
Shewes not the face which els the eye  
should see,

Euen so your irefull minde with stirred  
thought 50

Cannot so perfectly discern my cause.  
But this vnhappy, amongst so many  
happes,<sup>1</sup>

I must content me with — most wretched  
man —

<sup>1</sup> B. heapes.

That to my-selfe I must reserue my woe  
In pining thoughtes of mine accursed  
fact, 55

Since I may not shewe here my smallest  
griefe

Such as it is, and as my brest endures.  
Which I esteeme the greatest miserie  
Of all mischappes that fortune now can  
send:

Not that I rest in hope with plaint and  
teares 60

To purchase life; for to the goddes I clepe <sup>1</sup>  
For true recorde of this my faithfull  
speche:—

Neuer this hart shall haue the thoughtfull  
dread

To die the death that by your Graces dome,  
By iust desert, shall be pronounced to  
me, 65

Nor neuer shall this tongue once spend the  
speche

Pardon to craue, or seeke by sute to liue.  
I meane not this as though I were not  
touchde

With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde  
Life in contempt, but that I know the  
minde 70

Stoupes to no dread, although the fleshe be  
fraile.

And, for my gilt, I yelde the same so great  
As in my-selfe I finde a feare to sue  
For graunt of life.

GORB. In vaine, O wretch, thou shewest:  
A wofull hart! Ferrex now lies in graue, 75  
Slaine by thy hand.

PORR. Yet this, O father, heare;  
And then I end. Your Maiestie well  
knowes

That when my brother Ferrex and my-selfe  
By your owne hest were ioyned in gouer-  
nance

Of this your Graces realme of Brittain  
land, 80

I neuer sought nor trauailed for the same,  
Nor by my-selfe, nor by no frend I wrought,  
But from your Highnesse will alone it  
sprong,

Of your most gracious goodnesse bent to  
me.

But how my brothers hart euen then re-  
pined 85

With swollen disdaine against mine egall  
rule,

Seing that realme, which by discent should  
grow

Wholly to him, allotted halfe to me,  
Euen in your Highnesse court he now re-  
maines,

(And with my brother then in nearest  
place), 90

Who can recorde what prooffe thereof was  
shewde,

And how my brothers enuious hart ap-  
pearde.

Yet I, that iudged it my part to seeke  
His fauour and good will, and loth to make  
Your Highnesse know the thing which  
should haue brought 95

Grief to your Grace, and your offence to  
him,

Hoping my earnest sute should soone haue  
wonne

A louing hart within a brothers brest,  
Wrought in that sort that for a pledge of  
loue

And faithfull hart he gaue to me his hand.  
This made me thinke that he had banisht  
quite 101

All rancour from his thought, and bare to  
me

Such hartie loue as I did owe to him.

But, after once we left your Graces court,  
And from your Highness presence liued  
apart, 105

This egall rule still, still, did grudge him so,  
That now those enuious sparkes which erst  
lay raked

In liuing cinders of dissembling brest  
Kindled so farre within his hart disdaine  
That longer could he not refraine from  
prooffe 110

Of secrete practise to depriue me life  
By poysons force; and had bereft me so,  
If mine owne seruant, hired to this fact,  
And moued by trouth with hate to worke  
the same,

In time had not bewrayed it vnto me. 115  
Whan thus I sawe the knot of loue vn-  
knitte,

All honest league and faithfull promise  
broke,<sup>1</sup>

The law of kinde and trouth thus rent in  
twaine,

<sup>1</sup> Cry, appeal.

His hart on mischiefe set, and in his brest  
 Blacke treason hid, then, then did I de-  
 speire 120  
 That euer time could winne him frend to  
 me!  
 Then saw I how he smiled with slaying  
 knife  
 Wrapped vnder cloke! Then saw I depe  
 deceite  
 Lurke in his face and death prepared for  
 me!  
 Euen nature moued me than to holde my  
 life 125  
 More deare to me than his, and bad this  
 hand, —  
 Since by his life my death must nedes en-  
 sue,  
 And by his death my life to be pre-  
 serued, —  
 To shed his bloud, and seeke my safetie so;  
 And wisdome willed me without pro-  
 tract 130  
 In spedie wise to put the same in vre.  
 Thus haue I tolde the cause that moued me  
 To worke my brothers death. And so I  
 yeld  
 My life, my death, to iudgement of your  
 Grace.  
 GORB. Oh cruell wight! should any cause  
 preuaile 135  
 To make thee staine thy hands with  
 brothers bloud?  
 But what of thee we will resolue to doe  
 Shall yet remaine vnknownen. Thou in the  
 meane  
 Shalt from our royall presence banisht be  
 Untill our princely pleasure further shall  
 To thee be shewed. Depart therefore our  
 sight, 141  
 Accursed childe!

[Exit Porrez.]

What cruell destenie,  
 What froward fate hath sorted vs this  
 chaunce,  
 That euen in those where we should com-  
 fort find,  
 Where our delight now in our aged  
 dayes 145  
 S[h]ould rest and be, euen there our onely  
 grieve  
 And depest sorrowes to abridge our life,

Most pyning cares and deadly thoughts do  
 grow?  
 AROS. Your Grace should now in these  
 graue yerres of yours  
 Haue found ere this the price of mortall  
 ioyes, 150  
 How short they be, how fading here in  
 earth,  
 How full of chaunge, how brittle our estate,  
 Of nothing sure saue onely of the death,  
 To whom both man and all the world doth  
 owe  
 Their end & last. Neither should natures  
 power 155  
 In other sort against your hart preuaile  
 Than as the naked hand whose stroke as-  
 sayes  
 The armed brest, where force doth light in  
 vaine.  
 GORB. Many can yelde right sage and  
 graue aduise  
 Of pacient sprite to others wrapped in  
 woe, 160  
 And can in speche both rule and conquere  
 kinde,  
 Who, if by prooffe they might feele natures  
 force,  
 Would shew them-selues men, as they are  
 in-dede,  
 Which now wii nedes be gods. But what  
 doth meane  
 The sory chere of her that here doth  
 come? 165

[Enter Marcella, a lady of the Queen's privy-  
 chamber.]

MARC. Oh where is ruth? or where is pitie  
 now?  
 Whether is gentle hart and mercy fled?  
 Are they exiled out of our stony brestes  
 Neuer to make returne? Is all the world  
 Drowned in bloud and soncke in cru-  
 eltie? 170  
 If not in women mercy may be found,  
 If not, alas! within the mothers brest  
 To her owne childe, to her owne fleshe and  
 bloud,  
 If ruth be banished thence, if pitie there  
 May haue no place, if there no gentle  
 hart 175  
 Do liue and dwell, where should we seeke it  
 then?

GORB. Madame, alas, what meanes your wofull tale?

MARC. O sillie woman I, why to this houre Haue Kinde and Fortune thus deferred my breath

That I should liue to see this dolefull day? 180

Will euer wight beleue that such hard hart Could rest within the cruell mothers brest With her owne hand to slay her onely sonne?

But out! alas! these eyes behelde the same! They saw the driery sight, and are become 185

Most ruthfull recordes of the bloudy fact! Porrex, alas, is by his mother slaine, And with her hand — a wofull thing to tell! —

While slumbring on his carefull bed he restes,

His hart, stabde in with knife, is reft of life! 190

GORB. O Eubulus! oh draw this sword of ours

And pearce this hart with speed! O hatefull light!

O lothsome life! O sweete and welcome death!

Deare Eubulus, worke this, we thee besech.

EUB. Pacient your Grace. Perhappes he liueth yet, 195

With wound receaued, but not of certaine death.

GORB. O let us then repayre vnto the place,

And see if Porrex liue, or thus be slaine.

[*Exeunt Gorboduc and Eubulus.*]

MARC. Alas, he liueth not! It is to true That, with these eyes, of him, a perelasse prince, 200

Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth, Euen with a twinke a senselesse stocke I saw.

AROS. O damned deede!

MARC. But heare hys ruthfull end! The noble prince, pearst with the sodeine wound,

Out of his wretched slumber hastely start, 205

Whose strength now fayling, straight he ouerthrew, —

When in the fall his eyes, euen new vn-closed,

Behelde the queene, and cryed to her for helpe.

We then, alas! the ladies which that time Did there attend, seing that heynous deede, 210

And hearing him oft call the wretched name

Of mother, and to crye to her for aide Whose direfull hand gaue him the mortall wound,

Pitying, alas! — for nought els could we do, —

His ruthefull end, ranne to the wofull bedde, 215

Dispoyle straight his brest, and, all we might,

Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hand The sodeine streames of bloud that flushed fast

Out of the gaping wound. O what a looke, O what a ruthefull stedfast eye, me thought, 220

He fixt vpon my face, which to my death Will neuer part fro me, when with a braide A deepe-fet sigh he gaue, and therewithall Claspings his handes, to heauen he cast his sight!

And straight — pale death pressing within his face — 225

The flying ghost his mortall corpes for-sooke.

AROS. Neuer did age bring forth so vile a fact!

MARC. O hard and cruell happe, that thus assigned

Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end! But most hard, cruell hart, that could consent 230

To lend the hatefull destenies that hand By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought!

O queene of adamant, O marble brest, If not the fauour of his comely face, If not his princely chere and countenance, 235

His valiant actiue armes, his manly brest, If not his faire and seemely personage, His noble limmes in such proportion cast As would have wrapt a sillie womans thought,

If this mought not haue moued thy bloudy  
hart 240

And that most cruell hand the wretched  
weapon

Euen to let fall, and kiste him in the face,  
With teares for ruthe to reauue such one by  
death, —

Should nature yet consent to slay her  
sonne?

O mother, thou to murder thus thy  
childe! 245

Euen Ioue with iustice must with lightning  
flames

From heauen send downe some strange re-  
uenge on thee.

Ah, noble prince, how oft haue I behelde  
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traump-  
ling stede, 249

Shining in armour bright before the tilt,  
And with thy mistresse sleue tied on thy  
helme,

And charge thy staffe to please thy ladies  
eye,

That bowed the head-peece of thy frendly  
foe!

How oft in armes on horse to bend the  
mace!

How oft in armes on foote to breake the  
sword! 255

Which neuer now these eyes may see againe.  
AROS. Madame, alas, in vaine these

plaints are shed!

Rather with me depart, and helpe to swage  
The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged  
king

Must needes by nature growe, by death of  
this 260

His onely sonne, whom he did holde so  
deare.

MARC. What wight is that which saw that  
I did see,

And could refraine to waile with plaint and  
teares?

Not I, alas! That hart is not in me.

But let vs goe, for I am greued anew 265

To call to minde the wretched fathers woe.

[Exeunt.]

CHORUS.

Whan greedy lust in royall seate to reigne  
Hath reft all care of goddes and eke of  
men,

And cruell hart, wrath, treason, and dis-  
daine

Within ambitious brest are lodged, then  
Beholde how mischiefe wide her-selfe dis-  
plays,

And with the brothers hand the brother  
slayes. 6

When blood thus shed doth staine the  
heauens face,

Crying to Ioue for vengeance of the  
deede,

The mightie God euen moueth from his  
place,

With wrath to wreke. Then sendes he  
forth with spede

The dreadfull Furies, daughters of the  
night,

With serpentines girt, carying the whip of  
ire,

With heare of stinging snakes, and shining  
bright

With flames and blood, and with a brand  
of fire.

These, for reuenge of wretched murder done,  
Do make the mother kill her onely sonne. 16

Blood asketh blood, and death must death  
requite:

Ioue by his iust and euerlasting dome  
Iustly hath euer so requited it.

The times before recorde, and times to  
come

Shall finde it true, and so doth present  
prooffe

Present before our eyes for our behoofe. 22

O happy wight that suffres not the snare  
Of murderous minde to tangle him in  
blood!

And happy he that can in time beware  
By others harmes, and turne it to his  
good!

But wo to him that, fearing not to offend,  
Doth serue his lust, and will not see the  
end. 28

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE  
DOMME SHEW BEFORE THE FIFTH ACT.

First the drommes and flutes began to sound, dur-  
ing which there came forth vpon the stage a company  
of hargabusiers and of armed men all in order of



bataille. These, after their peeces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed; and then the drommes and fluits did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, armes and ciuill warres to follow: as fell in the realme of Great Brittain, which by the space of fiftie yeares and more continued in ciuill warre betwene the nobilitie after the death of King Gorboduc and of his issues, for want of certayne limitation in succession of the crowne, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchie.

## ACTUS QUINTUS

### SCENA PRIMA.

[*The court of King Gorboduc. Enter Clotyn. Duke of Cornwall, Mandud, Duke of Loegrís, Gwenard, Duke of Cumberland, Fergus, Duke of Albany, and Eubulus, the King's Secretary.*]

CLO. Did euer age bring forth such tirants hartes?

The brother hath bereft the brothers life;  
The mother she hath died her cruell handes  
In bloud of her owne sonne; and now at last

The people, loe! forgetting trouth and loue, 5

Contemning quite both law and loyall hart,

Euen they haue slaine their soueraigne lord and queene.

MAND. Shall this their traitorous crime vnpunished rest?

Euen yet they cease not, caryed on with rage, 9

In their rebellious routes to threaten still  
A new bloud-shed vnto the princes kinne,  
To slay them all, and to vproote the race  
Both of the king and queene: so are they moued

With Porrex death, wherin they falsely charge

The gilllesse king, without desert at all, 15  
And traitorously haue murdered him therefore,

And eke the queene.

GWEN. Shall subiectes dare with force  
To worke reuenge vpon their princes fact? 1

Admit the worst that may (as sure in this  
The deede was fowle, the queene to slay her sonne), 20

<sup>1</sup> Deed.

Shall yet the subiect seeke to take the sworde,

Arise agaynst his lord, and slay his king?  
O wretched state, where those rebellious hartes

Are not rent out euen from their liuing breastes,

And with the body throwen vnto the foules 25

As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest!

FERG. There can no punishment be thought to great

For this so greuous cryme. Let spede therefore

Be vsed therin, for it behoueth so.

EUB. Ye all, my lordes, I see, consent in one, 30

And I as one consent with ye in all.

I holde it more than neede with sharpest law

To punish this tumultuous bloody rage;  
For nothing more may shake the common state

Than sufferance of vproares without redresse, 35

Wherby how some kingdomes of mightie power,

After great conquestes made, and flourishing  
In fame and wealth, haue ben to ruine brought,

I pray to Ioue that we may rather wayle  
Such happe in them than witnesse in ourselues. 40

Eke fully with the duke my minde agrees,  
[That no cause serues wherby the subiect maye

Call to acceptom the doyinges of his prince,  
Muche lesse in bloode by sworde to worke reuenge,

No more then maye the hande cut of the heade. 45

In acte nor speache, no, not in secrete thoughte,

The subiect maye rebell against his lorde,  
Or iudge of him that sittes in Ceasars seate,

With grudging minde to <sup>1</sup> damne those he mislikes.] <sup>2</sup>

Though kinges forget to gouerne as they ought, 50

<sup>1</sup> A. do; corr. by Manly.

<sup>2</sup> B. omits lines 42-49.

Yet subiectes must obey as they are  
bounde.

But now, my lordes, before ye farder wade,  
Or spend your speach what sharpe reuenge  
shall fall

By iustice plague on these rebellious  
wightes,

Me thinkes ye rather should first search  
the way 55

By which in time the rage of this vproare  
Mought be repressed and these great tu-  
mults ceased.

Euen yet the life of Brittainne land doth  
hang

In traitours balaunce of vnegall weight.

Thinke not, my lordes, the death of  
Gorboduc, 60

Nor yet Videnaes bloud will cease their  
rage.

Euen our owne lyues, our wiues and chil-  
dren deare,

Our country, dearest of all, in daunger  
standes

Now to be spoiled, now, now, made deso-  
late,

And by our-selues a conquest to ensue. 65

For geue once swey vnto the peoples lustes  
To rush forth on, and stay them not in  
time,

And, as the streame that rowleth downe  
the hyl,

So will they headlong ronne with raging  
thoughtes

From bloud to bloud, from mischief vnto  
moe, 70

To ruine of the realme, them-selues, and all,  
So giddy are the common peoples mindes,

So glad of chaunge, more wauering than  
the sea.

Ye see, my lordes, what strength these rebel-  
les haue,

What hugie nombre is assembled still; 75

For though the traiterous fact for which  
they rose

Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still  
in field;

So that how farre their furies yet will  
stretch

Great cause we haue to drede. That we  
may seeke

By present battaile to repress their  
power, 80

Speede must we vse to leuie force therfore;  
For either they forthwith will mischief  
worke

Or their rebellious roares forthwith will  
cease:

These violent thinges may haue no lasting  
long. 84

Let vs therfore vse this for present helpe:—  
Perswade by gentle speach, and offre grace

With gift of pardon, saue vnto the chiefe,  
And that vpon condicion that forthwith

They yelde the captaines of their enter-  
prise,

To beare such guerdon of their traiterous  
fact 90

As may be both due vengeance to them-  
selues

And holosome terrour to posteritie.

This shall, I thinke, scatter the greatest  
part

That now are holden with desire of home,  
Weriend in field with cold of winters

nights, 95

And some, no doubt, striken with dread of  
law.

Whan this is once proclaimed, it shall make  
The captaines to mistrust the multitude,

Whose safetie biddes them to betray their  
heads,—

And so much more bycause the rascall  
routes 100

In thinges of great and perillous attemptes  
Are neuer trustie to the noble race.

And, while we treate and stand on termes of  
grace,

Weshall both stay their furies rage the while  
And eke gaine time, whose onely helpe

sufficieth 105

Withouten warre to vanquish rebelles  
power.

In the meane while make you in redynes  
Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare.

Horsemen, you know, are not the commons  
strength,

But are the force and store of noble  
men, 110

Wherby the vnchosen and vnarmed sort  
Of skillesse rebelles, whome none other

power  
But nombre makes to be of dreadfull force,  
With sodeyne brunt may quickly be op-  
prest.

And if this gentle meane of proffered  
grace 115

With stubborne hartes cannot so farre  
auayle

As to assuage their desperate courages,  
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made  
As present age and eke posteritie  
May be adrad with horroure of reuenge 120  
That iustly then shall on these rebelles fall.  
This is, my lord[s], the sum of mine aduise.

CLO. Neither this case admittes debate at  
large,

And, though it did, this speach that hath  
ben sayd

Hath well abridged the tale I would haue  
tolde. 125

Fully with Eubulus do I consent  
In all that he hath sayd. And, if the same  
To you, my lordes, may seeme for best ad-  
uise,

I wish that it should streight be put in vre.  
MAND. My lordes, than let vs presently  
depart 130

And follow this that liketh vs so well.

[*Exeunt all but Fergus, Duke of Albany.*]

FERG. If euer time to gaine a kingdome  
here

Were offred man, now it is offred mee.

The realme is reft both of their king and  
queene;

The ofspring of the prince is slaine and  
dead; 135

No issue now remaines, the heire vn-  
knownen;

The people are in armes and mutynies;  
The nobles they are busied how to cease  
These great rebellious tumultes and vp-  
roares;

And Brittainye land, now desert left  
alone 140

Amyd these broyles, vncertayne where to  
rest,

Offers her-selfe vnto that noble hart  
That will, or dare, pursue to beare her  
crowne.

Shall I, that am the Duke of Albany,  
Descended from that line of noble bloud 145  
Which hath so long florished in worthy  
fame

Of valiaunt hartes, such as in noble brestes  
Of right should rest aboute the baser sort,

Refuse to venture life to winne a crowne?  
Whom shall I finde ennies that will with-  
stand 150

My fact herein, if I attempt by armes  
To seeke the same now in these times of  
broyle?

These dukes power can hardly well appease  
The people that already are in armes.

But, if perhappes my force be once in  
field, 155

Is not my strength in power aboute the best  
Of all these lordes now left in Brittainye  
land?

And though they should match me with  
power of men,

Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of battailles  
ioyned.

If victors of the field we may depart, 160  
Ours is the scepter then of Great Brittainye;

If slayne amid the playne this body lye,  
Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,

But that I dyed geuing the noble charge  
To hazarde life for conquest of a crowne.

Forthwith therefore will I in post depart  
To Albany, and raise in armour there

All power I can; and here my secret friendes  
By secret practise shall sollicite still

To seeke to wyenne to me the peoples  
hartes. [*Exit.*] 170

## ACTUS QUINTUS

### SCENA SECUNDA.

[*The court. Enter Eubulus.*]

EVB. O Ioue! how are these peoples  
harts abuse!

What blind fury thus headlong caries them,  
That, though so many bookes, so many  
rolles

Of auncient time recorde what greuouse  
plagues

Light on these rebelles aye, and though so  
oft 5

Their cares haue heard their aged fathers  
tell

What iuste reward these traitours still re-  
ceyue,

Yea, though them-selues haue sene depe  
death and bloud

By strangling cord and slaughter of the  
sword

To such assigned, yet can they not be-  
ware, 10  
Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious  
handes,  
But, suffering, loe, fowle treason to distaine  
Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall  
hart,  
Reiect all truth, and rise against their  
prince  
A ruthefull case, that those, whom duties  
bond, 15  
Whom grafted law by nature, truth, and  
faith  
Bound to preserue their countrey and their  
king,  
Borne to defend their common-wealth and  
prince,  
Euen they should geue consent thus to  
subuert  
Thee, Brittain land, and from thy wombe  
should spring, 20  
O native soile, those that will needs destroy  
And ruine thee, and eke them-selues in  
fine!  
For lo, when once the dukes had offred grace  
Of pardon sweete-the multitude missledded  
By traitorous fraude of their vngracious  
heades, 25  
One sort, that saw the dangerous successe  
Of stubborne standing in rebellious warre  
And knew the difference of princes power  
From headlesse nombre of tumultuous  
routes,  
Whom common countreies care and priuate  
feare 30  
Taught to repent the error of their rage,  
Layde handes vpon the captaines of their  
band  
And brought them bound vnto the mightie  
dukes;  
And other sort, not trusting yet so well  
The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more  
Their owne offence than that they could  
conceiue 36  
Such hope of pardon for so foule misdede,  
Or for that they their captaines could not  
yeld,  
Who, fearing to be yelded, fled before,  
Stale home by silence of the secret night; 40  
The thirde, vnhappy and enraged sort  
Of desperate hartes, who, stained in  
princes bloud,

From trayterous furour could not be with-  
drawn  
By loue, by law, by grace, ne yet by feare,  
By proffered life, ne yet by threatned  
death, 45  
With mindes hopelesse of life, dreadlesse of  
death,  
Carelesse of countrey, and awelesse of God,  
Stoode bent to fight as Furies did them  
moue,  
With violent death to close their traiterous  
life.  
These all by power of horsemen were op-  
prest, 50  
And with reuenging sworde slayne in the  
field,  
Or with the strangling cord hangd on the  
tree,  
Where yet their carryen carcasses do preach  
The fruites that rebelles reape of their vp-  
roares  
And of the murder of their sacred prince. 55  
But loe, where do approche the noble dukes  
By whom these tumults haue ben thus ap-  
peasde.

[Enter Clotyn, Duke of Cornewall, Mandud,  
Duke of Loegris, Gwenard, Duke  
of Cumberland, and the Counsellor,  
Arostus.]

CLO. I thinke the world will now at length  
beware,  
And feare to put on armes agaynst their  
prince!  
MAND. If not, those trayterous hartes  
that dare rebell, 60  
Let them beholde the wide and hugie  
fieldes  
With bloud and bodies spread of rebelles  
slayne,  
The lofty trees clothed with the corpses dead  
That strangled with the corde do hang  
theron!  
AROS. A iust rewarde! such as all times  
before 65  
Haue euer lotted to those wretched folkes.  
GWEN. But what meanes he that com-  
meth here so fast?

[Enter Nuntius.]

NUNT. My lordes, as dutie and my trouth  
doth moue,

And of my countrey worke a care in mee,  
That, if the spending of my breath auailed  
To do the seruice that my hart desires, 71  
I would not shunne to imbrace a present  
death,

So haue I now, in that wherein I thought  
My trauaile mought performe some good  
effect,

Ventred my life to bring these tydings  
here. 75

Fergus, the mightie Duke of Albanye,  
Is now in armes, and lodgeth in the field  
With twentie thousand men. Hether he  
bendes

His speedy marche, and mindes to inuade  
the crowne.

Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreads  
abrode 80

That to this realme no certeine heire re-  
maines,

That Brittain land is left without a guide,  
That he the scepter seekes for nothing els  
But to preserue the people and the land,  
Which now remaine as ship without a  
sterne. 85

Loe, this is that which I haue here to say.

CLO. Is this his fayth? And shall he  
falsely thus

Abuse the vantage of vnhappy times?

O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,  
His cruell and vntempered wilfulnesse, 90  
His deepe dissembling shewes of false pre-  
tence,

Should once attaine the crowne of Brittain  
land!

Let vs, my lordes, with timely force resist  
The new attempt of this our common foe,  
As we would quench the flames of common  
fire. 95

MAND. Though we remaine without a cer-  
tain prince

To weld the realme or guide the wandring  
rule,

Yet now the common mother of vs all,  
Our natie land, our countrey, that con-  
teines

Our wiues, children, kindred, our-selues,  
and all 100

That euer is or may be deare to man,  
Dries vnto vs to helpe our-selues and her.  
Let vs aduaunce our powers to repress  
This growing foe of all our liberties.

GWEN. Yea, let vs so, my lordes, with  
hasty speede. 105

And ye, O goddes, send vs the welcome  
death,

To shed our bloud in field, and leaue us not  
In lothesome life to lenger out our dayes

To see the hugie heapes of these vnhappyes  
That now roll downe vpon the wretched  
land, 110

Where emptie place of princely gouer-  
nance,

No certaine stay now left of doubtlesse  
heire,

Thus leaue this guidelesse realme an open  
pray

To endlesse stormes and waste of ciuill  
warre.

AROS. That ye, my lordes, do so agree in  
one 115

To saue your countrey from the violent  
reigne

And wrongfully vsurped tyrannie

Of him that threatens conquest of you all,  
To saue your realme, and in this realme

your-selues,  
From forreine thraldome of so proud a  
prince, 120

Much do I prayse; and I besech the goddes  
With happy honour to requite it you.

But, O my lordes, sith now the heauens  
wrath

Hath reft this land the issue of their prince,  
Sith of the body of our late soueraigne

lorde 125

Remaines no moe since the yong kinges be  
slaine,

And of the title of discended crowne

Uncertainly the diuerse mindes do thinke  
Euen of the learned sort, and more vncer-  
tainly 129

Will parciall fancie and affection decreae, —

But most vnertainly will climbing pride  
And hope of reigne withdraw to sundry

partes

The doubtfull right and hopefull lust to  
reigne, —

When once this noble seruice is atchieued  
For Brittain land, the mother of ye all,

When once ye haue with armed force re-  
prest 136

The proude attemptes of this Albanian  
prince

That threatens thraldome to your natieue  
land,  
When ye shall vanquishers returne from  
field 139  
And finde the princely state an open pray  
To gredie lust and to vsurping power,  
Then, then, my lordes, if euer kindly care  
Of auncient honour of your auncesters,  
Of present wealth and noblesse of your  
stockes, 144  
Yea, of the liues and safetie yet to come  
Of your deare wiues, your children, and  
your-selues,  
Might moue your noble hartes with gentle  
ruth,  
Then, then haue pitie on the torne estate,  
Then helpe to salue the welncare hopelesse  
sore!  
Which ye shall do, if ye your-selues with-  
holde 150  
The slaying knife from your owne mothers  
throat.  
Her shall you saue, and you and yours in  
her,  
If ye shall all with one assent forbear  
Once to lay hand or take vnto your-selues  
The crowne by colour<sup>1</sup> of pretended right  
Or by what other meanes so-euer it be, 156  
Till first by common counsell of you all  
In Parliament the regall diademe  
Be set in certaine place of gouernaunce.  
In which your Parliament, and in your  
choise, 160  
Preferre the right, my lordes, with[out] re-  
spect  
Of strength, or frendes, or what-soeuer  
cause  
That may set forward any others part;  
For right will last, and wrong cannot en-  
dure.  
Right meane I his or hers vpon whose  
name 165  
The people rest by meane of natieue line  
Or by the vertue of some former lawe,  
Already made their title to aduaunce.  
Such one, my lordes, let be your chosen  
king,  
Such one, so borne within your natieue  
land, 170  
Such one preferre. And in no wise ad-  
mitte

The heauie yoke of forreine gouernaunce!  
Let forreine titles yelde to publike wealth;  
And with that hart wherewith ye now pre-  
pare  
Thus to withstand the proude inuading  
foe, 175  
With that same hart, my lordes, keepe out  
also  
Unnaturall thraldome of strangers reigne,  
Ne suffer you against the rules of kinde  
Your mother land to serue a forreine prince.  
Eub. Loe here the end of Brutus royall  
line! 180  
And loe the entry to the wofull wracke  
And vtter ruine of this noble realme!  
The royall king and eke his sonnes are  
slaine,  
No ruler restes within the regall seate,  
The heire, to whom the scepter longes, vn-  
knowne; 185  
That to eche force of forreine princes power  
Whom vauntage of our wretched state may  
moue  
By sodeine armes to gaine so riche a  
realme,  
And to the proud and gredie minde at  
home  
Whom blinded lust to reigne leades to  
aspire, 190  
Loe, Brittain realme is left an open pray,  
A present spoyle by conquest to ensue!  
Who seeth not now how many rising  
mindes  
Do feede their thoughts with hope to reach  
a realme?  
And who will not by force attempt to  
winne 195  
So great a gaine, that hope perswades to  
haue?  
A simple colour shall for title serue.  
Who winnes the royall crowne will want no  
right,  
Nor such as shall display by long discent  
A lineall race to proue him lawfull king.  
In the meane-while these ciuil armes shall  
rage; 201  
And thus a thousand mischiefes shall vn-  
folde,  
And farre and neare spread thee, O Brit-  
taine Land!  
All right and lawe shall cease; and he that  
had

<sup>1</sup> Excuse, pretence.

Nothing to-day, to-morrowe shall en-  
ioye 205

Great heapes of golde, and he that flowed  
in wealth,

Loe, he shall be bereft of life and all;  
And happiest he that then possesseth least.  
The wiues shall suffer rape, the maides de-  
floured;

And children fatherlesse shall weepe and  
waile; 210

With fire and sworde thy natiue folke shall  
perishe;

One kinsman shall bereaue an-others life;  
The father shall vnwitting slay the sonne;  
The sonne shall slay the sire, and know it  
not;

Women and maides the cruell souldiers  
sword 215

Shall perse to death; and sillie children,  
loe,

That playing<sup>1</sup> in the streetes and fieldes  
are found,

By violent hand shall close their latter  
day!

Whom shall the fierce and bloudy souldier  
Reserue to life? Whom shall he spare  
from death? 220

Euen thou, O wretched mother, halfe aliuie,  
Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely  
childe

Slaine with the sworde while he yet suckes  
thy brest.

Loe, giltlesse bloud shall thus eche-where  
be shed!

Thus shall the wasted soile yelde forth no  
fruite, 225

But dearth and famine shall possesse the  
land!

The townes shall be consumed and burnt  
with fire,

The peopled cities shall waxe desolate;  
And thou, O Brittainie, whilome in re-  
nowme,

Whilome in wealth and fame, shalt thus be  
torne, 230

Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in  
twaine,

Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and de-  
stroyed!

These be the fruites your ciuil warres will  
bring.

<sup>1</sup> B. *play*; A. *playing*.

Hereto it commes when kinges will not con-  
sent

To graue aduise, but followe wilfull  
will. 235

This is the end when in fonde princes  
hartes

Flattery preuailles, and sage rede hath no  
place.

These are the plagies when murder is the  
meane

To make new heires vnto the royall crowne.  
Thus wreke the gods when that the moth-  
ers wrath 240

Nought but the bloud of her owne childe  
may swage.

These mischiefes spring when rebells will  
arise

To worke reuenge and iudge their princes  
fact.

This, this ensues when noble-men do faile  
In loyall trouth, and subiectes will be  
kinges. 245

And this doth growe when, loe, vnto the  
prince

Whom death or sodeine happe of life be-  
reaues

No certaine heire remains — such certaine  
heire

As not all-onely is the rightfull heire  
But to the realme is so made knowen to  
be, 250

And trouth therby vested in subiectes  
hartes

To owe fayth there where right is knowen  
to rest.

Alas! in Parliament what hope can be,  
When is of Parliament no hope at all,  
Which, though it be assembled by con-  
sent, 255

Yet is not likely with consent to end?  
While eche one for him-selfe, or for his  
frend,

Against his foe shall trauaile what he may,  
While now the state, left open to the man  
That shall with greatest force inuade the  
same, 260

Shall fill ambitious mindes with gaping  
hope,

When will they once with yelding hartes  
agree?

Or, in the while, how shall the realme be  
vsed?

No, no; then Parliament should haue bene  
holden,  
And certeine heires appointed to the  
crowne, 265  
To stay the title of established right,  
And in the people plant obedience  
While yet the prince did liue, whose name  
and power  
By lawfull sommons and authoritie 269  
Might make a Parliament to be of force,  
And might haue set the state in quiet stay.

But now, O happie man whom spedie death  
Depriues of life, ne is enforced to see  
These hugie mischiefes, and these miseries,  
These ciuil warres, these murders, and  
these wronges 275  
Of iustice. Yet must God in fine restore  
This noble crowne vnto the lawfull heire;  
For right will alwayes liue and rise at  
length,  
But wrong can neuer take deepe roote, to  
last.

[THE END.]



SVPPPOSES<sup>1</sup>A COMEDIE WRITTEN IN THE ITALIAN TONGUE  
BY ARIOSTOENGLISHED BY GEORGE GASCOYNE, OF GRAYES INNE, ESQUIRE,  
AND THERE PRESENTED. 1566

## THE NAMES OF THE ACTORS

BALIA, the Nurse.  
 POLYNESTA, the yong woman.  
 CLEANDER, the Doctor,<sup>2</sup> suter to Polynesta.  
 FASYPHILO, the Parasite.  
 CARION, the Doctors man.  
 DVLYPO, fayned seruant, and louer of Polynesta.  
 EROSTRATO, fayned master, and suter to Polynesta.  
 DALIO & } seruantes to fayned Erostrato.  
 CRAPYNO }  
 SCENÆSE, a gentleman stranger.  
 PAQUETTO & } his seruantes.  
 PETRUCIO }  
 DAMON, father to Polinesta.  
 NEUOLA, and two other his seruants.  
 PSYTERIA, an olde hag in his house.  
 PHYLOGANO, a Scycilian gentleman, father to Erostrato.  
 LYTIO, his seruant.  
 FERRARESE, an inkeeper of Ferrara.

The comedie presented as it were in *Ferrara*.

<sup>1</sup> As the author states, this play is mainly a translation from the Italian of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*, and was presented by the young gentlemen of Grays Inn, 1566. I have based the text on R. W. Bond's exact reprint (in *Early Plays from the Italian*, 1911) of the second quarto, 1575, "corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour." I have modernized the punctuation and capitals, have added in brackets stage-directions, and have slightly expanded the abbreviated forms of the speakers' names from the usual two letters (as *Da.* for *Dalio*, expanded to *Dal*, *Da.* for *Damon*, expanded to *Dam.*). I have also omitted the marginal glosses in which the author called attention to the "supposes", these usually take the form "Another suppose," sometimes varied as "A stout suppose," "A pleasant suppose." They are of little importance, and could not conveniently be reproduced in the present edition.

<sup>2</sup> One skilled in law; here, a barrister.

THE PROLOGUE OR ARGUMENT

I suppose you are assembled here supposing to reape the fruite of my trauayles;<sup>1</sup> and, to be playne, I meane presently to presente you with a comedie called *Supposes*, the verye name wherof may peraduenture driue into euery of your heades a sundry suppose to suppose the meaning of our *Supposes*. Some, percase,<sup>2</sup> will suppose we meane to occupie your eares with sophisticall handling of subtill suppositions; some other wil [5 suppose we go about to discipher vnto you some quaint conceiptes, which hitherto haue bene onely supposed, as it were, in shadowes;<sup>3</sup> and some I see smyling as though they supposed we would trouble you with the vaine suppose of some wanton suppose.<sup>4</sup> But, vnderstand, this our *Suppose* is nothing else but a mystaking, or imagination of one thing for an other. For you shall see the master supposed for the seruant, the seruant for [10 the master; the freeman for a slaue, and the bondslaue for a freeman; the stranger for a well known friend, and the familiar for a stranger. But what? I suppose that euen already you suppose me very fonde that haue so simply disclosed vnto you the subtilties of these our *Supposes*; where, otherwise, in-deede, I suppose you shoulde haue heard almoste the laste of our *Supposes* before you could haue supposed anye of them [15 arighte. Let this then suffice.

<sup>1</sup> Labors.

<sup>2</sup> Perchance.

<sup>3</sup> Pictures, as the *imprese*.

<sup>4</sup> Prostitute.

ACTUS PRIMUS

SCENA I

[*On one side, the house of Damon; on the other side, the house of the fayned Eros-trato; between, a street painted in perspective, and leading into the town.*]

[*Enter*] *Balia, the Nurse, [calling in] Polynesta, the yong woman.*

[*BALIA.*] Here is nobody. Come foorth, Polynesta. [*Enter Polynesta.*] Let vs looke about, to be sure least any man heare our talke; for I thinke within the house the tables, the planks, the beds, the por- [5 tals,<sup>1</sup> yea and the cupbords them-selues haue cares.

POLY. You might as well haue sayde, the windowes and the doores: do you not see howe they harken? 10

BAL. Well, you iest faire; but I would aduise you take heede! I haue bidden you a thousande times beware. You will be spied one day talking with Dulippo.

POLY. And why should I not talke [15 with Dulippo as well as with any other, I pray you?

BAL. I haue giuen you a wherefore for this why many times. But go too! followe

<sup>1</sup> Recesses.

your owne aduise till you ouerwhelme [20 vs all with soden mishappe.

POLY. A great mishappe, I promise you! Marie, Gods blessing on their heart that sette such a brouche on my cappe.

BAL. Well, looke well about you! [25 A man would thinke it were inough for you secretly to reioyce that by my helpe you haue passed so many pleasant nightes together. And yet, by my trouth, I do it more than halfe agaynst my will, for I [30 would rather you had settled your fansie in some noble familie; yea, and it is no small grieue vnto me that (reiecting the suites of so many nobles and gentlemen) you have chosen for your darling a poore seru- [35 aunt of your fathers, by whome shame and infamie is the best dower you can looke for to attayne.

POLY. And, I pray you, whome may I thanke but gentle Nourse? that contin- [40 ually praying him, what for his personage, his curtesie, and, aboue all, the extreme passions of his minde, — in fine, you would neuer cease till I accepted him, delighted in him, and, at length, desired him with [45 no lesse affection than he carst desired me.

BAL. I can not denie but at the beginning I did recommende him vnto you (as, in-deede, I may say that for my selfe I haue

a pitiful heart) seeing the depth of his [50 vnbridled affection, and that continually he neuer ceased to fill mine eares with lamentable complaynts.

POLY. Nay, rather that he filled your purse with bribes and rewards, [55 Nourse!

BAL. Well, you may iudge of Nourse as you liste. In-deede, I haue thought it alwayes a deede of charitie to helpe the miserable yong men whose tender youth [60 consumeth with the furious flames of loue. But, be you sure, if I had thought you would haue passed to the termes you now stand in, pitie nor pencion, peny nor pater-noster,<sup>1</sup> shoulde euer haue made Nurse [65 once to open hir mouth in the cause.

POLY. No? Of honestie, I pray you, who first brought him into my chamber? Who first taught him the way to my bed, but you? Fie, Nourse, fie! Neuer [70 speake of it for shame! You will make me tell a wise tale anone.

BAL. And haue I these thanks for my good will? Why then, I see wel I shall be counted the cause of all mishappe. [75

POLY. Nay, rather the author of my good happe, gentle Nourse. For I would thou knewest I loue not Dulipo, nor any of so meane estate, but haue bestowed my loue more worthily than thou deemest. [80 But I will say no more at this time.

BAL. Then I am glad you haue changed your minde yet.

POLY. Nay, I neither haue changed, nor will change it. [85

BAL. Then I vnderstande you not. How sayde you?

POLY. Mary, I say that I loue not Dulipo, nor any suche as he; and yet I neither haue changed, nor wil change, my minde. [91

BAL. I can not tell. You loue to lye with Dulipo very well. This geare is Greeke to me: either it hangs not well together, or I am very dull of vnderstanding. Speake plaine, I pray you. [96

POLY. I can speake no plainer; I haue sworne to the contrary.

BAL. Howe! Make you so deintie to tell it Nourse, least she shoulde reucale [100

<sup>1</sup> Penny nor prayer.

it? You haue trusted me as farre as may be (I may shewe to you) in things that touche your honor if they were knowne, and make you strange to tell me this? I am sure it is but a trifle in comparison of those things wherof heretofore you haue made me priuie. [107

POLY. Well, it is of greater importance than you thinke, Nourse; yet would I tell it you — vnder condition and promise [110 that you shall not tell it agayne, nor giue any signe or token to be suspected that you know it.

BAL. I promise you, of my honestie. Say on. [115

POLY. Well, heare you me then. This yong man whome you haue alwayes taken for Dulipo is a noble-borne Sicilian, his right name Erostrato, sonne to Philogano, one of the worthiest men in that [120 countrey.

BAL. How! Erostrato? Is it not our neighbour, whiche —?

POLY. Holde thy talking nourse, and harken to me that I may explaine the [125 whole case vnto thee. The man whome to this day you haue supposed to be Dulipo is, as I say, Erostrato, a gentleman that came from Sicilia to studie in this citie; and euen at his first arriual met me in [130 the street, fel enamored of me; and of suche vehement force were the passions he suffered, that immediatly he cast aside both long gowne and bookes, and determined on me only to apply his study. And to [135 the end he might the more commodiously bothe see me and talke with me, he exchanged both name, habite, clothes, and credite with his seruant Dulipo (whom only he brought with him out of [140 Sicilia); and so, with the turning of a hand, of Erostrato, a gentleman, he became Dulipo, a seruing man; and soone after sought seruice of my father, and obeyned it. [145

BAL. Are you sure of this?

POLY. Yea, out of doubt. On the other side Dulippo tooke vpon him the name of Erostrato his maister, the habite, the credite, bookes, and all things needefull to [150 a studente; and in shorte space profited very muche, and is noweste esteemed as you see.

BAL. Are there no other Sicilians heere, nor none that passe this way, which may discouer them? 155

POLY. Very fewe that passe this way, and fewe or none that tarrie heere any time.

BAL. This hath been a straunge [159 aduventure! But, I pray you, howe hang these thinges together — that the studente, whom you say to be the seruant and not the maister, is become an earnest suter to you, and requireth you of your father [164 in mariage?

POLY. That is a pollicie deuised betweene them to put Doctor Dotipole<sup>1</sup> out of conceite — the olde dotarde! — he that so instantly dothe lye vpon<sup>2</sup> my [169 father for me. But looke where he comes — as God helpe me it is he. Out vpon him! What a luskie<sup>3</sup> yonker<sup>4</sup> is this! Yet I had rather be a noonne a thousande times than be combred with suche a coy- [174 strell.<sup>5</sup>

BAL. Daughter, you haue reason. But let vs go in before he come any neerer.

*Polynesta goeth in, and Balya stayeth a little whyle after, speaking a worde or two to the Doctor, and then departeth.*

## [ACTUS II]

### SCENA II

[Enter] Cleander, [the] Doctor, [attended by] Pasiphilo, [a] Parasile. Balya, [the] Nourse, [stands apart overhearing].

[CLEANDER.] Were these dames heere, or did mine eyes dazil?

PASIPH. Nay, syr, heere were Polynesta and hir nourse.

CLEAN. Was my Polynesta heere? [5 Alas, I knewe hir not!

BAL. He muste haue better eyesight that shoulde marry your Polynesta — or else he may chaunce to ouersee the best poynt in his tables<sup>6</sup> sometimes. 10

[Exit Balia.]

<sup>1</sup> A common name for a blockhead.

<sup>2</sup> So insistently doth urge. <sup>3</sup> Sluggish.

<sup>4</sup> Young man.

<sup>5</sup> Knave.

<sup>6</sup> "I.e. be made a cuckold, metaphor from black-gammon." — Bond.

PASIPH. Syr, it is no maruell; the ayre is very mistie too-day. I my selfe knew hir better by hir apparell than by hir face.

CLEAN. In good fayth, and I thanke God, I haue mine eye sighte goode and [15 perfit, — little worse than when I was but twentie yeres olde.

PASIPH. How can it be otherwise? you are but yong.

CLEAN. I am fiftie yeres olde. 20

PASIPH. [aside]. He telles<sup>1</sup> ten lesse than he is.

CLEAN. What sayst thou of ten lesse?

PASIPH. I say I woulde haue thoughte you tenne lesse; you looke like one of [25 sixe and thirtie, or seuen and thirtie at the moste.

CLEAN. I am no lesse than I tell.

PASIPH. You are like inough too liue fiftie more. Shewe me your hande. 30

CLEAN. Why, is Pasiphilo a chiromancer?<sup>2</sup>

PASIPH. What is not Pasiphilo? I pray you, shewe mee it a little.

CLEAN. Here it is. 35

[Holds out his palm.]

PASIPH. O how straight and infraete<sup>3</sup> is this line of life! You will liue to the yeres of Melchisedech.

CLEAN. Thou wouldest say Methusalem. 40

PASIPH. Why, is it not all one?

CLEAN. I perceiue you are no very good Bibler, Pasiphilo.

PASIPH. Yes sir, an excellent good bibbler, specially in a bottle. Oh what a [45 mounte of Venus here is! But this lighte serueth not very well. I will beholde it an other day, when the ayre is clearer, and tell you somewhat, peraduenture to your contentation. 50

CLEAN. You shal do me great plesure. But tell me, I pray thee, Pasiphilo, whome doste thou thinke Polynesta liketh better, Erostrato or me?

PASIPH. Why you, out of doubt! [55 She is a gentlewoman of a noble minde, and maketh greater accompte of the reputation she shall haue in marrying your worship, than that poore scholar, whose birthe and

<sup>1</sup> Counts.

<sup>2</sup> Palmist.

<sup>3</sup> Unbroken.

parentage God knoweth, and very fewe [60 else.

CLEAN. Yet he taketh it vpon him brauely <sup>1</sup> in this country.

PASIPH. Yea, where no man knoweth the contrarie. But let him braue it, bost [65 his birth, and do what he can, the vertue and knowledge that is within this body of yours is worth more than all the countrey he came from. 69

CLEAN. It becommeth not a man to praise him selfe; but, indeede, I may say, and say truly, that my knowledge hath stooode me in better steade at a pinche than coulede all the goodes in the worlde. I came out of Otranto when the Turkes [75 wonne it, and first I came to Padua, after hither, where by reading,<sup>2</sup> counsailing, and pleading, within twentie yeares I haue gathered and gayned as good as ten thousande ducats. 80

PASIPH. Yea, mary, this is the righte knowledge! Philosophie, Poetrie, Logike, and all the rest, are but pickling <sup>3</sup> sciences in comparison to this.

CLEAN. But pyckling in-deede; [85 whereof we haue a verse:

*The trade of laue doth fill the boystrous <sup>4</sup> bagges;*

*They swimme in silke, when others royst <sup>5</sup> in ragges.*

PASIPH. O excellent verse! Who made it? Virgil? 90

CLEAN. Virgil? Tushe, it is written in one of our gloses.<sup>6</sup>

PASIPH. Sure, who-soeuer wrote it, the morall is excellent, and worthy to be written in letters of golde. But too the [95 purpose: I thinke you shall neuer recouer the wealth that you loste at Otranto.

CLEAN. I thinke I haue dubled it, or rather made it foure times as muche! But, in-deed, I lost mine only sonne there, a [100 childe of fife yeres old.

PASIPH. O great pitie!

CLEAN. Yea, I had rather haue lost al the goods in the worlde.

PASIPH. Alas! alas! by God! And [105

grafts of suche a stocke are very gayson <sup>1</sup> in these dayes.

CLEAN. I know not whether he were slayne, or the Turkes toke him and kept him as a bond slaue. 110

PASIPH. Alas, I could weepe for compassion! But there is no remedy but patience. You shall get many by this yong damsell, with the grace of God.

CLEAN. Yea, if I get hir. 115

PASIPH. Get hir? Why doubt you of that?

CLEAN. Why? Hir father holds me off with delayes, so that I must needes doubt.

PASIPH. Content your selfe, sir: he [121 is a wise man, and desirous to place his daughter well; he will not be too rashe in hys determination; he will thinke well of the matter. And lette him thinke! for the longer he thinketh, the more good of [126 you shall he thinke. Whose welth? whose vertue? whose skill? or whose estimation can he compare to yours in this citie?

CLEAN. And hast thou not tolde him that I would make his daughter a dower of two thou-and ducates? 132

PASIPH. Why, euen now I came but from thence since.

CLEAN. What said he?

PASIPH. Nothing, but that Eros- [136 trato had profered the like.

CLEAN. Erotrato? How can he make any dower, and his father yet alieue?

PASIPH. Thinke you I did not tell him so? Yes, I warrant you, I forgot [141 nothing that may furdur your cause. And doubt you not, Erotrato shal neuer haue hir — vnlesse it be in a dreame.

CLEAN. Well, gentle Pasiphilo, go thy wayes and tell Damon I require noth- [146 ing but his daughter; I wil none of his goods; I shal enrich hir of mine owne; and if this dower of two thousand ducates seem not sufficient, I wil make it fife hundredreth more, yea a thousand, or what [151 so euer he will demaund, rather then faile. Go to Pasiphilo! Shew thy selfe frendly in working this feate for me; spare for no cost! Since I haue gone thus farre, I wilbe loth to be out bidden. Go. 156

<sup>1</sup> Ostentatiously.

<sup>2</sup> Lecturing.

<sup>3</sup> Trifling.

<sup>4</sup> Massive.

<sup>5</sup> Riot.

<sup>6</sup> Commentaries (written, presumably, by Cleander).

<sup>1</sup> Rare.

PASIPH. Where shall I come to you againe?

CLEAN. At my house.

PASIPH. When?

CLEAN. When thou wilt. 161

PASIPH. Shall I come at dinner time?

CLEAN. I would byd thee to dinner, but it is a Saincts cuen, which I haue euer fasted.

PASIPH. [aside]. Faste till thou 166 famishe!

CLEAN. Harke.

PASIPH. [aside]. He speaketh of a dead mans faste.<sup>1</sup>

CLEAN. Thou hearest me not. 171

PASIPH. [aside]. Nor thou vnderstandest me not.

CLEAN. I dare say thou art angrie I byd the not to dinner; but come, if thou wilt; thou shalt take such as thou findest. 176

PASIPH. What! think you I know not where to dine?

CLEAN. Yes, Pasiphilo, thou art not to seeke.<sup>2</sup>

PASIPH. No, be you sure; there are 181 enowe will pray me.

CLEAN. That I knowe well enough, Pasiphilo. But thou canst not be better welcome in any place than to me. I will tarrie for thee. 186

PASIPH. Well, since you will needes, I will come.

CLEAN. Dispatche, then; and bring no newes but good.

PASIPH. [aside]. Better than my 191 iarde, by the rood!

*Cleander exit, Pasiphilo restat.*

## [ACTUS I]

### SCENA IIJ

*Pasiphilo [remains]. Dulipo [enters later].*

[PASIPH.] O miserable, couetous wretch! He findeth an excuse by S. Nicola; fast, bicause I should not dine with him — as though I should dine at his owne dishe! He maketh goodly feasts, I [5 promise you! It is no wonder though hee thinke me bounde vnto him for my fare;

for, ouer and besides that his prouision is as skant as may be, yet there is great difference betweene his diet and mine: I [10 neuer so much as sippe of the wine that he tasteth; I feede at the bordes ende with browne bread — marie, I reach always to his owne dishe, for there are no more but that only on the table. Yet he thinks [15 that for one such dinner I am bound to do him al the seruice that I can, and thinks me sufficiently rewarded for all my trauell with one suche festiuall promotion! And yet, peradueriture, some men thinke I [20 haue great gaines vnder him; but I may say, and sweare, that this dosen yeere I haue not gayned so muche in value as the points<sup>1</sup> at my hose (whiche are but three, with codpeece poynt and al). He [25 thinkes that I may feede vpon his fauour and faire wordes; but if I could not otherwise prouide for one, Pasiphilo were in a wyse case. Pasiphilo hath mo pastures to passe in than one, I warrant you! I [30 am of housholde with this scholer Eros-trato (his riuale), as well as with Domine Cleander: nowe with the one, and then with the other, according as I see their caters<sup>2</sup> prouide good cheere at the [35 market; and I finde the meanes so to handle the matter that I am welcome too bothe. If the one see me talke with the other, I make him beleue it is to harken newes in the furtherance of his cause; [40 and thus I become a broker on bothe sides. Well, lette them bothe apply the matter as well as they can; for, in-deede, I will trauell<sup>3</sup> for none of them bothe, yet will I seeme to worke wonders on eche hande. [45 But is not this one of Damons seruants that commeth forth? It is. Of him I shall vnderstand where his master is. Whither goeth this ioyly gallant?

*[Enter Dulipo from Damon's house.]*

DUL. I come to seeke some body [50 that may accompany my master at dinner; he is alone, and woulde fayne haue good company.

PASIPH. Seeke no further! You coulde neuer haue found one better than me. 55

<sup>1</sup> Which is absolute and eternal.

<sup>2</sup> Deficient (probably with a pun).

<sup>1</sup> Places used to fasten certain parts of the dress.

<sup>2</sup> Caterers.

<sup>3</sup> Labor.

DUL. I haue no commission to bring so many.

PASIPH. How, many? I will come alone.

DUL. How canst thou come alone [60 that hast continually a legion of rauening wolues within thee?

PASIPH. Thou doest (as seruants commonly doe) hate al that loue to visite their maisters. 65

DUL. And why?

PASIPH. Because they haue too many teeth, as you thinke.

DUL. Nay, bicause they haue to many tongues. 70

PASIPH. Tongues? I pray you, what did my tongue euer hurt you?

DUL. I speake but merily with you, Pasiphilo. Goe in; my maister is ready to dine. 75

PASIPH. What! dineth he so earely?

DUL. He that riseth early dineth early.

PASIPH. I would I were his man. Maister Doctor neuer dineth till noone, and how delicately then, God knoweth! I [80 wil be bolde to goe in, for I count my selfe bidden.

DUL. You were best so.

[*Pasiphilo enters Damon's house.*] 1

[DUL.] Hard hap had I when I first began this vnfortunate enterprise! For [85 I supposed the readiest medicine to my mi crable affects 2 had bene to change name, clothes, and credite with my seru- ant, and to place my selfe in Damons seru- ice; thinking that, as sheuering colde [90 by glowing fire, thirst by drinke, hunger by pleasant repasts, and a thousande suche like passions finde remedie by their con- traries, so my restlesse desire might haue founde quiet by continuall contempla- [95 tion. But, alas! I find that only loue is vnstable: for, as the flie playeth with the flame till at last she is cause of hir owne decay, so the louer that thinketh with kissing and colling 3 to content his vnbrided [100 appetite, is commonly seene the only cause of his owne consumption. Two yeeres are nowe past since (vnder the colour 4 of

Damons seruice) I haue bene a sworne seruant to Cupid — of whom I haue [105 receiued as much fauour and grace as euer man founde in his seruice. I haue free lib- ertie at al times to behold my desired, to talke with hir, to embrace hir, yea (be it spoken in secrete) to lie with hir. I [110 reape the fruites of my desire; yet, as my ioyes abounde, euen so my paines increase. I fare like the couetous man, that hauing all the world at will is neuer yet content: the more I haue, the more I desire. [115 Alas! what wretched estate haue I brought my selfe vnto, if in the ende of all my farre fetches she be giuen by hir father to this olde doting doctor, this buzard, this bribing villaine, that by so many meanes seek- [120 eth to obtain hir at hir fathers hands! I know she loueth me best of all others. But what may that preuaile when perforce she shalbe constrained to marie another? Alas! the pleasant tast of my sugred ioyes [125 doth yet remaine so perfect in my remem- brance, that the least soppe of sorow seem- eth more soure than gal in my mouth. If I had neuer knowen delight, with better conten- tation might I haue passed these [130 dreadful dolours. And if this olde *mump- simus* 1 (whom the pockes consume!) should win hir, then may I say, "Farewell the pleasant talke, the kind embracings, yea, farewel the sight of my Poly- [135 nestal!" For he, like a ielouse wretch, will pen hir vp, that I thinke the birdes of the aire shall not winne the sighte of hir. I hoped to haue caste a blocke in his waie by the meanes that my seruant (who is [140 supposed to be Erostrato, and with my habite and credite is wel esteemed) should proffer himself a suter — at the least to counteruaile the doctors proffers. But my maister, knowing the wealth of the [145 one and doubting the state 2 of the other, is determined to be fed no longer with faire wordes, but to accept the doctor (whom he right well knoweth) for his sonne-in-law. Wel, my seruant promised me yester- [150 day to deuise yet againe some newe con- spiracie to driue Maister Doctor out of conceite, and to laye a snare that the foxe him- selfe might be caught in! What it is, I

1 Original has *Pasiphilo intrat.* Dul. *restat.*

2 Desires. 3 Embracing. 4 Pretence.

1 Consumptive.

2 Estate.

knowe not, nor I saw him not since he [155  
went about it. I will goe see if he be  
within, that at least if he helpe me not he  
maye yet prolong my life for this once.  
But here commeth his lackie. Ho, lack  
pack! where is Erostrato? 160

*Here must Crapine be comming in with  
a basket, and a sticke in his hand.*

## [ACTUS I]

### SCENA IIIJ

[Enter] *Crapino, the Lackie, [to] Dulipo.*

[CRAPINO.] Erostrato? mary, he is in  
his skinne.

DUL. Ah, hooreson boy! I say, howe  
shall I finde Erostrato?

CRA. Finde him? howe meane you —  
by the weeke<sup>1</sup> or by the yeere? 6

DUL. You cracke-halter!<sup>2</sup> if I catche  
you by the eares I shall make you answere  
me directly.

CRA. In-deede? 10

DUL. Tarry me a little.

CRA. In faith, sir, I haue no leisure.

DUL. Shall we trie who can runne  
fastest?

CRA. Your legges be longer than [15  
mine; you should haue giuen me the ad-  
uantage.

DUL. Go to! Tell me where is Eros-  
trato?

CRA. I left him in the streete, [20  
where he gauc me this casket (this basket I  
would haue sayde), and bad me beare it to  
Dalio, and returne to him at the Dukes  
Palace.

DUL. If thou see him, tell him I [25  
must needes speake with him immediatly;  
or, abide awhyle; I will go seeke him my  
selfe, rather than be suspected by going to  
his house.

*Crapino departeth, and Dulipo also:  
after Dulipo commeth in agayne  
seeking Erostrato.*

### FINIS ACTUS I.

## ACTUS IJ

### SCENA J

[Enter] *Dulipo [seeking] Erostrato.*

[DULIPO.] I thinke if I had as many  
eyes as Argus I coulde not haue sought a  
man nor narrowly in euery streete and  
euery by-lane! There are not many gentle-  
men, scholars, nor marchauntes in the [5  
citic of Ferara but I haue mette with them,  
excepte him. Peraduenture hee is come  
home an other way. But looke where he  
commeth at the last.

[Enter *Erostrato.*]

EROST. In good time haue I spied [10  
my good maister!

DUL. For the loue of God call me  
"Dulipo," not "master." Maintayne the  
credite that thou haste hitherto kepte, and  
let me alone. 15

EROST. Yet, sir, let me sometimes do  
my duetie vnto you, especially where no  
body heareth.

DUL. Yea, but so long the parat vseth to  
erie knappe<sup>1</sup> in sporte, that at the last [20  
she calleth hir maister knaue in earnest; so  
long you will vse to call me master, that at  
the last we shall be heard. What newes?

EROST. Good!

DUL. In-deede? 25

EROST. Yea, excellent. We haue as  
good as won the wager!

DUL. Oh, how happie were I if this  
were true! 29

EROST. Heare you me. Yesternight in  
the euening I walked out, and founde Pasi-  
philo, and with small entreating I had him  
home to supper; where by suche meanes as  
I vsed he became my great friend, and [34  
tolde me the whole order of our aduersaries  
determination; yea, and what Damon doth  
intende to do also; and hath promised me  
that from time to time, what he can espie  
he will bring me word of it. 39

DUL. I can not tel whether you know  
him or no. He is not to trust vnto — a  
very flattering and a lying knaue.

EROST. I know him very well; he can  
not deceiue me. And this that he hath [44  
told me I know must needes be true.

<sup>1</sup> Rascal.

<sup>1</sup> Punning on the meaning of "find," to board,  
support.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the gallows.



DUL. And what was it in effect?

EROST. That Damon had purposed to giue his daughter in mariage to this doctor vpon the dower that he hath profered. 49

DUL. Are these your good newes? your excellent newes?

EROST. Stay a while; you will vnderstande me before you heare me.

DUL. Well, say on. 54

EROST. I answered to that, I was ready to make hir the lyke dower.

DUL. Well sayde.

EROST. Abide; you heare not the worst yet. 59

DUL. O God, is there any worsse behinde?

EROST. Worsse? why what assurance coulde you suppose that I might make without some speciall consent from Philogano, my father? 65

DUL. Nay, you can tell; you are better scholer than I.

EROST. In-deede, you haue lost your time; for the books that you tosse now a dayes treat of smal sciencel 70

DUL. Leauē thy iesting, and proceede.

EROST. I sayd further, that I receyued letters lately from my father, whereby I vnderstoode that he woulde be heere [74 very shortly to performe all that I had profered; therefore I required him to request Damon, on my behalf, that he would stay his promise to the doctor for a fourt-night or more. 79

DUL. This is somewhat yet; for by this meanes I shal be sure to linger and liue in hope one fourtnight longer. But, at the fourthnights ende when Philogano cometh not, how shall I then do? Yea, [84 and though he came, howe may I any way hope of his consent, when he shall see that to follow this amorous enterprise I haue set aside all studie all remembraunce of my dutie, and all dread of shame. Alas, alas, I may go hang my selfe! 90

EROST. Comforte your selfe, man; and trust in me. There is a salue for euery sore, and doubt you not, to this mischeefe we shall finde a remedie. 94

DUL. O, friend, reuiue me, that hitherto, since I first attempted this matter, haue bene continually dying.

EROST. Well, harken a while then. This morning I tooke my horse and [99 rode into the fieldes to solace my self; and, as I passed the foorde beyonde S. Anthonies gate, I met at the foote of the hill a gentleman riding with two or three men; and, as me thought by his habite and his [104 lookes, he should be none of the wisest. He saluted me, and I him. I asked him from whence he came, and whither he would. He answered that he had come from Venice, then from Padua, nowe [109 was going to Ferrara, and so to his countrey, whiche is Scienna. As soone as I knewe him to be a Scenese,<sup>1</sup> sodenly lifting vp mine eyes (as it were with an admiration), I sayd vnto him, "Are you a [114 Scenese, and come to Ferrara?" "Why not?" sayde he. Quoth I (halfe and more with a trembling voyce), "Know you the daunger that should ensue if you be knowne in Ferrara to be a Scenese?" [119 He, more than halfe amased, desired me earnestly to tell him what I ment.

DUL. I vnderstande not wherto this tendeth.

EROST. I belecue you. But harken to me. 125

DUL. Go too, then.

EROST. I answered him in this sorte: "Gentleman, because I haue heretofore founde very curteous entertaynement [129 in your countrey, beeing a student there, I accompt my self, as it were, bounde to a Scenese; and therefore if I knewe of any mishappe towards any of that countrey, God forbid but I should disclose it. [134 And I maruell that you knewe not of the iniurie that your countreyemen offered this other day to the Embassadors of Counte Hercules."

DUL. What tales he telleth me! What appertayne these to me? 140

EROST. If you will harken a while, you shall finde them no tales, but that they appertayne to you more than you thinke for. 144

DUL. Foorth.

EROST. I tolde him further, these Ambassadors of Counte Hercules had dyuers mules, waggens, and charettes,<sup>2</sup> laden with

<sup>1</sup> Sienese.

<sup>2</sup> Carts.

diuers costly iewels, gorgeous furni- [149  
ture, and other things, which they caried as  
presents (passing that way) to the king of  
Naples; the which were not only stayd  
in Sciene by the officers whom you cal  
customers, but serched, ransacked, [154  
tossed, and turned, and, in the end, exacted  
for tribute, as if they had bene the goods of  
a meane marchaunt.

DUL. Whither the diuell wil he! Is it  
possible that this geare appertaine any [159  
thing to my cause? I finde neither head  
nor foote in it.

EROST. O how impacient you are! I  
pray you, stay a while.

DUL. Go to yet a while, then. 164

EROST. I proceeded, that vpon these  
causes the Duke sent his Chauncelor to de-  
clare the case vnto the Senate there, of  
whome he had the moste vncurtuous an-  
swere that cuer was heard; whervpon [169  
he was so enraged with all of that country,  
that for reuenge he had sworne to spoyle as  
many of them as cuer should come to  
Ferara, and to sende them home in their  
dublet and their hose. 174

DUL. And, I pray thee, how couldest  
thou vpon the sudden deuise or imagine  
suche a lye? and to what purpose?

EROST. You shall heare by and by a  
thing as fitte for our purpose as any could  
haue happened. 180

DUL. I would fayne heare you conclude.

EROST. You would fayne leape ouer the  
stile before you come at the hedge. I  
woulde you had heard me, and seene the  
gestures that I enforced to make him [185  
beleue this!

DUL. I beleue you; for I knowe you  
can counterfet wel. 188

EROST. Further, I sayde, the Duke had  
charged vpon great penalties that the in-  
holders and vitlers shoulde bring worde  
dayly of as many Sceneses as came to their  
houses. The gentleman, beeing (as I [193  
gessed at the first) a man of smal sapientia,  
when he heard these newes, would haue  
turned his horse an other way.

DUL. By likelyhoode he was not very  
wise when hee would beleue that of [198  
his country, which, if it had bene true,  
euery man must needes haue knownen it.

EROST. Why not — when he had not  
beene in his country for a moneth paste,  
and I tolde him this had hapned within  
these seuen dayes? 204

DUL. Belike he was of small experience.

EROST. I thinke of as litle as may be.  
But beste of all for our purpose, and good  
aduenture it was, that I mette with such an  
one. Now harken, I pray you. 209

DUL. Make an ende, I pray thee.

EROST. He, as I say, when he hard  
these words, would haue turned the bridle;  
and I, fayning a countenance as [213  
though I were somewhat pensiue and care-  
full for him, paused a while, and after, with  
a great sighe, saide to him: "Gentleman,  
for the curtesie that (as I said) I haue found  
in your country, and bicause your [218  
affaires shall be the better dispatched, I  
will finde the meanes to lodge you in my  
house, and you shal say to euery man that  
you are a Sicilian of Cathanea, your name  
Philogano, father to me — that am in- [223  
deede of that country and citie — called  
here Erostrato. And I, to pleasure you,  
will, during your abode here, do you reuer-  
ence as you were my father." 227

DUL. Out vpon me! what a grosse hed-  
ded foole am I! Now I perceiue wherto  
this tale tendeth.

EROST. Well, and how like you of it?

DUL. Indifferently.<sup>1</sup> But one thing I  
doubt. 233

EROST. What is that?

DUL. Maric, that when he hath bene  
here two or three dayes, he shal heare  
of euery man that there is no such thing  
betwene the Duke and the towne of  
Sciene.

EROST. As for that let me alone. [240  
I doe entertaine and will entertaine him so  
well, that within these two or three daies I  
will disclose vnto him all the whole matter,  
and doubt not but to bring him in for [244  
performance of as muche as I haue prom-  
ised to Damon. For what hurte can it be  
to him, when he shall binde a strange name  
and not his owne? 248

DUL. What! thinke you he will be en-  
treated to stande bounde for a dower of  
two thousand ducates by the yeere?

<sup>1</sup> To some extent.

EROST. Yea, why not — if it were ten thousande — as long as he is not in-deede the man that is bound? 254

DUL. Well, if it be so, what shall we be the neerer to our purpose?

EROST. Why, when we haue done as muche as we can, how can we doe any more? 259

DUL. And where haue you left him?

EROST. At the inne, bicause of his horses. He and his men shall lie in my house.

DUL. Why brought you him not with you? 265

EROST. I thought better to vse your aduise first.

DUL. Well, goe take him home; make him all the cheere you can; spare for no cost; I will alowe it. 270

EROST. Content. Looke where he commeth.

DUL. Is this he? Goe meete him. By my trouthe, he looks euen lyke a [274 good soule! He that fisheth for him mighte bee sure to catche a cods heade! I will rest here a while to discipher him.

*Erostrato espieth the Scenese and goeth towards him: Dulipo standeth aside.*

## [ACTUS II]

### SCENA IJ

[Enter] *The Scenese [attended by] Paquetto and Petrucio, his seruants. Erostrato [and Dulipo stand aside].*

[SCENESE.] He that trauaileth in this worlde passeth by many perilles.

PAQ. You saye true, sir. If the boate had bene a little more laden this morning at the ferrie wee had bene all drowned; [5 for, I thinke, there are none of vs that could haue swomme.

SCEN. I speake not of that.

PAQ. O, you meane the foule waye that we had since wee came from this Padua. [10 I promise you, I was afraide twice or thrice that your mule would haue lien fast in the mire.

SCEN. Jesu, what a blockehead thou art! I speake of the perill we are in presently since we came into this citie. 16

PAQ. A great peril, I promise you! — that we were no sooner ariued but you founde a frende that brought you from the inne and lodged you in his owne house. 20

SCEN. Yea, marie, God rewarde the gentle yong man that we mette; for else we had bene in a wise case by this time. But haue done with these tales. And take you heede, and you also, sirra, take [25 heede that none of you saie we be Scenese; and remember that you call me Philogano of Cathanea.

PAQ. Sure, I shal neuer remember these outlandish words! I could well remember Haccanea.<sup>1</sup> 31

SCEN. I say, Cathanea, and not Haccanea, with a vengeance!

PAQ. Let another name it, then, when neede is, for I shall neuer remember it. 35

SCEN. Then holde thy peace; and take heede thou name not Scene.<sup>2</sup>

PAQ. Howe say you if I faine my selfe dum, as I did once in the house of Cribolus? 40

SCEN. Doe as thou thinkest best. [*Erostrato advances.*] But looke where commeth the gentleman whom we are so much bounde vnto.

EROST. Welcome, my deare father Philogano. 46

SCEN. Gramercie, my good sonne Erostrato.

EROST. That is well saide. Be mindefull of your tounge, for these Ferarases be as craftie as the deuill of hell. 51

SCEN. No, no; be you sure we will doe as you haue bidden vs!

EROST. For if you should name Scene they would spoile you immediatly, and [55 turne you out of the towne with more shame than I woulde shoulde befall you for a thousande crownes.

SCEN. I warant you, I was giuing them warning as I came to you; and I doubt not but they will take good heede. 61

EROST. Yea, and trust not the seruantes of my housholde to far, for they are Ferarases all, and neuer knew my father, nor came neuer in Sicilia. This is my [65

<sup>1</sup> Possibly a pun on *hackney* (*hakenai*, *hackenaye*), a prostitute.

<sup>2</sup> Siena.

house. Will it please you to goe in? I will follow.

*They goe in. Dulippo tarieth, and espieth the Doctor comming in with his man.*

[ACTUS II]

SCENA IIJ

*Dulippo alone.*

[DULIPPO.] This geare hath had no euill beginning, if it continue so and fall to happy ende. But is not this the silly Doctor with the side bonet — the doting foole — that dare presume to become a suter to [5 such a peerlesse paragone? O how couetousnesse doth blind the common sort of men! Damon, more desirous of the dower than mindfull of his gentle and gallant daughter, hath determined to make [10 him his sonne-in-law, who for his age may be his father-in-law; and hath greater respect to the abundance of goods than to his owne naturall childe. He beareth well in minde to fill his owne purse, but he litle [15 remembreth that his daughters purse shalbe continually emptie — vnlesse Maister Doctour fill it with double ducke egges.<sup>1</sup> Alas, I iest, and haue no ioy! I will stand here aside and laugh a litle at this lobb-cocke. 21

*Dulippo espieth the Doctor and his man comming.*

[ACTUS II]

SCENA IIJ

[Enter] Carion, the doctors man, [attending his master] Cleander. Dulippo [stands aside].

[CARION.] Maister, what the diuel meane you to go seeke guesates at this time of the day? The maiors officers haue dined ere this time, which are alway the last in the market. 5

CLEAN. I come to seeke Pasiphilo, to the ende he may dine with mee.

CAR. As though sixe mouthes, and the

<sup>1</sup> Pun on "duckets," and also with a further and coarse meaning.

cat for the seuenth, bee not sufficient to eate an harlotrie shotterell,<sup>1</sup> a pennie- [10 worth of cheese, and halfe a score spurlings!<sup>2</sup> This is all the dainties you haue dressed for you and your familie.

CLEAN. Ah, greedie gut, art thou afearde thou shalt want? 15

CAR. I am afearde in-deede! It is not the first time I haue founde it so.

DUL. [aside]. Shall I make some sporte with this gallant? What shall I say to him? 20

CLEAN. Thou arte afearde, belike, that he will eate thee and the rest.

CAR. Nay, rather that he will eate your mule, both heare and hyde.

CLEAN. Heare and hyde? and why not flesh and all? 26

CAR. Bicause she hath none. If she had any flesh, I thinke you had eaten hir your selfe by this time.

CLEAN. She may thanke you then, for your good attendance. 31

CAR. Nay she may thanke you for your small allowance.

DUL. [aside]. In faith, now, let me alone. 35

CLEAN. Holde thy peace, drunken knaue; and espie me Pasiphilo.

DUL. [aside]. Since I can doe no better, I will set such a stance<sup>3</sup> betweene him and Pasiphilo that all this towne shall not make them friendes. 41

CAR. Could you not haue sent to seeke him, but you must come your selfe? Surely you come for some other purpose; for if you would haue had Pasiphilo to [45 dinner, I warant you he would haue taried here an houre since.

CLEAN. Holde thy peace. Here is one of Damons seruauents; of him I shall vnderstand where he is. Good fellow, art not thou one of Damons seruauents? 51

DUL. Yes sir, at your knamandement.<sup>4</sup>

CLEAN. Gramercie. Tell me, then, hath Pasiphilo bene there this day or no?

DUL. Yes sir, and I thinke he be there still. Ah, ah, ah! 57

CLEAN. What laughest thou?

<sup>1</sup> Pike.

<sup>2</sup> Distance.

<sup>3</sup> Smelts.

<sup>4</sup> So all the editions; command.

DUL. At a thing—that euery man may not laugh at.

CLEAN. What? 61

DUL. Talke that Pasiphilo had with my master this day.

CLEAN. What talke, I pray thee?

DUL. I may not tell it.

CLEAN. Doth it concerne me? 66

DUL. Nay, I will say nothing.

CLEAN. Tell me.

DUL. I can say no more.

CLEAN. I woulde but knowe if it concerne mee. I pray thee tell mee. 71

DUL. I would tell you, if I were sure you would not tell it againe.

CLEAN. Beleue me, I will kepe it close. Carion, giue vs leaue a litle; goe aside.

[*Carion stands aside.*]

DUL. If my maister shoulde know [76 that it came by me, I were better die a thousand deaths!

CLEAN. He shall neuer know it. Say on.

DUL. Yea, but what assurance shall I haue? 82

CLEAN. I lay thee my faith and honestie in paune.

DUL. A pretie paune! The fulkers<sup>1</sup> will not lend you a farthing on it. 86

CLEAN. Yea, but amongst honest men it is more worth than golde.

DUL. Yea, marie sir, but where be they? But will you needes haue me tell it vnto you? 91

CLEAN. Yea, I pray thee, if it any thing appertaine to me.

DUL. Yes, it is of you. And I would gladly tell it you, because I would not haue sweare neuer to tell it to Pasiphilo, to my maister, nor to any other bodie. 97

CLEAN. I pray thee tell me then.

DUL. I will tell you, so that you will sweare neuer to tell it to Pasiphilo, to my maister, nor to any other bodie. 101

CAR. [*aside*]. Surely it is some toy<sup>2</sup> deuised to get some money of him.

CLEAN. I thinke I haue a booke here.

CAR. [*aside*]. If he knew him as well as I, he woulde neuer goe aboute it, for he [106 may as soone get one of his teeth from his

iawes with a paire of pinchers as a pennie out of his purse with such a conceite.

CLEAN. Here is a letter wil serue the turne. I sweare to thee by the contents hercof neuer to disclose it to any man. 112

DUL. I will tell you, I am sorie to see how Pasiphilo doth abuse you, perswading you that alwayes he laboureth for you, where, in-deede, he lieth on<sup>1</sup> my [116 maister continually, as it were with tooth and naile, for a straunger, a scholer, borne in Sicilia; they call him Roscus, or Arskisse—he hath a madde name, I can neuer hit vpon it. 121

CLEAN. And thou recknest it as madly; is it not Erostrato?

DUL. That same. I should neuer haue remembred it! And the villaine speaketh al the cuill of you that can be deuised. 126

CLEAN. To whom?

DUL. To my maister; yea, and to Polynesta hirselfe sometimes.

CLEAN. Is it possible? Ah slaue! And what saith he? 131

DUL. More euill than I can imagine. That you are the miserablest and most nigardly man that euer was—

CLEAN. Sayeth Pasiphilo so by me? 135

DUL. And that as often as he commeth to your house he is like to die for hunger, you fare so well.

CLEAN. That the deuill take him else!

DUL. And that you are the testiest man, and moste diuers to please, in [141 the whole worlde, so that he cannot please you vnlesse he should euen kill himselfe with continuall paine.

CLEAN. O deuilish tong!

DUL. Furthermore, that you [146 cough continually and spit, so that a dogge cannot abide it.

CLEAN. I neuer spitte nor coughe more than thus, vho, vho; and that but since I caught this murre.<sup>2</sup> But who is free from it? 152

DUL. You saye true, sir. Yet further he sayth, your arme holes stincke, your feete worse than they, and your breathe worst of all. 156

CLEAN. If I quite him not for this geare!

<sup>1</sup> Usurers.

<sup>2</sup> Trick.

<sup>1</sup> Urgeth.

<sup>2</sup> Catarrh.

DUL. And that you are bursten in the cods.

CLEAN. O villaine! He lieth! [161 And if I were not in the streete thou shouldest see them.

DUL. And he saith that you desire this yong gentlewoman as much for other mens pleasure as for your owne. 166

CLEAN. What meaneth he by that?

DUL. Peraduenture that by hir beautie you woulde entice many yong men to your house.

CLEAN. Yong men? To what purpose? 172

DUL. Nay, gesse you that.

CLEAN. Is it possible that Pasiphilo speaketh thus of me?

DUL. Yea, and much more. 176

CLEAN. And doth Damon belecue him?

DUL. Yea, more than you would thinke; in such sort, that long ere this he woulde haue giuen you a flat repulse, but Pasiphilo intreated him to continue you a suter, for his aduantage. 183

CLEAN. How for his aduantage?

DUL. Marie, that during your sute he might still haue some rewarde for his great paines. 187

CLEAN. He shall haue a rope! and yet that is more than he deserueth. I had thought to haue giuen him these hose<sup>1</sup> when I had worne them a little nearer, but he shall haue a &c.<sup>2</sup> 192

DUL. In good faith, sir, they were but loste on him. Will you any thing else with me sir?

CLEAN. Nay, I haue heard to much of thee already. 197

DUL. Then I will take my leaue of you.

CLEAN. Farewell! But tell me, may I not know thy name?

DUL. Sir, they call me Foule-fall-you.

CLEAN. An ill fauored name, by my trouthe! Arte thou this countreyman? 203

DUL. No sir, I was borne by a castle men cal Scabbe-catch-you. Fare you well sir! [Exit Dulipo.]

CLEAN. Farewell! Oh, God, how [207

haue I bene abused! What a spokesman! what a messenger had I prouided!

CAR. Why, sir, will you tarie for Pasiphilo till we die for hunger?

CLEAN. Trouble me not, that the deuill take you both! 213

CAR. [aside]. These newes, what so cuer they be, like him not.

CLEAN. Art thou so hungrie yet? I pray to God thou be neuer satisfied! 217

CAR. By the masse, no more I shal, as long as I am your seruant.

CLEAN. Goe, with mischaunce!

CAR. Yea, and a mischiefe to you, and to al such couetous wretches! [Exeunt.]

## FINIS ACTUS 2.

## ACTUS III

### SCENA J

[Enter Dalio, the cooke, [and] Crapne the lackie. [Later enter] Erostrato [and] Dulipo.

[DALIO, to Crapine]. By that time we come to the house I truste that of these xx. egges in the basket we shall find but very few whole. But it is a folly to talke to him. What the deuill! wilt thou neuer lay [5 that sticke out of thy hande? He fighteth with the dogges, beateth the beares; at euery thing in the streate he findeth occasion to tarie. If he spie a slipstring<sup>1</sup> by the waye, such another as himself, a [10 page, a lackie, or a dwarfe, the deuill of hell cannot holde him in chaynes but he will be doing with him. I cannot goe two steppes but I muste looke backe for my yonker. Goe to, halter-sicke!<sup>2</sup> if you breake one egge I may chance breake &c. 16

CRA. What will you breake? your nose in mine &c?

DAL. Ah, beast!

CRA. If I be a beast, yet I am no horned<sup>3</sup> beast. 21

DAL. Is it cuen so? Is the winde in that doore? If I were vncloden I would tel you whether I be a horned beast or no.

<sup>1</sup> Breeches.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly the actor was supposed to fill out the sentence (with something unprintable?).

<sup>1</sup> A gadding boy, a truant.

<sup>2</sup> Ready for the gallows.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the horns of the cuckold.

CRA. You are alway laden either with wine or with ale. 26

DAL. Ah, spitefull boy! Shall I suffer him? [*Strikes him.*]

CRA. Ah, cowardely beast! darest thou strike and say neuer a woorde? 30

DAL. Well, my maister shall know of this geere. Either he shall redresse it, or he shall lose one of vs.

CRA. Tel him the worst thou canst by me. 35

[*Enter Erostrato unexpectedly.*] 1

EROST. What noise! what a rule is this!

CRA. Marie sir, he striketh mee bicause I tell him of his swearing.

DAL. The villaine lieth deadly! He reuiles me bicause I bid him make hast. 40

EROST. Holla! no more of this. Dalio, doe you make in a readinesse those pigeons, stock doues, and also the breast of veale; and let your vessell be as cleare as glasse against I returne, that I may tell you [45 which I will haue roasted, and which boyled. [*Exit Dalio.*] Crapine, lay downe that basket, and followe me. Oh that I coulede tell where to finde Pasiphilo!

*Dulipo is espied by Erostrato.*

But looke where he commeth that can tell me of him. 51

DUL. What haue you done with Philogano your father?

EROST. I haue left him within. I would faine speake with Pasiphilo; can you tell me where he is? 56

DUL. He dined this day with my maister, but whether he went from thence I know not. What would you with him?

EROST. I woulde haue him goe tell [61 Damon that Philogano, my father, is come, and ready to make assurance of as much as he wil require. Now shall I teach Maister Doctor a schole point; he trauaileth to none other end but to catche *Cornua*,<sup>2</sup> and [66 he shall haue them, for, as old as he is, and as many subtilties as he hath learned in the law, he can not goe beyond me one ace.

DUL. O, deere friend, goe thy wayes; seeke Pasiphilo; finde him out; and conclude somewhat to our contentation. 72

EROST. But where shall I finde him?

DUL. At the feasts, if there be any; or else in the market with the poulters or the fishmongers. 76

EROST. What should he doe with them?

DUL. Mary, he watcheth whose caters bie the best meat. If any bie a fat capon, a good breast of veale, fresh samon, or any suche good dishe, he followeth to the [81 house, and either with some newcs, or some stale iest, he will be sure to make himselfe a geast.

EROST. In faith, and I will seeke there for him. 86

DUL. Then muste you needes finde him; and when you haue done I will make you laughe.

EROST. Wherecat?

DUL. At certaine sport I made to day with Master Doctor. 92

EROST. And why not now?

DUL. No, it asketh further leysure. I pray thee dispatche, and finde out Pasiphilo that honest man. 96

*Dulipo tarieth. Erostrato [followed by Crapino] goeth out.*

## [ACTUS III]

### SCENA IJ

*Dulipo, alone.*

[DULIPO.] This amorous cause that hangeth in controuersie betwene Domine Doctor and me may be compared to them that play at primero:<sup>1</sup> of whom some one, peradventure, shal leese a great sum of [5 money before he win one stake, and at last, halfe in anger, shal set vp his rest,<sup>2</sup> win it, and after that another, another, and another, till at last he draw the most part of the money to his heape, the other, by [10 litle and litle, stil diminishing his rest, til at last he be come as neere the brinke as carst the other was; yet again, peradventure, fortune smiling on him, he shal, as it were by peece-meale, pull out the guts of his [15

<sup>1</sup> The original edition has in the margin: *Erostrato & Du. ex improviso*. But Dulipo enters later.

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to the horns of the cuckold.

<sup>1</sup> A favorite gambling game of cards.

<sup>2</sup> Stake all on one play.

fellows bags, and bring him barer than he himselfe was tofore; and so in play continue stil (fortune fauoring now this way, now that way) til at last the one of them is left with as many crosses <sup>1</sup> as God hath [20 brethren. O, howe often haue I thoughte my selfe sure of the vpper hande herein! — but I triumphed before the victorie. And then, how ofte againe haue I thoughte the fiede loste! Thus haue I beenc tossed, [25 nowe ouer, nowe vnder, euen as fortune list to whirle the wheele. neither sure to winne, nor certayne to loose the wager. And this practise that nowe my seruante hath deuised, although hitherto it hath not [30 succeeded amisse, yet can I not count my selfe assured of it; for I feare still that one mischance or other wyll come and turne it topsie turuie. But looke where my mayster commeth. 35

*Damon comming in, espieth Dulipo and calleth him.*

### [ACTUS III]

#### SCENA IIJ

[Enter] *Damon [to] Dulipo. [Later enter] Nevola, and two mo seruants.*

[DAMON.] Dvliipo.

DUL. Here sir.

DAM. Go in and bid Neuola and his fellows come hither, that I may tell them what they shall goe about. And go you [5 into my studie; there vpon the shelve you shall find a roule of writings which Iohn of the Deane made to my Father when he solde him the Grange ferme, endored with bothe their names. Bring it hither to me.

DUL. It shall be done, sir. [Exit.] 11

DAM. Go. I wil prepare other maner of writings for you than you are aware of! O fooles, that trust any man but themselves now adaise! Oh spiteful for- [15 tune! thou doest me wrong, I thinke, that from the depth of hell pitte thou haste sente mee this seruante to be the subuersion of me and all mine! 19

*The seruants come in.*

Come hither sirs, and heare what I shal say vnto you. Go into my studie, where

<sup>1</sup> Certain coins marked with the cross.

you shall finde Dulipo. Step to him all at once, take him, and, with a corde that I haue laide on the table for the nonce, bind him hande and foote, carie him into the [25 dungeon vnder the stayres, make faste the dore, and bring me the key — it hangeth by vpon a pin on the wall. Dispatche, and doe this geare as priuily as you can. And thou, Neuola, come hither to me againe with speede. 31

NEV. Well I shall.

*[Exit Nevola and the other servants.]*

DAM. Alas, how shall I be reuenged of this extreme despite? If I punishe my seruant according to his diuelishe de- [35 serts, I shall heape further cares vpon mine owne head. For to suche detestable offences no punishment can seeme sufficient but onely death; and in such cases it is not lawful for a man to be his owne caruer. [40 The lawes are ordeyned, and officers appoynted to minister iustice for the redresse of wrongs; and if to the potestates <sup>1</sup> I complayne me, I shall publishe mine owne reproche to the worlde. Yea, what [45 should it preuayle me to vse all the punishments that can be deuised? The thing, once done, can not be vndone. My daughter is deflowered, and I vtterly dishonest. How can I then wpe that blot off my [50 browe? And on whome shall I seeke reuenge? Alas, alas, I my-selfe haue bene the cause of all these cares, and haue deserued to beare the punishment of all these mishappes! Alas, I should not haue [55 committed my dearest darling in custodie to so carelesse a creature as this olde Nurse! for we see by common prooffe that these olde women be either peeuish, or pitifull; either easily enclined to cuill, or [60 quickly corrupted with bribes and rewards. O wife, my good wife (that nowe lyst colde in the graue), now may I well bewaile the wante of thee! and mourning nowe may I bemone that I misse thee! [65 If thou hadst liued, suche was thy gouernement of the least things that thou wouldest prudently haue provided for the preservation of this pearle. A costly iewell may I well accompte hir, that hath been my [70 cheefe comforte in youth, and is nowe be-

<sup>1</sup> Magistrates.



come the corosiuue of mine age! O Poly-  
nesta, full euill hast thou requited the clem-  
encie of thy carefull father! And yet to  
excuse thee gittlesse before God, and to [75  
condemne thee gittie before the worlde, I  
can count none other but my wretched  
selfe the caytife and car'ser of all my cares.  
For of all the dueties that are requisite in  
humane lyfe, onely obedience is by the [80  
parents to be required of the childe: where,  
on the other side, the parents are bound,  
first to beget them, then to bring them  
foorth, after to nourish them, to preserue  
them from bodily perils in the cradle, [85  
from daunger of soule by godly education,  
to matche them in consort<sup>1</sup> enclined to  
vertue, too banish them all ydle and wan-  
ton companie, to allow them sufficiente for  
their sustentation, to cut off excesse — [90  
the open gate of sinne, — seldome or neuer  
to smile on them vnlesse it be to their en-  
couragement in vertue, and, finally, to pro-  
uide them mariages in time conuenient,  
lest (neglected of vs) they learne to [95  
sette either to much or to litle by them-  
selues. Fyue years are past since I might  
haue married hir, when by continuall ex-  
cuses I haue prolonged it to my owne perdi-  
tion. Alas, I shoulde haue considered [100  
she is a collop<sup>2</sup> of my owne flesh. What! shold  
I think to make hir a princesse? Alas, alas,  
a poore kingdome haue I now caught to en-  
dowe hir with! It is too true, that of all  
sorowes this is the head source and [105  
chiefe fountaine of all furies: the goods of  
the world are incertain, the gaines [litle]<sup>3</sup> to  
be reioyced at, and the losse not greatly to  
be lamented; only the children, cast away,  
cutteth the parents throate with the [110  
knife of inward care. Which knife will kill  
me surely, I make none other accompte.

*Damons seruants come to him againe.*

### [ACTUS III]

#### SCENA IIIJ

[*Re-enter*] Nevola [to] Damon. [*Later enter*]  
*Pasiphilo.*

[NEVOLA.] Sir, we haue done as you  
badde vs; and here is the key.

<sup>1</sup> Society.

<sup>2</sup> Slice.

<sup>3</sup> Added by Bond.

DAM. Well, go then, Neuola, and seek  
master Casteling, the iayler; he dwelleth by  
S. Antonies Gate. Desire him too lend [1  
me a paire of the fetters he vseth for his  
prisoners; and come againe quickly.

NEV. Well, sir.

DAM. Heare you; if he aske what I  
would do with them, say you can not [10  
tell. And tell neither him nor any other  
what is become of Dulippo.

*Damon goeth out.*

[NEV.] I warant you, sir. Fye vpor  
the deuill! it is a thing almost vnpossible  
for a man nowe a dayes to handle [11  
money but the mettal will sticke on his  
fingers. I maruelled alway at this fellow  
of mine, Dulippo, that of the wages he re-  
ceiued he could maintaine himselfe so  
brauely appparelled; but nowe I per- [20  
ceiue the cause. He had the disbursing  
and receit of all my masters affaires: the  
keys of the granarie; Dulippo here, Dulippo  
there; in fauoure with my maister, in fau-  
oure with his daughter — what woulde [25  
you more, he was *magister factotum*. He  
was as fine as the crusadoe,<sup>1</sup> and wee silly  
wretches as course as canuas. Wel, behold  
what it is come to in the ende!" He had bin  
better to haue done lesse. 30

[*Pasiphilo suddenly and unexpectedly  
enters from Damon's house.*]<sup>2</sup>

PASIPH. Thou saist true, Neuola! He  
hath done to much, in-deed.

NEV. From whence comest thou, in  
the deuils name? 32

PASIPH. Out of the same house thou  
camest from, but not out of the same dore

NEV. We had thought thou hadst bene  
gone long since.

PASIPH. When I arose from the table I  
felte a rumbling in my belly, whiche [40  
made me runne to the stable; and there I  
fell on sleepe vppon the strawe, and haue  
laine there euer since. And thou — whethe  
goest thou?

NEV. My master hath sent me on an  
errand in great hast. 46

<sup>1</sup> A coin bearing the figure of the cross.

<sup>2</sup> Original edition has in the margin: *Pasi. subit  
& improviso venit.*

PASIPH. Whether, I pray thee?

NEV. Nay, I may not tell. Farewell.

[Exit Nevola down the street.]

PASIPH. As though I neede any further instructions! O God, what newes I [50 heard euen now, as I lay in the stable! O good Erostrato, and pore Cleander, that haue so earnestly strouen for this damsell! Happie is he that can get hir, I promise you! He shall be sure of mo than one [55 at a clap that catcheth hir — eyther Adam or Eue within hir belie. Oh God, how men may be deceiued in a woman! Who wold haue beleueed the contrary but that she had bin a virgin? Aske the neigh- [60 bours, and you shall heare very good report of hir; marke hir behaiours, and you would haue iudged hir very maydenly; seldome scene abroad but in place of prayer, and there very deuout; and no gaser at out- [65 warde sightes, no blaser of hir beautie about in the windowes, no stale<sup>1</sup> at the doore for the bypassers: you would haue thought hir a holy yong woman. But muche good doe it Domine Doctor! Hee shall be sure [70 to lacke no CORNE<sup>2</sup> in a deare yere, what-soeuer he haue with hir else. I beshrewe me if I let<sup>3</sup> the marriage any way. But is not this the old scabbed quenne that I heard disclosing all this geere to hir [75 master as I stoode in the stable ere nowe? It is shee. Whither goeth, Psiteria?

*Pasiphilo espieth Psiteria coming.*

### [ACTUS III]

#### SCENA V

[Enter] *Psiteria* [to] *Pasiphilo*.

[PSIT.] To a gossip of myne heereby.

PASIPH. What? to tattle of the goodly stirre that thou keptst concerning Polynesta.

PSIT. No, no. But how knew you of that geere? 5

PASIPH. You tolde me.

PSIT. I? When did I tell you?

PASIPH. Euen now when you tolde it to Damon. I both sawe you and heard [9 you, though you saw not me. A good parte, I promise you, to accuse the poore

wenche, kill the olde man with care, ouer and besides the daunger you haue brought Dulipo and the Nурсse vnto, and many moe! Fie! fie! 15

PSIT. In-deed, I was to blame; but not so much as you think.

PASIPH. And how not so muche? Did I not heare you tell? 19

PSIT. Yes. But I will tell you how it came to passe: I haue knowen for a great while that this Dulipo and Polynesta haue lyen together, and all by the meanes of the Nurse; yet I held my peace, and neuer [24 tolde it. Now this other day the Nурсse fell on scolding with me, and twyce or thryce called me drunken olde whore, and suche names that it was too badde; and I called hir baude, and tolde hir that I [29 knew well enough howe often she had brought Dulipo to Polynestas bed. Yet all this while I thought not that anye body had heard me; but it befell cleane contrarye, for my maister was on the other [34 side of the wall, and heard all our talke. Wherevpon he sent for me, and forced me to confesse all that you heard.

PASIPH. And why wouldest thou tell him? I woulde not for &c 39

PSIT. Well, if I had thought my maister would haue taken it so, he should rather haue killed me.

PASIPH. Why, how could he take it? 43

PSIT. Alas, it pitieth me to see the poore yong woman, how she weepes, wailes, and teares hir heare, not esteeming hir owne life halfe so deare as she doth poore Dulipos; and hir father, he weepes on the other side, that it would pearce an hart of stone with pitie. But I must be gone. 50

PASIPH. Go, that the gunne poudre consume thee, olde trotte! 1

FINIS ACTUS 3.

### ACTUS IIIJ

#### SCENA J

[Enter] *Erostrato*, fained, [attended by the lackey, *Crapine*.]

[EROST.] What shall I doe? Alas! what remedie shall I finde for my ruefull

<sup>1</sup> Lure.

<sup>2</sup> Hinder.

<sup>3</sup> A pun on "horne," in cuckoldry.

<sup>1</sup> Hag.

estate? What escape or what excuse may I now devise to shifte ouer our subtle supposes? For though to this day I haue [5 vsurped the name of my maister, and that without checke or controll of any man, now shal I be openly discyphred, and that in the sight of euery man; now shal it openly be knownen, whether I be Erostrato the [10 gentleman, or Dulipo the seruauant. We haue hitherto played our parts in abusing others; but now commeth the man that wil not be abused — the right Philogano, the right father of the right Erostrato. [15 Going to seke Pasiphilo, and hearing that he was at the water gate, beholde I espied my fellowe Litio, and by and by my olde maister Philogano setting forth his first step on land. I to fuge,<sup>1</sup> and away [20 hither as fast as I could to bring word to the right Erostrato, of his right father Philogano, that to so sodaine a mishap some subtle shift might be vpon the sodaine deuised. But what can be imag- [25 ined to serue the turne, although we had monethes respite to beate oure braines about it, since we are commonly known — at the least supposed — in this towne, he for Dulipo, a slaue and seruaut to [30 Damon, and I for Erostrato, a gentleman and a student? But beholde, runne, Crapine, to yonder olde woman before she get within the doores, and desire hir to call out Dulipo. But heare you — if she [35 aske who would speake with him, saye thy selfe and none other.

*Erostrato espyeth Psiteria comming, and sendeth his lackey to hir.*

## [ACTUS IV]

### SCENA IJ

*Crapine [goes to] Psiteria. Erostrato, fained, [stands waiting].*

[CRAPINE.] Honest woman! you gossip! thou rotten whore! hearest thou not, olde witche?

PSIT. A rope stretche your yong bones! Either you muste lue to be as old as I, or be hanged while you are yong. 6

CRA. I pray thee, loke if Dulipo be within.

<sup>1</sup> Flee.

PSIT. Yes, that he is, I warrant him!

CRA. Desire him, then, to come [10 hither and speake a word with me. He shall not tarie.

PSIT. Content your selfe; he is otherwise occupied.

CRA. Yet tell him so, gentle girle. 15

PSIT. I tell you, he is busie.

CRA. Why, is it such a matter to tell him so, thou crooked crone?

PSIT. A rope stretche you, marie!

CRA. A pockes cate you, marie! 20

PSIT. Thou wilt be hanged, I warant thee, if thou lue to it.

CRA. And thou wilt be burnt, I warant thee, if the canker consume thee not.

PSIT. If I come neere you, hempstring, I will teache you to sing sol fa! <sup>1</sup> 26

CRA. Come on! and if I get a stone I will scare crowes with you.

PSIT. Goe, with a mischief! I thinke thou be some deuill that woulde tempte me. [*Exit Psiteria.*] 31

EROST. Crapine! Heare you? Come away. Let hir goe, with a vengeance! Why come you not? Alas! loke where my maister Philogano commeth. What [35 shall I doe? Where shall I hide me? He shall not see me in these clothes, nor before I haue spoken with the right Erostrato.

*Erostrato espyeth Phylogano comming, and runneth about to hide him.*

## [ACTUS IV]

### SCENA IJ

[*Enter*] Philogano, Ferrarese the Inne keeper, [and] Litio, a seruaut [to Philogano].

[PHILO.] Honest man, it is euen so: be you sure there is no loue to be compared like the loue of the parents towards their children. It is not long since I thought that a very waightie matter shoulde not [5 haue made me come out of Sicilia; and yet now I haue taken this tedious toyle and trauaile vpon me, only to see my sonne, and to haue him home with me. 9

FER. By my faith, sir, it hath ben a great trauaile in-dede, and to much for one of your age.

<sup>1</sup> Scream (with pain).

PHILO. Yea, be you sure. I came in companie with certaine gentlemen of my countrey, who had affaires to dispatche [15 as far as to Ancona, from thence by water too Rauenna, and from Rauenna hither, continually against the tide.

FER. Yea, and I think that you had but homly <sup>1</sup> lodging by the way. 20

PHILO. The worst that euer man had. But that was nothing to the stirre that the serchers <sup>2</sup> kept with me when I came aborde the ship. Jesus, how often they vttrussed my male,<sup>3</sup> and ransaked a [25 litle capcase <sup>4</sup> that I had, tossed and turned al that was within it, serched my bosome, yea my breeches, that I assure you I thought they would haue flayed me to searche betwene the fell <sup>5</sup> and the fleshe for fardings.<sup>6</sup> 31

FER. Sure, I haue heard no lesse, and that the marchants bobbe<sup>7</sup> them sometimes; but they play the knaues still.

PHILO. Yea, be you well assured; [35 suche an office is the inheritance of a knaue, and an honest man will not meddle with it.

FER. Wel, this passage shal seme pleasant vnto you when you shall finde your [40 childe in health and well. But, I praye you, sir, why did you not rather send for him into Sicilia than to come your selfe, specially since you had none other businesse? Peraduenture you had rather [45 endanger your selfe by this noysome<sup>8</sup> journey than hazard to drawe him from his studie.

PHILO. Nay, that was not the matter, for I had rather haue him giue ouer his studie altogether and come home. 51

FER. Why, if you minded not to make him learned, to what ende did you send him hither at the first? 54

PHILO. I will tell you. When he was at home he did as most yong men doe — he played many mad pranks, and did many things that liked me not very well; and I, thinking that by that time he had sene the worlde he would learne to know him- [60

selfe better, exhorted him to studie, and put in his election what place he would go to. At the last he came hither. And I thinke he was scarce here so sone as I felt the want of him, in suche sorte as from [65 that day to this I haue passed fewe nightes without teares. I haue written to him very often that he shoulde come home, but continually he refused stil, beseeching me to continue his studie, wherein he doubted not (as he said) but to profite greatly. 71

FER. In-dede, he is very much commended of al men, and specially of the best reputed studentes. 74

PHILO. I am glad he hath not lost his time; but I care not greatly for so muche knowledge. I would not be without the sighte of hym againe so long for all the learning in the worlde! I am olde now, and if God shoulde call me in his absence, I promise you I thinke it would driue me into disperation. 82

FER. It is commendable in a man to loue his children, but to be so tender ouer them is more womanlike. 85

PHILO. Well, I confesse it is my faulte. And yet I will tell you another cause of my comming hither, more waightie than this. Diuers of my countrey haue bene here since hee came hither, by whome I haue [90 sente vnto him, and some of them haue bene thrice, some foure or fие times at his house, and yet could neuer speake with him. I feare he applies his studie so that he will not leese the minute of an houre [95 from his booke. What, alas! he might yet talke with his countrymen for a while! He is a yong man, tenderly brought vp, and if he fare thus continually night and day at his booke, it may be enough to driue him into a frenesie. 101

FER. In-dede, enough were as good as a feast. Loe you, sir, here is your sonne Erostratoes house. I will knocke.

PHILO. Yea, I pray you knocke. 105

[He knocks on the door.]

FER. They heare not.

PHILO. Knocke againe.

FER. I thinke they be on slepe.

LIT. If this gate were your grande-fathers soule, you coulde not knocke [110

<sup>1</sup> Poor, ordinary.

<sup>2</sup> Customs officers.

<sup>3</sup> Opened up my trunk.

<sup>4</sup> A traveling case.

<sup>5</sup> Skin.

<sup>6</sup> Goods on which a farthing's duty was leuied.

<sup>7</sup> Jeer at.

<sup>8</sup> Troublesome.

more softly. Let me come. [*He knocks violently.*] Ho, ho! Is there any body within?

*Dalio commeth to the wyndowe, and there maketh them answeere.*

### [ACTUS IV]

#### SCENA IIIJ

*Dalio, the cooke, [at the window]. Ferarese the inholder, Philogano, [and] Litio, his man, [below].*

[DALIO.] What deuill of hell is there? I thinke hee will breake the gates in peeces!

LIT. Marie, sir, we had thoughte you had beene on sleepe within, and therefore we thought best to wake you. What doth Erostrato?

DAL. He is not within.

PHILO. Open the dore, good fellow, I pray thee.

DAL. If you thinke to lodge here, [10 you are deceiued, I tell you; for here are guesates enowe already.

PHILO. A good fellow, and much for thy maisters honesty, by our Ladie! And what guesates, I pray thee?

DAL. Here is Philogano, my maisters father, lately come out of Sicilia.

PHILO. Thou speakest truer than thou arte aware of. He will be, by that time thou hast opened the dore. Open, I pray thee hartily.

DAL. It is a small matter for me to open the dore; but here is no lodging for you, I tell you plaine; the house is full.

PHILO. Of whome?

DAL. I tolde you: here is Philogano, my maisters father, come from Cathanea.

PHILO. And when came he?

DAL. He came three houres since, or more. He alighted at the Aungell, and [30 left his horses there; afterwarde my maister brought him hither.

PHILO. Good fellow, I thinke thou hast good sport to mocke mee.

DAL. Nay, I thinke you haue good sporte to make me tary here, as though I haue nothing else to doe. I am matched with an vnryle mate in the kitchin. I will goe looke to him another while.

PHILO. I thinke he be drunken. 40  
FER. Sure he semes so; see you not how redde he is about the gilles?

PHILO. Abide, fellow. What Philogano is it whome thou talkest of?

DAL. An honest gentleman, father to Erostrato, my maister. 46

PHILO. And where is he?

DAL. Here within.

PHILO. May we see him?

DAL. I thinke you may, if you be not blind. 51

PHILO. Go to! Go tel him here is one wold speake with him.

DAL. Mary, that I will willingly doe.

*Dalio draweth his hed in at the wyndowe.*<sup>1</sup>

PHILO. I can not tell what I shoulde say to this geere. Litio, what thinkest thou of it? 57

LIT. I cannot tell you what I shoulde say, sir. The worlde is large and long; there maye be moe Philoganos and moe [60 Erostratos than one, yea and moe Ferraras, moe Sicilias, and moe Cathaneas; peraduenture this is not that Ferrara whiche you sent your sonne vnto. 64

PHILO. Peraduenture thou arte a foole, and he was another that answered vs euen now. [*To the innholder.*] But be you sure, honest man, that you mistake not the house? 69

FER. Nay, then God helpe! Thinke you I knowe not Erostratos house? Yes, and himselfe also. I sawe him here no longer since than yesterday. But here commes one that wil tell vs tydings of him. I like his countenance better than the others that answered at the window ere-while. 77

*The Scenese [led by Dalio] commeth out.*

### [ACTUS IV]

#### SCENA V

[*Enter the Scenese [to] Philogano, [Ferarese, and Litio.] Dalio [accompanies the Scenese].*

[SCENESE.] Would you speake with me, sir?

<sup>1</sup> This is printed at the end of the scene.

PHILO. Yea, sir; I would faine knowe whence you are.

SCEN. Sir, I am a Sicilian, at your commaundement. 6

PHILO. What part of Sicilia?

SCEN. Of Cathanea.

PHILO. What shall I call your name?

SCEN. My name is Philogano. 10

PHILO. What trade doe you occupie?

SCEN. Marchandise.

PHILO. What marchandise brought you hither?

SCEN. None. I came onely to see a [15 sonne that I haue here whom I sawe not these two yeares.

PHILO. What call they your sonne?

SCEN. Erostrato.

PHILO. Is Erostrato your sonne? 20

SCEN. Yea verily.

PHILO. And are you Philogano?

SCEN. The same.

PHILO. And a marchant of Cathanea?

SCEN. What neede I tell you so often? I will not tell you a lye. 26

PHILO. Yes, you haue told me a false lie! and thou arte a vilaine, and no better!

SCEN. Sir, you offer me great wrong with these iniurious wordes. 31

PHILO. Nay, I will doe more than I haue yet proffered to doe, for I will proue thee a lyer and a knaue to take vpon thee that thou art not. 35

SCEN. Sir, I am Philogano of Cathanea, out of all doubt. If I were not, I would be loth to tell you so.

PHILO. Oh, see the boldnesse of this brute beast! What a brasen face he setteth on it! 41

SCEN. Well, you may beleue me if you liste. What wonder you?

PHILO. I wonder at thy impudencie; for thou, nor nature that framed thee, can euer counterfaite thee to be me, ribauld villaine and lying wretch that thou arte! 47

DAL. Shall I suffer a knaue to abuse my maisters father thus? [Draws his sword.] Hence villaine! Hence, or I will sheath this good fawchion in your [51 paunch! If my maister Erostrato find you prating here on this fashion to his father, I wold not be in your coate for mo conney

skins<sup>1</sup> than I gat these twelue monethes. Come you in againe, sir, and let this curre barke here till he burst! 57

*Dalio pulleth the Scenese in at the dores.*

## [ACTUS IV]

### SCENA VJ

*Philogano, Litio, [and] Ferarese [remain].*

[PHILO.] Litio, how likest thou this geere?

LIT. Sir, I like it as cuill as may be. But haue you not often heard tell of the falsehood of Ferara? and now may you see, it falleth out accordingly. 6

FER. Friend, you do not well to slaunder the citie. These man are no Ferrareses, you may know by their tong. 9

LIT. Well, there is neuer a barrell better herring beetwene you both.<sup>2</sup> But, indeed, your officers are most to blame, that suffer such faultes to escape vnpunished.

FER. What knowe the officers of this? Thinke you they know of euery fault? 15

LIT. Nay, I thinke they will knowe as little as may bee, specially when they haue no gaines by it; but they ought to haue their cares as open to heare of such offences, as the ingates be to receiue guests.

PHILO. Holde thy peace, foole! 21

LIT. By the masse, I am afearde that we shall be proued fooles, both two.

PHILO. Well, what shall we doe?

LIT. I would thinke best we should go seeke Erostrato him selfe. 26

FER. I will waite vpon you willingly; and either at the schooles, or at the conuocations, we shall find him. 29

PHILO. By our Lady, I am wery. I will run no longer about to seke him. I am sure hither he will come at the last.

LIT. Sure, my mind giues me that we shall find a new Erostrato ere it be long. 34

*Erostrato is espied vppon the stage running about.<sup>3</sup>*

FER. Looke where he is! Whether runnes he? Stay you awhile; I will goe tell

<sup>1</sup> Rabbit skins, which the cook saved and sold.

<sup>2</sup> A proverbial phrase, meaning "there is no difference between you two."

<sup>3</sup> Printed at the end of the scene.

him that you are here. Erostrato! Erostrato! ho, Erostrato! I would speake with you!

## [ACTUS IV]

### SCENA VIJ

*Fained Erostrato [is approached by] Ferarese. Philogano, Litio, [and] Dalio [remain].*

[EROST.] Nowe can I hide me no longer. Alas! what shall I doe? I will set a good face on, to beare out the matter.

FERA. O Erostrato! Philogano, your father, is come out of Sicilia. 5

EROST. Tell me that I knowe not. I haue bene with him, and seene him alredey.

FERA. Is it possible? And it seemeth by him that you know not of his comming.

EROST. Why, haue you spoken with him? When saw you him, I pray you? 11

FERA. Loke you where he standes. Why go you not too him? Looke you, Philogano; beholde your deare son Erostrato. 14

PHILO. Erostrato? This is not Erostrato. Thys seemeth rather to be Dulipo — and it is Dulipo, in-deede.

LIT. Why, doubt you of that?

EROST. What saith this honest man? 19

PHILO. Mary, sir, in-deede you are so honorably cladde it is no maruell if you loke bigge.

EROST. To whome speaketh he?

PHILO. What! God helpe! do you not know me? 25

EROST. As farre as I remember, sir, I neuer sawe you before.

PHILO. Harke Litio, here is good geere! this honest man will not know me! 29

EROST. Gentleman, you take your markes amisse.

LIT. Did I not tell you of the falsehood of Ferrara, master? Dulipo hath learned to play the knaue indifferently well since he came hither. 35

PHILO. Peace, I say.

EROST. Friend, my name is not Dulipo. Aske you thoroughout this towne of great and small; they know me. Aske this [39] honest man that is with you, if you wyl not beleeeue me.

FERRA. In-deede, I neuer knewe him otherwise called than Erostrato; and so they call him, as many as knowe him. 44

LIT. Master, nowe you may see the falsehood of these fellows: this honest man, your hoste, is o' counsaile with him, and would face vs down that it is Erostrato. Beware of these mates! 49

FERA. Friende, thou doest me wrong to suspect me; for sure I neuer hearde hym otherwise called than Erostrato.

EROST. What name could you heare me called by but by my right name? But [54] I am wise enough to stand prating here with this old man! I thinke he be mad.

PHILO. Ah, runnagate! ah, villaine traitour! doest thou vse thy master thus? What hast thou done with my son, [59] villain?

*[Enter Dalio and other servants.]*

DAL. Doth this dogge barke here still? And will you suffer him, master, thus to reuile you?

EROST. Come in, come in. What wilt thou do with thys pestil? 65

DAL. I will rap the olde cackabed<sup>1</sup> on the costerd.<sup>2</sup>

EROST. Away with it. And you, sirra, lay downe these stones. Come in at [69] dore, euery one of you. Beare with him, for his age. I passe not of his euill wordes.

*Erostrato taketh all his seruantes in at the dores.*

## [ACTUS IV]

### SCENA VIJ

*Philogano, Ferarese, [and] Litio [remain].*

[PHILO.] Alas, who shall relieue my miserable estate? To whome shall I complaine? since he whome I brought vp of a childe, yea and cherished him as if he had bene mine owne, doth nowe vtterly de- [5] nie to knowe me! And you, whome I toke for an honest man and he that should haue brought me to the sighte of my sonne, are compacte with this false wretch, and would face me downe that he is Eros- [10] trato. Alas, you might haue some com-

<sup>1</sup> A term of abuse.

<sup>2</sup> Head (apple).

passion of mine age, to the miserie I am now in, and that I am a stranger desolate of all comforte in this country; or, at the least, you shoulde haue feared the [15] vengeance of God, the supreme iudge, whiche knoweth the secrets of all harts, in bearing this false wnesse with him, whome heauen and earth doe knowe to be Dulipo and not Erostrato. 20

LIT. If there be many such witnesses in this country, men may go about to proue what they will in controuersies here.

FER. Well, sir, you may iudge of me as it pleaseth you; and how the matter [25] commeth to passe I know not; but, truly, euer since he came first hither I haue known him by the name of Erostrato, the sonne of Philogano a Cathanese. Nowe, whether he be so in-deede, or whether [30] he be Dulipo, as you alledge, let that be proued by them that knewe him before he came hether. But I protest before God that whiche I haue said is neither a matter compact with him, nor any other, but [35] euen as I haue hard him called and reputed of al men.

PHILO. Out and alas! he whom I sent hither with my son to be his seruaut and to giue attendance on him, hath eyther [40] cut his throate, or by some euill meanes made him away, and hath not onely taken his garments, his bookes, his money, and that whiche he brought out of Sicilia with him, but vsurpeth his name also, and [45] turneth to his owne commoditie the bills of exchange that I haue alwayes allowed for my sonnes expences. Oh miserable Philogano! Oh vnhappie old man! Oh eternall God! Is there no iudge, no officer, no [50] higher powers whom I may complaine vnto for redresse of these wrongs?

FER. Yes sir, we haue potestates,<sup>1</sup> we haue iudges, and, aboue al, we haue a most iuste prince. Doubt you not but you shall haue iustice, if your cause be iust. 56

PHILO. Bring me then to the iudges, to the potestates, or to whome you thinke best; for I will disclose a packe of the greatest knauerie, a fardell of the fowlest falsehoode, that euer was heard of! 61

LIT. Sir, he that will goe to the lawe

<sup>1</sup> Magistrates.

must be sure of foure things: first, a right and a iust cause; then, a righteous aduocate to pleade; nexte, fauour *coram iudice*; <sup>1</sup> and, aboue all, a good purse to procure it. 66

FER. I haue not heard that the law hath any respect to fauour; what you meane by it I cannot tell.

PHILO. Haue you no regard to his wordes; he is but a foole. 71

FER. I pray you, sir, let him tell me what is fauour.

LIT. Fauour cal I to haue a friend neere about the iudge, who may so sollicite [75] thy cause, as, if it be right, speedie sentence may ensue without any delayes; if it be not good, then to prolong it, till at the last thine aduersarie, being wearie, shal be glad to compound with thee. 80

FER. Of thus much (although I neuer heard thus muche in this country before) doubt you not, Philogano, I will bring you to an aduocate that shall speede you accordingly. 85

PHILO. Then shall I giue my selfe, as it were, a pray to the lawyers, whose insatiable iawes I am not able to feede although I had here all the goods and landes which I possesse in mine own country; much [90] lesse, being a straunger in this miserie. I know their cautels <sup>2</sup> of old. At the first time I come they wil so extoll my cause as though it were already won; but within a seuennight or ten daies, if I do not [95] continually feede them, as the crow doth hir brattes, twentie times in an houre, they will begin to waxe colde, and to finde cauils in my cause, saying that at the firste I did not well instructe them; till, at the [100] last, they will not onely drawe the stuffing out of my purse but the marrow out of my bones.

FER. Yea, sir; but this man that I tell you of is halfe a sainete. 105

LIT. And the other halfe a deuill, I hold <sup>3</sup> a pennie!

PHILO. Well sayd, Litio. In-deede I haue but smal confidence in their smothe lookes. 110

FER. Well, sir, I thinke this whom I meane is no suche manner of man. But if he were, there is such hatred and euil-will

<sup>1</sup> "Before a judge."

<sup>2</sup> Tricks.

<sup>3</sup> Wager.



betwene him and this gentleman (whether he be Erostrato or Dulipo, what-so- [115 euer he be) that I warrant you he will doe whatsoeuer he can do for you, were it but to spite him.

PHILO. Why, what hatred is betwixt them? 120

FER. They are both in loue and suters to one gentlewoman, the daughter of a welthie man in this citie.

PHILO. Why, is the villeine become of such estimation that he dare presume to be a suter to any gentlewoman of a good familie? 127

FER. Yea, sir, out of all doubt.

PHILO. How call you his aduersarie?

FER. Cleander, one of the excellentest doctors in our citie. 131

PHILO. For Gods loue let vs goe to him!

FER. Goe we, then. [Exeunt.]

#### FINIS ACTUS 4.

### ACTUS V

#### SCENA I

[Enter] *Fayned Erostrato.*

[EROST.] What a mishappe was this! that before I could meete with Erostrato I haue light euen ful in the lap of Philogano! where I was constrained to denie my name, to denie my master, and to faine that I [5 knew him not, to contend with him, and to reuile him in such sort that hap what hap can, I can neuer hap well in fauour with him againe. Therefore, if I could come to speake with the right Erostrato, I will [10 renounce vnto him both habite and credite, and away as fast as I can trudge into some strange countrey where I may neuer see Philogano againe. Alas, he that of a little childe hath brought me vp vnto this [15 day, and nourished me as if I had bene his owne: and, in-deede (to confesse the truth) I haue no father to trust vnto but him. But looke where Pasiphilo commeth, the fittest man in the world to goe on my message to Erostrato. 21

*Erostrato espieth Pasiphilo comming towards him.*

### [ACTUS V]

#### SCENA II

[Enter] *Pasiphilo [to Fayned] Erostrato.*

[PASIPH.] Two good newes haue I heard to day already: one, that Erostrato prepared a great feast this night; the other, that he seeketh for me. And I, to ease him of his trauaile, least he shoulde [5 runne vp and downe seeking me, and because no man loueth better than I to haue an erand where good cheere is, come in post-hast euen home to his owne house. And loke where he is. 10

EROST. Pasiphilo, thou muste doe one thing for me, if thou loue me.

PASIPH. If I loue you not, who loues you? Commaunde me.

EROST. Go then a litle there, to Damons house; aske for Dulipo, and tell him — 16

PASIPH. Wot you what? I cannot speake with him. He is in prison.

EROST. In prison! How commeth that to passe? Where is he in prison? 20

PASIPH. In a vile dungeon, there, within his masters house.

EROST. Canst thou tell wherefore?

PASIPH. Be you content to know he is in prison. I haue told you to muche. 25

EROST. If euer you will doe any thing for me, tell me.

PASIPH. I pray you, desire me not. What were you the better if you knew?

EROST. More than thou thinkest, Pasiphilo, by God. 31

PASIPH. Well, and yet it standes me vpon, more than you thinke, to keepe it secrete. 34

EROST. Why, Pasiphilo, is this the trust I haue had in you? Are these the faire promises you haue alwayes made me?

PASIPH. By the masse, I would I had fasted this night with Maister Doctor, rather than haue come hither. 40

EROST. Wel, Pasiphilo, eyther tel me, or at few wordes neuer thinke to be welcome to this house from hence forth!

PASIPH. Nay, yet I had rather leese all the gentlemen in this towne. But if I [45 tell you any thing that displease you, blame no body but your selfe now.

EROST. There is nothing can greue me more than Dulipoes mishappe — no, not mine owne; and therefore I am sure thou canst tell me no worsse tidings. 51

PASIPH. Well, since you would needes haue it, I wil tell you. He was taken a bed with your beloued Polynesta.

EROST. Alas! and doth Damon knowe it? 56

PASIPH. An olde trotte in the house disclosed it to him; whervpon he tooke bothe Dulipo and the Nurse, which hath bene the broker of all this bargayne, and clapte [60 them bothe in a cage — where, I thinke they shall haue sowre soppes too their sweete meates.

EROST. Pasiphilo, go thy wayes into the kitchin, commaund the cooke to boyle [65 and roast what liketh thee best. I make thee supra visour of this supper.

PASIPH. By the masse, if you should haue studied this seuennight you could not haue appointed me an office to please [70 me better! You shall see what dishes I will deuise.

*Pasiphilo goeth in, Erostrato tarieth.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA IIJ

*Fayned Erostrato alone.*

[EROST.] I was glad to rid him out of the way, least he shoulde see me burst out of these swelling teares, which hitherto with great payne I haue prisoned in my brest, and least he shoulde heare the [5 eccho of my doubled sighes, whiche bounce<sup>1</sup> from the botome of my heuy heart. O cursed I! O cruell fortune! that so many dispersed griefes, as were sufficient to subuert a legion of louers, hast sod- [10 only assembled within my carefull carkase to freat this fearful heart in sunder with desperation! Thou that hast kepte my master all his youthe within the realme of Sicilia, reseruing the wind and waues in [15 a temperate calme — as it were at his commaunde — now to conuey his aged limmes hither, neither sooner nor later, but euen in the worst time that may be! If at any time before thou haddest conducted [20

<sup>1</sup> Bound (or explode).

him, this enterprise had bene cut off without care in the beginning; and if neuer so little longer thou hadst lingred<sup>1</sup> his iorney, this happie day might then haue fully finished our drifts and deuises. But, [25 alas, thou hast brought him euen in the very worst time, to plunge vs al in the pit of perdition! Neither art thou content to entangle me alone in thy ruinous ropes, but thou must also catch the right Eros- [30 trato in thy crooked clawes, to reward vs both with open shame and rebuke. Two yeeres hast thou kept secrete our subtilt supposes, euen this day to discipher them with a sorrowfull successe.<sup>2</sup> What shall [35 I do? Alas, what shift shall I make? It is too late now to imagine any further deceite, for euery minute seemeth an houre til I find some succour for the miserable captiue Erostrato. Wel, since there is [40 no other remedie, I wil go to my master Philogano, and to him will I tell the whole truth of the matter, that at the least he may prouide in time before his sonne feele the smart of some sharpe reuenge and [45 punishment. This is the best; and thus wil I do. Yet I know that for mine owne parte I shal do bitter penance for my faults forpassed! But suche is the good will and duetie that I beare to Erostrato, as [50 euen with the losse of my life I must not sticke to aduventure any thing which may turne to his commoditie. But what shall I do? Shal I go seeke my master about the towne, or shall I tarrie his returne [55 hither? If I meete him in the streetes, he wil crie out vpon me; neither will he harken to any thing that I shall say till he haue gathered all the people wondring about me as it were at an owle. Therefore I [60 were better to abide here. And yet, if he tarrie long, I will goe seeke him rather than prolong the time to Erostratos perill.

*Pasiphilo returneth to Erostrato.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA IIJ

[Re-enter] Pasiphilo [to] Fayned Erostrato.

[PASIPH.] [To Dalio within.] Yea, dresse them, but lay them not in the fire

<sup>1</sup> Delayed.

<sup>2</sup> Result.

till they will be ready to sit downe. [*To Erostrato.*] This geere goeth in order; but if I had not gone in, there had fallen a foule faulte. 6

EROST. And what fault, I pray thee?

PASIPH. Marie, Dalio would haue layd the shoulder of mutton and the capon bothe to the fire at once, like a foole! [10 He did not consider that the one would haue more roasting than the other.

EROST. [*aside.*] Alas, I would this were the greatest fault. 14

PASIPH. Why, and either the one should haue bene burned before the other had bene roasted; or else he muste haue drawne them off the spitte, and they would haue bene serued to the boorde either colde or rawe. 20

EROST. Thou hast reason, Pasiphilo.

PASIPH. Now, sir, if it please you I will goe into the towne and buye oranges, oliues, and caphers; for without suche sauce the supper were more than halfe lost. 26

EROST. There are within already. Doubt you not there shal lacke nothing that is necessarie. 29

*Erostrato exit.*

PASIPH. Since I told him these newes of Dulipo, he is cleane beside himself. He hath so many hammers in his head that his braynes are ready to burst. And let them breake. So I may suppe with him to night, what care I? But is not this *Dom- [35 inus noster Cleandrus]* that commeth before? Well sayde. By my truth, we will teache Maister Doctor to weare a cornerd cappe<sup>1</sup> of a new fashion. By God, Polynesta shal be his! He shall haue hir, out of [40 doubt; for I haue tolde Erostrato such newes of hir that he will none of hir.

*Cleander and Philogano come in, talking of the matter in controuersie.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA V

[*Enter*] *Cleander, Philogano, [and] Litio.*

*Pasiphilo [remains].*

[CLEAND.] Yea, but howe will ye proue

<sup>1</sup> Another allusion to the horns of the cuckold.

that he is not Erostrato, hauing such presumptions to the contrarie? Or how shall it be thought that you are Philogano, when an other taketh vpon him this same [5 name, and for prooffe bringeth him for a witnesse which hath bene euer reputed here for Erostrato?

PHILO. I will tel you, sir. Let me be kept here fast in prison, and at my [10 charges let there be some man sent into Sicilia that may bring hither with him two or three of the honestest men in Cathanea, and by them let it be proued if I, or this other, be Philogano, and whether he be [15 Erostrato, or Dulipo my seruant; and if you finde me contrarie, let me suffer death for it.

PASIPH. I will go salute Master Doctour. 20

CLEAN. It will aske great labour and great expences to proue it this way; but it is the best remedie that I can see.

PASIPH. God saue you, sir!

CLEAN. And reward you as you haue deserued. 26

PASIPH. Then shall he giue me your fauour continually.

CLEAN. He shall giue you a halter, knaue and villain that thou arte! 30

PASIPH. I knowe I am a knaue, but no villain. I am your seruaut.

CLEAN. I neither take thee for my seruaut, nor for my friend.

PASIPH. Why, wherein haue I offended you sir? 36

CLEAN. Hence to the gallowes, knaue!

PASIPH. What! softe and faire, sir, I pray you; *I præ, sequar*;<sup>1</sup> you are mine elder. 40

CLEAN. I will be euen with you, be you sure. Honest man—

PASIPH. Why, sir? I neuer offended you.

CLEAN. Well, I will teach you. Out of my sight, knaue! 46

PASIPH. What! I am no dogge, I would you wist.

CLEAN. Pratest thou yet, villain? I will make thee — 50

PASIPH. What will you make me? I

<sup>1</sup> "You go first, I'll follow." Quoted from Terence, *Andria*, I, i, 144.

see wel the more a man doth suffer you, the worse you are.

CLEAN. Ah, villain, if it were not for this gentleman, I wold tell you what I — 55

PASIPH. Villein? Nay, I am as honest a man as you.

CLEAN. Thou liest in thy throate, knaue! 59

PHILO. O, sir, stay your wisdome.

PASIPH. What! will you fight? Marie, come on!

CLEAN. Well, knaue, I will meete with you<sup>1</sup> another time. Goe your way. 64

PASIPH. Euen when you list sir, I will be your man.

CLEAN. And if I be not euen with thee, call me cut!<sup>2</sup> 68

PASIPH. Nay, by the masse, all is onc. I care not, for I haue nothing. If I had either landes or goods, peraduenture you would pull me into the lawe.

[Exit Pasiphilo.]

PHILO. Sir, I perceiue your pacience is moued. 74

CLEAN. This villaine! But let him goe. I will see him punished as he hath deserued. Now to the matter. How said you?

PHILO. This fellow hath disquieted you, sir. Peraduenture you would be loth to be troubled any further. 80

CLEAN. Not a whit.\* Say on, and let him go — with a vengeance!

PHILO. I say, let them send at my charge to Cathanea. 84

CLEAN. Yea, I remember that wel; and it is the surest way as this case requireth. But tel me, how is he your seruant? and how come you by him? Enforme me fully in the matter. 89

PHILO. I will tell you sir. When the Turkes won Otranto —

CLEAN. Oh, you put me in remembrance of my mishappes!

PHILO. How, sir? 94

CLEAN. For I was driuen among the rest out of the towne (it is my natie cuntry), and there I lost more than euer I shall recouer againe while I liue.

<sup>1</sup> Get even with you.

<sup>2</sup> Horse (a term of disparagement).

<sup>3</sup> In the margin: "Lawyers are neuer weary to get money."

PHILO. Alas, a pitifull case, by S. Anne!

CLEAN. Well, proceede. 100

PHILO. At that time, as I saide, there were certaine of our cuntry that scoured those costes vpon the seas with a good barke, well appointed for the purpose, [104 and had espiall of a Turkey vessell that came laden from thence with great abundance of riches.

CLEAN. And peraduenture most of mine. 109

PHILO. So they boarded them, and in the end ouercame them; and brought the goods to Palermo, from whence they came; and amongst other things that they had was this villeine, my seruauant, a boy [114 at that time, I thinke not past fieve yeeres olde.

CLEAN. Alas, I lost one of that same age there. 118

PHILO. And I beyng there, and liking the childe fauour well, proffered them foure and twentie ducates for him, and had him.

CLEAN. What! was the childe a Turke? or had the Turkes brought him from Otranto? 125

PHILO. They saide he was a childe of Otranto. But what is that to the matter? Once xxiiij Ducattes he cost me — that I wot well. 129

CLEAN. Alas, I speake it not for that, sir. I woulde it were he whome I meane.

PHILO. Why, whom meane you sir?

LITI. Beware sir; be not to lauish!

CLEAN. Was his name Dulipo then? or had he not another name? 135

LITI. Beware what you say, sir!

PHILO. What the deuill hast thou to doe! — Dulipo? No, sir; his name was Carino. 139

LITI. Yea, well said! Tell all, and more to; doe!

CLEAN. O Lord, if it be as I thinke how happie were I! And why did you change his name then? 144

PHILO. We called him Dulipo bycause when he cryed, as Children doe sometimes, he woulde alwayes cry on that name Dulipo. 148

CLEAN. Well, then I see well it is my owne onely childe, whome I loste when I

lost my countrie! He was named Carino after his grandfather; and this Dulipo, whome he alwayes remembred in his lamenting, was his foster father that nourished him and brought him vp. 155

LITI. Sir, haue I not told you enough of the falshood of Ferara? This gentleman will not only picke your purse, but beguile you of your seruauent also, and make you belue he is his son. 160

CLEAN. Well, goodfellow, I haue not vsed to lie.

LITI. Sir, no; but euery thing hath a beginning. 164

CLEAN. Fie! Philogano, haue you not the least suspecte that may be of me?

LITI. No, marie; but it were good he had the most suspecte that may be. 168

CLEAN. Well, hold thou thy peace a litle, good fellow. I pray you tell me, Philogano, had the child any remembrance of his fathers name, his mothers name, or the name of his familie? 173

PHILO. He did remember them, and could name his mother also; but sure I haue forgotten the name.

LITI. I remember it well enough!

PHILO. Tell it then.

LITI. Nay, that I will not, marie! You haue tolde him too much al ready. 180

PHILO. Tell it, I say, if thou can.

LITI. Can? yes, by the masse, I can wel enough! But I wil haue my tong pulled out rather than tell it, vnlesse he tell [184 it first. Doe you not perceiue, sir, what he goeth about?

CLEAN. Well, I will tell you then. My name you know alreidy; my wife, his mothers, name was Sophronia; the house that I came of they call Spiagia. 190

LITI. I neuer heard him speake of Spiagia; but, in-deede, I haue heard him say his mothers name was Sophronia. But what of that? A great matter, I promise you! [194 It is like enoughe that you two haue compact together to deceiue my maister.

CLEAN. What nedeth me more euident tokens? This is my sonne out of doubt, [198 whom I lost eighteen yeares since; and a thousand thousand times haue I lamented for him. He shuld haue also a mould on his left shoulder. 202

LITI. He hath a mould there, in-deede; and an hole in an other place, to — I would your nose were in it.

CLEAN. Faire wordes, fellow Litio. Oh, I pray you, let vs goe talke with him! O fortune, howe much am I bounde to thee if I finde my sonne! 209

PHILO. Yea, how little am I beholden to fortune, that know not where my sonne is become, and you, whome I chose to be mine aduocate, will now (by the meanes of this Dulipo) become mine aduersarie! 214

CLEAN. Sir, let vs first goe find mine; and, I warrant you, yours will be founde also ere it be long.

PHILO. God graunt! Goe we, then.

CLEAN. Since the dore is open I will neuer knocke nor cal, but we will be bolde to goe in. 221

LITI. [to Philogano]. Sir, take you heede, least he leade you to some mischiefe.

PHILO. Alas, Litio, if my sonne be loste what care I what become of me? 225

LITI. Well, I haue tolde you my minde. Sir. Doe you as you please.

*Exeunt [into Erostrato's house]; Dama and Psiteria come in.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA VJ<sup>1</sup>

*[Enter] Damon [and] Psiteria [in the street].*

[DAMON.] Come hither, you olde kal-lat! <sup>2</sup> you tatling huswife! — that the deuill cut oute your tong! Tell me, howe could Pasiphilo know of this geere but by you?

PSIT. Sir, he neuer knewe it of me; he was the firste that tolde me of it. 6

DAM. Thou liest, old drabbe! But I would aduise you tel me the truth, or I wil make those old bones rattle in your skin.

PSIT. Sir, if you finde me contrarie, kill me. 11

DAM. Why, where should he talke with thee?

PSIT. He talked with me of it here in the streete. 15

DAM. What did you here?

PSIT. I was going to the weauers for a webbe of clothe you haue there.

<sup>1</sup> Edition of 1575 has *sexta*.

<sup>2</sup> Whore.

DAM. And what cause coulde Pasiphilo haue to talke of it, vnlesse thou began the mater first? 21

PSIT. Nay, he began with me sir, reuil- ing me bycause I had tolde you of it. I asked him how he knewe of it, and he said he was in the stable when you examined me erewhile. 26

DAM. Alas, alas! what shall I doe then? In at dores, olde whore! I wil plucke that tong of thine out by the rootes one day. [*Exit Psiteria.*] Alas, it greueth me [30 more that Pasiphilo knoweth it than all the rest. He that will haue a thing kept se- crete, let him tell it to Pasiphilo! the people shall knowe it, and as many as haue eares, and no mo. By this time he hath tolde [35 it in a hundreth places! Cleander was the firste, Erostrato the seconde; and so, from one to another, throughout the citie. Alas, what dower, what mariage shall I nowe prepare for my daughter? O poore [40 dolorous Damon, more miserable than miserie it selfe! Would God it were true that Polynesta tolde me ere while — that he who hathe defloured hir is of no scruple estate (as hitherto he hath bene sup- [45 posed in my seruice), but that he is a gentleman, borne of a good parentage in Sicilia. Alas, small riches shoulde content me if he be but of an honest familie. But I feare that he hathe deuised these [50 toyes to allure my daughtres loue. Well, I wil goe examine hir againe. My minde giueth me that I shall perceiue by hir tale whether it be true or not. But is not this Pasiphilo that commeth out of my [55 neighbours house? What the deuill ayleth him to leape and laughe so like a foole in the high way?

*Pasiphilo commeth out of the house & laughing.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA VIJ<sup>2</sup>

[*Enter Pasiphilo [to] Damon.*

[PASIPH.] O God, that I might finde Damon at home!

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted *towne*, but corrected in "Faults escaped."

<sup>2</sup> Ed. 1575, *septima*.

DAM. What the diuill would he with me?

PASIPH. That I may be the firste that shall bring him these newes! 6

DAM. What will he tell me, in the name of God?

PASIPH. O Lord, how happie am I! loke where he is. 10

DAM. What newes, Pasiphilo, that thou arte so merie?

PASIPH. Sir, I am mery to make you glad. I bring you ioyfull newes!

DAM. And that I haue nede of, Pasiphilo. 16

PASIPH. I knowe, sir, that you are a sorowfull man for this mishap that hath chaunced in your house. Peraduenture you thoughte I had not knowen of it. [20 But let it passe! Plucke vp your sprits, and reioyce! for he that hath done you this iniurie is so well borne, and hath so riche parents, that you may be glad to make him your sonne in law. 25

DAM. How knowest thou?

PASIPH. His father, Philogano, one of the worthiest men in all Cathanea, is nowe come to the citie, and is here in your neighbours house. 30

DAM. What, in Erostratos house?

PASIPH. Nay, in Dulipos house. For where you haue alwayes supposed this gentleman to be Erostrato, it is not so; but your scruaunt, whom you haue impris- [35 oned, hitherto supposed to be Dulipo, he is in-dede Erostrato, and that other is Dulipo. And thus they haue alwayes, euen since their first ariual in this citie, exchaunged names, to the ende that Erostrato, the [40 maister, vnder the name of Dulipo, a seru- ant, might be entertained in your house, and so winne the loue of your daughter.

DAM. Wel, then I perceiue it is euen as Polinesta told me. 45

PASIPH. Why, did she tell you so?

DAM. Yea; but I thought it but a tale.

PASIPH. Well, it is a true tale. And here they will be with you by and by — both Philogano, this wortheie man, and Maister Doctor, Cleander. 51

DAM. Cleander? What to doe?

PASIPH. Cleander? Why therby lies another tale — the moste fortunate ad-

uenture that euer you heard! Wot you [55  
what? This other Dulipo, whome all this  
while we supposed to be Erostrato, is  
founde to be the sonne of Cleander, whome  
he lost at the losse of Otranto, and was  
after solde in Sicilia too this Philogano. [60  
The strangest case that euer you heard! A  
man might make a comedie of it. They  
wil come euen straight, and tell you the  
whole circumstance of it themselucs. 64

DAM. Nay, I will first goe heare the  
storie of this Dulipo, be it Dulipo or  
Erostrato, that I haue here within, before  
I speake with Philogano.

PASIPH. So shall you doe well, sir. I  
will goe tell them that they may stay a  
while. But loke where they come. 71

*Damon goeth in; Scenese, Cleander and  
Philogano come vpon the stage.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA VIIJ

[*Enter*] Scenese, Cleander, [*Carino, and*]  
*Philogano. [Pasiphilo remains.]*

[SCENESE.] Sir, you shal not nede to  
excuse the matter any further. Since I  
haue receiued no greater iniurie than by  
words, let them passe like wind; I take  
them well in worthe, and am rather well [5  
pleased than offended. For it shall bothe  
be a good warning to me another time  
howe to trust euery man at the firste sighte,  
yea, and I shall haue good game hereafter  
to tel this pleasant story another day in  
mine owne country. 11

CLEAN. Gentleman, you haue reason;  
and be you sure that as many as heare it will  
take great pleasure in it. And you, Philo-  
gano, may thinke that God in heauen [15  
aboue hath ordained your comming hither  
at this present to the ende I might re-  
couer my lost sonne, whom by no other  
meanes I coulde euer haue founde oute. 19

PHILO. Surely, sir, I thinke no lesse; for  
I think that not so much as a leafe falleth  
from the tree without the ordinance of  
God. But let vs goe seke Damon, for me  
thinketh euery day a yeare, euery [24  
houre a daye, and euery minute to much,  
till I see my Erostrato.

CLEAN. I cannot blame you. Goe we,  
then. Carino, take you that gentleman  
home in the meane time. The fewer the  
better to be present at such affaires. 30

*Pasiphilo stayeth their going in.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA IX

*Pasiphilo [advances to] Cleander.*

[PASIPH.] Maister Doctor, will you not  
shew me this fauour, to tell me the cause of  
your displeasure?

CLEAN. Gentle Pasiphilo, I muste  
needes confesse I haue done thee wrong,  
and that I beleued tales of thee, whiche,  
indeede, I finde now contrary. 7

PASIPH. I am glad, then, that it pro-  
ceede rather of ignorance than of malice.

CLEAN. Yea, beleue me, Pasiphilo. 10

PASIPH. O, sir, but yet you shoulde not  
haue giuen me suche foule wordes.

CLEAN. Well, content thy selfe, Pasi-  
philo. I am thy friend, as I haue alwayes  
bene; for prooffe whereof, come suppe [15  
with me to night, and from day to day this  
seuen night be thou my guest. But be-  
holde, here commeth Damon out of his  
house.

*Here they come all together.*

## [ACTUS V]

### SCENA X<sup>1</sup>

[*In the street gather*] Cleander, Philogano,  
Damon, Erostrato, Pasiphilo, [*and*]  
*Polinesta. [Later enter] Nevola.*  
*And other seruauants.*

[CLEAN. *addressing Damon.*] We are  
come vnto you, sir, to turne your sorowe  
into ioy and gladnesse: the sorow, we  
meane, that of force you haue sustained  
since this mishappe of late fallen in your [5  
house. But be you of good comforte, sir,  
and assure your selfe that this yong man,  
which youthfully and not maliciously hath  
committed this amorous offence, is verie  
well able (with consent of this worthie [10  
man, his father) to make you sufficient

<sup>1</sup> Ed. 1575, *decima*.

amendes, being borne in Cathanea of Sicilia, of a noble house, no way inferiour vnto you, and of wealth (by the reporte of suche as knowe it) farre exceeding that of yours. 16

PHILO. And I here, in proper person, doe presente vnto you, sir, not onely my assured frendship and brotherhoode, but do earnestly desire you to accepte my [20] poore childe (though vnworthy) as your sonne-in-lawe. And for recompence of the iniurie he hath done you, I profer my whole lands in dower to your daughter; yea, and more would, if more I might. 25

CLEAN. And I, sir, who haue hitherto so earnestly desired your daughter in mariage, doe now willingly yelde vp and quite claime to this yong man, who, both for his yeares and for the loue he beareth hir, is most [30] meetest to be hir husband. For wher I was desirous of a wife by whom I might haue yssue, to leaue that litle which God hath sent me, now haue I litle neede, that (thankes be to God) haue founde my [35] deerely beloued sonne, whom I loste of a childe at the siege of Otranto.

DAM. Worthy gentleman, your friendship, your alliaunce, and the nobilitie of your birthe are suche as I haue muche [40] more cause to desire them of you than you to request of me that which is already graunted. Therefore I gladly and willingly receiue the same, and thinke my selfe moste happie now of all my life past [45] that I haue gotten so toward a sonne-in-lawe to my selfe, and so worthy a father-in-lawe to my daughter. Yea, and muche

the greater is my contentation, since this worthy gentleman, Maister Cleander, [50] doth holde himselfe satisfied. And now, behold your sonne.

[Enter Erostrato.]

EROST. O father!

PASIPH. Beholde the naturall loue of the childe to the father. For inwarde [55] ioye he cannot pronounce one worde, in steade wherof he sendeth sobbes and teares to tell the effect of his inward intention. But why doe you abide here abroad? Wil it please you to goe into the house sir? 60

DAM. Pasiphilo hath saide well. Will it please you to goe in sir?

[Enter Nevola with fetters.]

NEV. Here I haue brought you, sir, bothe fetters and boltes.

DAM. Away with them, now! 65

NEV. Yea, but what shal I doe with them?

DAM. Marie, I will tell thee, Neuola: to make a righte ende of our supposes, lay one of those boltes in the fire, and make [70] thee a suppositorie <sup>1</sup> as long as mine arme. God saue the sample!

[Turning to the audience.]

Nobles and gentlemen, if you suppose that our *Supposes* haue giuen you sufficient cause of delighte, shewe some token, whereby we may suppose you are content. 77

*Et plausuerunt.*

<sup>1</sup> A medical device, with a pun on "suppose."

FINIS.





•

XII  
**THE COURT DRAMA**

•



THE EXCELLENT COMEDIE  
OF TWO THE MOSTE FAITHFULLEST FREENDES,  
DAMON AND PITHIAS<sup>1</sup>

Newly Imprinted, as the same was shewed before the Queenes Maiestie, by the Children of her Graces Chappell, except the Prologue that is somewhat altered for the proper vse of them that hereafter shall haue occasion to plaie it, either in Priuate, or open Audience. Made by Maister Edwards, then beyng Maister of the Children.

1571

Imprinted at London in Fleetelane by Richarde Iohnes, and are to be solde at his shop, ioyning to the Southwest doore of Paules Church.

THE SPEAKERS' NAMES<sup>2</sup>

ARISTIPPUS, a Pleasant Gentleman.

CARISOPHUS, a Parasite.

DAMON, { Two Gentlemen of Greece.  
PITHIAS, }

STEPHANO, Servant to Damon and Pithias.

WILL, Aristippus' Lackey.

JACK, Carisophus' Lackey.

SNAP, the Porter.

DIONYSIUS, the King.

EUBULUS, the King's Councillor.

GRONNO, the Hangman.

GRIM, the Collier.

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<sup>1</sup> Richard Edwards, musician and poet, was appointed Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal in 1561, and thenceforth devoted his energies to writing plays to be acted by the boys before Elizabeth. Although he is known to have composed numerous plays for the Court, only *Damon and Pithias* was published under his name. It was probably performed during the Christmas season of 1564-65. Notable as the first tragi-comedy in England, it well illustrates the refined drama with which the child-actors were accustomed to entertain courtly audiences. Professor Wallace (*The Evolution of the English Drama up to Shakespeare*, 1912, p. 110) writes: "This fine old tale out of Syracusan history, with its tragic and comic elements happily mingled in a rising tide of suspense to the climax, as presented by Edwards, formed the high-water mark of English drama up to that time."

The earliest extant edition (A) bears the date 1571, but the title-page describes the text as "newly imprinted." Another edition appeared in 1582. I have based the present reprint on Farmer's photographic facsimile reproduction of the copy of the 1571 edition in the British Museum. All changes are recorded in footnotes, and additions set in brackets. The spelling of the original edition is so atrocious that I deemed it wise to modernize, in so far as possible, the spelling as well as the punctuation. John S. Farmer, in *Early English Dramatists*, 1906, professed to reprint the play "from the edition of 1571," but he merely reproduced the Hazlitt-Dodsley (H.) text. It has not seemed worth while to note all the errors in the exceedingly inaccurate Hazlitt-Dodsley edition; I have observed more than twenty words carelessly dropped, eight words inserted without authority, and over forty serious corruptions of the text, besides innumerable minor mistakes.

<sup>2</sup> In A. this is printed after the prologue.

## THE PROLOGUE

On every side whereas I glance my roving eye,  
 Silence in all ears bent I plainly do espy.  
 But if your eager looks do long such toys to see  
 As heretofore in comical wise were wont abroad to be,  
 Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you sought 5  
 Is frustrate quite of toying <sup>1</sup> plays. A sudden change is wrought.  
 For lo, our author's muse, that masked in delight,  
 Hath forc'd his pen against his kind <sup>2</sup> no more such sports to write.  
 Muse he that lust, right worshipful, for chance hath made this change,  
 For that to some he seemed too much in young desires <sup>3</sup> to range; 10  
 In which, right glad to please, seeing that he did offend,  
 Of all he humbly pardon craves: his pen that shall amend.  
 And yet, worshipful audience, thus much I dare avouch:  
 In comedies the greatest skill is this: rightly to touch  
 All things to the quick, and eke to frame each person so 15  
 That by his common talk you may his nature rightly know.  
 A roister <sup>4</sup> ought not preach — that were too strange to hear, —  
 But, as from virtue he doth swerve, so ought his words appear.  
 The old man is sober; the young man rash; the lover triumphing in joys;  
 The matron grave; the harlot wild, and full of wanton toys: 20  
 Which all in one course they no wise do agree,  
 So correspondent to their kind their speeches ought to be.  
 Which speeches, well-pronounc'd, with action lively framed —  
 If this offend the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed,  
 Which hath our author taught at school, from whom he doth not swerve, 25  
 In all such kind of exercise *decorum* to observe.  
 Thus much for his defence (he saith), as poets earst have done,  
 Which heretofore in comedies the self-same race did run.  
 But now, for to be brief, the matter to express  
 Which here we shall present is this: *Damon and Pithias*, 30  
 A rare ensample of friendship true. It is no legend-lie,  
 But a thing once done, indeed, as histories do descry;  
 Which, done of yore in long time past, yet present shall be here  
 Even as it were in doing now, so lively it shall appear.  
 Lo, here is <sup>5</sup> Syracuse, th' ancient town which once the Romans won, 35  
 Herc Dionysius palace, within whose court this thing most strange was done.  
 Which matter, mix'd with mirth and care, a just name to apply  
 As seems most fit, we have it termed a "tragical comedy." <sup>6</sup>  
 Wherein, talking of courtly toys, we do protest this flat: —  
 We talk of Dionysius court; we mean no court but that! 40  
 And that we do so mean, who wisely calleth to mind  
 The time, the place, the author, <sup>7</sup> here most plainly shall it find.  
 Lo, this I speak for our defence, lest of others we should be shent.<sup>8</sup>  
 But, worthy audience, we you pray, take things as they be meant.  
 Whose upright judgment we do crave with heedful ear and eye 45  
 To hear the cause and see th' effect of this new tragical comedy. Exit.

<sup>1</sup> Amorously sportive.

<sup>2</sup> Its nature.

<sup>3</sup> I.e., in love.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Roister Doister.

<sup>5</sup> A. in. Since the play was staged by the Office of the Revels with "players' houses," probably the speaker pointed to the "city" on one side, and to Dionysius' palace on the other side. The personages enter from Damon's lodgings in the "city," from the palace, or from the rear of the stage.

<sup>6</sup> Apparently the earliest occurrence of the word, earlier than any noted in *N.E.D.*

<sup>7</sup> A. Authors.

<sup>8</sup> Blamed.

## [DAMON AND PITHIAS]

[On one side, the city of Syracuse, with the lodging of Damon and Pithias in the foreground; on the other side, the palace of King Dionysius.]

Here entereth Aristippus.

[ARISTIPPUS.] Too <sup>1</sup> strange, perhaps, it seems to some

That I, Aristippus, a courtier am become;  
A philosopher of late, not of the meanest name,

But now to the courtly behaviour my life I frame.

Muse he that list. To you of good skill <sup>5</sup>  
I say that I am a philosopher still.

Loving of wisdom is termed philosophy;<sup>2</sup>  
Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I?  
For in loving of wisdom proof doth this try,

That *frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi*.<sup>3</sup> <sup>10</sup>  
I am wise for myself: then tell me, of troth,  
Is not that great wisdom, as the world go'th?

Some philosophers in the street go ragged  
and torn,

And feed <sup>4</sup> on vile roots, whom boys laugh  
to scorn;

But I in fine silks haunt Dionysius'  
palace, <sup>15</sup>

Wherein with dainty fare myself I do  
solace.

I can talk of philosophy as well as the best,  
But the strait <sup>5</sup> kind of life I leave to the  
rest.

And I profess now the courtly philosophy;  
To crouch, to speak fair, myself I apply, <sup>20</sup>  
To feed the king's humour with pleasant  
devices;

For which I am called *Regius canis*.<sup>6</sup>

But wot ye who named me first the king's  
dog?

It was the rogue Diogenes, that vile grunting  
hog!

<sup>1</sup> H. misprints *Tho'*.

<sup>2</sup> A. *Lovers of wisdom, are termed philosophie*.  
Emend. by Collier.

<sup>3</sup> "He is wise to no purpose who is not wise for himself."

<sup>4</sup> A. *feedes*.

<sup>5</sup> Abstemious.

<sup>6</sup> King's dog.

Let him roll in his tub to win a vain  
praise; <sup>25</sup>

In the court pleasantly I will spend all my  
days.

Wherein what to do I am not to learn;

What will serve mine own turn I can  
quickly discern.

All my time at school I have not spent  
vainly;

I can help one! Is not that a good point of  
philosophy? <sup>30</sup>

Here entereth Carisophus.

[CARISOPHUS.] I beshrew your fine ears,  
since you came from school

In the court you have made many a wise  
man a fool!

And though you paint out your feigned  
philosophy,

So God help me, it is but a plain kind of  
flattery!

Which you use so finely in so pleasant a  
sort <sup>35</sup>

That none but Aristippus now makes the  
king sport.

Ere you came hither poor I was somebody;  
The king delighted in me. Now I am but  
a noddy.<sup>1</sup>

ARISTIPPUS. In faith, Carisophus, you  
know yourself best!

But I will not call you noddy but only in  
jest. <sup>40</sup>

And thus I assure you: though I came from  
school

To serve in this court, I came not yet to be  
the king's fool,

Or to fill his ears with servile squirrility.<sup>2</sup>  
That office is yours! You know it right  
perfectly!

Of parasites and sycophants you are a  
grave bencher;<sup>3</sup> <sup>45</sup>

The king feeds you often from his own  
trencher.<sup>4</sup>

I envy not your state, nor yet your great  
favour;

Then grudge not at all if in my behaviour

<sup>1</sup> Fool.

<sup>2</sup> Magistrate.

<sup>3</sup> Scurrility.

<sup>4</sup> Plate, dish.

I make the king merry with pleasant urbanity,

Whom I never abused to any man's injury. 50

CARISOPHUS. By Cock,<sup>1</sup> sir, yet in the court you do best thrive —

For you get more in one day than I do in five.

ARISTIPPUS. Why, man, in the court do you not see

Rewards given for virtue to every degree? To reward the unworthy — that world is done. 55

The court is changed. A good thread hath been spun

Of dog's wool heretofore; and why? because it was liked,

And not for that it was best trimmed and picked.

But now men's ears are finer, such gross toys are not set by;

Therefore to a trimmer kind of mirth myself I apply: 60

Wherein, though I please, it cometh not of my desert

But of the king's favour.

CARISOPHUS. It may so be. Yet in your prosperity

Despise not an old courtier. Carisophus is he

Which hath long time fed Dionysius' humour. 65

Diligently to please, still at hand, there was never rumour

Spread in this town of any small thing but I Brought it to the king in post by and by.<sup>2</sup>

Yet now I crave your friendship; which if I may attain,

Most sure and unfeigned friendship I promise you again. 70

So we two, link'd in friendship, brother and brother,

Full well in the court may help one another.

ARISTIPPUS. By'r Lady, Carisophus, though you know not philosophy,

Yet surely you are a better courtier than I! And yet I not so evil a courtier that will seem to despise 75

Such an old courtier as you, so expert, and so wise.

<sup>1</sup> God.

<sup>2</sup> At once, immediately.

But where-as you crave mine, and offer your friendship so willingly,

With heart I give you thanks for this your great courtesy,

Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nail,

Whiles life lasteth, never to fail. 80

CARISOPHUS. A thousand thanks I give you. O friend Aristippus!

ARISTIPPUS. O friend Carisophus!

CARISOPHUS. How joyful am I, sith I have to friend Aristippus now!

ARISTIPPUS. None so glad of Carisophus' friendship as I, I make God a vow!

I speak as I think, believe me. 85

CARISOPHUS. Sith we are now so friendly joined, it seemeth to me

That one of us help each other in every degree.

Prefer you my cause when you are in presence;

To further your matters to the king let me alone in your absence.

ARISTIPPUS. Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish. 90

But, I pray you, tell me thus much by the way —

Whither now from this place will you take your journey?

CARISOPHUS. I will not dissemble — that were against friendship:

I go into the city some knaves to nip<sup>1</sup>

For talk, with their goods to increase the king's treasure. 95

In such kind of service I set my chief pleasure.

Farewell, friend Aristippus, now, for a time. *Exit.*

ARISTIPPUS. Adieu, friend Carisophus. In good faith now,

Of force I must laugh at this solemn vow! Is Aristippus link'd in friendship with

Carisophus? 100

*Quid cum tanto asino talis philosophus?*<sup>2</sup>

They say *Morum similitudo consuit*<sup>3</sup> *amicitias*;<sup>4</sup>

Then how can this friendship between us two come to pass?

<sup>1</sup> Arrest (*N.E.D.*).

<sup>2</sup> "What has such a philosopher in common with such an ass."

<sup>3</sup> *A. consultiat.*

<sup>4</sup> "Likeness of character cements friendships."

We are as like in condition as Jack  
Fletcher<sup>1</sup> and his bolt:

I brought up in learning, but he is a very  
dolt 105

As touching good letters; but otherwise  
such a crafty knave

If you seek a whole region his like you  
cannot have;

A villain for his life; a varlet dyed in grain;  
You lose money by him if you sell him for  
one knave, for he serves for twain;

A flattering parasite; a sycophant also; 110  
A common accuser of men; to the good an  
open foe.

Of half a word he can make a legend of lies,  
Which he will avouch with such tragical  
cries

As though all were true that comes out of  
his mouth,

Where, indeed, to be hanged by and by, 115  
He cannot tell one tale but twice he must  
lie.

He spareth no man's life to get the king's  
favour;

In which kind of service he hath got such a  
savour

That he will never leave. Methink then  
that I

Have done very wisely to join in friendship  
with him, lest perhaps I 120

Coming in his way might be nipp'd; for  
such knaves in presence

We see oft times put honest men to silence.  
Yet I have played with his beard<sup>2</sup> in  
knitting this knot;

I promis'd friendship; but you love few  
words — I spake it, but I meant it  
not.

Who marks this friendship between us  
two 125

Shall judge of the worldly friendship with-  
out any more ado;

It may be a right pattern<sup>3</sup> thereof. But  
true friendship, indeed,

Of nought but of virtue doth truly proceed.

But why do I now enter into philosophy  
Which do profess the fine kind of cour-  
tesy? 130

<sup>1</sup> A fletcher is one who makes arrows. Possibly the allusion is to some ballad; cf. Twyne's *Patterne of Painfull Adventures*, 1576: "No more like than Jack Fletcher and his bolt."  
<sup>2</sup> Deluded him.

<sup>3</sup> A. patron. Cf. l. 1566.

I will hence to the court with all haste I  
may.

I think the king be stirring, it is now bright  
day.

To wait at a pinch still in sight I mean;  
For, wot ye what? a new broom sweeps  
clean.<sup>1</sup>

As to high honour I mind not to climb, 135  
So I mean in the court to lose no time.  
Wherein, happy man be his dole,<sup>2</sup> I trust  
that I

Shall not speed worst, and that very  
quickly. *Exit.*

*Here entereth Damon and Pithias like  
mariners.*

[DAMON.] O Neptune, immortal be thy  
praise,

For that so safe from Greece we have  
pass'd the seas 140

To this noble city Syracuse, where we  
The ancient reign of the Romans may  
see,

Whose force Greece also heretofore hath  
known,

Whose virtue the shrill trump of fame so  
far hath blown.

PITHIAS. My Damon, of right high praise  
we ought to give 145

To Neptune, and all the gods, that we  
safely did arrive.

The seas, I think, with contrary winds  
never raged so!

I am even yet so seasick that I faint as I go.  
Therefore let us get some lodging quickly.  
But where is Stephano? 150

*Here entereth Stephano [laden with baggage].*

[STEPHANO.] Not far hence! A pox take  
these mariner-knaves!

Not one would help me to carry this stuff.  
Such drunken slaves

I think be accursed of the gods' own  
mouths!

DAMON. Stephano, leave thy raging, and  
let us enter Syracuse.

We will provide lodging, and thou shalt be  
eased of thy burden by and by. 155

<sup>1</sup> An old proverb.

<sup>2</sup> Lot in life (a proverbial exclamation equivalent to "Good luck!").



STEPHANO. Good master, make haste! for  
I tell you plain,  
This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to  
much pain.

PITHIAS. Come on thy ways. Thou shalt  
be eased, and that anon.

*Exit [Pithias, followed by Damon and  
Stephano].*

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

[CARISOPHUS]. It is a true saying, that oft  
hath been spoken:

"The pitcher goeth so long to the water,  
that it <sup>1</sup> cometh home broken." 160  
My own proof this hath taught me; for  
truly, sith I

In the city have used to walk very  
slyly,

Not with one can I meet that will in talk  
join with me.

And to creep into men's bosoms <sup>2</sup> some  
talk for to snatch,

By <sup>3</sup> which into one trip <sup>4</sup> or other I might  
trimly them catch, 165

And so accuse them — now not with one  
can I meet

That will join in talk with me. I am  
shunn'd like a devil in the street!

My credit is crack'd where I am known.  
But yet <sup>5</sup> I hear say

Certain strangers are arrived. They were  
a good prey.

If happily I might meet with them, I fear  
not, I, 170

But in talk I should trip them, and that  
very finely.

Which thing, I assure you, I do for mine  
own gain, —

Or else I would not plod thus up and down,  
I tell you plain.

Well, I will for a while to the court to  
see

What Aristippus doth. I would be loth in  
favour he should overrun me. 175

He is a subtle child! He flattereth so  
finely that I fear me

He will lick all <sup>6</sup> the fat from my lips, and  
so outwear <sup>7</sup> me.

<sup>1</sup> A. *he*; modernised by Dodsley.

<sup>2</sup> Confidence.

<sup>3</sup> Mistake.

<sup>4</sup> H. omits.

<sup>5</sup> H. *But*.

<sup>6</sup> H. omits.

<sup>7</sup> Consume. A. *outwery*.

Therefore I will not be long absent, but at  
hand,  
That all his fine drifts I may understand.  
*Exit.*

*Here entereth Will and Jack.*

[WILL.] I wonder what my master Aristip-  
pus means now-a-days 180  
That he leaveth philosophy and seeks to  
please

King Dionysius with such merry toys.  
In Dionysius' court now he only joys,  
As trim a courtier as the best,  
Ready to answer, quick in taunts, pleasant  
to jest, 185

A lusty companion to devise with fine  
dames,

Whose humour to feed his wily wit he  
frames.

JACK. By Cock, as you say, your master  
is a minion! <sup>1</sup>

A foul coil he keeps in this court! Aris-  
tippus alone

Now rules the roast <sup>2</sup> with his pleasant de-  
vices, 190

That I fear he will put out of conceit my  
master Carisophus.

WILL. Fear not that, Jack; for, like  
brother and brother,

They are knit in true friendship the one  
with the other.

They are fellows, you know, and honest  
men both;

Therefore the one to hinder the other they  
will be loth. 195

JACK. Yea, but I have heard say there is  
falsehood in fellowship.

In the court sometimes one gives another  
finely the slip;

Which when it is spied, it is laugh'd out  
with a scoff,

And with sporting and playing quickly <sup>3</sup>  
shaken off.

In which kind of toying thy master hath  
such a grace 200

That he will never blush; he hath a wooden  
face.

But, Will, my master hath bees in his head;  
If he find me here prating, I am but dead.

<sup>1</sup> A favorite with a sovereign.

<sup>2</sup> Has the mastery.

<sup>3</sup> A. *quiedly*.

He is still trotting in the city; there is  
 somewhat in the wind;  
 His looks bewrays his inward troubled  
 mind. 205  
 Therefore I will be packing to the court by  
 and by.  
 If he be once angry, Jack shall cry, "woe  
 the pie!"  
 WILL. By'r Lady, if I tarry long here, of  
 the same sauce shall I taste!  
 For my master sent me on an errand, and  
 bad me make haste.  
 Therefore we will depart together. 210  
*Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Stephano.*

[STEPHANO.] Ofttimes I have heard, be-  
 fore I came hither,  
 That "no man can serve two masters to-  
 gether";  
 A sentence so true, as most men do take it,  
 At any time false that no man can make it.  
 And yet, by their leave that first have it  
 spoken, 215  
 How that may prove false, even here I will  
 open:  
 For I, Stephano, lo, so named by my  
 father,  
 At this time serve two masters together,  
 And love them alike; the one and the other  
 I duly obey — I can do no other. 220  
 A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought  
 me;  
 One Damon of Greece, a gentleman,  
 bought me;  
 To him I stand bound; yet serve I another,  
 Whom Damon, my master, loves as his  
 own brother,  
 A gentleman, too, and Pithias he is  
 named, 225  
 Fraught with virtue, whom vice never de-  
 famed.  
 These two, since at school they fell ac-  
 quainted,  
 In mutual friendship at no time have  
 fainted,  
 But loved so kindly and friendly each other  
 As though they were brothers by father  
 and mother. 230  
 Pythagoras' learning these two have em-  
 braced,

Which both are in virtue so narrowly laced  
 That all their whole doings do fall to this  
 issue —  
 To have no respect but only to virtue.  
 All one in effect, all one in their going, 235  
 All one in their study, all one in their doing,  
 These gentlemen both, being of one condi-  
 tion,  
 Both alike of my service have all the frui-  
 tion.  
 Pithias is joyful if Damon be pleased;  
 If Pithias be<sup>1</sup> served, then Damon is  
 eased. 240  
 Serve one, serve both (so near<sup>2</sup>), who  
 would win them.  
 I think they have but one heart between  
 them!  
 In travelling countries we three have con-  
 trived<sup>3</sup>  
 Full many a year; and this day arrived  
 At Syracuse in Sicilia, that ancient town,  
 Where my masters are lodged; and I up  
 and down 246  
 Go seeking to learn what news here are  
 walking,  
 To hark of what things the people are  
 talking.  
 I like not this soil; for as I go plodding  
 I mark there two, there three, their heads  
 always nodding, 250  
 In close secret wise still whispering to-  
 gether.  
 If I ask any question, no man doth answer,  
 But shaking their heads they go their ways  
 speaking.  
 I mark how with tears their wet eyes are  
 leaking.  
 Some strangeness there is that breedeth  
 this musing! 255  
 Well, I will to my masters and tell of their  
 using,  
 That they may learn, and walk wisely to-  
 gether.  
 I fear we shall curse the time we came  
 hither. *Exit.*

*Here entereth Aristippus and Will.*

[ARISTIPPUS.] Will, didst thou hear the  
 ladies so talk of me?

<sup>1</sup> H. is.      <sup>2</sup> I.e. So near are they. — *Haslitt.*  
<sup>3</sup> Spent the time.

What aileth them? From their nips <sup>1</sup> shall  
I never be free? 260

WILL. Good faith, sir, all the ladies in the  
court do plainly report

That without mention of them you can  
make no sport.

They are your plain-song to sing descant  
upon; <sup>2</sup>

If they were not, your mirth were gone.

Therefore, master, jest no more with  
women in any wise. 265

If you do, by Cock, you are like to know  
the price!

ARISTIPPUS. By'r Lady, Will, this is good  
counsel! Plainly to jest

Of women, proof hath taught me, it is not  
best. <sup>3</sup>

I will change my copy; howbeit I care not a  
quinch;

I know the gall'd horse will soonest winch.  
But learn thou secretly what <sup>4</sup> privily they  
talk 271

Of me in the court; among them slyly walk,  
And bring me true news thereof.

WILL. I will, sir master, thereof have no  
doubt; for I,

Where they talk of you, will inform you  
perfectly. 275

ARISTIPPUS. Do so, my boy. If thou  
bring it finely to pass,

For thy good service thou shalt go in thine  
old coat at Christmas. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano.*

[DAMON.] Stephano, is all this true that  
thou hast told me?

STEPHANO. Sir, for lies hitherto ye never  
controll'd me. <sup>5</sup>

O, that we had never set foot on this  
land, 280

Where Dionysius reigns with so bloody a  
hand!

Every day he showeth some token of cru-  
elty;

With blood he hath filled all the streets in  
the city;

<sup>1</sup> Sarcasms.

<sup>2</sup> They are your simple musical theme to which  
you extemporise an accompaniment (of wit, or  
censorious criticism).

<sup>3</sup> H. *proof hath taught me is not the best.*

<sup>4</sup> H. *how.*

<sup>5</sup> Took me to task.

I tremble to hear the people's murmuring;  
I lament to see his most cruel dealing; 285  
I think there is no such tyrant under the sun.  
O, my dear masters, this morning what  
hath he done!

DAMON. What is that? tell us quickly.

STEPHANO. As I this morning pass'd in  
the street,

With a woful man (going to his death) did I  
meet. 290

Many people followed; and I of one se-  
cretly

Asked the cause why he was condemned to  
die;

[Who] <sup>1</sup> whispered in mine ear: "Nought  
hath he done but thus:

In his sleep he dream'd he had killed Di-  
onysius;

Which dream told abroad, was brought to  
the king in post; 295

By whom, condemned for suspicion, his  
life he hath lost."

Marcia was his name, as the people said.

PITHIAS. My dear friend Damon, I blame  
not Stephano

For wishing we had not come hither, seeing  
it is so

That for so small cause such cruel death  
doth ensue. 300

DAMON. My Pithias, where tyrants reign  
such cases are not new,

Which fearing their own state for great  
cruelty,

To sit fast, as they think, do execute  
speedily

All such as any light suspicion have  
tainted.

STEPHANO (*aside*). With such quick carv-  
ers I list not be acquainted! 305

DAMON. So are they never in quiet, but in  
suspicion still;

When one is made away, they take occa-  
sion another to kill;

Ever in fear, having no trusty friend, void  
of all peoples' love,

And in their own conscience a continual  
hell they prove.

PITHIAS. As things by their contraries are  
always best proved, 310

How happy then are merciful princes, of  
their people beloved!

<sup>1</sup> Added in H.

Having sure friends everywhere, no fear  
doth touch them;

They may safely spend the day pleasantly,  
at night *securè dormiunt in utranque  
aurem*.<sup>1</sup>

O, my Damon, if choice were offered me I  
would choose to be Pithias

As I am — Damon's friend — rather than  
to be King Dionysius. 315

STEPHANO. And good cause why: for you  
are entirely beloved of one,

And, as far as I hear, Dionysius is beloved  
of none.

DAMON. That state is most miserable!

Thrice happy are we,

Whom true love hath joined in perfect  
amity;

Which amity first sprung — without  
vaunting be it spoken, that is  
true — 320

Of likeness of manners, took root by com-  
pany, and now is conserved by  
virtue;

Which virtue always, though <sup>2</sup> worldly  
things do not frame,

Yet doth she achieve to her followers im-  
mortal fame.

Whereof if men were careful, for virtue's  
sake only

They would honour friendship, and not for  
commodity. 325

But such as for profit in friendship do link,  
When storms come they slide away sooner  
than a man will think.

My Pithias, the sum of my talk falls to this  
issue —

To prove no friendship is sure but that  
which is grounded on virtue.

PITHIAS. My Damon, of this thing there  
needs no proof to me. 330

The gods forbid but that Pithias with  
Damon in all things should agree.

For why is it said, *Amicus alter ipse*,<sup>3</sup>

But that true friends should be two in  
body, but one in mind,

As it were, one <sup>4</sup> transformed into another?  
Which, against kind

Though it seem, yet, in good faith, when I  
am alone 335

<sup>1</sup> "They sleep securely on either ear." Cf.  
Terence, *Self Tormentor*, 342.

<sup>2</sup> A. through.

<sup>3</sup> "A friend is a second self." <sup>4</sup> Omitted by H.

I forget I am Pithias, methink I am  
Damon.

STEPHANO. That could I never do, to for-  
get myself! Full well I know,

Wheresoever I go, that I am *pauper* <sup>1</sup>  
Stephano!

But I pray you, sir, for all your philos-  
ophy,

See that in this court you walk very  
wisely. 340

You are but newly come hither; being  
strangers, ye know,

Many eyes are bent on you in the streets as  
ye go.

Many spies are abroad; you can not be too  
circumspect.

DAMON. Stephano, because thou art care-  
ful of me, thy master, I do thee  
praise.

Yet think this for a surety: no state to dis-  
please 345

By talk or otherwise my friend and I  
intend; we will here

As men that come to see the soil and man-  
ners of all men of every degree.

Pythagoras said that this world was like a  
stage,

Whereon many play their parts; the  
lookers-on, the sage

Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to  
learn 350

The manners of all nations, and the good  
from the bad to discern.

STEPHANO. Good faith, sir, concerning  
the people — they are not gay;

And, as far as I see, they be mummers,<sup>2</sup> for  
nought they say

For the most part, whatsoever you ask  
them.

The soil is such that to live here I cannot  
like. 355

DAMON. Thou speakest according to thy  
learning; but I say,

*Omne solum forti* <sup>3</sup> *patria*, a wise man may  
live everywhere.

Therefore, my dear friend Pithias,  
Let us view this town in every place,

And then consider the people's manners  
also. 360

<sup>1</sup> Poor.

<sup>2</sup> Actors in dumb-shows, or in mummings.

<sup>3</sup> A. *Omnis solum fortis*. "Every soil is a father-  
land to a brave man."

PITHIAS. As you will, my Damon. But how say you, Stephano?

Is it not best, ere we go further, to take some repast?

STEPHANO. In faith, I like well <sup>1</sup> this question, sir! For all your haste, To eat somewhat I pray you think it no folly. It is high dinner time, I know by my belly. 365

DAMON. Then let us to our lodging depart. When dinner is done

We will view this city as we have begun. *Ereant.*

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

[CARISOPHUS.] Once again in hope of good wind I hoise up my sail;

I go into the city to find some prey for mine avail.

I hunger while I may see these strangers that lately 370

Arrived. I were safe if once I might meet them happily.

Let them bark that lust at this kind of gain, He is a fool that for his profit will not take pain!

Though it be joined with other men's hurt, I care not at all.

For profit I will accuse any man, hap what shall. 375

But soft, sirs; I pray you hush! What are they that comes here?

By their apparel and countenance some strangers they appear.

I will shroud myself secretly even here for a while,

To hear all their talk, that I may them beguile. [*He stands aside.*]

*Here entereth Damon and Stephano.*

[STEPHANO.] A short horse soon curried! My belly waxeth thinner; 380

I am as hungry now as when I went to dinner.

Your philosophical diet is so fine and small That you may eat your dinner and supper at once, and not surfeit at all.

DAMON. Stephano, much meat breeds heaviness; thin diet makes thee light.

STEPHANO. I may be lighter thereby, but I shall never run the faster. 385

DAMON. I have had sufficiently; discourse of amity,

Which I had at dinner with Pithias, and his pleasant company

Hath fully satisfied me. It doth me good to feed mine eyes on him.

STEPHANO. Course or discourse, your course is very coarse. For all your talk,

You had but one bare course, and that was pick, rise, and walk. 390

And surely, for all your talk of philosophy, I never heard that a man with words could fill his belly.

Feed your eyes, quoth you? the reason from my wisdom swerveth;

I stared on you both — and yet my belly starveth!

DAMON. Ah, Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memory. 395

STEPHANO. I care not for your crafty sophistry.

You two are fine; let me be fed like a gross knave still.

I pray you licence me for a while to have my will

At home to tarry whiles you take view of this city.

To find some odd victuals in a corner I am very witty. 400

DAMON. At your pleasure, sir; I will wait on myself this day.

Yet attend upon Pithias, which for a purpose tarricht at home;

So doing, you wait upon me also.

STEPHANO. With wings on my feet I go! [*Exit.*]

DAMON. Not in vain the poet saith, *Naturam furcâ expellas, tamen usque recurret*; <sup>1</sup> 405

For train up a bondman never to so good a behaviour,

Yet in some point of servility he will savour:

As this Stephano, trusty to me his master, loving and kind,

Yet touching his belly a very bondman I him find.

<sup>1</sup> "Drive nature out with a pitchfork, still ever will she return." Horace, *Epistles*, I. 10. 24.

<sup>1</sup> Omitted by H. :

He is to be borne withal,<sup>1</sup> being so just and true. 410

I assure you, I would not change him for no new.

But methinks this is a pleasant city.

The seat is good,<sup>2</sup> and yet not strong; and that is great pity.

CARISOPHUS (*aside*). I am safe; he is mine own!

DAMON. The air subtle and fine; the people should be witty 415

That dwell under this climate in so pure a region.

A trimmer plat I have not seen in my peregrination.

Nothing misliketh me in this country But that I hear such muttering of cruelty.

Fame reporteth strange things of Dionysius. 420

But kings' matters, passing our reach, pertain not to us.

CARISOPHUS [*advancing*]. Dionysius, quoth you? Since the world began,

In Sicilia never reigned so cruel a man! A despitful tyrant to all men! I marvel, I,

That none makes him away, and that suddenly. 425

DAMON. My friend, the gods forbid so cruel a thing

That any man should lift up his sword against the king,

Or seek other means by death him to prevent,

Whom to rule on earth the mighty gods have sent.

But, my friend, leave off this talk of King Dionysius. 430

CARISOPHUS. Why, sir? He cannot hear us.

DAMON. What, then? *An nescis longas regibus esse manus?*<sup>3</sup>

It is no safe talking of them that strikes afar off.

But, leaving kings' matters, I pray you show me this courtesy,

To describe in few words the state of this city. 435

A traveller I am, desirous to know

The state of each country wherever I go — Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience thereby.

It is not for nought that the poet doth cry, *Dic mihi musa virum, captæ post tempore Troyæ,* 440

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*<sup>1</sup>

In which verses, as some writers do scan, The poet describeth a perfect wise man;<sup>2</sup>

Even so I, being a stranger addicted to philosophy,

To see the state of countries myself I apply. 445

CARISOPHUS. Sir, I like this intent. But may I ask your name without scorn?

DAMON. My name is Damon, well known in my country, a gentleman born.

CARISOPHUS. You do wisely to search the state of each country

To bear intelligence thereof whither you lust. [*Aside.*] He is a spy.

Sir, I pray you have patience awhile, for I have to do hereby. 450

View this weak part of this city as you stand, and I very quickly

Will return to you again; and then will I show

The state of all this country, and of the court also. *Exit.*

DAMON. I thank you for your courtesies. This chanceth well, that I

Met with this gentleman so happily; 455

Which, as it seemeth, misliketh something, Else he would not talk so boldly of the king,

And that to a stranger. But lo, where he comes in haste.

*Here entereth Carisophus and Snap.*

[CARISOPHUS.] This is he, fellow Snap. Snap him up! Away with him!

SNAP. Good fellow, thou must go with me to the court. 460

DAMON. To the court, sir! and why?

CARISOPHUS. Well, we will dispute that

<sup>1</sup> A. prints the second line: *Multorum hominum mores qui vidit et urbes*. Corrected by Collier. "Tell me, O Muse, of the man, who, after the capture of Troy, saw the manners and cities of many men." From the opening lines of the *Odyssey*.

<sup>2</sup> Scholars thought that in *Odysseus* Homer was attempting to portray the virtues of the ideal man in private life.

<sup>1</sup> With.

<sup>2</sup> The situation is good.

<sup>3</sup> "Know you not that kings have long hands?" Ovid, *Heroides*, xvi [xvii], 166.

before the king. Away with him quickly!

DAMON. Is this the courtesy you promised me, and that very lately?

CARISOPHUS. Away with him, I say!

DAMON. Use no violence; I will go with you quietly. 465

*Exeunt omnes*

*Here entereth Aristippus.*

[ARISTIPPUS.] Ah, sirrah, by'r Lady, Aristippus likes Dionysius' court very well,

Which in passing joys and pleasures doth excel,

Where he hath *dapsiles canas, geniales lectos, et auro*

*Fulgentem tyranni zonam.*<sup>1</sup>

I have plied the harvest, and stroke when the iron was hot. 470

When I spied my time, I was not squeamish to crave, God wot!

But with some pleasant toy<sup>2</sup> I crept into the king's bosom,

For which Dionysius gave me *Auri talentum magnum*<sup>3</sup> —

A large reward for so simple services.

What, then? the king's praise standeth chiefly in bountifulness; 475

Which thing, though I told the king very pleasantly,

Yet can I prove it by good writers of great antiquity.

But that shall not need at this time, since that I have abundantly;

When I lack hereafter I will use this point of philosophy.

But now, whereas I have felt the king's liberality, 480

As princely as it came I will spend it as regally.

Money is current, men say, and current comes of *currendo*;

Then will I make money run, as his nature requireth, I trow.

For what becomes a philosopher best

But to despise money above the rest? 485

<sup>1</sup> A. *Dapsilæ canas, gemalis lectes, et auro. Fulgentii turmani zonam.* Emended in Hazlitt, and translated: "Plentiful suppers, luxurious couches, and the king's purse full of gold at command."

<sup>2</sup> A. *tyoe.*

<sup>3</sup> "A great talent of gold." A. *aure.*

And yet not so despise it but to have in store

Enough to serve his own turn, and somewhat more.

With sundry sports and taunts yesternight I delighted the king,

That with his loud laughter the whole court did ring —

And I thought he laugh'd not merrier than I when I got this money! 490

But, mumbudget!<sup>1</sup> for Carisophus I espy In haste to come hither. I must handle the knave finely.

O Carisophus! my dearest friend! my trusty companion!

What news with you? Where have you been so long?

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

[CARISOPHUS.] My best beloved friend Aristippus, I am come at last. 495

I have not spent all my time in waste; I have got a prey, and that a good one, I trow.

ARISTIPPUS. What prey is that? fain would I know.

CARISOPHUS. Such a crafty spy I have caught, I dare say,

As never was in Sicília before this day! 500

Such a one as viewed every weak place in the city,

Survieued the haven, and each bulwark; in talk very witty —

And yet by some words himself he did bewray.

ARISTIPPUS. I think so in good faith — as you did handle him.

CARISOPHUS. I handled him clerklly.<sup>2</sup> I joined in talk with him courteously;

But when we were entered, I let him speak his will; and I 506

Suck'd out thus much of his words, that I made him say plainly

He was come hither to know the state of the city;

And not only this, but that he would understand

The state of Dionysius' court and of the whole land. 510

Which words when I heard, I desired him to say

<sup>1</sup> Mum's the word!

<sup>2</sup> Artfully.

Till I had done a little business of the way,  
Promising him to return again quickly; and  
so did convey

Myself to the court for Snap the tipstaff; <sup>1</sup>  
which came and upsnatched him,  
Brought him to the court, and in the  
porter's lodge dispatched him. 515  
After I ran to Dionysius as fast as I could,  
And bewrayed this matter to him which I  
have you told.

Which thing when he heard, being very  
merry before,

He suddenly fell in dump, and, foaming  
like a boar,

At last he swore in great rage that he  
should die 520

By the sword or the wheel, and that very  
shortly.

I am too shamefast; for my travail <sup>2</sup> and  
toil

I crave nothing of Dionysius but only his  
spoil.

Little hath he about him but a few moth-  
eaten crowns of gold.

Cha pouch'd <sup>3</sup> them up already — they are  
sure in hold. 525

And now I go into the city, to say sooth,  
To see what he hath at his lodging to make  
up my mouth.<sup>4</sup>

ARISTIPPUS. My Carisophus, you have  
done good service. But what is the  
spy's name?

CARISOPHUS. He is called Damon, born in  
Greece, from whence lately he came.

ARISTIPPUS. By my troth, I will go see  
him, and speak with him too, if I  
may. 530

CARISOPHUS. Do so, I pray you. But yet,  
by the way,

As occasion serveth, commend my service  
to the king.

ARISTIPPUS. *Dictum sapienti sat est:*<sup>5</sup>  
friend Carisophus, shall I forget  
that thing?

No, I warrant you! Though I say little to  
your face,

I will lay on with my mouth <sup>6</sup> for you to  
Dionysius, when I am in place. 535

<sup>1</sup> Constable, bailiff.

<sup>2</sup> Labor. <sup>3</sup> Pursued.

<sup>4</sup> Provision (especially court-provision).

<sup>5</sup> "A word to the wise is sufficient."

<sup>6</sup> A. I will lay one month. Emend. by Collier.

[*Aside.*] If I speak one word for such a  
knave, hang me! *Exit.*

CARISOPHUS. Our fine philosopher, our  
trim learned elf,

Is gone to see as false a spy as himself!

Damon smatters <sup>1</sup> as well as he of crafty  
philosophy,

And can turn cat in the pan <sup>2</sup> very pret-  
tily;

But Carisophus hath given him such a  
mighty check 541

As, I think, in the end will break his  
neck.

What care I for that! Why would he then  
pry,

And learn the secret estate of our country  
and city?

He is but a stranger! By his fall let others  
be wise. 545

I care not who fall, so that I may rise!  
As for fine Aristippus, I will keep in with  
him;

He is a shrewd fool to deal withal; he can  
swim.

And yet, by my troth, to speak my con-  
science plainly,

I will use his friendship to mine own com-  
modity.<sup>3</sup> 550

While Dionysius favoureth him, Aristippus  
shall be mine;

But if the king once frown on him, then  
good night, Tomalin! <sup>4</sup>

He shall be as strange <sup>5</sup> as though I never  
saw him before.

But I tarry too long; I will prate no more.  
Jack, come away! 555

JACK. At hand, sir.

CARISOPHUS. At Damon's lodging if that  
you see

Any stir to arise, be still at hand by  
me;

Rather than I will lose the spoil I will  
blade <sup>6</sup> it out.

[*Exeunt Carisophus and Jack.*]

<sup>1</sup> Talks superficially.

<sup>2</sup> A proverbial expression meaning "to reverse the order of things so dexterously as to make them appear the very opposite of what they really are." (*N.E.D.*)

<sup>3</sup> Profit, advantage.

<sup>4</sup> Hazlitt cites this phrase in his *Proverbs*.

<sup>5</sup> As a stranger to me.

<sup>6</sup> Fight the matter out with my sword.



*Here entereth Pithias and Stephano.*

[PITHIAS.] What strange news are these!

Ah, my Stephano, 560

Is my Damon in prison, as the voice doth go?

STEPHANO. It is true. O cruel hap! He is taken for a spy,

And, as they say, by Dionysius' own mouth condemned to die.

PITHIAS. To die! Alas! for what cause?

STEPHANO. A sycophant falsely accused him; other cause there is none. 565

But,<sup>1</sup> O Jupiter, of all wrongs the revenger,

Seest thou this injustice, and wilt thou stay any longer

From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire

To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?

Alas, Master Pithias, what shall we do, 570  
Being in a strange country, void of friends and acquaintance too?

Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this day,

To see thy true master unjustly made away?

PITHIAS. Stephano, seeing the matter is come to this extremity,

Let us make virtue our friend of mere necessity. 575

Run thou to the court, and understand secretly

As much as thou canst of Damon's cause; and I

Will make some means to entreat Aristippus.

He can do much, as I hear, with King Dionysius.

STEPHANO. I am gone, sir. Ah, I would to God my travail and pain 580

Might restore my master to his liberty again!

PITHIAS. Ah, woful Pithias, sith now I am alone

What way shall I first begin to make my moan?

What words shall I find apt for my complaint?

Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril! Of force I must now faint.

<sup>1</sup> A. *That*. Silently emended in Hazlitt.

But, O music, as in joyful times<sup>1</sup> thy merry notes I did borrow, 586  
So now lend me thy yearnful tunes to utter my sorrow.

*Here Pithias sings, and the regals<sup>2</sup> play.*

*Awake, ye woful wights*

*That long have wept in woe!*

*Resign to me your plaints and tears,*

*My hapless hap to show.*

*My woe no tongue can tell,*

*Ne<sup>3</sup> pen can well descry.*

*O, what a death is this to hear,*

*Damon my friend must die!* 595

*The loss of worldly wealth*

*Man's wisdom may restore;*

*And physic hath provided too*

*A salve for every sore:*

*But my true friend once lost,*

*No art can well supply.*

*Then, what a death is this to hear,*

*Damon my friend must die!* 603

*My mouth, refuse the food*

*That should my limbs sustain.*

*Let sorrow sink into my breast*

*And ransack every vein.*

*You<sup>4</sup> Furies, all at once*

*On me your torments try.*

*Why should I live, since that I hear*

*Damon my friend must<sup>5</sup> die?* 611

*Gripe me, you greedy grief,*

*And present pangs of death!*

*You sisters three with cruel hands,*

*With speed now<sup>6</sup> stop my breath!*

*Shrine me in clay alive.*

*Some good man stop mine eye.*

*O death, come now, seeing I hear*

*Damon my friend must die.* 619

*He speaketh this after the song.*

In vain I call for death, which heareth not my complaint.

But what wisdom is this, in such extremity to faint?

<sup>1</sup> A. *tunes*. Emend. by Collier.

<sup>2</sup> Small portable organs.

<sup>3</sup> H. *No*.

<sup>4</sup> H. *Ye*.

<sup>5</sup> A. *should*.

<sup>6</sup> H. alters to *come*. At this point I cease to note the errors in Hazlitt's text, although these errors become more numerous and serious.

*Multum juva[t] in re malâ animus bonus.*<sup>1</sup>

I will to the court myself to make friends,  
and that presently.

I will never forsake my friend in time of  
misery.

But do I see Stephano amazed hither to  
run? 625

*Here entereth Stephano.*

[STEPHANO.] O Pithias! Pithias! we are all  
undone!

Mine own ears have sucked in mine own  
sorrow!

I heard Dionysius swear that Damon  
should die to-morrow.

PITHIAS. How camest thou so near the  
presence of the king

That thou mightest hear Dionysius speak  
this thing? 630

STEPHANO. By friendship I gat into the  
court, where in great audience

I heard Dionysius with his own mouth give  
this cruel sentence

By these express words: that Damon, the  
Greek, that crafty spy,

Without further judgment to-morrow  
should die.

Believe me, Pithias, with these ears I heard  
it myself. 635

PITHIAS. Then how near is my death also!  
Ah, woe is me!

Ah my Damon, another myself, shall I  
forgo thee?

STEPHANO. Sir, there is no time of lament-  
ing now. It behoveth us

To make means to them which can do  
much with Dionysius,

That he be not made away ere his cause be  
fully heard; for we see 640

By evil report things be made to princes  
far worse than they be.

But lo, yonder cometh Aristippus, in great  
favour with king Dionysius.

Entreat him to speak a good word to the  
king for us,

And in the mean season I will to your lodg-  
ing to see all things safe there. *Exit.*

PITHIAS. To that I agree. But let us slip  
aside his talk to hear. 645

[*He stands aside.*]

*Here entereth Aristippus.*

[ARISTIPPUS.] Here is a sudden change,  
indeed! a strange metamorphosis!

This court is clean altered. Who would  
have thought this?

Dionysius, of late so pleasant and merry,  
Is quite changed now into such melancholy

That nothing can please him. He walketh  
up and down 650

Fretting and chaffing; on every man he  
doth frown.

In so much that when I in pleasant words  
began to play,

So sternly he frowned on me, and knit me  
up so short,

I perceive it is no safe playing with lions  
but when it please them;

If you claw where it itch not, you shall  
disease<sup>1</sup> them — 655

And so perhaps get a clap. Mine own  
proof taught me this —

That it is very good to be merry and wise.  
The only cause of this hurly-burly is

Carisophus, that wicked man,  
Which lately took Damon for a spy, a poor

gentleman,  
And hath incensed the king against him so

despitefully 660  
That Dionysius hath judged him to-  
morrow to die.

I have talk'd with Damon, whom though in  
words I found very witty,

Yet was he more curious<sup>2</sup> than wise in  
viewing this city.

But truly, for aught I can learn, there is no  
cause why

So suddenly and cruelly he should be con-  
demned to die. 665

Howsoever it be, this is the short and  
long —

I dare not gainsay the king, be it right or  
wrong.

I am sorry; and that is all I may or can do  
in this case.

Nought availeth persuasion where froward  
opinion taketh place.

[*Pithias advances.*]

PITHIAS. Sir, if humble suits you would  
not despise, 670

<sup>1</sup> Discomfort.

<sup>2</sup> Desirous of knowledge.

<sup>1</sup> A. *animas*. "A good spirit in misfortune helps much." Cf. Plautus, *Captives*, 202.

Then bow on me your pitiful eyes.  
My name is Pithias, in Greece well known,  
A perfect friend to that woful Damon,  
Which now a poor captive in this court  
doth lie,

By the king's own mouth, as I hear, con-  
demned to die; 675

For whom I crave your mastership's good-  
ness,

To stand his friend in this his great dis-  
tress.

Nought hath he done worthy of death; but  
very fondly,<sup>1</sup>

Being a stranger, he viewed this city,  
For no evil practices, but to feed his  
eyes. 680

But seeing Dionysius is informed other-  
wise,

My suit is to you, when you see time and  
place,

To assuage the king's anger, and to pur-  
chase his grace.

In which doing you shall not do good to one  
only,

But you shall further two, and that  
fully. 685

ARISTIPPUS. My friend, in this case I can  
do you no pleasure.

PITHIAS. Sir, you serve in the court, as  
fame doth tell.

ARISTIPPUS. I am of the court, indeed,  
but none of the Council.

PITHIAS. As I hear, none is in greater  
favour with the king than you at  
this day.

ARISTIPPUS. The more in favour, the less  
I dare say. 690

PITHIAS. It is a courtier's praise to help  
strangers in misery.

ARISTIPPUS. To help another, and hurt  
myself, it is an evil point of cour-  
tesy.

PITHIAS. You shall not hurt yourself to  
speak for the innocent.

ARISTIPPUS. He is not innocent whom the  
king judgeth nocent.

PITHIAS. Why, sir, do you think this mat-  
ter past all remedy? 695

ARISTIPPUS. So far past that Dionysius  
hath sworn Damon to-morrow shall  
die.

<sup>1</sup> Foolishly.

PITHIAS. This word my trembling heart  
cutteth in two.

Ah, sir, in this woful case what wist [ye] I  
best to do?

ARISTIPPUS. Best to content yourself  
when there is no remedy.

He is well relieved that foreknoweth his  
misery. 700

Yet, if any comfort be, it resteth in  
Eubulus,

The chiefest councillor about King Diony-  
sius,

Which pitieth Damon's case in this great  
extremity,

Persuading the king from all kind of cru-  
elty.

PITHIAS. The mighty gods preserve you  
for this word of comfort! 705

Taking my leave of your goodness, I will  
now resort

To Eubulus, that good councillor.

But hark! methink I hear a trumpet blow.

ARISTIPPUS. The king is at hand. Stand  
close in the prease.<sup>1</sup> Beware! If  
he know

You are friend to Damon, he will take you  
for a spy also. 710

Farewell; I dare not be seen with you.

*Here entereth King Dionysius, Eubulus the  
Councillor, and Gronno the Hangman.*

DIONYSIUS. Gronno, do my command-  
ment; strike off Damon's irons by  
and by,

Then bring him forth. I myself will see  
him executed presently.<sup>2</sup>

GRONNO. O mighty king, your command-  
ment will I do speedily.

DIONYSIUS. Eubulus, thou hast talked in  
vain, for sure he shall die. 715

Shall I suffer my life to stand in peril of  
every spy?

EUBULUS. That he conspired against your  
person, his accuser cannot say.

He only viewed your city; and will you for  
that make him away?

DIONYSIUS. What he would have done,  
the guess is great. He minded me  
to hurt

That came so slyly to search out the secret  
estate of my court. 720

<sup>1</sup> Crowd, press of people.

<sup>2</sup> At once.

Shall I still live in fear? No, no; I will cut  
off such imps betime,  
Lest that to my farther danger too high  
they climb.

EUBULUS. Yet have the mighty gods im-  
mortal fame assigned  
To all worldly princes which in mercy be  
inclined.

DIONYSIUS. Let fame talk what she list,  
so I may live in safety. 725

EUBULUS. The only mean to that is to use  
mercy.

DIONYSIUS. A mild prince the people de-  
spiseth.

EUBULUS. A cruel king the people hat-  
eth.

DIONYSIUS. Let them hate me, so they  
fear me.

EUBULUS. That is not the way to live in  
safety. 730

DIONYSIUS. My sword and power shall  
purchase my quietness.

EUBULUS. That is sooner procured by  
mercy and gentleness.

DIONYSIUS. Dionysius ought to be feared.

EUBULUS. Better for him to be well be-  
loved.

DIONYSIUS. Fortune maketh all things  
subject to my power. 735

EUBULUS. Believe her not, she is a light  
goddess; she can laugh and low'r.

DIONYSIUS. A king's praise standeth in  
the revenging of his enemy.

EUBULUS. A greater praise to win him by  
clemency.

DIONYSIUS. To suffer the wicked live, it is  
no mercy.

EUBULUS. To kill the innocent, it is great  
cruelty. 740

DIONYSIUS. Is Damon innocent which so  
craftily undermined <sup>1</sup> Carisophus

To understand what he could of king  
Dionysius?

Which surviued the haven, and each bul-  
wark in the city,

Where battery might be laid, what way  
best to approach? Shall I

Suffer such a one to live, that worketh me  
such despite? 745

No, he shall die! Then I am safe: a dead  
dog cannot bite.

<sup>1</sup> Questioned guilefully.

EUBULUS. But yet, O mighty [king,] <sup>1</sup> my  
duty bindeth me

To give such counsel as with your honour  
may best agree.

The strongest pillars of princely dignity

I find this — justice with mercy, and pru-  
dent liberality: 750

The one judgeth all things by upright  
equity,

The other rewardeth the worthy, flying  
each extremity.

As to spare those which offend maliciously,  
It may be called no justice, but extreme

injury;

So, upon suspicion of each thing not well-  
proved, 755

To put to death presently whom envious  
flattery accused,

It seemeth of tyranny. And upon what  
fickle ground all tyrants do stand,

Athens and Lacedemon can teach you, if it  
be rightly scann'd;

And not only these citizens, but who curi-  
ously seeks

The whole histories of all the world — not  
only of Romans and Greeks — 760

Shall well perceive of all tyrants the ruin-  
ous fall;

Their state uncertain, beloved of none, but  
hated of all.

Of merciful princes to set out the passing <sup>2</sup>  
felicity

I need not; enough of that even these days  
do testify.

They live 'devoid of fear, their sleeps are  
sound, they dread no enemy, 765

They are feared and loved. And why?  
they rule with justice and mercy —

Extending justice to such as wickedly from  
justice have swerved,

Mercy unto those who in opinion of simple-  
ness <sup>3</sup> have mercy deserved.

Of liberty nought I say, but only this  
thing:

Liberty upholdeth the state of a king, 770  
Whose large bountifulness ought to fall to

this issue —

<sup>1</sup> Supplied from the 1582 ed.

<sup>2</sup> Surpassing.

<sup>3</sup> A. where opinion simpleness; emend. by Hazlitt,  
who explains: "Simpleness, ignorance — i.e., who  
have deserved mercy, having offended from not  
knowing better."

To reward none but such as deserve it for virtue.

Which merciful justice, if you would follow, and provident liberality,

Neither the caterpillars of all courts, *et fruges consumere nati*,<sup>1</sup>

Parasites with wealth puff'd up, should not look so high; 775

Nor yet for this simple fact poor Damon should die.

DIONYSIUS. With pain mine ears have heard this vain talk of mercy.

I tell thee, fear and terror defendeth kings only.

Till he be gone, whom I suspect, how shall I live quietly,

Whose memory with chilling horror fills my breast day and night violently? 780

My dreadful dreams of him bereaves my rest; on bed I lie

Shaking and trembling, as one ready to yield his throat to Damon's sword.

This quaking dread nothing but Damon's blood can stay.

Better he die, than I to be tormented with fear alway.

He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto. 785

It is lawful for kings, as they list, all things to do.

*Here Gronno [assisted by Snap] bringeth in Damon; and Pithias meeteth him by the way.*

PITHIAS. O my Damon!

DAMON. O my Pithias! Seeing death must part us, farewell for ever!

PITHIAS. O Damon! O my sweet friend!

SNAP. Away from the prisoner! What a prease have we here! 790

GRONNO. As you commanded, O mighty king, we have brought Damon.

DIONYSIUS. Then, go to; make ready. I will not stir out of this place

Till I see his head stroken off before my face.

GRONNO. It shall be done, sir. [To Damon.] Because your eyes have made such a-do

I will knock down this your lantern, and shut up your shop-window too. 795

DAMON. O mighty king, where-as no truth my innocent life can save,

But that so greedily you thirst<sup>1</sup> my guiltless blood to have,

Albeit (even in thought) I had not ought against your person.<sup>2</sup>

Yet now I plead not for life, ne will I crave your pardon.

But seeing in Greece, my country, where well I am known, 800

I have worldly things fit for mine alliance<sup>3</sup> when I am gone,

To dispose them ere I die, if I might obtain leisure,

I would account it (O king) for a passing great pleasure —

Not to prolong my life thereby (for which I reckon not this),

But to set my things in a stay.<sup>4</sup> And surely I will not miss, 805

Upon the faith which all gentlemen ought to embrace,

To return again, at your time to appoint, to yield my body here in this place.

Grant me (O king) such time to despatch this inquiry,<sup>5</sup>

And I will not fail, when you appoint, even here my life to pay.<sup>6</sup>

DIONYSIUS. A pleasant request! as though I could trust him absent 810

Whom in no wise I cannot trust being present!

And yet, though I sware the contrary, do that I require —

Give me a pledge for thy return — and have thine own desire.

He is as near now as he was before!

DAMON. There is no surer nor greater pledge than the faith of a gentleman. 815

DIONYSIUS. It was wont to be; but otherwise now the world doth stand.

Therefore do as I say, else presently yield thy neck to the sword.

If I might with my honour, I would recall my word.

<sup>1</sup> A. *thrust*.

<sup>2</sup> A. *Albeit (even for thought) for ought against your person*. Silently emended in Hazlitt as above.

<sup>3</sup> Kindred

<sup>4</sup> Put in order.

<sup>5</sup> A. *injury*, which may be correct. Changed by Hazlitt.

<sup>6</sup> The 1582 ed. has *to yeelde speedily*, which rhymes with the preceding line.

<sup>1</sup> "And born to consume the fruits of the earth." Horace *Epist.*, 1. 2. 27.

PITHIAS [*advancing*]. Stand to your word,  
O king! for kings ought nothing say  
But that they would perform in perfect  
deeds alway. 820

A pledge you did require when Damon his  
suit did meve;

For which with heart and stretched hands  
most humble thanks I give.

And that you may not say but Damon hath  
a friend

That loves him better than his own life,  
and will do, to his end,

Take me, O nughty king! My life I pawn  
for his. 825

Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his  
day to miss.

DIONYSIUS. What art thou that chargest  
me with my word so boldly here?

PITHIAS. I am Pithias, a Greek born, which  
hold Damon my friend full dear.

DIONYSIUS. Too dear, perhaps, to hazard  
thy life for him! What fondness<sup>1</sup>  
moveth thee?

PITHIAS. No fondness at all, but perfect  
amity. 830

DIONYSIUS. A mad kind of amity! Ad-  
vise thyself well: if Damon fail at  
his day,

Which shall be justly appointed, wilt thou  
die for him, to me his life to pay?

PITHIAS. Most willingly, O mighty king.  
If Damon fail, let Pithias die.

DIONYSIUS. Thou seemest to trust his  
words that pawnest thy life so  
frankly.

PITHIAS. What Damon saith, Pithias be-  
lieveth assuredly. 835

DIONYSIUS. Take heed! For life wordly  
men break promise in many things.

PITHIAS. Though wordly men do so, it  
never haps amongst friends.

DIONYSIUS. What callest thou friends?  
Are they not men? is not this true?

PITHIAS. Men they be, but such men as  
love one another only for virtue.

DIONYSIUS. For what virtue dost thou  
love this spy, this Damon? 840

PITHIAS. For that virtue which yet to you  
is unknown.

DIONYSIUS. Eubulus, what shall I do? I  
would despatch this Damon fain;

<sup>1</sup> Folly.

But this foolish fellow so chargeth me that  
I may not call back my word again.

EUBULUS. The reverent majesty of a king  
stands chiefly in keeping his prom-  
ise.

What you have said this whole court bear-  
eth witness. 845

Save your honour, whatsoever you do.

DIONYSIUS. For saving mine honour, I  
must forbear my will. Go to.

Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my  
word, take Damon to thee;

For two months he is thine. [*To Gronno.*]  
Unbind him; I set him free.

Which time once expired, if he appear not  
the next day by noon, 850

Without further delay thou shalt lose thy  
life, and that full soon!

Whether he die by the way, or lie sick in  
his bed,

If he return not then, thou shalt either  
hang or lose thy head!

PITHIAS. For this, O mighty king, I yield  
immortal thanks! O joyful day!

DIONYSIUS. Gronno, take him to thee.  
Bind him; see him kept in safety:

If he escape, assure thyself for him thou  
shalt die. 856

Eubulus, let us depart to talk of this  
strange thing within.

EUBULUS. I follow.

*Exit [Eubulus following Dionysius and  
his train. Gronno, Snap, Damon and  
Pithias remain].*

GRONNO. Damon, thou servest the gods  
well to-day; be thou of comfort.

As for you, sir, I think you will be hanged  
in sport. 860

You heard what the king said; I must keep  
you safely.

By Cock, so I will! You shall rather hang  
than I!

Come on your way.

PITHIAS. My Damon, farewell! The  
gods have thee in keeping.

DAMON. O, my Pithias, my pledge, fare-  
well! I part from thee weeping. 865

But joyful at my day appointed I will re-  
turn again,

When I will deliver thee from all trouble  
and pain.

Stephano will I leave behind me to wait  
upon thee in prison alone;

And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this  
misery, will walk home.

Ah, my Pithias, my pledge, my life, my  
friend, farewell! 870

PITHIAS. Farewell, my Damon!

DAMON. Loth I am to depart. Sith sobs  
my trembling tongue doth stay,  
O music, sound my doleful plaints when I  
am gone my way. [*Exit Damon.*]

GRONNO. I am glad he is gone; I had  
almost wept too. Come, Pithias.  
So God help me, I am sorry for thy foolish  
case. 875

Wilt thou venter thy life for a man so  
fondly?

PITHIAS. It is no venter; my friend is just,  
for whom I desire to die.

GRONNO. Here is a madman! I tell thee,  
I have a wife whom I love well,  
And if ich would die for her, chould ich  
were in hell!

Wilt thou do more for a man than I would  
for a woman? 880

PITHIAS. Yea, that I will.

GRONNO. Then, come on your ways; you  
must to prison in haste.

I fear you will repent this folly at last.

PITHIAS. That shalt thou never see. But,  
O music, as my Damon requested  
thee,

Sound out thy doleful tunes in this time of  
calamity. 885

*Exit [Pithias, led away by Gronno].*

*Here the regals play a mourning song, and  
Damon cometh in in mariner's apparel  
and Stephano with him.*

[DAMON.] Weep no more, Stephano; this  
is but destiny.

Had not this happ'd, yet I know I am born  
to die;

Where or in what place, the gods know alone  
To whose judgment myself I commit.  
Therefore leave off thy moan,

And wait upon Pithias in prison till I re-  
turn again, 890

In whom my joy, my care, and life doth  
only remain.

STEPHANO. O my dear master, let me go  
with you; for my poor company

Shall be some small comfort in this time of  
misery.

DAMON. O Stephano, hast thou been so  
long with me,

And yet dost not know the force of true  
amity? 895

I tell thee once again, my friend and I are  
but one.

Wait upon Pithias, and think thou art  
with Damon.

Whereof I may not now discourse, the  
time passeth away;

The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be  
my journey.

Therefore farewell, Stephano! Commend  
me to my friend Pithias, 900

Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this  
woful case.

STEPHANO. Farewell, my dear master,  
since your pleasure is so.

[*Exit Damon.*]

O cruel hap! O poor Stephano!

O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this  
tragedy!

[*He hears a noise in Damon's lodging.*]

But what a noise is this? Is all well  
within, trow ye? 905

I fear all be not well within; I will go see. —  
[*He goes in.*]

Come out, you weasel! Are you seeking  
eggs in Damon's chest?

Come out, I say! Wilt thou be packing?  
By Cock, you were best!

[*Re-enter Stephano, pulling out Carisophus,  
Jack following.*]

CARISOPHUS. How durst thou, villain, to  
lay hands on me?

STEPHANO. Out, sir knave, or I will send  
ye! 910

Art thou not content to accuse Damon  
wrongfully,

But wilt thou rob him also, and that  
openly?

CARISOPHUS. The king gave me the spoil;  
to take mine own wilt thou let<sup>1</sup>  
me?

STEPHANO. Thine own, villain! Where is  
thine authority?

CARISOPHUS. I am authority of myself;  
dost thou not know? 915

<sup>1</sup> Prevent, hinder.

STEPHANO. By'r Lady, that is somewhat!  
But have you no more to show?

CARISOPHUS. What if I have not?

STEPHANO. Then for an earnest penny  
take this blow. [Strikes him.]

I shall bombast you, you mocking knave!  
Chill put pro<sup>1</sup> in my purse for this  
time!

CARISOPHUS. Jack, give me my sword and  
target. 920

JACK. I cannot come to you, master; this  
knave doth me let. Hold, master.

[Extending the sword.]

STEPHANO [to Jack]. Away, Jackanapes,  
else I will colpheg<sup>2</sup> you by and  
by!

Ye slave, I will have my pennyworths of  
thee therefore, if I die!

About, villain! [He beats Carisophus.]

CARISOPHUS. O citizens, help to defend  
me! 925

STEPHANO. Nay, they will rather help to  
hang thee.

CARISOPHUS. Good fellow, let us reason  
this matter quietly; beat me no  
more.

STEPHANO. Of this condition I will stay —  
if thou swear, as thou art an honest  
man,

Thou wilt say nothing to the king of this  
when I am gone.

CARISOPHUS. I will say nothing — here is  
my hand — as I am an honest  
man. 930

STEPHANO. Then say on thy mind. I  
have taken a wise oath on him, have  
I not, trow ye,

To trust such a false knave upon his hon-  
esty?

As he is an honest man (quoth you!) he  
may bewray all to the king,

And break his oath for this never a whit —  
but, my franion,<sup>3</sup> I tell you this one  
thing:

If you disclose this I will devise such a  
way 935

That whilst thou livest thou shalt remem-  
ber this day.

CARISOPHUS. You need not devise for  
that, for this day is printed in my  
memory!

I warrant you I shall remember this beat-  
ing till I die.

But seeing of courtesy you have granted  
that we should talk quietly,

Methinks in calling me knave you do me  
much injury. 940

STEPHANO. Why so, I pray thee heartily?

CARISOPHUS. Because I am the king's  
man. Keeps the king any knaves?

STEPHANO. He should not; but what he  
doth, it is evident by thee.

And, as far as I can learn or understand,  
There is none better able to keep knaves in  
all the land. 945

CARISOPHUS. O sir, I am a courtier; when  
courtiers shall hear tell

How you have used me, they will not take  
it well.

STEPHANO. Nay, all right courtiers will  
ken<sup>1</sup> me thank. And wot you  
why?

Because I handled a counterfeit courtier in  
his kind so finely.

What, sir! are not courtiers that have a  
counterfeit show; 950

In a troop of honest men some knaves may  
stand, ye know —

Such as by stealth creep in under the colour  
of honesty,

Which sort under that cloak do all kinds of  
villainy.

A right courtier is virtuous, gentle, and full  
of urbanity,

Hurting no man, good to all, devoid of all  
villainy; 955

But such as thou art, fountains of squir-  
rility and vain delights;

Though you hang by the courts, you are  
but flatt'ring parasites,

As well deserving the right name of cour-  
tesy

As the coward knight the true praise of  
chivalry.

I could say more, but I will not, for that I  
am your well-willer. 960

In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier,  
but a caterpillar,

A sycophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a  
knave!

Whether I will or no, these names you must  
have;

<sup>1</sup> ?

<sup>2</sup> Cuff.

<sup>3</sup> Gay fellow.

<sup>1</sup> Give.



How well you deserve this by your deeds it  
is known,

For that so unjustly thou hast accused  
poor Damon, 965

Whose woful case the gods help alone.

CARISOPHUS. Sir, are you his servant that  
you pity his case so?

STEPHANO. No, hum troth, Goodman  
Grumb; his name is Stephano.

I am called Onaphets,<sup>1</sup> if needs you will  
know.

[*Aside.*] The knave beginneth to sift me;  
but I turn my name in and out, 970

*Cretiso cum Cretense*,<sup>2</sup> to make him a lout.<sup>3</sup>

CARISOPHUS. What mumble you with  
yourself, Master Onaphets?

STEPHANO. I am reckoning with myself  
how I may pay my debts.

CARISOPHUS. You have paid me more  
than you did owe me!

STEPHANO. Nay, upon a farther reckon-  
ing, I will pay you more, if I know

Either you talk of that is done, or by your  
sycophantical envy 976

You prick forth Dionysius the sooner that  
Damon may die.

I will so pay thee that thy bones shall  
rattle in thy skin.

Remember what I have said; Onaphets is  
my name. *Exit.*

CARISOPHUS. The sturdy knave is gone;  
the devil him take! 980

He hath made my head, shoulders, arms,  
sides, and all to ache.

Thou whoreson villain boy, why didst thou  
wait no better?

As he paid me, so will I not die thy debtor.  
[*Strikes him.*]

JACK. Master, why do you fight with me?  
I am not your match, you see.

You durst not fight with him that is gone;  
and will you wreak your anger on  
me? 985

CARISOPHUS. Thou villain, by thee I have  
lost mine honour, —

Beaten with a cudgel like a slave, a vaca-  
bone,<sup>4</sup> or a lazy lubber,

And not given one blow again! Hast thou  
handled me well?

<sup>1</sup> "Stephano" spelled backwards.

<sup>2</sup> "I lie with the Cretan." The Cretans were  
famous as liars.

<sup>3</sup> Fool.

<sup>4</sup> Vagabond.

JACK. Master, I handled you not, but who  
did handle you very handsomely,  
you can tell.

CARISOPHUS. Handsomely, thou crack-  
rope? <sup>1</sup> 990

JACK. Yea, sir, very handsomely! I  
hold <sup>2</sup> you a groat,

He handled you so handsomely that he left  
not one mote in your coat.

CARISOPHUS. O, I had firk'd him trimly,  
thou villain, if thou hadst given me  
my sword.

JACK. It is better as it is, master, believe  
me, at a word.

If he had seen your weapon he would have  
been fiercer, 995

And so perhaps beat you worse. I speak  
it with my heart,

You were never yet at the dealing of fence-  
blows <sup>3</sup> but you had four away for  
your part.

It is but your luck. You are man good  
enough;

But the Welsh Onaphets was a vengeance-  
knave, and rough!

Master, you were best go home and rest in  
your bed; 1000

Methinks your cap waxeth too little for  
your head.

CARISOPHUS. What! doth my head swell?

JACK. Yea, as big as a codshead, and  
bleeds too.

CARISOPHUS. I am ashamed to show my  
face with this hue.

JACK. No shame at all; men have been  
beaten far better than you. 1005

CARISOPHUS. I must go to the chirur-  
geon's. What shall I say when I  
am a-dressing?

JACK. You may say truly you met with a  
knave's blessing.<sup>4</sup> *Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Aristippus.*

[ARISTIPPUS.] By mine own experience I  
prove true that many men tell:

To live in court not beloved, better be in  
hell.

What crying out, what cursing is there  
within of Carisophus, 1010

<sup>1</sup> Rascal destined for the gallows.

<sup>2</sup> Fencing.

<sup>3</sup> Wager.

<sup>4</sup> A cant term for a beating.

Because he accused Damon to King Dionysius!

Even now he came whining and crying into the court for the nonce,

Showing that one Onaphets had broke his knave's scone.

Which strange name, when they heard, every man laugh'd heartily,

And I by myself scann'd his name secretly; 1015

For well I knew it was some mad-headed child

That invented this name that the log-headed knave might be beguil'd.

In tossing it often with myself to and fro, I found out that Onaphets backward spelled Stephano.

I smiled in my sleeve to see <sup>1</sup> how by turning his name he dress'd <sup>2</sup> him, 1020

And how for Damon his master's sake with a wooden cudgel he bless'd him.

None pitied the knave, no man nor woman; but all laugh'd him to scorn.

To be thus hated of all, better unborn!

Far better Aristippus hath provided, I trow;

For in all the court I am beloved both of high and low. 1025

I offend none; insomuch that women sing this to my great praise,

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res.*<sup>3</sup>

But in all this jollity one thing 'mazed me: The strangest thing that ever was heard or known

Is now happened in this court by that Damon 1030

Whom Carisophus accused: Damon is now at liberty,

For whose return Pithias his friend lieth in prison, alas, in great jeopardy!

To-morrow is the day; which day by noon, if Damon return not, earnestly

The king hath sworn that Pithias should die; Whereof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly, 1035

Wishing that Damon may not return till he hath paid

His life for his friend. Hath it been heretofore ever said

That any man for his friend would die so willingly?

O noble friendship! O perfect amity!

Thy force is here seen, and that very perfectly. 1040

The king himself museth hereat; yet is he far out of square,

That he trusteth none to come near him.

Not his own daughters will he have Unsearch'd to enter his chamber; which he

hath made barbers his beard to shave,

Not with knife or razor — for all edge-tools he fears —

But with hot burning nutshells they singe off his hairs. 1045

Was there ever man that lived in such misery?

Well, I will go in — with a heavy and pensive heart, too,

To think how Pithias, this poor gentleman, to-morrow shall die. *Exit.*

*Here entereth Jack and Will.*

[JACK.] Will, by my honesty, I will mar your monkey's face if you so fondly prate!

WILL. Jack, by my troth, seeing you are without the court-gate, 1050

If you play Jack-napes in mocking my master and despising my face,

Even here with a pantacle <sup>1</sup> I will you disgrace.

And though you have a far better face than I,

Yet who is better man of us two these fists shall try,

Unless you leave your taunting. 1055

JACK. Thou began'st first. Didst thou not say even now

That Carisophus, my master, was no man, but a cow,

In taking so many blows, and gave never a blow again?

WILL. I said so, indeed. He is but a tame rutlián

That can swear by his flask and twich-box,<sup>2</sup> and God's precious lady, 1060

<sup>1</sup> A. *how to see*.

<sup>2</sup> Deceived.

<sup>3</sup> A. *decuit colore*. "Every color, place, and thing suited Aristippus."

<sup>1</sup> Pantofle, or slipper, symbolical of pages.

<sup>2</sup> Touch-box, filled with priming-powder for the musket.

And yet will be beaten with a faggot-stick!  
These barking whelps were never good  
biters,

Ne yet great crakers<sup>1</sup> were ever great  
fighters.

But seeing you egg me so much, I will  
somewhat more recite:

I say Carisophus, thy master, is a flatt'ring  
parasite, 1065

Gleaning away the sweet from the worthy  
in all the court.

What tragedy hath he moved of late! The  
devil take him! he doth much  
hurt.

JACK. I pray you, what is Aristippus,  
thy master? Is not he a parasite  
too,

That with scoffing and jesting in the court  
makes so much a-do?

WILL. He is no parasite, but a pleasant  
gentleman full of courtesy. 1070

Thy master is a churlish lout, the heir of a  
dungfork; as void of honesty

As thou art of honour.

JACK. Nay, if you will needs be prating of  
my master still,

In faith I must cool you, my friend dapper  
Will.

Take this at the beginning! 1075  
[Strikes him.]

WILL. Praise well your winning. My  
pantacle is as ready as yours.

JACK. By the mass, I will box you!

WILL. By Cock, I will fox you!

JACK. Will, was I with you?

WILL. Jack, did I fly? 1080

JACK. Alas, pretty cockerel, you are too  
weak!

WILL. In faith, dutting duttell, you will  
cry creak!

*Here entereth Snap.*

[SNAP.] Away, you crack-ropes!<sup>2</sup> Are  
you fighting at the court-gate?

And I take you here again I will swinge you  
both; what! *Exit.*

JACK. I beshrew Snap the tipstaff, that  
great knave's heart, that hither did  
come! 1085

Had he not been, you had cried ere this  
*Victus, victa, victum.*<sup>1</sup>

But seeing we have breathed ourselves, if  
ye list,

Let us agree like friends, and shake each  
other by the fist.

WILL. Content am I, for I am not mali-  
cious; — but on this condition,

That you talk no more so broad of my  
master as here you have done. 1090

But who have we here? 'Tis Coals, I spy,<sup>2</sup>  
coming yonder.

JACK. Will, let us slip aside and view him  
well. [They stand aside.]

*Here entereth Grim the Collier, whistling.*

[GRIM.] What devil! ich ween the porters  
are drunk. Will they not dup<sup>3</sup> the  
gate to-day?

Take in coals for the king's own mouth!<sup>4</sup>  
Will nobody stir, I say?

Ich might have lain tway hours longer in  
my bed; 1095

Cha tarried so long here that my teeth  
chatter in my head.

JACK. Will, after our falling out wilt thou  
laugh merrily?

WILL. Ay, marry, Jack, I pray thee  
heartily.

JACK. Then follow me, and hem in a word  
now and then. [They advance.]

What brawling knave is there at the court-  
gate so early? 1100

WILL. It is some brainsick villain, I durst  
lay a penny.

JACK. It was you, sir, that cried so loud, I  
trow,

And bid us take in coals for the king's  
mouth even now.

GRIM. 'Twas I, indeed.

JACK. Why, sir, how dare you speak such  
petty treason? 1105

Doth the king eat coals at any season?

GRIM. Here is a gay world! Boys now  
sets old men to school.

I said well enough. What, Jack-sauce!  
think'st cham a fool?

<sup>1</sup> Conquered (mas.), conquered (fem.), con-  
quered (neut.).

<sup>2</sup> A. *Cobez epi.* Emended by Hazlitt.

<sup>3</sup> Open.

<sup>4</sup> Provision. A technical phrase in court records;  
cf. *Bouche de la cour.*

<sup>1</sup> Boasters.

<sup>2</sup> A term of opprobrium, usually applied to boys;  
the allusion is to the hangman's rope.

At bakehouse, butt'ry-hatch, kitchen, and cellar,

Do they not say "for the king's mouth"?

WILL. What, then, Goodman Collier? 1111

GRIM. What, then! seeing without coals they cannot finely dress the king's meat,

May I not say "take in coals for the king's mouth," though coals he do not eat?

JACK. James Christe! came ever from a collier an answer so trim?

You are learned, are you not, father Grim? 1115

GRIM. Grim is my name, indeed. Cham not learned, and yet the king's collier;

This vorty winter cha been to the king a servitor.

Though I be not learned, yet cha mother-wit enough, whole and some.

WILL. So it seems; you have so much mother-wit that you lack your father's wisdom.

GRIM. Mass, cham well-beset! Here's a trim cast of murlons! 1120

What be you, my pretty cockerels, that ask me these questions?

JACK. Good faith, Master Grim, if such merlins on your pouch<sup>2</sup> may light,

They are so quick of wing that quickly they can carry it out of your sight;

And though we are cockerels now, we shall have spurs one day,

And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon [to your pay.] 1125

But to tell you the truth, we are the porter's men, which early and late

Wait on such gentlemen as you, to open the court-gate.

GRIM. Are ye servants then?

WILL. Yea, sir; are we not pretty men?

GRIM. Pretty men, quoth you? nay, you are strong men, else you could not bear these breeches.<sup>4</sup> 1130

WILL. Are these great hose?

In faith, Goodman Collier, you see with your nose.

By mine honesty, I have but for one lining in one hose but seven ells of rug.<sup>1</sup>

GRIM. This is but a little, yet it makes thee seem a great bug.<sup>2</sup>

JACK. How say you, Goodman Collier, can you find any fault here? 1135

GRIM. Nay, you should find fault. Marry, here's trim gear!

Alas, little knave, dost not sweat? Thou goest with great pain.

These are no hose, but water-bougets,<sup>3</sup> I tell thee plain;

Good for none but such as have no buttocks.

Did you ever see two such little Robin ruddocks 1140

So laden with breeches? Chill say no more, lest I offend.

Who invented these monsters first, did it to a ghostly<sup>4</sup> end,

To have a mail<sup>5</sup> ready to put in other folks' stuff;

We see this evident by daily proof.

One preached of late not far hence, in no pulpit but in a wain-cart, 1145

That spake enough of this. But for my part,

Chill say no more; your own necessity

In the end will force you to find some remedy.

JACK. Will, hold this railing knave with a talk when I am gone;

I will fetch him his filling ale for his good sermon. 1150

WILL. Go thy way. [Exit Jack.] Father Grim, gaily will you do say.

It is but young men's folly that list to play And mask awhile in the net of their own device;

When they come to your age they will be wise.

GRIM. Bum troth, but few such roisters come to my years at this day; 1155

They be cut off betimes ere they have gone half their journey —

I will not tell why; let them guess that can; I mean somewhat thereby.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Merlins, a species of very small hawks.

<sup>2</sup> Purse.

<sup>3</sup> Added by Hazlitt.

<sup>4</sup> Grim is sneering at the big stuffed breeches (called "slope") then worn by men of fashion.

<sup>5</sup> Coarse woolen cloth.

<sup>6</sup> Hobgoblin, bugbear.

<sup>7</sup> Leather bags used, in pairs, to carry water.

<sup>8</sup> Spiritual, religious (used sarcastically).

<sup>9</sup> Bag.

<sup>10</sup> He means, of course, the gallows.

*Enter Jack with a pot of wine, and a cup to drink on.*

[JACK.] Father Grim, because you are stirring so early

I have brought you a bowl of wine to make you merry.

GRIM. Wine! marry, that is welcome to colliers! Chill swap't off by and by.<sup>1</sup> 1160

Chwas stirring so early that my very soul is dry.

JACK. This is stoutly done. Will you have it warmed, Father Grim?

GRIM. No, it is warm enough; it is very lousious<sup>2</sup> and trim.

'Tis musselden,<sup>3</sup> ich ween! Of fellowship let me have another spurt.

Ich can drink as easily now as if I sat in my shirt. 1165

JACK. By Cock, and you shall have it! But I will begin, and that anon:

*Je bois à vous, mon compagnon!*<sup>4</sup>

GRIM. *J'ai vous pleigé, petit Zawne!*<sup>5</sup>

JACK. Can you speak French? Here is a trim collier, by this day!

GRIM. What, man! ich learned this when ich was a soldier; 1170

When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yerke a whip trimly —

Better than these boy-colliers that come to the court daily;

When there were not so many captious fellows as now,

That would torup<sup>6</sup> men for every trifle — I wot not how:

As there was one, Damon, not long since taken for a spy — 1175

How justly I know not, but he was condemned to die.

WILL [aside]. This wine hath warmed him. This comes well to pass;

We shall know all now, for *in vino veritas*.<sup>7</sup>

Father Grim, who accused this Damon to King Dionysius?

<sup>1</sup> At once.

<sup>2</sup> Luscious.

<sup>3</sup> Muscatel wine.

<sup>4</sup> A. *Jebit avow, mon companion.*

<sup>5</sup> A. *Ihar vow pleidge, pety Zawne.* "Zawne" seems to be used for "Zany," clown.

<sup>6</sup> Not in *N.E.D.* Possibly Grim means *interrupt*, or *take up*.

<sup>7</sup> "In wine the truth."

GRIM. A vengeance take him! 'twas a gentleman, one Master Crowsphus.

WILL. Crowsphus! You elip the king's language; you would have said Carisophus. 1181

But I perceive now either the wind is at the south,

Or else your tongue cleaveth to the roof of your mouth.

GRIM. A murrain take thi[l]k wine! It so intoxicate my brain

That, to be hanged by and by, I cannot speak plain. 1185

JACK [aside]. You speak knavishly plain, seeing my master you do mock.

In faith, ere you go, I will make you a lob-cock.

Father Grim, what say they of this Damon abroad?

GRIM. All men are sorry for him, so help me God!

They say a false knave 'cused him to the king wrongfully; 1190

And he is gone, and should be here tomorrow to die,

Or else his fellow, which is in prison, his room shall supply.

Chill not be his half for vorty shillings, I tell you plain!

I think Damon be too wise to return again.

WILL. Will no man speak for them in this woful case? 1195

GRIM. No, chill warrant you. One Master Stippus is in place

Where he may do good; but he frames himself so,

Whatsoever Dionysius willeth, to that he will not say no.

'Tis a subtle vox! He will not tread on thorns for none!

A merry harecop<sup>1</sup> 'tis, and a pleasant companion, 1200

A right courtier, and can provide for one.

JACK [aside to Will]. Will, how like you this gear? Your master Aristippus also

At this collier's hand hath had a blow! But, in faith, Father Grim, cannot ye colliers

Provide for yourselves far better than courtiers? 1205

<sup>1</sup> Hare-brain?

GRIM. Yes, I trow! Black colliers go in  
threadbare coats,  
Yet so provide they that they have the fair  
white groats.  
Ich may say in counsel, though all day I  
moil in dirt  
Chill not change lives with any in Diony-  
sius' court;  
For though their apparel be never so  
fine, 1210  
Yet sure their credit is far worse than mine.  
And, by Cock, I may say, for all their high  
looks,  
I know some sticks full deep in merchants'  
books;<sup>1</sup>  
And deeper will fall in, as fame me tells,  
As long as instead of money they take up  
hawks' hoods and bells. 1215  
Whereby they fall into a swelling disease,  
which colliers do not know;  
'T'ath a mad name! it is called, ich ween,  
*Centum pro cento*.<sup>2</sup>  
Some other in courts make others laugh  
merrily,  
When they wail and lament their own es-  
tate secretly.  
Friendship is dead in court; hypocrisy doth  
reign; 1220  
Who is in favour now, to-morrow is out  
again:  
The state is so uncertain that I, by my will,  
Will never be courtier but a collier still.  
WILL. It seemeth that colliers have a very  
trim life.  
GRIM. Colliers get money still; tell me, of  
troth, 1225  
Is not that a trim life now, as the world  
go'th?  
All day though I toil with main and might,  
With money in my pouch I come home  
merry at night,  
And sit down in my chair by my wife, fair  
Alison,  
And turn a crab in the fire<sup>3</sup> as merry as  
Pope John. 1230  
JACK. That pope was a merry fellow of  
whom folk talk so much.  
GRIM. H'ad to be merry withal — h'ad  
gold enough in his hutch.

JACK. Can gold make men merry? They  
say, "Who can sing so merry a note  
As he that is not able to change a groat?"  
GRIM. Who sings in that case sings never  
in tune. I know, for my part, 1235  
That a heavy pouch with gold makes a  
light heart;  
Of which I have provided for a dear year  
good store; [*He shows his purse.*]  
And these bentsers,<sup>1</sup> I trow, shall anon get  
me more.  
WILL. By serving the court with coals you  
gain'd all this money?  
GRIM. By the court only, I assure ye. 1240  
JACK. After what sort, I pray thee tell  
me?  
GRIM. Nay, there bate an ace, quod  
Bolton!<sup>2</sup> I can wear a horn and  
blow it not.  
JACK. By'r Lady, the wiser man!  
GRIM. Shall I tell you by what sleight I  
got all this money?  
Then ich were a noddy indeed! No, no, I  
warrant ye! 1245  
Yet in few words I tell you this one thing —  
He is a very fool that cannot gain by the  
king.  
WILL. Well said, Father Grim! you are a  
wily collier, and a brave.  
I see now there is no knave to the old  
knave.  
GRIM. Such knaves have money when  
courtiers have none. 1250  
But tell me, is it true that abroad is blown?  
JACK. What is that?  
GRIM. Hath the king made those fair  
damsels, his daughters,  
To become now fine and trim barbers?  
JACK. Yea, truly, — to his own person.  
GRIM. Good fellows, believe me, as the  
case now stands 1256  
I would give one sack of coals to be wash'd  
at their hands!  
If ich came so near them, for my wit chould  
not give three chips  
If ich could not steal one swap at their  
lips!  
JACK [*aside*]. Will, this knave is drunk.  
Let us dress<sup>3</sup> him; 1260

<sup>1</sup> Indebted to merchants.

<sup>2</sup> "Hundred per cent."

<sup>3</sup> A crab-apple roasted in the fire and dropped  
into a mug of ale to warm and flavor the drink.

<sup>1</sup> Debentures, vouchers given in the royal house-  
hold for sums of money due.

<sup>2</sup> An old proverb.

<sup>3</sup> Play a prank upon him.

Let us rifle him so, that he have not one penny to bless him,  
And steal away his debenters<sup>1</sup> too.

WILL [*aside*]. Content; invent the way, and I am ready.

JACK [*aside*]. Faith, and I will make him a noddy.

Father Grim, if you pray me well, I will wash you and shave you too, 1265  
Even after the same fashion as the king's daughters do;

In all points as they handle Dionysius, I will dress you trim and fine.

GRIM. Chuld vain learn that! Come on, then; chill give thee a whole pint of wine

At tavern for thy labour, when 'cha money for my benters here.

*Here Will fetcheth a barber's bason, a pot with water, a razor, and cloths, and a pair of spectacles.*

JACK. Come, mine own Father Grim; sit down. 1270

GRIM. Mass, to begin withal, here is a trim chair!

JACK. What, man, I will use you like a prince. Sir boy, fetch me my gear.

WILL. Here, sir.

JACK. Hold up, Father Grim.

GRIM. Me-seem my head doth swim. 1275

JACK. My costly perfumes make that. Away with this, sir boy; be quick!

[*Hands Will the collier's purse.*]

Aloyse, aloyse,<sup>2</sup> how low pretty it is! Is not here a good face?

A fine owl's eyes! a mouth like an oven! Father, you have good butter-teeth full scen.

[*Aside*] You were weaned, else you would have been a great calf. 1280

Ah, trim lips to sweep a manger!<sup>3</sup> Here is a chin,

As soft as the hoof of an horse.

GRIM. Doth the king's daughters rub so hard?

JACK. Hold your head straight, man, else all will be marr'd.

By'r Lady, you are of a good complexion, 1285

A right Croyden sanguine,<sup>1</sup> beshrew me. Hold up, Father Grim. Will, can you bestir ye?

GRIM. Methinks, after a marvellous fashion you do besmear me.

JACK. It is with unguentum of Daucus Maucus, that is very costly;

I give not this washing-ball<sup>2</sup> to everybody. 1290

After you have been dress'd so finely at my hand,

You may kiss any lady's lips within this land. Ah, you are trimly wash'd! How say you, is not this trim water?

GRIM. It may be wholesome, but it is vengeance sour!

JACK. It scours the better. Sir boy, give me my razor. 1295

WILL. Here at hand, sir.

GRIM. God's arms! 'tis a chopping knife! 'tis no razor.

JACK. It is a razor, and that a very good one!

It came lately from Palermo;<sup>3</sup> it cost me twenty crowns alone.

Your eyes dazzle after your washing; these spectacles put on. 1300

[*He places spectacles, with dark lenses, on him.*]

Now view this razor; tell me, is it not a good one?

GRIM. They be gay barnacles, yet I see never the better.

JACK. Indeed they be a young sight, and that is the matter.

But I warrant you this razor is very easy.

GRIM. Go to, then; since you begun, do as please ye. 1305

JACK. Hold up, Father Grim.

GRIM. O, your razor doth hurt my lip.

JACK. No, it scrapeth off a pimple to ease you of the pip.

I have done now. How say you? are you not well?

GRIM. Cham lighter than ich was, the truth to tell. 1310

<sup>1</sup> Debentures.

<sup>2</sup> This exclamation is not recorded in *N.E.D.*

<sup>3</sup> As an ass.

<sup>1</sup> "Supposed to be a kind of sallow colour" (Nares). — *N.E.D.*

<sup>2</sup> Perfumed soap.

<sup>3</sup> A. Pallarime.

JACK. Will you sing after your shaving?  
GRIM. Mass, content! But chill be poll'd<sup>1</sup>  
first, ere I sing.

JACK. Nay, that shall not need; you  
are poll'd<sup>2</sup> near enough for this  
time.

GRIM. Go to, then, lustily. I will sing in  
my man's voice;  
Chave a troubling base buss.<sup>3</sup>

JACK. You are like to bear the bob,<sup>4</sup> for  
we will give it. 1315

Set out your bussing base, and we will  
quiddle<sup>5</sup> upon it.

*Grim singeth Buss.*

JACK (*sings*). Too nidden and too nidden!<sup>6</sup>  
WILL (*sings*). Too nidden and toodle toodle  
doo nidden!

's not Grim the collier most finely shaven?<sup>7</sup>

GRIM. Why, my fellows, think ich am a  
cow, that you make such toying?

JACK. Nay, by'r Lady, you are no cow, by  
your singing — 1321

Yet your wife told me you were an ox.<sup>8</sup>

GRIM. Did she so? 'tis a pestens<sup>9</sup> quean!  
she is full of such mocks.

But go to, let us sing out our song merrily

THE SONG AT THE SHAVING OF THE COLLIER

JACK. Such barbers God send you at all  
times of need — 1325

WILL. That can dress you [so] finely, and  
make such quick speed.

JACK. Your face like an inkhorn now shin-  
eth so gay —

WILL. That I with your nostrils of force  
must needs play,

*With too nidden and too nidden!*

JACK. *With too nidden and toodle toodle doo  
nidden!* 1330

's not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

WILL. *With shaving you shine like a pestle  
of pork.*<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Trimmed.

<sup>2</sup> With a pun on the sense "cheated," "fleeced."

<sup>3</sup> Buzz, hum.

<sup>4</sup> Refrain, with a pun on the meaning "bitter  
est."

<sup>5</sup> Sing in a trifling way.

<sup>6</sup> A nonsense refrain.

<sup>7</sup> With a pun on *shaven*, cheated.

<sup>8</sup> The cuckold joke.

<sup>9</sup> Pestilent.

<sup>10</sup> Ham of a pig.

JACK. *Here is the trimmest hog's flesh  
from London to York.*

WILL. *It would be trim bacon to hang up  
awhile.*

JACK. *To play with this hoglin of course I  
must smile,* 1335

*With too nidden and too nidden!*

WILL. *With too nidden and toodle, &c.*

GRIM. *Your shaving doth please me; I am  
now your debtor.*

WILL. *Your wife now will buss<sup>1</sup> you, be-  
cause you are sweeter.*

GRIM. *Near would I be polled, as near as  
cham shaven.* 1340

WILL. *Then out of your jerkin<sup>2</sup> needs  
must you be shaken.*

*With too nidden and too nidden, &c.*

GRIM. *It is a trim thing to be wash'd in the  
court.*

WILL. *Their hands are so fine, that they  
never do hurt.*

GRIM. *Me-think ich am lighter than ever ich  
was.* 1345

WILL. *Our shaving in the court hath  
brought this to pass.*

*With too nidden and two nidden!*

JACK. *With too nidden and toodle toodle doo  
nidden!*

*Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?*

*Finis*

GRIM. This is trimly done! Now chill  
pitch my coals not far hence, 1350  
And then at the tavern chill bestow whole  
tway pence. [*Exit Grim.*]

JACK. Farewell, [by] Cock. Before the  
collier again do us seek,

Let us into the court to part the spoil,  
share and share [a]like. *Exit.*

WILL. Away then. [*Exit.*]

*Here entereth Grim.*

[GRIM.] Out, alas! where shall I make my  
moan? 1355

My pouch, my benders, and all is gone!  
Where is that villain that did me shave?  
H'ath robbed me, alas, of all that I have.

<sup>1</sup> Kiss.

<sup>2</sup> The outer jacket worn by men, often made of  
leather.



*Here entereth Snap.*

[SNAP.] Who crieth so at the court-gate?

GRIM. I, the poor collier, that was robbed of late. 1360

SNAP. Who robbed thee?

GRIM. Two of the porter's men that did shave me.

SNAP. Why, the porter's men are no barbers.

GRIM. A vengeance take them, they are quick carvers.<sup>1</sup>

SNAP. What stature were they of? 1365

GRIM. As little dapper knaves as they trimly could scoff.

SNAP. They were lackeys, as near as I can guess them.

GRIM. Such lackeys make me lack. An halter beswinge them!

Cham undone; they have my benders too.

SNAP. Dost thou know them if thou seest them? 1370

GRIM. Yea, that I do!

SNAP. Then come with me; we will find them out, and that quickly.

GRIM. I follow, Mast Tipstaff. They be in the court, it is likely.

SNAP. Then cry no more; come away. *Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Carisophus and Aristippus.*

[CARISOPHUS.] If ever you will show your friendship, now is the time. 1375

Seeing the king is displeased with me of my part without any crime.

ARISTIPPUS. It should appear it comes of some evil behaviour

That you so suddenly are cast out of favour.

CARISOPHUS. Nothing have I done but this: in talk I overthwarted Eubulus

When he lamented Pithias' case to King Dionysius, 1380

Which to-morrow shall die, but for that false knave Damon,

He hath left his friend in the briars, and now is gone.

We grew so hot in talk that Eubulus protested plainly,

<sup>1</sup> With a pun, "cheaters," "sichers."

Which<sup>1</sup> held his ears open to parasitical flattery.

And now in the king's ear like a bell he rings, 1385

Crying that flatterers have been the destroyers of kings.

Which talk in Dionysius' heart hath made so deep impression

That he trusteth me not, as heretofore, in no condition;

And some words brake from him, as though that he

Began to suspect my truth and honesty.

Which you of friendship I know will defend, how so ever the world goeth. 1391

My friend, for my honesty will you not take an oath?<sup>2</sup>

ARISTIPPUS. To swear for your honesty I should lose mine own.

CARISOPHUS. Should you so, indeed? I would that were known

Is your void friendship come thus to pass? 1395

ARISTIPPUS. I follow the proverb: *Anicus usque ad aras.*<sup>3</sup>

CARISOPHUS. Where can you say I ever lost mine honesty?

ARISTIPPUS. You never lost it — for you never had it, as far as I know.

CARISOPHUS. Say you so, friend Aristippus, whom I trust so well?

ARISTIPPUS. Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell. 1400

CARISOPHUS. Will you not stretch one point to bring me in favour again?

ARISTIPPUS. I love no stretching; so, may I breed mine own pain.

CARISOPHUS. A friend ought to shun no pain to stand his friend in stead.

ARISTIPPUS. Where true friendship is, it is so in very deed.

CARISOPHUS. Why, sir, hath not the chain of true friendship linked us two together? 1405

ARISTIPPUS. The chiefest link lacked thereof; it must needs discever.

CARISOPHUS. What link is that? fain would I know.

ARISTIPPUS. Honesty.

<sup>1</sup> "I.e. Dionysius, to which Dodsley changed it" — Hazlitt.

<sup>2</sup> Will you not swear to my honesty?

<sup>3</sup> A. aras. "A friend even to the altar."

CARISOPHUS. Doth honesty knit the perfect knot in true friendship?

ARISTIPPUS. Yea, truly; and that knot so knit will never slip. 1410

CARISOPHUS. Belike, then, there is no friendship but between honest men.

ARISTIPPUS. Between the honest only; for *Amicitia inter bonos*,<sup>1</sup> saith a learned man.

CARISOPHUS. Yet evil men use friendship in things dishonest, where fancy doth serve.

ARISTIPPUS. That is no friendship, but a lewd liking; it lasts but a while.

CARISOPHUS. What is the perfectest friendship among men that ever grew? 1415

ARISTIPPUS. Where men love one another not for profit but for virtue.

CARISOPHUS. Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart?

ARISTIPPUS. They must needs; for in two bodies they have but one heart.

CARISOPHUS. Friend Aristippus, deceive me not with sophistry:

Is there no perfect friendship but where is virtue and honesty? 1420

ARISTIPPUS. What a devil then meant Carisophus

To join in friendship with fine Aristippus? In whom is as much virtue, truth, and honesty

As there are true feathers in the Three Cranes of the Vintree.<sup>2</sup>

Yet these feathers have the shadow<sup>3</sup> of lively feathers, the truth to scan,

But Carisophus hath not the shadow of an honest man. 1426

To be plain, because I know thy villainy In abusing Dionysius to many men's injury,

Under the cloak of friendship I play'd with his head,

And sought means how thou with thine own fancy might be led. 1430

My friendship thou soughtest for thine own commodity,

As worldly men do, by profit measuring amity;

Which I perceiving, to the like myself I framed,

Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be blamed.

If you ask me, *Quare?* I answer, *Quia prudentis est multum dissimulare*.<sup>1</sup>

To speak more plainer, as the proverb doth go, 1436

In faith, Carisophus, *cum Cretense cretiso*.<sup>2</sup> Yet a perfect friend I show myself to thee in one thing —

I do not dissemble now I say I will not speak for thee to the king.

Therefore sink in thy sorrow! I do not deceive thee; 1440

A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee! *Erit.*

CARISOPHUS. He is gone! Is this friendship, to leave his friend in the plain field?

Well, I see now I myself have beguiled In matching with that false fox in amity, Which hath me used to his own commodity, 1445

Which seeing me in distress, unfeignedly goes his ways.

Lo, this is the perfect friendship among men now-a-days!

Which kind of friendship toward him I used secretly;

And he with me the like hath requited me craftily.

It is the gods' judgment, I see it plainly; For all the world may know, *Incide in foveam quam feci*.<sup>3</sup> 1451

Well, I must content myself. None other help I know,

Until a merrier gale of wind may hap to blow. *Erit.*

[Enter Eubulus.]

EUBULUS. Who deals with kings in matters of great weight,

When froward will doth bear the chiefest sway, 1455

Must yield of force. There need no subtle sleight,

<sup>1</sup> "Because it is the part of a wise man to dissemble much."

<sup>2</sup> A. *Cretence*. "With the Cretan I lie." Cf. line 971.

<sup>3</sup> "I have fallen into a pit which I myself digged"

<sup>1</sup> A. *bonus*. "Friendship between the good."

<sup>2</sup> The sign of a well-known tavern.

<sup>3</sup> Likeness.

Ne painted <sup>1</sup> speech the matter to convey.  
No prayer can move when kindled is the  
ire;

The more ye quench, the more increased is  
the fire.

This thing I prove in Pithias' woful  
case, 1460

Whose heavy hap with tears I do lament.

The day is come when he, in Damon's  
place,

Must lose his life; the time is fully spent.

Nought can my words now with the king  
prevail;

Against the wind and striving stream I  
sail — 1465

For die thou must, alas! thou seely <sup>2</sup> Greek.

Ah, Pithias, now come is thy doleful hour!

A perfect friepd; none such, a world to  
seek!

Though bitter death shall give thee sauce  
full sour,

Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy  
name 1470

Among the gods within the book of fame.

Who knoweth his case and will not melt in  
tears?

His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.

*Then the Muses sing.*

[MUSES.] *Alas, what hap hast thou, poor  
Pithias, now to die!*

*Woe worth the man which <sup>3</sup> for his death hath  
given us cause to cry!* 1475

EUBULUS. Methink I hear, with yellow  
rented hairs,

The Muses frame their notes my state to  
moan.

Among which sort, as one that mourneth  
with heart,

In doleful tunes myself will bear a part.

MUSES. *Woe worth the man which for his  
death, &c.* 1480

EUBULUS. *With yellow rented hair's, come  
on, you Muses nine!*

*Fill now my breast with heavy tunes; to me  
your plaint resign;*

*For Pithias I bewail, which presently must  
die.*

*Woe worth the man which for his death hath  
given us cause, &c.*

MUSES. *Woe worth the man which for his,  
&c.* 1485

EUBULUS. *Was ever such a man, that  
would die for his friend?*

*I think even from the heavens above the gods  
did him down send*

*To show true friendship's power, which  
forc'd thee now to die.*

*Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.*

MUSES. *Woe worth the man, &c.* 1490

EUBULUS. *What tiger's whelp was he that  
Damon did accuse!*

*What faith hast thou, which for thy friend  
thy death doth not refuse!*

*O heavy hap hadst thou to play this tragedy!*

*Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.*

MUSES. *Woe worth the man, &c.* 1495

EUBULUS. *Thou young and worthy Greek,  
that showeth such perfect love,*

*The gods receive thy simple ghost into the  
heavens above!*

*Thy death we shall lament with many a  
weeping eye.*

*Woe worth the man, which for his death, &c.*

MUSES. *Woe worth the man, which for thy  
death hath given us cause to cry.* 1500

*Finis*

EUBULUS. Eternal be your fame, ye  
Muses, for that in misery

Ye did vouchsafe to strain your notes to  
walk.<sup>1</sup>

My heart is rent in two with this miserable  
case;

Yet am I charged by Dionysius' mouth to  
see this place

At all points ready for the execution of  
Pithias. 1505

Need hath no law; will I or nil I,<sup>2</sup> it must  
be done.

But lo, the bloody minister is even here at  
hand.

[Enter Gronno.]

Gronno, I came hither now to understand

<sup>1</sup> Feigned.

<sup>2</sup> Poor.

<sup>3</sup> A. which man.

<sup>1</sup> To be in motion (or wake, to become animated).

<sup>2</sup> Whether I will or not.

all things are well appointed for the execution of Pithias.

the king himself will see it done here in this place. 1510

RONNO. Sir, all things are ready. Here is the place, here is the hand, here is the sword!

ere lacketh none but Pithias, whose head at a word,

he were present, I could finely strike off! ou may report that all things are ready.

UBULUS. I go with an heavy heart to report it. Ah, woful Pithias! 1515  
all near now is thy misery. [Exit.]

RONNO. I marvel very much under what constellation

ll hangmen are born; for they are hated of all, beloved of none.

Which hatred is showed by this point evidently —

he hangman always dwells in the vilest place of the city. 1520

hat such spite should be, I know no cause why,

unless it be for their office's sake, which is cruel and bloody.

Let some men must do it to execute laws.

I think they hate me without any just cause.

but I must look to my toil. Pithias must lose his head at one blow, 1525

else the boys will stone me to death in the street as I go.

but hark, the prisoner cometh, and the king also.

see there is no help, Pithias his life must forego.

*Here entereth Dionysius and Eubulus [with courtiers and others].*

DIONYSIUS.] Bring forth Pithias, that pleasant companion,

Which took me at my word, and became pledge for Damon. 1530

t pricketh fast upon <sup>1</sup> noon. I do him no injury

if now he lose his head, for so he requested me,

if Damon return not, — which now in Greece is full merry.

Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by.

He thought, belike, if Damon were out of the city 1535

I would not put him to death for some foolish pity:

But seeing it was his request; I will not be mock'd. He shall die!

Bring him forth.

*Here entereth Snap [leading in Pithias, Stephano accompanying him].*

[SNAP.] Give place! Let the prisoner come by! give place!

DIONYSIUS. How say you, sir? where is Damon, your trusty friend? 1540

You have play'd a wise part, I make God a vow!

You know what time a day it is; make you ready.

PITHIAS. Most ready I am, mighty king, and most ready also

For my true friend Damon this life to forego,

Even at your pleasure. 1545

DIONYSIUS. A true friend! A false traitor that so breaketh his oath!

Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so loth.

PITHIAS. I am not loth to do whatsoever I said,

Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismay'd.

The gods now I know have heard my fervent prayer, 1550

That they have reserved me to this passing great honour

To die for my friend, whose faith even now I do not mistrust.

My friend Damon is no false traitor; he is true and just.

But sith he is no god, but a man, he must do as he may;

The wind may be contrary, sickness may let him,<sup>1</sup> or some misadventure by the way — 1555

Which the eternal gods turn all to my glory, That fame may resound how Pithias for

Damon did die.

He breaketh no oath which doth as much as he can.

<sup>1</sup> Approaches close to.

<sup>1</sup> Hinder him.

His mind is here; he hath some let; he is but  
a man.

That he might not return, of all the gods I  
did require, 1560

Which now to my joy do<sup>1</sup> grant my desire.  
But why do I stay any longer, seeing that  
one man's death

May suffice, O king, to pacify thy wrath?  
[Turning to Gronno.]

O thou minister of justice, do thine office  
by and by.

Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not  
to die. 1565

Stephano, the right pattern<sup>2</sup> of true fidelity,  
Commend me to thy master, my sweet  
Damon! and of him crave liberty

When I am dead, in my name; for thy  
trusty services

Hath well deserved a gift far better than  
this.

O my Damon, farewell now for ever! a true  
friend, to me most dear! 1570

Whiles life doth last, my mouth shall still  
talk of thee;

And when I am dead, my simple ghost,  
true witness of amity,

Shall hover about the place, wheresoever  
thou be.

DIONYSIUS. Eubulus, this gear is strange!  
And yet, because

Damon hath fals'd his faith, Pithias shall  
have the law. 1575

Gronno, despoil<sup>3</sup> him, and eke dispatch  
him quickly.

GRONNO. It shall be done. Since you  
came into this place

I might have stroken off seven heads in  
this space.

[Gronno takes off Pithias' outer garments.]

By'r Lady, here are good garments! These  
are mine, by the rood!

It is an evil wind that bloweth no man  
good. 1580

Now, Pithias, kneel down, ask me blessing  
like a pretty boy,

And with a trice thy head from thy shoul-  
ders I will convey.

[Pithias kneels, and Gronno lifts his sword  
to strike.]

*Here entereth Damon running, and stays  
the sword.*

[DAMON.] Stay! stay! stay! for the king's  
advantage, stay!

O mighty king, mine appointed time is not  
yet fully pass'd;

Within the compass of mine hour, lo, here I  
come at last. 1585

A life I owe, a life I will you pay.

O my Pithias, my noble pledge, my con-  
stant friend!

Ah! woe is me! for Damon's sake how near  
were thou to thy end!

Give place to me; this room is mine; on  
this stage must I play.

Damon is the man, none ought but he to  
Dionysius his blood to pay. 1590

GRONNO. Are you come, sir? You might  
have tarried, if you had been wise.

For your hasty coming you are like to  
know the price.

PITHIAS. O thou cruel minister, why didst  
not thou thine office?

Did not I bid thee make haste in any wise?  
Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I

may die twice? 1595

Not to die for my friend is present death to  
me; and, alas!

Shall I see my sweet Damon slain before  
my face?

What double death is this! But, O mighty  
Dionysius,

Do true justice now; weigh this aright,  
thou noble Eubulus;

Let me have no wrong. As now stands the  
case 1600

Damon ought not to die, but Pithias;  
By misadventure — not by his will — his

hour is past; therefore I,  
Because he came not at his just time, ought

justly to die.

So was my promise, so was thy promise, O  
king.

All this court can bear witness of this  
thing. 1605

DAMON. Not so, O mighty king! To  
justice it is contrary

That for another man's fault the innocent  
should die:

Ne yet is my time plainly expired; it is not  
fully noon

<sup>1</sup> A. doth.      <sup>2</sup> A. patrone. Cf. l. 127.

<sup>3</sup> Strip off his outer garments.

Of this my day appointed, by all the clocks  
in the town.

PITHIAS. Believe no clock; the hour is  
past by the sun. 1610

DAMON. Ah, my Pithias, shall we now  
break the bonds of amity?

Will you now overthwart me, which hereto-  
fore so well did agree?

PITHIAS. My Damon, the gods forbid but  
we should agree!

Therefore agree to this — let me perform  
the promise I made for thee.

Let me die for thee; do me not that  
injury 1615

Both to break my promise and to suffer me  
to see thee die,

Whom so dearly I love. This small request  
grant me;

I shall never ask thee more; my desire is  
but friendly.

Do me this honour, that fame may report  
triumphantly

That Pithias for his friend Damon was con-  
tented to die. 1620

DAMON. That you were contented for me  
to die, fame cannot deny;

Yet fame shall never touch me with such a  
villainy

To report that Damon did suffer his friend  
Pithias for him guiltless to die.

Therefore content thyself; the gods requite  
thy constant faith.

None but Damon's blood can appease Di-  
onysius' wrath. 1625

And now, O mighty king, to you my talk I  
convey.

Because you gave me leave my worldly  
things to stay,

To requite that good turn, ere I die, for  
your behalf this I say:

Although your regal state dame Fortune  
decketh so

That like a king in worldly wealth abun-  
dantly ye flow, 1630

Yet fickle is the ground whereon all tyrants  
tread!

A thousand sundry cares and fears do  
haunt their restless head!

No trusty band, no faithful friends do  
guard thy hateful state.

And why? Whom men obey for deadly  
fear, sure them they deadly hate.

That you may safely reign, by love get  
friends, whose constant faith 1635  
Will never fail. This counsel gives poor  
Damon at his death.

Friends are the surest guard for kings.  
Gold in time do[es] wear away,  
And other precious things do fade; friend-  
ship will never decay.

Have friends in store, therefore; so shall  
you safely sleep;

Have friends at home, of foreign foes so  
need you take no keep. 1640

Abandon flatt'ring tongues, whose clacks  
truth never tells;

Abase the ill, advance the good, in whom  
dame virtue dwells;

Let them your playfellows be. But, O you  
earthly kings,

Your sure defence and strongest guard  
stands chiefly in faithful friends!

Then get you friends by liberal deeds.  
And here I make an end. 1645

Accept this counsel, mighty king, of  
Damon, Pithias' friend.

O my Pithias! now farewell for ever! Let  
me kiss thee, ere I die.

My soul shall honour thee; thy constant  
faith above the heavens shall fly.

*[He divests himself, and kneels on the place  
of execution.]*

Come, Gronno, do thine office now. Why  
is thy colour so dead?

My neck is so <sup>1</sup> short that thou wilt never  
have honesty in striking off this  
head? 1650

DIONYSIUS. Eubulus, my spirits are sud-  
denly appalled; my limbs wax weak!  
This strange friendship amazeth me so that  
I can scarce speak.

PITHIAS. O mighty king, let some pity  
your noble heart meve.

You require but one man's death; take  
Pithias, let Damon live.

EUBULUS. O unspeakable friendship! 1655

DAMON. Not so. He hath not offended.  
There is no cause why

My constant friend, my Pithias, for  
Damon's sake should die.

Alas, he is but young; he may do good to  
many.

<sup>1</sup> A. is so is.

Thou coward minister, why dost thou not  
let me die?

GRONNO. My hand with sudden fear  
quivereth. 1660

PITHIAS. O noble king, show mercy upon  
Damon; let Pithias die.

DIONYSIUS. Stay, Gronno! My flesh  
trembleth. Eubulus, what shall I  
do?

Were there ever such friends on earth as  
were these two?

What heart is so cruel that would divide  
them asunder?

O noble friendship, I must yield! At thy  
force I wonder. 1665

My heart this rare friendship hath pierc'd  
to the root,

And quenched all my fury. This sight  
hath brought this about,

Which thy grave counsel, Eubulus, and  
learned persuasion could never do.

[To Damon and Pithias] O noble gentlemen,  
the immortal gods above

Hath made you play this tragedy, I think,  
for my behoof. 1670

Before this day I never knew what perfect  
friendship meant;

My cruel mind to bloody deeds was full and  
wholly bent;

My fearful life I thought with terror to de-  
fend.

But now I see there is no guard unto a  
faithful friend,

Which will not spare his life at time of  
present need. 1675

O happy kings, who in<sup>1</sup> your courts have  
two such friends indeed!

I honour friendship now; which that you  
may plainly see,

Damon, have thou thy life; from death I  
pardon thee.

For which good turn, I crave, this honour  
do me lend:

O friendly heart, let me link with you! to  
you make me the third friend! 1680

My court is yours; dwell here with me. By  
my commission large

Myself, my realm, my wealth, my health, I  
commit to your charge.

Make me a third friend. More shall I joy  
in that thing,

<sup>1</sup> A. within.

Than to be called, as I am, Dionysius the  
mighty king.

DAMON. O mighty king, first for my life  
most humble thanks I give; 1685

And next, I praise the immortal gods that  
did your heart so meve

That you would have respect to friend-  
ship's heavenly lore,

Foreseeing well he need not fear which hath  
true friends in store.

For my part, most noble king, as a third  
friend welcome to our friendly so-  
ciety!

But you must forget you are a king, for  
friendship stands in true equality.

DIONYSIUS. Unequal though I be in great  
possessions, 1691

Yet full equal shall you find me in my  
changed conditions.

Tyranny, flattery, oppression, lo, here I  
cast away;

Justice, truth, love, friendship, shall be my  
joy.

True friendship will I honour unto my life's  
end; 1695

My greatest glory shall be to be counted a  
perfect friend.

PITHIAS. For this your deed, most noble  
king, the gods advance your name.

And since to friendship's lore you list your  
princely heart to frame,

With joyful heart, O king, most welcome  
now to me!

With you will I knit the perfect knot of  
amity; 1700

Wherein I shall instruct you so, and  
Damon here your friend,

That you may know of amity the mighty  
force, and eke the joyful end,

And how that kings do stand upon a fickle  
ground

Within whose realm at time of need no  
faithful friends are found.

DIONYSIUS. Your instruction will I fol-  
low; to you myself I do commit. 1705

Eubulus, make haste to fet new apparel, fit  
For my new friends.

EUBULUS. I go with joyful heart. O  
happy day! *Erit.*

GRONNO. I am glad to hear this word.  
Though their lives they do not  
lese,

It is no reason the hangman should lose his fees. 1710

These are mine, I am gone with a trice.

*Exit [Gronno with the discarded garments of Damon and Pithias].*

*Here entereth Eubulus with new garments.*

DIONYSIUS. Put on these garments now.  
Go in with me, the jewels of my court.

DAMON and PITHIAS. We go with joyful hearts.

STEPHANO. O Damon, my dear master, in all this joy remember me.

DIONYSIUS. My friend Damon, he asketh reason.<sup>1</sup> 1715

DAMON. Stephano, for thy good service be thou free.

*Exeunt Dion. [and the rest. Stephano remains].*

STEPHANO. O most happy, pleasant, joyful, and triumphant day!

Poor Stephano now shall live in continual play.<sup>2</sup>

*Vive le roy*, with Damon and Pithias, in perfect amity!

*Vive tu*, Stephano, in thy pleasant liberality! 1720

Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest won.

I am a free man! None so merry as I now under the sun.

Farewell, my lords! Now the gods grant you all the sum of perfect amity,

And me long to enjoy my long-desired liberty. *Exit.*

*Here entereth Eubulus beating Carisophus.*

[EUBULUS.] Away, villain! Away, you flatt'ring parasite! 1725

Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed<sup>3</sup> tongue that forged lies

No more here shall do hurt. Away, false sycophant! wilt thou not?

CARISOPHUS. I am gone, sir, seeing it is the king's pleasure.

Why whip ye me alone? A plague take

Damon and Pithias! Since they came hither

I am driven to seek relief abroad, alas! I know not whither. 1730

Yet, Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter time shall try,

There shall be found, even in this court, as great flatterers as I.

Well, for a while I will forego the court, though to my great pain.

I doubt not but to spy a time when I may creep in again. *Exit.*

EUBULUS. The serpent that eats men alive — flattery — with all her brood, 1735

Is whipp'd away in princes' courts, which yet did never good.

What force, what mighty power true friendship may possess,

To all the world Dionysius' court now plainly doth express;

Who, since to faithful friends he gave his willing ear,

Most safely sitteth in his seat, and sleeps devoid of fear. 1740

Purged is the court of vice since friendship ent'red in.

Tyranny quails; he studieth now with love each heart to win;

Virtue is had in price, and hath his just reward;

And painted speech, that gloseth for gain, from gifts is quite debarr'd.

One loveth another now for virtue, not for gain. 1745

Where virtue doth not knit the knot, there friendship cannot reign;

Without the which no house, no land, ne kingdom can endure;

As necessary for man's life as water, air, and fire;

Which frameth the mind of man all honest things to do.

Unhonest things friendship ne craveth, ne yet consents thereto. 1750

In wealth a double joy, in woe a present stay, A sweet companion in each state true

friendship is alway;

A sure defence for kings; a perfect trusty band;

A force to assail, a shield to defend the enemies' cruel hand;

<sup>1</sup> A. adds at the extreme right *Dam. Pithias*; apparently a printer's blunder.

<sup>2</sup> A. *joy*: emend. by Hazlitt.

<sup>3</sup> Defiled.



A rare and yet the greatest gift that God  
can give to man; — 1755

So rare, that scarce four couple of faithful  
friends have been since the world  
began.

A gift so strange, and of such price, I wish  
all kings to have.

But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly  
crave

True friendship and true friends, full  
fraught with constant faith,

The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her,  
most noble Queen Elizabeth! 1760

FINIS

#### THE LAST SONG <sup>1</sup>

*The strongest guard that kings can have  
Are constant friends their state to save.*

<sup>1</sup> Added on the page following. Possibly it was  
sung by all the actors.

*True friends are constant both in word and  
deed;*

*True friends are present, and help at each  
need;*

*True friends talk truly, they glose for no gain;  
When treasure consumeth, true friends will  
remain;*

*True friends for their true prince refuseth  
not their death.*

*The Lord grant her such friends, most noble  
Queen Elizabeth! 1768*

*Long may she govern in honour and wealth,  
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health!  
Which health to prolong, as true friends re-  
quire,*

*God grant she may have her own heart's desire,  
Which friends will defend with most steadfast  
faith.*

*The Lord grant her such friends, most noble  
Queen Elizabeth! 1774*

FINIS

CAMPASPE<sup>1</sup>

PLAYED BEEFORE THE QUEENES MAIESTIE  
ON NEWYEARES DAY AT NIGHT, BY HER MAIESTIES CHILDREN, AND THE  
CHILDREN OF PAULES

Imprinted at London for Thomas Cadman, 1584

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, King of Macedon.	SOLINUS, }	Citizens of Athens.
HEPHAESTION, his General and Confidant.	SYLVIVS, }	
CLITUS, }	PERIM, }	Sons to Sylvius.
PARMENIO, }	MILO, }	
MILECTUS, }	TRICO, }	
PHRYGIUS, }	GRANICHUS, Servant to Plato.	
MELIPPUS, Chamberlain to Alexander.	MANES, Servant to Diogenes.	
DIOGENES, }	PSYLLUS, Apprentice to Apelles.	
PLATO, }	Page to Alexander.	
ARISTOTLE, }	Citizens of Athens.	
CHRYSIPIVS, }	SOLDIERS.	
CRATES, }	POPULACE.	
CLEANTHES, }		
ANAXARCHUS, }	CAMPASPE, }	Theban Captives.
CHRYSVS, }	TIMOCLEA, }	
APELLES, a Painter.	LAIS, a Courtezan.	

THE SCENE: Athens.]

<sup>1</sup> John Lyly, who had attained great fame by his two novels, *Euphues the Anatomy of Wyt*, 1578, and *Euphues and his England*, 1580, was presented by the Earl of Oxford in the summer of 1583 with the lease of Blackfriars hall where the royal boy-choristers and the singing children of St. Paul's Cathedral were accustomed to present their plays — mainly designed for Court performance — before the general public. At once Lyly set himself to the task of writing plays, and within a few weeks had *Campaspe* ready for the stage. The comedy, after being shown to the public at Blackfriars (the performances served for dress-rehearsals), was acted at Court before Elizabeth on Newyear's Day at night.

The play was outfitted by the Office of the Revels, which supplied the customary "players' houses" of canvas painted and stretched on wooden frames. From the text it appears that on one side of the stage was placed the palace of Alexander, and on the opposite side the studio of Apelles (with a curtain that could be drawn open to reveal the interior); and between these two "houses" was an open street, or "market-place" in which was set Diogenes' tub. An entrance at the rear enabled persons to come in from the "city." The action moved freely from the palace-gate to the market-place (with its tub) and to Apelles' studio.

For the text I have used the second quarto of 1584 as reproduced by R. W. Bond in *The Complete Works of John Lyly*, 1902; but I have altered the original punctuation, and modernized the use of capital letters and italics. In brackets I have added stage-directions to enable the reader to visualise the movements of the actors on the stage peculiar to Court plays.

THE PROLOGUE AT THE BLACK-FRYERS <sup>1</sup>

They that feare the stinging of waspes make fannes of peacockes tailes, whose spots are like eies; and Lepidus, which coulde not sleepe for the chatting of birdes, set vp a beaste whose head was like a dragon: and we, which stande in awe of reporte, are compelled to sette before our owle Pallas shield,<sup>2</sup> thinking by her vertue to couer the others deformitie. It was a signe of famine to Aegypte when Nilus flowed lesse then twelue cubites, or more then eightene: and it may threaten dispaire vnto vs if we be lesse curious<sup>3</sup> then you looke for, or more combersome. But, as Theseus, being promised to be brought to an eagles nest, and traauailing al the day, found but a wrenne in a hedg, yet said, "This is a bird": so, we hope, if the shower of our swelling mountaine seeme to bring foorth some elephant, perfourme but a mouse, you will gently say, "This is a beast." Basill softly touched yeeldeth a sweete sent, but chafed in the hand, a ranke sauour; wee feare, euen so, that our labours slylye<sup>4</sup> glaunced on will breede some content, but examined to the prooffe, small commendation. The haste in performing<sup>5</sup> shall bee our excuse. There went two nightes to the begetting of Hercules; feathers appeare not on the Phœnix vnder seauen monethes; and the mulbery is twelue in budding: but our trauailes<sup>6</sup> are like the hares, who at one time bringeth foorth, nourisheth, and engendreth againe; or like the broode of Trochilus, whose egges in the same moment that they are layd become birdes. But howsoeuer we finish our worke, we craue pardon if we offend in matter, and patience if we transgresse in manners. We haue mixed mirth with counsell, and discipline with delight, thinking it not amisse in the same garden to sowe pot-herbes that we set flowers. But we hope, as harts that cast their hornes, snakes their skinnes, eagles their bills, become more fresh for any other labour: so, our charge being shaken of, we shalbe fitte for greater matters. But least, like the Mindyans, we make our gates greater then our towne, and that our play runnes out at the preface, we here conclude: — wishing that although there bee in your precise iudgementes an vniuersall mislike, yet wee maye enioy by your woonted courtesies a general silence.

## THE PROLOGUE AT THE COURT

Wee are ashamed that our birde, which fluttered by twilight<sup>7</sup> seeming a swan, should bec proued a batte set against the sunne. But, as Iupiter placed Silenus asse among the starres, and Alcebiades couered his pictures, beeing owles and apes, with a courtaine embroidered with lions and eagles, so are we enforced vpon a rough discourse to drawe on a smooth excuse; resembling lapidaries who thinke to hide the crake in a stone by setting it deepe in golde. The gods supped once with poore Baucis; the Persian kings sometimes shaued stickes: our hope is Your Heighnesse wil at this time lend an eare to an idle pastime. Appion, raising Homere from hell, demanded onely who was his father; and we, calling Alexander from his graue, seeke onely who was his loue. Whatsoeuer we present, we wish it may be thought the daunsing of Agrippa his shadowes, who, in the moment they were seene, were of any shape one woulde conceiue; or lynces, who hauing a quicke sight to discerne, haue a short memorie to forget. With vs it is like to fare as with these torches,<sup>8</sup> which, giuing light to others, consume themselues: and wee, shewing delight to others, shame our selues.

<sup>1</sup> The small private theatre in which the children were accustomed to present their plays before the better class of Londoners.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the Queen. <sup>3</sup> Careful as to the standards of excellence. <sup>4</sup> Without full attention.

<sup>5</sup> Lyly acquired Blackfriars in June or July, 1583. He wrote *Campaspe* in great haste in order to have it ready for the Queen at the following Christmas season.

<sup>6</sup> Labours.

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the public performances at Blackfriars. As this clause indicates, the play was first acted at Blackfriars.

<sup>8</sup> Wax candles. The stage was illuminated by candles set in "great branches" and "smaller branches" hung from wires overhead.

## CAMPASPE

## ACTUS PRIMUS

## SCÆNA PRIMA

[*The street, before Alexander's Palace. Enter two officers, Clitus and Parmenio.*]<sup>1</sup>

CLITUS. Parmenio, I cannot tel whether I should more commend in Alexanders victories courage or curtesie, in the one being a resolution without feare, in the other a liberality aboue custome. [5 Thebes is rased, the people not racked; towers throwne down, bodies not thrust aside; a conquest without conflict, and a cruell warre in a milde peace. 9

PAR. Clytus, it becommeth the sonne of Phillip to be none other then Alexander is; therefore, seeing in the father a ful perfection, who could haue doubted in the son an excellencie? For, as the moone can borrow nothing els of the sunne but light, [15 so, of a sire in whome nothing but vertue was, what coulde the childe receiue but singular? <sup>2</sup> It is for turkies to staine each other,<sup>3</sup> not for diamondes; in the one to bee made a difference in goodnes, in the other no comparison. 21

CLITUS. You mistake mee, Parmenio, if whilst I commend Alexander you imagine I call Phillip into question; vnlesse, happily, you coniecture (which none of [25 iudgment will conceiue) that because I like the fruit, therefore I heaue <sup>4</sup> at the tree, or coueting to kisse the child, I therfore go about to poyson the teat. 29

PAR. I <sup>5</sup> but, Clytus, I perceiue you are borne in the East, and neuer laugh but at the sunne-rising; which argueth, though a ductie where you ought, yet no great deuotion where you might. 34

CLITUS. We will make no controuersie of that which there ought to be no question.

<sup>1</sup> In the original editions each scene is headed merely with a list of all the speakers. I have substituted for these lists descriptive stage-directions. For a discussion of the arrangement of the stage see page 424, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> Excellence, pre-eminence.

<sup>3</sup> Turquoises to surpass one another in beauty.

<sup>4</sup> Vomit.

<sup>5</sup> Aye (so frequently).

Onely this shal be the opinion of vs both — that none was worthy to be the father of Alexander but Phillip, nor any meete to bee the sonne of Phillip but Alexander. 40

PAR. Soft, Clytus! behold the spoiles and prisoners! A pleasaunt sight to vs, because profit is ioyned with honour; not much painefull to them, because their captiuitie is eased by mercy. 45

[*Enter soldiers with spoils, leading in as captiues Timoclea, Campaspe, and other Thebans.*]

TIMO. Fortune, thou didst neuer yet deceiue vertue, because vertue neuer yet did trust fortune. Sworde and fire will neuer get spoyle where wisdom and fortitude beares sway. O Thebes! thy [50 walles were rayssed by the sweetnesse of the harpe, but raced <sup>1</sup> by the shrines of the trumpet! Alexander had neuer come so neere the wals had Epaminondas walkt about the walles; and yet <sup>2</sup> might the [55 Thebanes haue beene mery in there streetes if he had beene to watch their towers. But destinie is seldome foreseene, neuer preuented. We are here now captiues, whose neckes are yoaked by force, but whose [60 harts can not yelde by death! Come, Campaspe and the rest; let vs not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him, on whom wee feared not to cast our darts. 64

PAR. Madame, you neede not doubt; <sup>3</sup> it is Alexander that is the conquerour.

TIMO. Alex[ander] hath ouercome, not conquered.

PAR. To bring al vnder his subiection is to conquer. 70

TIMO. He cannot subdue that which is diuine.

PAR. Thebes was not.

TIMO. Vertue is. 74

CLITUS. Alexander, as he tendreth <sup>4</sup> vertue, so he will you. He drinketh not bloud, but thirsteth after honor; he is

<sup>1</sup> Rased to the ground.

<sup>2</sup> Up to the present time.

<sup>3</sup> Fear.

<sup>4</sup> Cherisheth.

greedy of victory, but neuer satisfied with mercy. In fight terrible, as becometh a captaine; in conqueste milde, as be- [80 seemeth a king. In al things — then which nothing can be greater — he is Alexander!

CAMP. Then, if it be such a thing to be Alexander, I hope it shalbe no miser- [85 able thing<sup>1</sup> to be a virgin. For if he saue our honors, it is more then to restore our goods. And rather doe I wish hee preserue our fame, then our lyues; which if he do, wee will confesse there can be no greater thing then to be Alexander. 91

[Enter from the palace Alexander with his general, Hephestion.]

ALEX. Clitus, are these prisoners? Of whence these spoiles?

CLITUS. Like<sup>2</sup> your maiesty, they are prisoners, and of Thebes. 95

ALEX. Of what calling or reputation?

CLITUS. I know not; but they seeme to be ladies of honor.

ALEX. I wil know. [Turning to Timoclea.] Madam, of whence you are I know; but who, I cannot tell. 101

TIMO. Alexander, I am the sister of Theagenes, who fought a battell with thy father before the city of Chyronie, where he died, I say which none can gainsay, valiantly. 106

ALEX. Lady, there seeme in your words sparkes of your brothers deedes, but wooser fortune in your life then his death. But feare not, for you shall liue with- [110 out violence, enemies, or necessitie. [Turning to Campaspe.] But, what are you, fayre lady? Another sister to Theagines?

CAMP. No sister to Theagines, but an humble hand-maid to Alexander; borne of a meane parentage,<sup>3</sup> but to extreame fortune. 117

ALEX. Well, ladies — for so your vertues shew you whatsoever your birthes be — you shalbe honourably en- [120 treated. Athens shall be your Thebes, and you shal not be as abiectes<sup>4</sup> of warre, but

as subiectes to Alexander. Permenio, conducte these honourable ladies into the citie. Charge the souldiers not so [125 much as in wordes to offer them any offence; and let all wants be supplied so farre forth as shalbe necessary for such persons and my prisoners. 129

*Exeunt Parme[nio] et captiui.*

[ALEX.] Hephestion, it resteth now that we haue as great care to gouerne in peace as conquer in war; that, whilest armes cease, artes may flourish, and, ioyning letters with launces, we endeuor to be as good philosophers as soldiers, knowing it [135 no lesse praise to be wise then commendable to be vailiant.

HEP. Your Maiestie therin sheweth that you haue as great desire to rule as to subdue. And needes must that [140 common-wealth be fortunate whose captaine is a philosopher, and whose philosopher is a captaine!

*Exeunt.*

[ACTUS PRIMUS.] SCHÆNA SECUNDA.

[The street. Enter Manes, Granichus, and Psyllus.]

MANES. I serue, in-steede of a maister, a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a boord.<sup>1</sup>

PSYLLUS. Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend: a [5 crumme for thy supper, an hande for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy sheetes. For *Natura paucis contenta*.<sup>2</sup>

GRAN. Manes, it is pittie so proper a man should be cast away vpon a [10 philosopher: but that Diogenes, that dogge,<sup>3</sup> should haue Manes, that dogbolt,<sup>4</sup> it griceueth nature and spiteth arte, the one hauing found thee so dissolute — absolute,<sup>5</sup> I would say — in body, the other so single<sup>6</sup> — singular — in minde. 16

<sup>1</sup> Diogenes affected the extremest austeritie in living — his clothing was of the coarsest, his food of the plainest, and his bed was the ground or bare floor. At last he took up his residence in a tub.

<sup>2</sup> "Nature is content with few things."

<sup>3</sup> Diogenes earned this epithet by his sharp rebukes to the Athenians.

<sup>4</sup> Contemptible fellow.

<sup>5</sup> Perfect.

<sup>6</sup> Poor.

<sup>1</sup> Q<sub>2</sub> things; Q<sub>3</sub> thing.

<sup>2</sup> Please.

<sup>3</sup> The reader should not overlook the fact that Campaspe was of middle-class birth, and hence unsuited to be the wife of Alexander.

<sup>4</sup> Outcasts.

MANES. Are you mery? It is a signe, by the trip of your tongue and the toyes of your head, that you haue done that to day which I haue not done these three dayes. 20

PSYLLUS. What is that?

MANES. Dined!

GRAN. I thinke Diogenes keepes but cold cheere.

MANES. I would it were so; but hee keepeth neither hot nor cold. 26

GRAN. What, then? luke-warme? That made Manes runne from his maister last day.<sup>1</sup>

PSYLLUS. Manes had reason, for his name foretold as much. 31

MANES. My name? How so, sir boy?

PSYLLUS. You know that it is called *mons*, à *mouendo*,<sup>2</sup> because it standes still.

MANES. Good. 35

PSYLLUS. And thou art named *Manes*, à *manendo*,<sup>3</sup> beecause thou runst away.

MANES. Passing<sup>4</sup> reasons! I did not runne awaye, but retire.

PSYLLUS. To a prison, because thou woldest haue leisure to contemplate. 41

MANES. I will proue that my body was immortall beecause it was in prison.

GRAN. As how?

MANES. Didee your maisters neuer teach you that the soule is immortall? 46

GRAN. Yes.

MANES. And the body is the prison of the soule.

GRAN. True. 50

MANES. Why then, thus: to make my body immortal I put it to prison.

GRAN. Oh bad!

PSYLLUS. Excellent ill! 54

MANES. You may see how dull a fasting wit is. Therefore, Psyllus, let vs go to supper with Granichus. Plato is the best fellow of al phylosophers. Giue me him that reades in the morning in the schoole, and at noone in the kitchin! 60

PSYLLUS. And me!

GRAN. Ah sirs, my maister is a king in his parlour<sup>5</sup> for the body, and a god in his study for the soule. Among all his menne he commendeth one that is an excellent [65

musicion; then stand I by and clap another on the shoulder, and say, "This is a passing good cooke."

MANES. It is well doone, Granichus! For giue me pleasure that goes in at the [70 mouth, not the eare; I had rather fill my guttes then my braines.

PSYLLUS. I serue Apelles, whose feedeth mee as Diogenes doth Manes; for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other [75 commendeth counterfeiting.<sup>1</sup> When I would eat meat, he paintes a spit, and when I thirst, "O," saith he, "is not this a faire pot?" and points to a table<sup>2</sup> whiche conteines The Banquet of the Gods, [80 where are many dishes to feede the cie, but not to fill the gut.

GRAN. What doost thou then?

PSYLLUS. This doeth hee then — bring in many examples that some haue liued [85 by sauours; and proueth that much easier it is to fatte by colours; and telles of birdes that haue bene fatted by painted grapes in winter; and how many haue so fed their eies with their mistresse picture that [90 they neuer desired to take food, being glutted with the delight in their fauours.<sup>3</sup> Then doth he shew me counterfeits [of] such as haue surfeited with their filthy and lothsome vomits, and with the riotous [95 Bacchanalles of the god Bacchus and his disorderly crew — which are painted al to the life in his shop. To conclude, I fare hardly thogh I go richly. Which maketh me, when I shuld begin to shadow<sup>4</sup> a [100 ladies face, to draw a lambes head — and sometime to set to the body of a maide a shoulder of mutton!<sup>5</sup> for *semper animus meus est in patinis*.<sup>6</sup> 104

MANES. Thou art a god to me! for could I see but a cookes shop painted I would make mine eyes fatte as butter. For I haue nought but sentences to fil my maw: as, *Plures occidit crapula quàm gladius; Musa ieiunantibus amica*;<sup>7</sup> Reple- [110 tion killeth delicately; and an old saw<sup>8</sup> of

<sup>1</sup> Painting.

<sup>2</sup> Picture.

<sup>3</sup> Features.

<sup>4</sup> Paint.

<sup>5</sup> With a pun, the word "mutton" meaning a woman of ill-fame.

<sup>6</sup> "My mind is always in the stew-pan."

<sup>7</sup> "Excess kills more than the sword; the Muse is a friend to those who fast."

<sup>8</sup> Saying.

<sup>1</sup> Yesterday.      <sup>2</sup> "Mountain, from moving."

<sup>3</sup> "Manes, from standing still."

<sup>4</sup> Excellent.      <sup>5</sup> Dining hall.

abstinence, Socrates': The belly is the heads graue. Thus, with sayings, not with meate, he maketh a gally-mafrey.<sup>1</sup>

GRAN. But how doest thou then liue? 116

MANES. With fine iests, sweet aire, and the dogs almes.<sup>2</sup>

GRAN. Wel, for this time I will stanch thy gut; and among pots and platters thou shalt see what it is to serue Plato. 121

PSYLLUS. For ioy of Granichus lets sing.

MANES. My voice is as cleare in the euening as in the morning.<sup>3</sup>

GRAN. Another commodity<sup>4</sup> of emptines. 126

### SONG<sup>5</sup>

GRAN. O for a bowle of fatt canary!  
Rich Palermo! sparkling sherry!  
Some nectar, else, from Iuno's daiery. 129  
O, these draughts would make vs merry!

PSYLLUS. O for a wench! (I deale in faces,  
And in other dayntier things.)  
Tickled am I with her embraces, —  
Fine dancing in such fairy ringes! 134

MANES. O for a plump fat leg of mutton!  
Veale, lambe, capon, pigge, and conney!  
None is happy but a glutton,  
None an asse but who wants money.

CHOR. Wines, indeed, and girles are good,  
But braue victuals feast the bloud. 140  
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheere,  
Ioue would leape down to surfet heere!

[*Exeunt.*]

### [ACTUS PRIMUS.] SCHENA TERTIA.

[*The street, before Alexander's palace. Enter Melippus.*]

MELIP. I had neuer such a doe to warne schollers to come before a king!  
First I cam to Crisippus, a tall leane old mad-man, willing him presently to appeare

<sup>1</sup> Hash, a hodge-podge.

<sup>2</sup> Blows? Scraps such as are thrown to dogs?

<sup>3</sup> I.e. is not interfered with by a full stomach.

<sup>4</sup> Profit, advantage.

<sup>5</sup> One should remember that the choristers of the Chapel Royal and of St. Paul's Cathedral had charming voices.

before Alexander. He stooode staring on [5 my face, neither mouing his eies nor his body. I vrjing him to giue some answer, hee tooke vp a booke, sate downe, and saide nothing! Melissa, his maid, told me it was his manner; and that oftentimes [10 she was fain to thrust meate into his mouth, for that he wold rather starue then ceasse studie. Well, thought I, seeing bookish men are so blockish, and so great clarkes<sup>1</sup> such simple courtiers, I wil neither be [15 partaker of their commons<sup>2</sup> nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato and to Aristotle, and to diuerse other; none refusing to come, sauing an olde obscure fellowe, who, sitting in a tub turned [20 towards the sunne, reade Greek to a yong boy. Him when I willed to appeare before Alexander, he answered: "If Alexander wold faine see me, let him come to mee; if learne of me, lette him come to me; [25 whatsoeuer it be, let him come to me." "Why," said I, "he is a king!" He answered, "Why: I am a philosopher." "Why, but he is Alexander!" "I, but I am Diogenes." I was halfe angry to [30 see one, so crooked in his shape, to be so crabbed in his sayings. So, going my way, I said, "Thou shalt repent it if thou comest not to Alexander!" "Nay," smiling answered he, "Alexander may repent it [35 if he come not to Diogenes; vertue must be sought, not offered." And so, turning himself to his cel, he grunted I know not what, like a pig vnder a tub. But I must be gone, the philosophers are comming. 40

[*Exit [into the palace].*]

[*Enter Plato, Aristotle, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus, Crates, and Chrysippus.*]

PLATO. It is a difficult controuersie Aristotle, and rather to be wondred at the beleueed, how natural causes should worke supernatural effects. 44

ARIS. I doe not so much stand vpon the apparition is seene in the moone, neither the *Demonium* of Socrates, as that I cannot by naturall reason giue any reason of the ebbing and flowing of the sea; which makes

<sup>1</sup> Scholars.

<sup>2</sup> Provisions, rations.

me in the depth of my studies to crye out,  
*O ens entium, miserere mei!*<sup>1</sup> 51

PLATO. Cleanthes and you attribute so  
 muche to nature by searching for things  
 which are not to be found, that, whilst you  
 studie a cause of your owne, you omitte [55  
 the occasion it selfe. There is no man so  
 sauage in whom resteth not this diuine  
 particle — that there is an omnipotent,  
 eternal, and deuine mouer, which may be  
 called "God." 60

CLEANT. I am of this minde: that that  
 first mouer, which you tearme "God," is  
 the instrument of all the mouings; which  
 we attribute to nature. The earth, which  
 is masse, swimmeth on the sea. Sea- [65  
 sons deuided in themselves, fruits growing  
 in themselves, the maiestic of the skie, the  
 whole firmament of the world, and whatso-  
 euer els appeareth miraculous — what  
 man, almost of meane capacity, but can  
 proue it naturall? 71

ANAXAR. These causes shalbe debated  
 at our philosophers feast, in which con-  
 trouersie I will take parte with Aristotl,<sup>2</sup>  
 that there is *Natura naturans*,<sup>2</sup> and yet not  
 God. 76

CRATES. And I with Plato, that there is  
*Deus optimus maximus*,<sup>3</sup> and not nature.

ARIS. Here commeth Alexander. 79

[Enter from the palace Alexander and  
 Hephaestion.]

ALEX. I see, Hephestion, that these  
 philosophers are here attending for vs.

HEP. They were not philosophers if  
 they knew not their dueties.

ALEX. But I much maruaile Diogenes  
 shoulde be so dogged. 85

HEP. I doe not think but his excuse  
 wilbe better then Melippus message.

ALEX. I will go see him, Hephestion,  
 because I long to see him that would com-  
 mand Alexander to come, to whom al [90  
 the world is like<sup>4</sup> to come. [Turning to the  
 philosophers.] Aristotle and the rest,  
 sithence my comming from Thebes to  
 Athens, from a place of conquest to a pal-  
 lace of quiet, I haue resolued with my [95

self in my court to haue as many philoso-  
 phers, as I had in my camp soldiers. My  
 court shalbe a schole, wherein I wil haue  
 vsed as great doctrine in peace as I did in  
 warre discipline. 100

ARIS. We are al here ready to be com-  
 manded; and glad we are that we are com-  
 manded, for that nothing better becom-  
 meth kings then literature, which maketh  
 them come as neere to the gods in wisdom  
 as they do in dignitie. 106

ALEX. It is so, Aristotle; but yet there  
 is among you — yea and of your bringing  
 vp! — that sought to destroy Alexander:  
 — Calistenes, Aristotle, whose trea- [110  
 sons againste his prince shall not bee borne  
 out with the reasons of his phylosophy.

ARIS. If euer mischiefe entred into the  
 heart of Calistenes, let Calistenes suffer for  
 it; but that Aristotle euer imagined any [115  
 such thing of Calistenes, Aristotle doth denie.

ALEX. Well, Aristotle, kindred may  
 blind thee, and affection<sup>1</sup> mee. But in  
 kinges causes I will not stande to [119  
 schollers arguments. This meeting shalbe  
 for a commandement, that you all frequent  
 my courte. Instructe the young with  
 rules, confirme the olde with reasons, lette  
 your liues be answerable to your learnings,  
 leaste my proceedings be<sup>2</sup> contrary to my  
 promises. 126

HEP. You sayde you woulde aske euery  
 one of them a question, which yester-night  
 none of vs coulde aunswere. 129

ALEX. I will. Plato, of all beastes  
 which is the subtillest?

PLATO. That which man hetherto neuer  
 knew.

ALEX. Aristotle, how should a man be  
 thought a god? 135

ARIS. In doing a thing vnpossible for a  
 man.

ALEX. Crisippus, which was first, the  
 day or the night? 139

CHRS. The day, by a day.

ALEX. Indeepe, straunge questions  
 must haue straung answers. Cleanthes,  
 what say you, is life or death the stronger?

CLE. Life, that suffereth so many  
 troubles. 145

<sup>1</sup> "Oh reality of realities, have mercy on me."

<sup>2</sup> Nature, a creative power in itself.

<sup>3</sup> God, best, most powerful.

<sup>4</sup> Glad, pleased.

<sup>1</sup> Personal interest.

<sup>2</sup> *Qs. by;* I adopt the reading of the other editions.



ALEX. Crates, how long should a man liue?

CRATES. Till he thinke it better to die then liue. 149

ALEX. Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?

ANAX. The earth; for the sea is but a parte of the earth. 153

ALEX. Hephestion, me thinkes they haue answered all well; and in such questions I meane often to trie them.

HEP. It is better to haue in your courte a wise man, then in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leaue war to studie wisdom, were I Alexander. 160

ALEX. So would I, were I Hephestion. But come; let vs go and giue release, as I promised, to our Theban thralles.

[*Exeunt Alexander and Hephestion.*]

PLATO. Thou art fortunate, Aristotle, that Alexander is thy scholler. 165

ARIS. And you happy that he is your soueraigne.

CHRY. I could like the man well if he could be contented to be but a man. 169

ARIS. He seeketh to draw neere to the gods in knowledge, not to be a god.

PLATO. Let us question a litle with Diogenes why he went not with vs to Alexander. [*They approach Diogenes, [174 who is sitting in his tub.]* Diogenes, thou didst forget thy dutie that thou wentst not with vs to the king.

DIOG. And you your profession, that you went to the king. 179

PLATO. Thou takest as great pride to bee peeuish as others doe glory to bee vertuous.

DIOG. And thou as great honor, being a philosopher, to bee thought courtlike, [184 as others shame, that be courtiers, to be accounted philosophers.

ARIS. These austere maners set a side, it is wel known that thou didst counterfeite monye. 189

DIOG. And thou thy maners, in that thou didst not counterfeite money.

ARIS. Thou hast reason to contemn the courte, being both in body and mynde too crooked for a courtier. 194

DIOG. As good be crooked, and en-

deuour to make my self straight, from the court, as to be straight, and learne to be crooked at the court. 198

CRATES. Thou thinkest it a grace to be opposite against Alexander.

DIOG. And thou to be iump with<sup>1</sup> Alexander.

ANAX. Let vs go; for in contemning him wee shall better please him than in wondering at him. [*They walk away.*] 205

ARIS. Plato, what dost thou thinke of Diogenes?

PLATO. To be Socrates furious.<sup>2</sup> Let vs go. 209

*Exeunt Philosophi.*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS

### SCENA PRIMA

[*Diogenes advances from his tub, holding up a lantern as if seeking an honest man. Enter Psyllus, Manes, and Granicus.*]

PSYLLUS. Behold, Manes, where thy maister is, seeking either for bones for his dinner, or pinnes for his sleeues.<sup>3</sup> I wil go salute him.

MANES. Doe so; but mum! not a woord you saue Manes. 6

GRAN. Then stay thou behinde, and I wil goe with Psyllus.

[*Granicus and Psyllus approach Diogenes.*]

PSYLLUS. All haile, Diogenes, to your proper person! 10

DIOG. All hate to thy peeuish conditions.

GRAN. O Dogge!

PSYLLUS. What dost thou seeke for here? 15

DIOG. For a man, and a beast.

GRAN. That is easie without thy light to be found; bee not all these men? [*Pointing to the audience.*]

DIOG. Called men.

GRAN. What beast is it thou lookest for? 21

DIOG. The beast my man, Manes.

PSYLLUS. He is a beast indeede that wil serue thee!

<sup>1</sup> In accord with.  
<sup>2</sup> Because so ragged.

<sup>3</sup> Mad.

DIOG. So is he that begat thee. 25  
 GRAN. What wouldest thou do if thou  
 shouldest find Manes?

DIOG. Giue him leaue to doo as hee  
 hath done before.

GRAN. Whats that? 30

DIOG. To runne away.

PSYLLUS. Why, hast thou no neede of  
 Manes?

DIOG. It were a shame for Diogenes to  
 haue neede of Manes, and for Manes to  
 haue no need of Diogenes. 36

GRAN. But put the case he were gone,  
 wouldest thou entertaine <sup>1</sup> any of vs two?

DIOG. Vpon condition.

PSYLLUS. What? 40

DIOG. That you should tell me where-  
 fore any of you both were good.

GRAN. Why, I am a scholler, and well  
 seene <sup>2</sup> in phylosophy.

PSYLLUS. And I a prentice, and well  
 scene in painting. 46

DIOG. Well then, Granichus, bee thou a  
 painter to amend thine yll face; and thou,  
 Psyllus, a phylosopher to correct thine euil  
 manners. But who is that? Manes? 50

MANES [*advancing*]. I care not who I  
 were, so I were not Manes.

GRAN. You are taken tardie.

PSYLLUS. Let vs slip aside, Granichus,  
 to see the salutation betweene Manes and  
 his maister. [*They stand aside.*] 56

DIOG. Manes, thou knowest the last  
 day <sup>3</sup> I threw away my dish to drink in my  
 hand, because it was superfluous; now I am  
 determined to put away my man and serue  
 my selfe, *quia non ego tui vel te.*<sup>4</sup> 61

MANES. Maister, you know a while a  
 goe I ran awaye; so doe I meane to do  
 againe, *quia scio tibi non esse argentum.*<sup>5</sup> 64

DIOG. I know I haue no mony; neither  
 will I haue euer a man: for I was resolued  
 longe sithence to put away both my slaues  
 — money and Manes.

MANES. So was I determined to shake  
 off both my dogs — hunger and Diogenes.

<sup>1</sup> Accept into service.

<sup>2</sup> Skilled. <sup>3</sup> Yesterday.

<sup>4</sup> An echo of William Lyly's Latin Grammar:  
 "Egeo, or indigeo, tui vel te, I have need of thee";  
 that is, the verb is followed by either the genitive  
 or the accusative.

<sup>5</sup> "Because I know you have no money." Manes  
 takes his quip likewise from Lyly's Grammar.

PSYLLUS. O sweete consent betweene a  
 crowde <sup>1</sup> and a Iewes harp! 72

GRAN. Come, let vs reconcile them.

PSYLLUS. It shall not neede, for this is  
 their vse. Nowe do they dine one vpon  
 another. 76

*Exit Diogenes [into his tub].*

GRAN. How now, Manes? art thou gone  
 from thy maister?

MANES. Noe, I didde but nowe bynde  
 my selfe to him. 80

PSYLLUS. Why, you were at mortall  
 iars!

MANES. In faith, no; we brake a bitter  
 iest one vpon another.

GRAN. Why, thou art as dogged as he.

PSYLLUS. My father knew them both  
 litle whelpes. 87

MANES. Well, I will hie mee after my  
 maister.

GRAN. Why, is it supper time with  
 Diogenes? 91

MANES. I, with him at al times when he  
 hath meate.

PSYLLUS. Why then, euery man to his  
 home; and lette vs steale out againe anone.

GRAN. Where shall we meete? 96

PSYLLUS. Why, at *Alex vendibili sus-  
 pensa hedera non est opus.*<sup>2</sup>

MANES. O Psyllus, *habeo te loco par-  
 entis,*<sup>3</sup> thou blestest me! 100

*Ezeunt.*

[ACTUS SECUNDUS.] SCHÆNA SECUNDA.

[*The street. Enter from the palace Alex-  
 ander, Hephestion, and the Page.*]

ALEX. Stand aside, sir boy, till you be  
 called. [*The Page withdraws.*] Hephes-  
 tion, how doe yee like the sweete face of  
 Campaspe?

HEP. I cannot but commend the stoute  
 courage of Timoclea. 6

ALEX. Without doubt Campaspe had  
 some great man to her father.

<sup>1</sup> Harmony between a violin.

<sup>2</sup> "Good ale needs no bush," an old English  
 proverb tuned into Latin.

<sup>3</sup> "I have thee in place of a parent." From  
 Lyly's Grammar.

HEP. You know Timoclea had The-  
agines to her brother. 10

ALEX. Timoclea stil in thy mouth!  
Art thou not in loue?

HEP. Not I!

ALEX. Not with Timoclea, you meane;  
wherein you resemble the lapwing, who [15  
crieth most where her nest is not; and so  
you lead me from espying your loue with  
Campaspe, you cry Timoclea.

HEP. Could I aswell subdue kingdoms  
as I can my thoughtes, or were I as [20  
farre from ambition as I am from loue, al  
the world wold account mee as valiant in  
armes as I know my self moderate in affec-  
tion.

ALEX. Is loue a vice? 25

HEP. It is no vertue.

ALEX. Well, now shalt thou see what  
small difference I make betweene Alex-  
ander and Hephestion. And sith thou  
haste beene alwayes partaker of my [30  
triumphes, thou shalt be partaker of my  
tormentes. I loue, Hephestion! I loue!  
I loue Campaspe! — a thing farre vnfit for  
a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander.  
Why hangest thou down thy head, [35  
Hephestion? Blushing to heare that  
which I am not ashamed to tell?

HEP. Might my wordes craue pardon,  
and my counsel credite, I woulde both dis-  
charge the dutie of a subiect, for so I am,  
and the office of a friend, for so I will. 41

ALEX. Speake Hephestion; for whatso-  
euer is spoken, Hephestion speaketh to  
Alexander. 44

HEP. I can not tel, Alexander, whether  
the reporte be more shameful to be heard,  
or the cause sorrowfull to be beleueed!  
What! is the sonne of Phillip, king of  
Macedon, become the subiect of Cam-  
paspe, the captiue of Thebes? Is that [50  
minde, whose greatnes the world could not  
containe, drawn within the compasse of an  
idle alluring eie? Wil you handle the  
spindle with Hercules, when you should  
shake the speare with Achilles? Is the [55  
warlike sound of drumme and trumpe  
turned to the soft noyse of lire and lute? the  
neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudnes  
filled the ayre with terrour, and whose  
breathes dimmed the sunne with [60

smoak, conuerted to dilicate tunes and  
amorous glaunces? O Alexander! that  
soft and yeelding minde should not bee in  
him, whose hard and vnconquered heart  
hath made so many yeelede. But, you [65  
loue. Ah griefe! But whom? Cam-  
paspe! Ah shame! A maide forsooth vn-  
knowne, vnnoble;<sup>1</sup> and who can tell  
whether immodest? whose eies are framed  
by arte to inamour, and whose heart [70  
was made by nature to inchaunt. I, but  
she is bewtiful. Yea, but not therefore  
chast. I, but she is comly in al parts of the  
body. Yea, but she may be crooked in  
some part of the mind. I, but she is [75  
wise. Yea, but she is a woman! Bewty is  
like the blackberry, which seemeth red  
when it is not ripe; resembling pretious  
stones that are polished with honny,  
which, the smother they look, the [80  
sooner they breake. It is thought wonder-  
ful among the seamen, that mugil, of all  
fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly of  
the bret, of al the slowest; and shall it not  
seeme monstrous to wisemen that the [85  
hearte of the greatest conquerour of the  
worlde should be found in the handes of the  
weakest creature of nature? of a woman! of  
a captiue! Hiermyns<sup>2</sup> haue faire skinned,  
but fowle luers: sepulchres fresh [90  
colours, but rotten bones; women faire  
faces, but false heartes. Remember, Alex-  
ander, thou hast a campe to gouerne, not a  
chamber! Fall not from the armour of  
Mars to the armes of Venus, from the [95  
fiery assaults of war, to the maidenly  
skirmishes of loue, from displaying the  
eagle in thine ensigne, to set downe the  
sparow.<sup>3</sup> I sighe, Alexander, that where  
fortune could not conquer, folly shuld [100  
ouercome. But behold al the perfection  
that may be in Campaspe: a hayre curling  
by nature not arte; sweete alluring eies; a  
faire face made in despite of Venus, and a  
stately porte in disdaine of Iuno; a [105  
witte apt to conceiue and quick to an-  
swere; a skin as soft as silk, and as smooth  
as iet; a longe white hand; a fine litle foote;  
— to conclude, all partes answerable to the  
best part. What of this? Though [110

<sup>1</sup> Not of noble birth.

<sup>2</sup> The symbol of Venus.

<sup>3</sup> Ermines.

she haue heauenly giftes, vertue and bewtie, is she not of earthly mettall, flesh and bloud? You, Alexander, that would be a god, shew your selfe in this worse then a man — so soone to be both ouer- [115] seene and ouertaken in a woman, whose false teares know their true times, whose smooth words wound deeper then sharpe swordes. There is no surfeit so dangerous as that of honney, nor anye poyson so [120] deadly as that of loue; — in the one, phisicke cannot preuaile, nor in the other counsell.

ALEX. My case were light, Hephestion, and not worthy to be called loue, if [125] reason were a remedy, or sentences could salue that sense cannot conceiue. Little do you know — and therefore sleightly do you regarde — the dead embers in a priuate person, or liue coles in a great prince, [130] whose passions and thoughts do as far exceede others in extremitie, as their callings doe in maiestie.<sup>1</sup> An eclipse in the sunne is more then the falling of a starre; none can conceiue the torments of a king, [135] vnlesse hee be a king, whose desires are not inferior to their dignities. And then iudge, Hephestion, if the agonies of loue be dangerous in a subiect, whether they be not more then deadly vnto Alexander, [140] whose deep and not-to-be-conceiued sighes cleaue the hart in shiuers, whose wounded thoughtes can neither be expressed nor endured. Cease then, Hephestion, with arguments to seeke to refel<sup>2</sup> that [145] which, with their deitie, the gods cannot resist; and let this suffice to aunswere thee, that it is a king that louch, and Alexander, whose affections are not to be measured by reason, being immortal — nor, I feare me, to be borne, being intollerable! 151

HEP. I must needs yeeld when neither reason nor counsell can be heard.

ALEX. Yeeld, Hephestion; for Alexander doth loue — and therefore must obtaine. 156

HEP. Suppose she loues not you? Affection commeth not by appointmente or birth; and then as good hated as enforced.

ALEX. I am a king, and will commaund. 161

HEP. You may, to yeelde to luste by force; but to consent to loue by feare, you cannot!

ALEX. Why, what is that which Alexander may not conquer as he list? 166

HEP. Why, that which you say the gods cannot resiste — loue.

ALEX. I am a conquerour, she a captiue; I as fortunate as she faire; my [170] greatnes may aunswere her wants, and the giftes of my minde the modestie of hers. Is it not likely, then, that she should loue? Is it not reasonable? 174

HEP. You say that in loue there is no reason, and therefore there can be no likelihood.

ALEX. No more, Hephestion! In this case I wil vse mine owne counsell, and in all other thine aduice. Thou maist be a [180] good soldier, but neuer good louer. Cal my Page. [*Page advances.*] Sirha, goe presently to Apelles, and will him to come to me without either delay or excuse.

PAGE. I goe. 185

[*Exit the Page into the studio of Apelles.*]

ALEX. In the meane season, to recreate my spirits, being so neare, we will goe see Diogenes. And see where his tub is. [*They cross over to Diogenes' tub.*] Diogenes? 190

DIOG. [*from his tub.*] Who calleth?

ALEX. Alexander. How happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace? 194

DIOG. Because it was as far from my tub to your pallace as from your palace to my tub.

ALEX. Why then, doest thou ow no reuerence to kings?

DIOG. No. 200

ALEX. Why so?

DIOG. Because they be no gods.

ALEX. They be gods of the earth.

DIOG. Yea, gods of earth.

ALEX. Plato is not of thy mind. 205

DIOG. I am glad of it.

ALEX. Why?

DIOG. Because I would haue none of Diogenes minde but Diogenes. 209

<sup>1</sup> Obviously intended as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> Refute.

ALEX. If Alexander haue any thing that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

DIOG. Then take not from me that you cannot giue me — the light of the world.

[*Motions him to stand aside so as not to cut off the sun-light.*]

ALEX. What doest thou want? 215

DIOG. Nothing that you haue.

ALEX. I haue the world at commaund!

DIOG. And I, in contempt.

ALEX. Thou shalt liue no longer than I will. 220

DIOG. But I will die, whether you will or no.

ALEX. How should one learn to be content?

DIOG. Vnlearn to couet. 225

ALEX. Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I wolde wishe to be Diogenes.

HEP. He is dogged, but discrete; I cannot tel how — sharpe, with a kinde of sweetenes, ful of wit, yet too too wayward. 231

ALEX. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee, and confer with thee.

DIOG. Doe. 235

[*Enter Apelles from his studio.*]

ALEX. But here commeth Apelles. How now, Apelles, is Venus face yet finished?

APEL. Not yet. Bewty is not so soone shadowed whose perfection commeth [240 not within the compasse either of cunning or of colour.

ALEX. Well, let it rest vnperfect; and come you with me, where I wil shewe you that finished by nature that you haue beene trifling about by art. 246

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACTUS TERTIUS

### SCHÆNA PRIMA

[*The street, before the studio of Apelles. Enter Apelles and Campaspe, with Psyllus attending.*]

APEL. Lady, I doubt whether there bee

any colour so fresh that may shadow a countenance so faire.

CAMP. Sir, I had thought you had beene commaunded to paint with your [5 hand, not to glose<sup>1</sup> with your tongue. But, as I haue heard, it is the hardest thing in painting to set down a hard fauour;<sup>2</sup> which maketh you to dispair of my face: and then shall you haue as great thanks [10 to spare your labour as to discredit your arte.

APEL. Mistresse, you neither differ from your selfe nor your sex; for, knowing your owne perfection, you seeme to [15 dispraise that which men most commend, drawing them by that meane into an admiration;<sup>3</sup> where, feeding them selues, they fall into an extasie;<sup>4</sup> your modestie being the cause of the one, and of the other, your affections.<sup>5</sup> 21

CAMP. I am too young to vnderstand your speache, thogh old enough to withstand your deuise: you haue bin so long vsed to colours, you can do nothing but colour.<sup>6</sup> 26

APEL. Indeed, the colours I see, I feare, wil alter the colour I haue! But come, madam; will you draw neere? for Alexander will be here anon. Psyllus, stay you [30 heere at the window. If anye enquire for me, aunswere, *Non lubet esse domi.*<sup>7</sup>

[*Exeunt into studio.*]

[ACTUS TERTIUS.] SCHÆNA SECUNDA.

[*The same. Psyllus remains.*]

PSYLLUS. It is alwayes my maisters fashion, when any fair gentlewoman is to be drawne within, to make mee to stay without. But if he shuld paint Iupiter like a bul, like a swan, like an eagle, then [5 must Psyllus with one hand grind colours, and with the other hold the candle. But, let him alone! The better he shadowes her face, the more will he burne his owne heart. And now, if a manne cold meet with [10

<sup>1</sup> Insert comments.

<sup>2</sup> Feature.

<sup>3</sup> Wonder.

<sup>4</sup> Madness.

<sup>5</sup> Bent of mind, disposition.

<sup>6</sup> Disguise things in fair words.

<sup>7</sup> "He is not pleased to be at home."

Manes, who, I dare say, lookes as leane as if Diogenes dropped out of his nose —

[*Enter Manes.*]

MANES. And here comes Manes, whoe hath as muche meate in his maw as thou hast honestie in thy head. 15

PSYLLUS. Then I hope thou art very hungry.

MANES. They that know thee know that. 19

PSYLLUS. But doest thou not remember that wee haue certaine licour to conferre withall.

MANES. I, but I haue busines; I must go cry <sup>1</sup> a thing.

PSYLLUS. Why, what hast thou lost? 25

MANES. That which I neuer had — my dinner.

PSYLLUS. Foule lubber, wilt thou crye for thy dinner? 29

MANES. I meane, I must "cry"; not as one would saye "cry," but "cry," — that is, make a noyse.

PSYLLUS. Why, foole, that is al one; for, if thou cry, thou must needes make a noise. 35

MANES. Boy, thou art decciued. "Cry" hath diuerse significations, and may bee alluded to manye things; "knaue" but one, and can be applyed but to thee.

PSYLLUS. Profound Manes! 40

MANES. Wee Cynickes are madde fellows. Didste thou not finde I did quip thee?

PSYLLUS. No, verely! Why, what is a quip? 45

MANES. Wee great girders <sup>2</sup> cal it a short saying of a sharp witte, with a bitter sense in a sweete word.

PSYLLUS. How! canst thou thus diuine, deuide, define, dispute, and all on the sūdaine? 51

MANES. Wit wil haue his swing! I am bewitcht, inspi'd, inflamed, infected!

PSYLLUS. Well, then will not I tempt thy gybing spirite. 55

MANES. Do not, Syllus; for thy dull head will bee but a grindstone for my quick

wit, which if thou whet with ouerthwarts,<sup>1</sup> *perijsti, actum est de te;*<sup>2</sup> I haue drawne bloud at ones braines with a bitter bob.<sup>3</sup> 60

PSYLLUS. Let me crosse my selfe! <sup>4</sup> for I die, if I crosse thee.

MANES. Let me do my busines. I my self am afraid least my wit should waxe warm — and then must it needs con- [65 sume some hard head with fine and prety iests. I am some times in such a vaine that for want of some dull pate to worke on I begin to gird <sup>5</sup> my selfe. 69

PSYLLUS. The Gods shield mee from such a fine fellowe, whose words melt wits like waxe!

MANES. Well then, let vs to the matter. In fayth, my maister meaneth to morrow to flye. 75

PSYLLUS. It is a iest!

MANES. Is it a iest to flye? Shouldest thou flye so, soone thou shouldest repent it in earnest.

PSYLLUS. Well, I will be the cryer. 80

*Psyllus shouts the proclamation to the audience as Manes dictates.]*

MANES and PSYLLUS (*one after an other*). O ys! O ys! O ys! — Al manner of men, — women, or children, — that will come to-morow — into the market-place — between the houres of nine and ten, — shall see Diogenes the Cynick — flye. 86

[*The last word is pronounced by Manes only.*]

PSYLLUS. I do not think he will flye.

MANES. Tush! say "flye."

PSYLLUS. Fly! 89

MANES. Now let vs goe; for I will not see him againe til midnight. I haue a back way into his tub.

PSYLLUS. Which way callest thou the backway, when euery way is open?

MANES. I meane, to come in at his back. 96

PSYLLUS. Well, let vs goe away, that wee may returne speedily.

*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> Retorts, contradictions.

<sup>2</sup> "You are ruined, it is all over with you!"

<sup>3</sup> Caustic gibe.

<sup>4</sup> With the sign of the cross.

<sup>5</sup> Gibe.

<sup>1</sup> Make a formal public proclamation.

<sup>2</sup> Persons dealing in caustic gibes at others.

## [ACTUS TERTIUS.] SCHÆNA TERTIA.

[The curtains to the studio of Apelles are drawn open, revealing Campaspe seated, and Apelles busily painting her portrait.]

APEL. I shall neuer drawe your eies well, because they blind mine.

CAMP. Why then, paint me without eies, for I am blind.

APEL. Were you euer shadowed before of any? 6

CAMP. No. And would you could so now shadow me that I might not be perceived of any! 1 9

APEL. It were pittie but that so absolute 2 a face should furnish Venus temple amongst these pictures.

CAMP. What are these pictures?

APEL. This is Læda, whom Ioue deceived in likenes of a swan. 15

CAMP. A fair woman, but a foule deceit.

APEL. This is Alcmena, vnto whom Iupiter came in shape of Amphitruon her husband, and begat Hercules. 20

CAMP. A famous sonne, but an infamous fact.

APEL. He might do it, because he was a god.

CAMP. Nay, therefore it was euill done, because he was a god. 26

APEL. This is Danac, into whose prison Iupiter drisled a golden shewre, and obtained his desire.

CAMP. What gold can make one yeelede to desire? 31

APEL. This is Europa, whom Iupiter rauished. This, Antiopa.

CAMP. Were al the gods like this Iupiter. 35

APEL. There were many gods in this like Iupiter.

CAMP. I thinke in those dayes loue was wel ratified among men on earth, when lust was so ful authorised by the gods in heauen. 41

APEL. Nay, you may imagine there wer women passing amiable, when there were gods exceeding amorous.

CAMP. Were women neuer so faire, men wold be faire. 46

<sup>1</sup> Presumably by marriage.

<sup>2</sup> Perfect.

APEL. Were women neuer so false, men wold be fond.

CAMP. What counterfeit is this, Apelles? 50

APEL. This is Venus, the goddess of loue.

CAMP. What! be there also louing goddesses?

APEL. This is she that hath power to commaunde the very affections of the heart. 57

CAMP. How is she hired? by praier, by sacrifice, or bribes?

APEL. By praier, sacrifice, and bribes.

CAMP. What praier? 61

APEL. Vowes irreuocable.

CAMP. What sacrifice?

APEL. Heartes euer sighing, neuer disssembling. 65

CAMP. What bribes?

APEL. Roses and kisses. But were you neuer in loue?

CAMP. No; nor loue in me.

APEL. Then haue you iniured many. 70

CAMP. How so?

APEL. Because you haue beene loued of many.

CAMP. Flattered, parchance, of some.

APEL. It is not possible that a face [75 so faire and a wit so sharpe, both without comparison, shuld not be apt to loue!

CAMP. If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning, I pray dip your pensil in colours, and fall to that you must doe, not that you would doe. 81

[The curtains remain open.]

## [ACTUS TERTIUS.] SCHÆNA QUARTA.

[In the street before Alexander's palace.

Enter Clitus and Parmenio.]

CLITUS. Parmenio, I cannot tel how it commeth to passe that in Alexander now-a-daies there groweth an vnpatient kinde of life: in the morning he is melancholy, at noone solomne, at all times either more sower or seuerer then he was accustomed. 6

PAR. In kinges causes I rather loue to doubt then coniecture, and think it better to be ignoraunt then inquisitiue: they haue long eares and stretched armes, in [10

whose heades suspition is a prooffe, and to be accused is to be condemned.

CLYTUS. Yet betweene vs there canne be no danger to finde out the cause, for that there is no malice to withstand it. It [15 may be an vnquenchable thirste of conquering maketh him vnquiet. It is not vnlikly his long ease hath altdred his humour. That he should bee in loue, it is not impossible. 20

PAR. In loue, Clytus? No, no! it is as farre from his thought as treason in ours. He whose euer-waking eye, whose neuertired heart, whose body patient of labour, whose mind vnstable of victory hath [25 alwayes bin noted, cannot so soone be melted into the weak conceites of loue! Aristotle told him there were many worlds; and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for al, galleth Alexander. But here he commeth. 31

[From the palace enter Alexander and Hephestion.]

ALEX. Parmenio and Clitus, I would haue you both redy to go into Persia about an ambassage no lesse profitable to me then to your selues honourable. 35

CLYTUS. We are ready at all commaundes, wishing nothing els but continually to be commaunded.

ALEX. Well then, withdraw your selues till I haue further considered of this matter. 41

*Exeunt Clytus and Parmenio.*

[Alexander and Hephestion cross over towards Apelles' studio.]

ALEX. Now we wil see how Apelles goeth forward. I doubt me that nature hath overcome arte, and her countenance his cunning. 45

HEP. You loue, and therefore think any thing.

ALEX. But not so far in loue with Campaspe as with Bucephalus,<sup>1</sup> if occasion serue either of conflicte or of conquest. 50

HEP. Ocasion cannot want if wil doe not. Behold all Persia swelling in the pride of their owne power! the Scythians carelesse what courage or fortune can do!

<sup>1</sup> The name of Alexander's famous war-horse.

the Aegiptians dreaming in the south- [55 sayings of their Augures, and gaping ouer the smoak of their beasts intralles! All these, Alexander, are to bee subdued — if that world be not slipped out of your head, which you haue sworne to conquere with that hand. 61

ALEX. I confesse the labours fit for Alexander; and yet recreation necessary among so many assaults, bloudye wounds, intollerable troubles. Giue mee leaue a [65 litle, if not to sitte, yet to breath. And doubt not but Alexander can, when he wil, throw affections as farre from him as he can cowardise. [They pause to watch Diogenes.] But behold Diogenes talking [70 with one at his tub.

CRYSUS [at Diogenes' tub]. One penny, Diogenes; I am a Cynick.

DIOG. He made thee a begger that first gaue thee any thing. 75

CRYSUS. Why, if thou wilt giue nothing, no-body will giue thee.

DIOG. I want nothing, till the springs dry and the earth perish.

CRYSUS. I gather for the gods. 80

DIOG. And I care not for those gods which want money.

CRYSUS. Thou art a right Cynicke that will giue nothing.

DIOG. Thou art not, that will beg any thing. 86

[Crysus approaches Alexander.]

CRYSUS. Alexander! King Alexander! giue a poore Cynick a groat.

ALEX. It is not for a king to giue a groat.

CRYSUS. Then giue me a talent. 90

ALEX. It is not for a begger to aske a talent. A-waye! [Alexander and Hephestion proceed to Apelles' studio.] Apelles?

APEL. Here. 94

ALEX. Now, gentlewomanne, doeth not your beauty put the painter to his trump?

CAMP. Yes, my lorde; seeing so disordered a countenance he feareth he shall shadow a deformed counterfeit. 99

ALEX. Wold he could colour the life with the feature! And me thinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers aswell with sweete smels as fresh colours, obseruing in



your mixture such things as should draw neere to their sauours. 106

APEL. Your maiestie must know it is no lesse harde to paint sauours then vertues; colours can neither speake nor think.

ALEX. Where doe you first begin when you drawe any picture? 111

APEL. The proposition of the face, in iust compasse as I can.

ALEX. I would begin with the eie, as a light to all the rest. 115

APEL. If you will paint as you are a king, your Maiestie may beginne where you please; but, as you would be a painter, you must begin with the face.

ALEX. Aurelius would in one houre colour four faces. 121

APEL. I meruaile in half an houre he did not foure.

ALEX. Why, is it so easie?

APEL. No, but he doth it so homely.<sup>1</sup> 125

ALEX. When will you finish Campaspe?

APEL. Neuer finishe! — for alwayes in absolute bewtie there is somewhat aboute arte.

ALEX. Why should not I, by labour, bee as cunning as Apelles? 131

APEL. God shield you should haue cause to be so cunning as Apelles!

ALEX. Me thinketh foure colours are sufficient to shadow any countenance; and so it was in the time of Phydias. 136

APEL. Then had men fewer fancies, and women not so many fauours. For now, if the haire of her eie-browes be black, yet must the haire of her head be yellowe;<sup>2</sup> [140 the attire of her head must be different from the habit of her body — els must the picture seeme like the blason of auncient armorie, not like the sweet delight of new-found amiablenes. For, as in garden [145 knottes<sup>3</sup> diuersitie of odours make a more sweet saour, or as in musicke diuers strings cause a more delicate consent,<sup>4</sup> so in painting, the more colours the better counterfeit, obseruing blacke for a ground, and the rest for grace. 151

<sup>1</sup> Crudely.

<sup>2</sup> At this time, because Elizabeth had "yellow" hair, women were accustomed to dye their hair a similar color.

<sup>3</sup> Flower beds laid out in fanciful designs.

<sup>4</sup> Harmony.

ALEX. Lend me thy pensil, Apelles. I will paint, and thou shalt iudge.

APEL. Here.

[*Alexander attempts to paint.*]

ALEX. The coale<sup>1</sup> breakes. 155

APEL. You leane too hard.

ALEX. Now it blackes not.

APEL. You leane too soft.

ALEX. This is awry.

APEL. Your eie goeth not with your hand. 161

ALEX. Now it is worse.

APEL. Your hand goeth not with your mind. 164

ALEX. Nay, if al be too hard or soft, so many rules and regards that ones hand, ones eie, ones minde must all draw together, I had rather bee setting of a battell then blotting of a boord.<sup>2</sup> But how haue I done heere? 170

APEL. Like a king.

ALEX. I thinke so; but nothing more vnlike a painter. Wel, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish. Dismisse her, and bring presently<sup>3</sup> her counterfeite after me.

APEL. I will. 176

[*Alexander and Hephestion withdraw from the studio, and stand without.*]

ALEX. Now, Hephestion, doth not this matter cotton<sup>4</sup> as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasauntlye, liberty wil encrease her bewty, and my loue shall aduaunce her honour. 181

HEP. I will not contrary your Maiestie; for time must weare out that loue hath wrought, and reason weane what appetite noursed. 185

[*Campaspe leaves the studio and passes down the street.*]

ALEX. How stately she passeth bye! yet how soberly! a sweet consent in her countenance, with a chast disdaine! desire mingled with coynesse; and — I cannot tell how to tearme it — a curst yeelding modestie! 190

HEP. Let her passe.

<sup>1</sup> The pencil of charcoal.

<sup>2</sup> The panel on which pictures were painted.

<sup>3</sup> At once.

<sup>4</sup> Thrive, succeed.

ALEX. So she shall — for the fairest on the earth!

*Exeunt [into the palace].*

[ACTUS TERTIUS.] SCHÆNA QUINTA.

[*The street before the studio. Enter Psyllus and Manes.*]

PSYLLUS. I shalbe hanged for taryng so long.

MANES. I pray God my maister be not flowne before I come! 4

PSYLLUS. Away, Manes! my maister doth come!

*[Exit Manes.]*

[*From the studio enter Apelles with the portrait of Campaspe.*]

APEL. Where haue you bin all this while?

PSYLLUS. No where but heere.

APEL. Who was here since my coming? 11

PSYLLUS. No-body.

APEL. Vngratious wag, I perceiue you haue beene a loytering! Was Alexander no-body? 15

PSYLLUS. He was a king; I meant no meane body.

APEL. I will cogell your body for it; and then will I say it was "no-bodie," because it was no honeste body. Away! in! 20

*Exit Psyllus [into the studio].*

[APEL.] Vnfortunate Apelles! and therefore vnfortunate because Apelles! Hast thou by drawing her bewty brought to passe that thou canst scarce draw thine own breath? And by so much the more [25 hast thou encreased thy care, by how much the more thou hast shewed thy cunning. Was it not sufficient to behold the fire and warme thee, but with Satyrus thou must kisse the fire and burne thee? O Campaspe! Campaspe! Arte must yeeld to nature, reason to appetite, wisdom to affection. Could Pigmalion entreate by prayer to haue his iuory turned into flesh? and cannot Apelles obtaine by plaints to [35 haue the picture of his loue chaunged to life? Is painting so farre inferiour to caru-

ing? or dost thou, Venus, more delight to be hewed with chizels then shadowed with colours? What Pigmalyon, or what [40 Pyrgoteles, or what Lysippus is hee that euer made thy face so fayre, or spread thy fame so farre as I? Vnlesse, Venus, in this thou enuiest mine arte — that in colouring my sweete Campaspe I haue left no [45 place by cunning to make thee so amiable! But, alas! she is the paramour to a prince. Alexander, the monarch of the earth, hath both her body and affection. For what is it that kinges cannot obtaine by praisers, threatens, and promises? Wil not she think it better to sit vnder a cloth of estate<sup>1</sup> like a queene, then in a poore shop like a huswife? and esteeme it swceter to be the concubine of the lord of the world, [55 then spouse to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes, Apelles! Thou maist swimme against the streame with the crab, and feede against the winde with the deere, and pecke against the steele with the cockatrice: [60 starres are to be looked at, not reched at; princes to bee yeelded vnto, not contended with; Campaspe to bee honored, not obtained, to be painted, not possessed of thee! [*He holds up the portrait and gazes at it.*] 65 O fair face! O vnhappy hand! And why didst thou draw it so faire a face? O bewtifull countenance! the expresse image of Venus, but somewhat fresher; the only pattern of that eternitie which Iupiter [70 dreaming of aslepe could not conceiue again waking. Blush Venus, for I am ashamed to end thee!<sup>2</sup> Now must I paint things vnpossible for mine arte, but agreeable with my affections: — deepe and [75 hollowe sighes, sadde and melancholye thoughtes, wounds and slaughters of conceites, a life posting to death, a death galloping from life, a wauering constancie, an vnsetled resolution, — and what not, [80 Apelles? And what but Apelles? But, as they that are shaken with a feuer are to bee warmed with clothes, not groanes, and as he that melteth in a consumption is to bee recured by colices,<sup>3</sup> not conceites; so [85 the feeding canker of my care, the neuer-

<sup>1</sup> A canopy over a throne.

<sup>2</sup> To end thy portrait? (Cf. II, ii, 157.)

<sup>3</sup> Nourishing broths.

dying worm of my hart, is to be killed by counsel, not cries, by applying of remedies, not by replying of reasons. And sith in cases desperat there must be vsed [90 medicines that are extreme, I wil hazard that litle life that is left to restore the greater part that is lost. And this shalbe my first practise — for wit must work, where authoritie is not: as soone as [95 Alexander hath viewed this portraiture, I will, by deuise, giue it a blemish, that by that meanes she may come again to my shop. And then, as good it were to vtter my loue and die with deniall, as conceale it and liue in despaire. 101

SONG BY APELLES.

Cvpd and my Campaspe playd  
At cardes for kisses. Cupid payd.  
He stakes his quiuer, bow, and arrows,  
His mothers doues, and teeme of sparrows;  
Looses them too. Then, downe he throwes  
The corral of his lippe, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);  
With these, the cristall of his brow;  
And then the dimple of his chinne. 110  
All these did my Campaspe winne!  
At last, hee set her both his eyes;  
Shee won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Loue! has shee done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of mee? 115

[Exit into the palace.]

ACTUS QUARTUS

SCHENA PRIMA.

[The street, or market-place, before Diogenes' tub. Enter Solinus, a citizen, and Psyllus and Granicus.]

SOL. This is the place, the day, the time, that Diogenes hath appointed to flye.

PSYLLUS. I will not loose the flight of so faire a fowle as Diogenes is though my maister cogel my "no-bodie," as he threatened. 6

GRAN. What, Psyllus, will the beaste wag his winges to-day?

PSYLLUS. We shall heare; for here cometh Manes. Manes, will it be? 10

[Enter Manes.]

MANES. Be? He were best be as cunning as a bee, or else shortly he will not be at all.

GRAN. How is he furnished to fly? Hath he feathers? 15

MANES. Thou art an asse! Capons, geese, and owles haue feathers. He hath found Dedalus old waxen wings, and hath beene peeing them this moneth, he is so broade in the shoulders. O you shall see him cut the ayre — euen like a tortoys. 21

SOL. Me thinkes so wise a man should not be so mad. His body must needes be to heauy.

MANES. Why, hee hath eaten nothing this seuennight but corke and feathers. 26

PSYLLUS [aside]. Tutch him, Manes!

MANES. He is so light that he can scarce keepe him from flying at midnight. 29

*Populus intrat.*

MANES. See, they begin to flocke! And behold, my mayster bustels himselfe to flye!

[Diogenes comes out of his tub, and addresses the assembled populace.]

DIOG. Yee wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose bodies make the earth to groane, and whose breathes infect the [35 aire with stench! Come ye to see Diogenes fly? Diogenes commeth to see you sinke! Yee call me dog: so I am, for I long to gnaw the boanes in your skins! Yee tearme me an hater of menne: no, I am a hater of [40 your maners. Your liues dissolute, not fearing death, will proue your deaths desperate, not hoping for life. What do you els in Athens but sleepe in the day and surfeite in the night? back-gods<sup>1</sup> in the [45 morning with pride, in the euening belly-gods with gluttonie! You flatter kings, and call them gods: speake trueth of your selues, and confesse you are diuels! From the bee you haue taken not the honney [50 but the wax to make your religion, framing it to the time, not to the trueth. Your filthy luste you colour vnder a courtly

<sup>1</sup> Referring to fine clothes.

colour of loue, iniuries abroad vnder the title of pollicies at home, and secrete [55 malice creepeth vnder the name of publick iustice. You haue caused Alexander to drey vp springs and plant vines, to sow roket<sup>1</sup> and weede endiffe,<sup>2</sup> to sheare sheepe and shrine foxes.<sup>3</sup> Al conscience is [60 sealed at Athens. Swearing commeth of a hot mettall; lying, of a quick wit; flattery, of a flowing tongue; vndecent talk, of a mery disposition. Al things are lawfull at Athens! Either you thinke there are [65 no gods, or I must think ye are no men. You build as though you should liue for euer, and surfet as though you should die to morow. None teacheth true phylosophy but Aristotle — because he was the [70 kings schoolemaister! O times! O menne! O corruption in manners! Remember that greene grasse must turne to dry hay. When you sleep, you are not sure to wake; and when you rise, not certeine to lye [75 downe. Looke you neuer so hie, your heads must lye leuell with your feete! Thus haue I flowne ouer your disordered liues; and if you wil not amend your manners, I wil study to fly further from you, that I may be neerer to honesty. 81

Sor. Thou rauest, Diogenes, for thy life is different from thy words; did not I see thee come out of a brothel house? Was it not a shame? 85

Diog. It was no shame to go out, but a shame to goe in.

Gran. It were a good deede, Manes, to beate thy maister.

Manes. You were as good eate my maister. 91

ONE OF THE PEOPLE. Hast thou made vs all fooles? And wilt thou not flye?

Diog. I tell thee, vnlesse thou be honest, I will flye. 95

People. Dog! Dog! Take a boane!

Diog. Thy father neede feare no dogs, but dogs thy father.

People. We wil tel Alexander that thou reprobust him behinde his back. 100

Diog. And I will tell him that you flatter him before his face.

People. We wil cause al the boyes in the streete to hisse at thee. 104

Diog. Indee, I thinke the Athenians haue their children ready for any vice, because they be Athenians.

[*Exeunt the people.*]

Manes. Why maister! meane you not to flye? 109

Diog. No, Manes; not without wings.

Manes. Eucry-body will account you a liar.

Diog. No, I warrant you; for I will alwaies say the Athenians are mischieuous.

[*Diogenes returns to his tub.*]

PSYLLUS. I care not! It was sport ynogh for me to see these old huddles hit home. 117

Gran. Nor I.

PSYLLUS. Come, let vs goe. And hereafter, when I meane to raile vpon any [120 body openly, it shall be giuen out I will flye.

*Exeunt.*

[ACTUS QUARTUS.] SCHÆNA SECUNDA.

[*The street before Apelles' studio. Enter Campaspe on her way to the studio.*]

CAMPASPE (*sola*). Campaspe, it is hard to iudge whether thy choice be more vnwise, or the chaunce vnfortunate. Doest thou preferre — ? but stay! vtter not that in wordes which maketh thine eares to [5 glow with thoughts. Tush! better thy tongue wagge then thy heart break! Hath a painter crept further into thy mind then a prince? Apelles then Alexander? Fond wench! the basenes of thy mind be- [10 wraies the meannesse of thy birth. But, alas! affection is a fyre which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oake, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burne. Larkes that [15 mount aloof in the ayre build their neastes below in the earth; and women that cast their eies vpon kinges may place their hearts vpon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better then a lute, and a [20 distaffe is fitter for thy hand then a scepter. Ants liue safely til they haue gotten wings,

<sup>1</sup> The seeds were supposed to be provocative.

<sup>2</sup> Useful on the table as a food.

<sup>3</sup> Fleece the innocent, honor the cunning.

and iuniper is not blowne vp till it hath gotten an hie top. The meane estate is without care as long as it continueth [25 without pride. But here commeth Apelles, — in whom I woulde there were the like affection!

[From the studio enter Apelles.]

APEL. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture wil put you to [30 some paines to sitte againe to be painted.

CAMP. It is smal paines for me to sit still, but infinit for you to draw still.<sup>1</sup>

APEL. No, madame. To painte Venus was a pleasure, but to shadowe the sweete face of Campaspe — it is a heauen! 36

CAMP. If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your wordes would bee as your thoughtes are: but such a common thing it is amongst you to [40 commend, that oftentimes for fashion sake you cal them beautifull whom you know black.<sup>2</sup>

APEL. What might men doe to be beleeued? 45

CAMP. Whet their tongues on their heartes.

APEL. So they doe, and speake as they thinke.

CAMP. I would they did! 50

APEL. I would they did not!

CAMP. Why, would you haue them dissemble?

APEL. Not in loue, but their loue. But wil you giue me leaue to aske you a question without offence? 56

CAMP. So that you wil aunswere me another without excuse.

APEL. Whom do you loue best in the world? 60

CAMP. He that made me last<sup>3</sup> in the world.

APEL. That was a god.

CAMP. I had thought it had beene a man. But whome do you honour most, Apelles? 66

APEL. The thing that is lykest you, Campaspe.

CAMP. My picture? 69

APEL. I dare not venture vpon your

person! But come, let vs go in; for Alexander will thinke it long till we returne.

*Exeunt [into the studio].*

[ACTUS QUARTUS.] SCHÆNA TERTIA.

[The street before the palace. Enter Clytus and Parmenio.]

CLYTUS. We heare nothing of our embassage. A colour, belike, to bleare our eyes, or ticle our eares, or inflame our heartes. But what doth Alexander in the meane season but vse for tantara, [5 Sol-fa-la,<sup>1</sup> for his harde couch, downe beddes, for his handfull of water, his standinge-cup of wine?

PAR. Clytus, I mislike this new delicacie and pleasing peace. For what [10 els do we se now then a kind of softnes in euery mans mind; bees to make their huiues in soldiers helmets; our steedes furnished with foote-clothes<sup>2</sup> of gold in-steede of saddles of steele; more time to bee required [15 to scoure the rust of our weapons then there was woont to be in subdewing the countries of our enemies. Sithence Alexander fell from his harde armour to his softe robes, beholde the face of his [20 court: — youtthes that were woont to carry deuises of victory in their shieldes engraue now posies<sup>3</sup> of loue in their ringes; they that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge the enemy with a lance, now in [25 easie coches ride vp and downe to court ladies, in-steede of sword and target to hazard their liues, vse pen and paper to paint their loues! Yea, such a feare and faintnes is growne in courte that they [30 wish rather to heare the blowing of a horne to hunt then the sound of a trumpet to fight! O Phillip, wert thou aliuie to see this alteration — thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to louers, gloues [35 worne in veluet caps<sup>4</sup> in-steede of plumes in grauen helmets — thou wouldest ether die among them for sorrow, or confound them for anger. 39

<sup>1</sup> The sound of the war-drums, the music of love ditties.

<sup>2</sup> A richly ornate cloth spread over a horse.

<sup>3</sup> Brief verses engraved in rings.

<sup>4</sup> As favors from their mistresses.

<sup>1</sup> Continually.

<sup>2</sup> Ugly.

<sup>3</sup> I.e. who painted my likeness.

CLITUS. Cease, Permenio! least in speaking what becommeth thee not, thou feele what liketh thee not. Truth is neuer without a scratcht face; whose tongue, although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied vp. 45

PAR. It grieueth me not a little for Hephestion, whoe thirsteth for honour, not ease; but such is his fortune and neerenesse in friendship to Alexander that he must lay a pillowe vnder his head when he [50 would put a targette in his hand. But let vs draw in, to see how well it becomes them to tread the measurs in a daunce that were wont to sette the order for a march.

*Exeunt [into the palace].*

[ACTUS QUARTUS.] SCHÆNA QUARTA.

*[Apelles and Campaspe discovered in the studio.]*

APEL. I haue now, Campaspe, almost made an ende.

CAMP. You tolde me, Apelles, you would neuer ende!

APEL. Neuer end my loue; for it shal be eternal. 6

CAMP. That is, neither to haue beginning nor ending?

APEL. You are disposed to mistake; I hope you do not mistrust. 10

CAMP. What will you saye if Alexander perceiue your loue?

APEL. I will say, it is no treason to loue.

CAMP. But how if he wil not suffer thee to see my person? 15

APEL. Then wil I gase continually on thy picture.

CAMP. That will not feede thy heart.

APEL. Yet shall it fill mine eye. Besides, the sweete thoughtes, the sure [20 hopes, thy protested faith, wil cause me to imbrace thy shadow continually in mine armes; of the which by strong imagination I will make a substaunce. 24

CAMP. Wel, I must be gon. But this assure your self, that I had rather bee in thy shop grinding colours then in Alexanders court following higher fortunes.

*[She leaves the studio.]*

CAMPASPE (*alone*). Foolish wensh, what hast thou done? That, alas! which [30 cannot be vndone! and therefore I feare me vndone. But content is such a lif I care not for aboundance. O Apelles, thy loue commeth from the heart, but Alexanders from the mouth! The loue of kinges is [35 like the blowinge of windes, whiche whistle sometimes gentlye amonge the leaues, and straight-ways turne the trees vp by the rootes; or fire, which warmeth a farre off, and burneth neere-hand; or the sea, [40 which maketh men hoysse their sayles in a flattering calme, and to cut their mastes in a rough storme. They place affection by times, by pollicie, by appointment. If they frowne, who dares cal them vncon- [45 stant? if bewray secretes, who will tearme them vntrue? if fall to other loues, who trembles not if he call them vnfaithfull? In kinges there can be no loue but to queenes; for as neere must they meete in mai- [50 estie as they doe in affection. It is requisite to stande aloofe from kinges loue, loue, and lightning!

*Exit.*

[ACTUS QUARTUS.] SCHÆNA QUINTA.

*[Apelles in the studio.]*

APEL. Now, Apelles, gather thy wits together. Campaspe is no lesse wise then fayre; thy selfe must bee no lesse cunning then faithfull. It is no small matter to be riual with Alexander! 5

*[Enter the Page of Alexander.]*

PAGE. Apelles, you must come away quicklye with the picture; the king thinketh that now you haue painted it you play with it.

APEL. If I would play with pictures I haue ynough at home. 11

PAGE. None, perhaps, you like so well.

APEL. It may be I haue painted none so well.

PAGE. I haue knowne many fairer faces. 16

APEL. And I many better boyes.

*Exeunt [severally].*

## ACTUS QUINTUS

## SCHÆNA PRIMA

[*Diogenes in his tub, Manes attending. To them enter Sylvius, bringing his sons, Perim, Milo, and Trico.*]

SYLVI. I haue brought my sons, Diogenes, to be taught of thee.

DIOG. What can thy sonnes doe?

SYL. You shall see their qualities.  
Daunce, sirha! 5

*Then Perim daunceth.*

How like you this? Doth he well?

DIOG. The better, the worser.

SYL. The musicke very good.

DIOG. The musitions very badde, who onely study to haue their stringes in [10 tune, neuer framing their manners to order.

SYL. Now shall you see the other.  
Tumble, sirha! 14

*Milo tumbleth.*

How like you this? Why do you laugh?

DIOG. To see a wagge that was born to break his neck by distinie, to practise it by arte.

MILO. This dogge will bite me! I will not be with him. 20

DIOG. Feare not, boy; dogges eate no thistles.

PERIM. I maruel what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

DIOG. When I am hungry, a mastiue, and when my belly is full, a spaniell. 26

SYL. Doest thou beleue that there are any gods, that thou art so dogged?

DIOG. I must needs beleue there are gods, for I think thee an enimie to them. 30

SYL. Why so?

DIOG. Because thou hast taught one of thy sonnes to rule his legges, and not to follow learning; the other, to bend his body euery way, and his minde no way. 35

PERIM. Thou doest nothing but snarle and barked like a dogge!

DIOG. It is the next way to driue away a theefe.

SYL. Now shall you heare the third, who singes like a nightingall. 41

DIOG. I care not; for I haue heard a nightingall sing her selfe.

SYL. Sing, sirha!

*Trico singeth.*

SONG

What bird so sings, yet so dos wayle? 45  
O, 'tis the rauish'd nightingale!

"Iug, iug, iug, iug, tereu," shee cryes;  
And still her woes at midnight rise.

Braue prick-song! <sup>1</sup> who is't now we heare?  
None but the larke so shrill and cleare. 50

How at heauens gats she claps her wings,  
The morne not waking till shee sings!

Heark, heark, with what a pretty throat  
Poore Robin red-breast tunes his note!

Heark how the iolly cuckoes sing! 55  
"Cuckoe," to welcome in the spring,  
"Cuckoe," to welcome in the spring!

SYL. Loe, Diogenes! I am sure thou canst not doe so much.

DIOG. But there is neuer a thrush but can. 61

SYL. What hast thou taught Manes, thy man?

DIOG. To be as vnlike as may be thy sonnes. 65

MANES. He hath taught me to fast, lye hard, <sup>2</sup> and runne away.

SYL. How sayest thou, Perim? wilt thou bee with him?

PERIM. I — so he will teache me first to run away. 71

DIOG. Thou needest not be taught, thy legges are so nimble.

SYL. How sayest thou, Milo? wilt thou bee with hym? 75

DIOG. Nay, holde your peace; he shal not!

SYL. Why?

DIOG. There is not roome enough for him and mee both to tumble <sup>3</sup> in one tub. 80

SYL. Well, Diogenes, I perceauie my sonnes brooke not thy manners.

DIOG. I thought no lesse, when they knewe my vertues. 84

SYL. Farewel, Diogenes. Thou need-

<sup>1</sup> Descant accompanying a simple melody.

<sup>2</sup> To sleep on a board.

<sup>3</sup> It should be noted that Milo was the tumbler.

edst not haue scraped rootes if thou wouldst haue followed Alexander.

DIOG. Nor thou haue followed Alexander, if thou hadst scraped roots.

*Exeunt [Sylvius and his three sons].*

[ACTUS QUINTUS.] SCHÆNA SECUNDA.

*[The street. Enter Apelles from his studio.]*

APELLES (*alone*). I feare me, Apelles, that thine eies haue blabbed that which thy tongue durst not. What little regard hadst thou! whilst Alexander viewed the counterfeite of Campaspe, thou stoodest [5 gazing on her countenance! If he espie, or but suspect, thou must needes twice perish — with his hate, and thine owne loue. Thy pale lookes when he blushed, that sadde countenance when hee [10 smiled, thy sighes when he questioned, may breede in him a ielousie, perchaunce a frenzye. O loue! I neuer before knewe what thou wert; and nowe haste thou made mee that I know not what my selfe am? [15 Onely this I knowe, that I must endure intollerable passions for vnknowne pleasures. Dispute not the cause, wretch, but yeeld to it; for better it is to melt with desire then wrestle with loue. Cast thy [20 selfe on thy carefull bedde; be content to lyue vnknowne; and die vnfounde! O Campaspe, I haue painted thee in my heart! Painted? nay, contrarye to myne arte, imprinted! — and that in suche [25 deepe characters, that nothing can rase it out, vnlesse it rubbe my heart out.

*Exit [into the studio].*

[ACTUS QUINTUS.] SCHÆNA TERTIA.

*[The street, or market-place, near Diogenes' tub. Enter two soldiers, Milcetus and Phrigius, with the courtezan Lais.]*

MIL. It shal go hard but this peace shall bring vs some pleasure.

PHRY. Downe with armes, and vp with legges! This is a world for the nonce! 4

LAIS. Sweete youtthes, if you knew what it were to saue your sweete bloud, you

would not so foolishly go about to spend it. What delight can there be in gashing, to make foule scarres in faire faces and crooked maines in streight legges? as [10 though men, being borne goodlye by nature, would of purpose become deformed by follye! And all, forsooth, for a new found tearme called "valiant" — a word which breedeth more quarrelles then the sense can commendation. 16

MIL. It is true, Lays! A featherbed hath no fellow! Good drinke makes good bloud, and shall pelting <sup>1</sup> words spill it? 19

PHRY. I meane to inioy the world, and to draw out my life at the wiredrawers, not to curtall it off at the cuttellers.

LAIS. You may talke of warre, speake bigge, conquer worldes with great wordes; but, stay at home — where, in-steede [25 of alarums you shall haue daunces, for hot battelles with fierce menne, gentle skirmishes with fayre womenne. These pewter coates canne neuer sitte so wel as satten dublets. Belceue mee, you cannot [30 conceaue the pleasure of peace vnlesse you despise the rudenesse of warre.

MIL. It is so. But see Diogenes prying ouer his tubbe. [*They advance to Diogenes' tub.*] Diogenes, what sayest thou to [35 such a morsel? [*Points to Lais.*]

DIOG. I say, I would spit it out of my mouth because it should not poyson my stomach.

PHRY. Thou speakest as thou art; it is no meate for dogges. 41

DIOG. I am a dogge, and phylosophy rates <sup>2</sup> mee from carion.

LAIS. Vnciuill wretch, whose manners are aunswerable to thy callynge, the [45 time was thou wouldst haue hadde my company, had it not beene, as thou saidst, too deare!

DIOG. I remember there was a thinge that I repented me of; and now thou [50 haste told it. Indeed, it was to deare of nothing, and thou deare to no-bodye.

LAIS. Downe, villaine! or I wil haue thy head broken!

MIL. Will you couch? 55

*[Diogenes withdraws into his tub.]*

<sup>1</sup> Petty, trifling.

<sup>2</sup> Chides.



PHRY. Auaunt, curre! Come, sweete Lays, let vs go to some place and possesse peace. But first let vs sing. There is more pleasure in tuning of a voyce then in a volly of shotte. 60

[*They sing.*]<sup>1</sup>

MIL. Now let vs make haste, least Alexander finde vs here.

*Exeunt.*

[ACTUS QUINTUS.] SCHÆNA QUARTA.

[*The street, before the palace. From the palace enter Alexander, Hephestion, and the Page.*]

ALEX. Mee thinketh, Hephestion, you are more melancholy then you were accustomed; but I perceiue it is all for Alexander. You can neither brooke this peace, nor my pleasure. Be of good cheare; though I winke, I sleepe not. 6

HEP. Melancholy I am not, nor well content; for, I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease that I feare I shal not scowre it out with infinite labours. 11

ALEX. Yes, yes; if all the trauails of conquering the world will set either thy body or mine in tune, wee will undertake them. But what think you of Apelles? [15 Did ye euer see any so perplexed? Hee neither aunswered directly to any question, nor looked stedfastly vpon anye thing. I hold my life the painter is in loue! 19

HEP. It may be; for commonly we see it incident in artificers to be inamoured of their own workes, as Archidamus of his wooden doue, Pigmalyon of his iuorie image, Arachne of his wodden swan;— especially painters, who playing with [25 their owne conceits, now coueting to draw a glauncing eie, then a rolling, now a wincking, stil mending it, neuer ending it, til they be caught with it; and then, poore soules! they kisse the colours with their [30 lippes, with which before they were loth to taint their fingers.

ALEX. I wil finde it out. Page, goe

<sup>1</sup> The song, for which the scene was mainly created, has been lost.

speedely for Apelles. Wil him to come hither; and when you see vs earnestly [35 in talke, sodenly cry out "Apelles shoppe is on fire!"

PAGE. It shalbe done.

ALEX. Forget not your lesson.

[*Exit the Page.*]

HEP. I maruaile what your deuice shalbe. 41

ALEX. The euent shall proue.

HEP. I pittie the poore painter if he be in loue. 44

ALEX. Pittie him not. I pray thee, that seure grauity set aside, what do you think of loue?

HEP. As the Macedonians doe of their hearbe beet, which, loking yellow in the ground, and blacke in the hand, thinke it better scene then toucht. 51

ALEX. But what do you imagine it to be?

HEP. A word, by superstition thought a god, by vse turned to an humour, by selfwil made a flattering madnesse. 56

ALEX. You are too hard-harted to think so of loue. Let vs go to Diogenes. Diogenes, thou maist think it somewhat that Alexander commeth to thee againe so soone. 61

DIOG. If you come to learne, you could not come soone enough; if to laugh, you be come to soone.

HEP. It would better become thee to be more curteous, and frame thy selfe to please. 67

DIOG. And you better to be lesse,<sup>1</sup> if you durst displease.

ALEX. What dost thou think of the time we haue here? 71

DIOG. That we haue little, and lose much.

ALEX. If one be sick, what wouldest thou haue him do? 75

DIOG. Be sure that he make not his phisition his heire.

ALEX. If thou mightest haue thy wil, how much ground would content thee?

DIOG. As much as you in the ende must be contented withall. 81

ALEX. What? a world?

<sup>1</sup> Less courteous.

DIOD. No; the length of my body.

ALEX. Hephestion, shal I be a litle pleasant with him? 85

HEP. You may; but he will be very peruerse with you.

ALEX. It skilleth not; I cannot be angry with him. Diogenes, I pray thee what doost thou think of loue? 90

DIOD. A litle worsen then I can of hate.

ALEX. And why?

DIOD. Because it is better to hate the things whiche make to loue, then to loue the things which giue occasion of hate. 95

ALEX. Why, bee not women the best creatures in the world?

DIOD. Next men and bees.

ALEX. What dost thou dislyke chiefly in a woman? 100

DIOD. One thing.

ALEX. What?

DIOD. That she is a woman.

ALEX. In mine opinion thou wert neuer born of a woman that thou thinkest [105 so hardly of women. But now commeth Apelles, who, I am sure is as far from thy thought as thou art from his cunning. Diogenes], I will haue thy cabin remoued nener to my court, because I wilbe a philosopher. 111

DIOD. And when you haue done so, I pray you remoue your court further from my cabinne, because I wil not be a courtier.

[From the studio enter Apelles accompanied by the Page.]

ALEX. But here commeth Apelles. [115 Apelles, what peece of worke haue you in hand?

APEL. None in hand, if it like your maiestie; but I am deuising a platforme<sup>1</sup> in my head. 120

ALEX. I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

APEL. No, but some thing aboue Venus!

PAGE [shouting]. Apelles! Apelles! looke about you! your shop is on fire! 125

APEL. Ay me! if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am vndone!

[He starts to run; Alexander stops him.]

ALEX. Stay, Apelles. No hast. It is

<sup>1</sup> Scheme, outline, plan.

your hart is on fire, not your shop; and if Camp[aspe] hang ther, I wold she [130 were burnt! But haue you the picture of Campaspe? Belike you loue her wel that you care not thogh al be lost so she be safe.

APEL. Not loue her! — but your Maiestie knowes that painters in their last [135 works are said to excel themselues; and in this I haue so much pleased my selfe that the shadow as much delighteth mee, being an artificer, as the substaunce doth others, that are amorous. 140

ALEX. You lay your colours grossely! Though I could not paint in your shop, I can spy into your excuse. Be not ashamed, Apelles; it is a gentlemans sport to be in loue. [To the Page.] Call hither [145 Campaspe. [Exit the Page.] Me thinks I might haue bin made priuie to your affection; though my counsell had not bene necessary, yet my countenance<sup>1</sup> might haue bin thought requisite. But [150 Apelles, forsooth, loueth vnder hand; yea, and vnder Alexanders nose! and — but I say no more.

APEL. Apelles loueth not so; but he liueth to do as Alexander will. 155

[Enter Campaspe led in by the Page.]

ALEX. Campaspe, here is newes! Apell[es] is in loue with you!

CAMP. It pleaseth your Maiestie to say so. 159

ALEX [aside]. Hephestion, I wil trye her to. — Campas[pe], for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the vertue I see in you, I am determind you shal enioy one the other. How say you, Campaspe? would you say "I"? 165

CAMP. Your handmaid must obey, if you commaund.

ALEX. Think you not, Hephestion, that she wold faine be commaunded?

HEP. I am no thought catcher, but I gesse vnhappyly.<sup>2</sup> 171

ALEX. I will not enforce mariage where I cannot compel loue.

CAMP. But your Maiestie may moue a question where you be willing to haue a match. 176

<sup>1</sup> Consent.

<sup>2</sup> I.e. she would be "unhappily" commanded.

ALEX. Beleeue me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed! They would haue me both priest and wnesse! Apelles, take Campaspe. Why moue ye not? [180 Campaspe, take Apelles. Wil it not be? If you be ashamed one of the other, by my consent you shal neuer come togetheer. But dissemble not; Campaspe, do you loue Apelles? 185

CAMP. Pardon, my lord, I loue Apelles.

ALEX. Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loued so openly of so faire a virgin, to say the contrary. Doe you loue Campaspe? 190

APEL. Onely Campaspe!

ALEX. Two louing wormes, Hephestion! I perceiue Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries. Loue falleth like dew [195 aswel vpon the low grasse as vpon the high cæder. Sparkes haue their heate, antes their gall, flyes their splene. Well, enioy one an other! I giue her thee franckly, Apelles. Thou shalt see that Alex- [200 ander maketh but a toye of loue, and leadeth affection in fetters, vsing fancy<sup>1</sup> as a foole to make him sport, or a minstrell to make him mery. It is not the amorous glaunce of an eie can settle an idle [205 thought in the heart. No, no; it is childrens game; a life for seamsters and scholars: the one, pricking in cloutes,<sup>2</sup> haue

<sup>1</sup> Love.

<sup>2</sup> Sticking needles in cloths.

nothing els to thinke on, the other, picking fancies out of books, haue little els to [210 meruaile at. Go, Apelles; take with you your Campaspe! Alexander is cloied with looking on that which thou wondrest at.

APEL. Thanks to your Maiestie on bended knee; you haue honoured Apelles!

CAMP. Thankes, with bowed heart; you haue blessed Campaspe! 217

*Exeunt [Apelles and Campaspe].*

ALEX. Page, goe warne Clitus and Parmenio and the other lordes to be in a readines. Let the trumpet sound! strike [220 vp the drumme! and I will presently into Persia. How now, Hephestion? is Alexander able to resiste loue as he list?

HEP. The conquering of Thebes was not so honourable as the subduing of these thoughts! 226

ALEX. It were a shame Alexander should desire to commaund the world if he could not commaund himselfe. But come, let vs go. I wil try whether I can bet- [230 ter beare my hand with my hart then I could with mine eie.<sup>1</sup> And, good Hephestion, when al the world is woone, and euery countrey is thine and mine, either find me out an-other to subdue, or, of my word, I wil fall in loue! 236

*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the scene (III. iv. 160-70) in which he attempted to draw.

## THE EPILOGUE AT THE BLACKE-FRYERS

Where the raïnebowe toucheth the tree, no caterpillers wil hang on the leaues; where the gloworm creepeth in the night, no addar wil goe in the day: we hope in the eares where our trauails be lodged, no carping shal harbour in those tongues. Our exercises must be as your iudgment is, resembling water, which is alwaies of the same colour into what it runneth.

In the Troaine horse lay couched soldiers with children; and in heapes of many words we feare diuerse vnfitte among some allowable. But, as Demosthenes with often breathing vp the hill amended his stammering, so wee hope with sundry labours against the haire<sup>1</sup> to correcte our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossomes, the faulte is in the wind and not in the roote; and if our pastimes be misliked that haue bin allowed,<sup>2</sup> you [10 must impute it to the malice of others and not our endeuour. And so wee rest in good case, if you rest well content.

## THE EPILOGUE AT THE COURT

We cannot tell whether we are fallen among Diomedes birds or his horses; the one receiued some men with sweet notes, the other bitte al men with sharp teeth. But, as Homers gods conueied them into clouds whom they would haue kept from curses, and as Venus, least Adonis shuld be pricked with the stings of adders, couered his face with the winges of swans; so, we hope, being shielded with your Highnesse countenance, wee [5 shall, though heare the neighing, yet not feele the kicking of those iades, and receiue, though no praise (which we cannot deserue) yet a pardon, — which in all humilytie we desirc. As yet we cannot tell what we should tearme our labours, yron or bullyon; only it belongeth to your Majestie to make them fitte either for the forge, or the mint, currant by the stampe, or counterfeit by the anuil. For, as nothing is to be called whit[e] [10 vnles it had bin named "white" by the firste creator, so can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others vnlesse it be christened "good" by the iudgement of your selfe. For our selues againe, we are those torches — waxe, — of whiche, being in your highnesse handes, you may make doues or vultures, roses or nettles, lawrell for a garland, or elder for a disgrace.<sup>3</sup>

15

## FINIS

<sup>1</sup> Against the grain.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly this phrase was added after the play had been approved in the Court performance; or the allusion may be to the allowance by the Master of the Revels.

<sup>3</sup> Judas was supposed to have hanged himself on an elder-tree.



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**XIII**  
**PLAYS OF THE PROFESSIONAL TROUPES**

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A LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIE <sup>1</sup>  
 MIXED FULL OF PLESANT MIRTH, CONTAINING  
 THE LIFE OF CAMBISES, KING OF PERCIA  
 FROM THE BEGINNING OF HIS KINGDOME, VNTO HIS DEATH, HIS  
 ONE GOOD DEEDE OF EXECUTION, AFTER THAT MANY  
 WICKED DEEDES AND TYRANNOUS MURDERS, COMMITTED  
 BY AND THROUGH HIM, AND LAST OF ALL, HIS  
 ODDIOUS DEATH BY GODS IUSTICE APPOINTED.  
 DONE IN SUCH ORDER AS FOLLOWETH.  
 BY THOMAS PRESTON

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<sup>1</sup> *Cambises*, though entered for publication in 1569, may have been written several years earlier, perhaps as early as 1560. It was obviously designed for performance by a traveling troupe of professional actors (six men and two boys), and for presentation on a bare platform-stage. I agree with Professor Manly (*The Cambridge History of English Literature*, vi, 321) that it is difficult to identify the author, Thomas Preston, with the distinguished scholar of the same name, a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, A.B. (1557), A.M. (1561), Proctor of his college (1568), and Master of Trinity Hall (1584). Our crude writer seems to have been one of the obscure poets, possibly an actor-playwright, who in the early days of the professional drama supplied troupes with manuscripts. The play, which won great and lasting favor, is interesting as showing the popular tastes in tragedy, and hence may be profitably compared with *Gorboduc*. It is also interesting for the fact that Shakespeare was familiar with its lines (possibly he acted one of its rôles), and frequently laughed at its gross absurdities.

In 1569 John Alde entered the play in the Stationers' Registers, and then or shortly after published, without date, the first edition (A.); his son, Edward Alde, who succeeded to the business in 1584, issued the second edition (B.), also without date. I have reproduced the text of Edward Alde's edition from Farmer's photographic facsimile of the copy in the British Museum. I have, of course, modernized the punctuation, and I have added in brackets a few stage-directions. I do not know which copy of this edition Manly printed from, but his text shows some fifty or more different readings and spellings.

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAMBISES, King of Persia.  
 SMIRDIS, brother of the king.  
 SISAMNES, the judge.  
 OTIAN, his son.  
 PRAXASPES, a councillor.  
 YOUNG CHILD, his son.  
 LORDS, } in attendance on the king.  
 KNIGHTS, }  
 QUEEN, wife of Cambises.  
 WAITING-MAID, attending the queen.  
 WIFE of Praxaspes.

SHAME.  
 AMBIDEXTER.  
 COUNCELL.  
 ATTENDANCE.  
 DILIGENCE.  
 PREPARATION.

SMALL HABILITY.  
 COMMONS CRY.  
 COMMONS COMPLAINT.  
 TRIALL.  
 PROOF.  
 EXECUTION.  
 CRUELTY.  
 MURDER.

HUF, }  
 RUF, } ruffianly soldiers.  
 SNUF, }  
 MERETRIX, their companion.  
 HOB, } clownish countrymen.  
 LOB, }  
 MARIAN-MAY-BE-GOOD, Hob's wife.

VENUS.  
 CUPID.

THE SCENE: Persia.]

THE DIUISION OF THE PARTS<sup>1</sup>

COUNCELL	}	For one man.
HUF		
PRAXASPES		
MURDER		
LOB		
THE THIRD LORD	}	For one man.
LORD		
RUF		
COMMONS CRY		
COMMONS COMPLAINT		
LORD SMIRDIS	}	For one man.
VENUS		
KNIGHT	}	For one man.
SNUF		
SMALL HABILITY		
PROOF		
EXECUTION		
ATTENDANCE		
SECOND LORD		

CAMBISES	}	For one man.
EPILOGUS		
PROLOGUE	}	For one man.
SISAMNES		
DILIGENCE		
CRUELTY		
HOB		
PREPARATION	}	For one man.
THE I LORD		
AMBIDEXTER	}	For one man.
TRIALL		
MERETRIX	}	For one man.
SHAME		
OTIAN		
MOTHER		
LADY		
QUEENE	}	For one man.
YONG CHILD		
CUPID		

<sup>1</sup> This is printed on the title-page of the original edition. Since the last two parts were for boys, it will be observed that the play is constructed so that a troupe of six men and two boys could act it.



## [PROLOGUE]

*The Prologue entreth.*

Agathon, he whose counsaile wise to princes weale <sup>1</sup> extended, 7  
 By good advice unto a prince three things he hath commended:  
 First is, that he hath government and ruleth over men;  
 Secondly, to rule with lawes, eke iustice, saith he, then;  
 Thirdly, that he must wel conceive he may not alwaies raigne. 5  
 Lo, thus the rule unto a prince Agathon squared plaine!  
 Tullie <sup>2</sup> the wise, whose sapience in volumes great doth tell,  
 Who in wisdom in that time did many men excel, —  
 "A prince," saith he, "is, of himselfe, a plaine and speaking law;  
 The law, a schoolmaister devine," — this by his rule I draw. 10  
 The sage and wittie Seneca his words therto did frame:  
 "The honest exercise of kings, men wil insue <sup>3</sup> the same;  
 But, contrariwise, if that a king abuse his kingly seat,  
 His ignomie and bitter shame in fine shalbe more great."  
 In Percia there raignd a king, who Cirus hight <sup>4</sup> by name, 15  
 Who did deserve, as I do read, the lasting blast of fame;  
 But he, when Sisters Three <sup>5</sup> had wrought to shere his vital threed,  
 As heire due, to take the crowne Cambises did proceed.  
 He in his youth was trained up by trace <sup>6</sup> of vertues lore;  
 Yet, being king, did cleane forget his perfect race before; 20  
 Then, cleaving more unto his wil, such vice did immitate  
 As one of Icarus his kind; forewarning then did hate,  
 Thinking that none could him dismay, ne none his fact <sup>7</sup> could see.  
 Yet at the last a fall he tooke, like Icarus to be.  
 Els, as the fish, which oft had take the pleasant bait from hooke, 25  
 In safe <sup>8</sup> did spring and pearce the streams when fisher fast <sup>9</sup> did looke  
 To hoist up from the watry waves unto the dried land,  
 Then skapte, at last by suttile bait come to the fishers hand;  
 Even so this King Cambises heere. When he had wrought his wil,  
 Taking delight the innocent his guiltlesse blood to spil, 30  
 Then mighty Iove would not permit to procecute offence,  
 But, what mesure the king did meat, the same did Iove commence,  
 To bring to end with shame his race. Two yeares he did not raign.  
 His cruelty we wil delate, and make the matter plaine.  
 Craving that this may suffice now your patience to win, 35  
 I take my way. Beholde, I see the players comming in.

FINIS

<sup>1</sup> Welfare.<sup>2</sup> Cicero.<sup>3</sup> Follow.<sup>4</sup> Was called.<sup>5</sup> The three Fates, supposed to determine the length of a man's life.<sup>6</sup> Course.<sup>7</sup> Deed.<sup>8</sup> In safety.<sup>9</sup> Confidently.

[A COMEDIE OF KING CAMBISES.]<sup>1</sup>

*First enter Cambises, the king, Knight,*

*[Lord], and Councell.<sup>2</sup>*

CAMB. My Counsaile grave and sapient,  
with lords of legall traine,  
Attentive ears towards me bend, and mark  
what shalbe sain;

So you likewise, my valiant knight, whose  
manly acts doth flie

By brute of Fame, that sounding tromp  
doth perce the azur sky.

My sapient words, I say, perpend,<sup>3</sup> and so  
your skil delate! 5

You know that Mors<sup>4</sup> vanquished hath  
Cirus, that king of state,

And I, by due inheritance, possesse that  
princely crowne,

Ruling by sword of mighty force in place of  
great renowne.

You knowe, and often have heard tell, my  
fathers worthy facts, —

A manly Marsis<sup>5</sup> heart he bare, appearing  
by his acts. 10

And what? shall I to ground let fall my  
fathers golden praise?

No, no! I meane for to attempt this same  
more large to raise.

In that, that I, his sonne, succeed his  
kingly seat, as due,

Extend your counsell unto me in that I  
aske of you: —

I am the king of Persia, a large and fertile  
soile; 15

The Egyptians against us repugne<sup>6</sup> as  
varlets slave and vile;

Therefore I mean with Marsis hart with  
wars them to frequent,

Them to subdue as captives mine, — this is  
my hearts intent;

So shall I win honors delight, and praise of  
me shall go.

My Councell, speake, and, lordings, eke: is  
it not best do so? 20

COUNC. O puissant king, your blisful  
words deserves abundant praise,

<sup>1</sup> This is the running-title, though the title-page  
calls the play "a lamentable Tragedie."

<sup>2</sup> B. Councillor.

<sup>3</sup> Weigh carefully.

<sup>4</sup> Death.

<sup>5</sup> Mars'.

<sup>6</sup> Offer resistance.

That you in this doo go about your fathers  
fame to raise.

O blisful day, that king so yong such  
profit should conceive,

His fathers praise and his to win from those  
that wold deceive!

Sure, my true and soveraigne king, I fall  
before you prest,<sup>1</sup> 25

Answer to give, as dutie mine, in that your  
Grace request.

If that your heart adicted be the Egyptians  
to convince,<sup>2</sup>

Through Marsis aid the conquest wun,  
then deed of hapy prince

Shall pearce the skies unto the throne of  
the supernal seat,

And merite there a iust reward of Iupiter  
the Great. 30

But then your Grace must not turne backe  
from this pretenced will;

For to proceed in vertuous life employ  
indeavour stil;

Extinguish vice, and in that cup to drinke  
have no delight;

To martiall feats and kingly sport fix all  
your whole delight.

KING. My Councel grave, a thousand  
thanks with hart I do you render, 35

That you my case so prosperous intirely  
doo tender!

I wil not swerve from those your steps  
whereto you wold me train.

But now, my lord and valiant knight, with  
words give answer plain:

Are you content with me to go the Marsis  
games to try?

LORD. Yea, peerelesse prince! To aid  
your Grace my-selfe wil live and  
die. 40

KNIGHT. And I, for my hability, for feare  
will not turne backe,

But, as the ship against the rocks, sustaine  
and bide the wracke.

KING. O willing harts! A thousand  
thanks I render unto you!

Strik up your drums with corage great.  
We wil march forth even now!

<sup>1</sup> Promptly.

<sup>2</sup> Overcome, conquer.

COUNC. Permit, O king, few wordes to heer, — my duty serves no lesse; 45  
Therefore give leave to Councel thine his mind for to expresse!

KING. Speake on, my Councel; what it be, you shal have favor mine.

COUNC. Then wil I speake unto your Grace as duty doth me bind.

Your Grace doth meane for to attempt of war the manly art;

Your Grace therein may hap receive, with others, for your part, 50

The dent of death, — in those affaires all persons are alike, —

The heart couragious often times his detriment doth seeke:

Its best therefore for to permit a ruler of your land

To sit and iudge with equity when things of right are skand.

KING. My Grace doth yeeld to this your talke. To be thus now it shall. 55

My knight, therefore prepare your-selfe Sisamnes for to call:

A iudge he is of prudent skil; even he shal beare the sway

In absence mine, when from the land I do depart my way.

KNIGHT. Your knight before your Grace even heer himself hath redy prest

With willing heart for to fulfill as your Grace made request. 60

*Exit [Knight].*

COUNC. Pleaseth your Grace, I iudge of him to be a man right fit;

For he is learned in the law, having the gift of wit;

In your Graces precinct I do not view for it a meeter man.

His learning is of good effect — bring prooffe thereof I can;

I doo not know what is his life, — his conscience hid from me; 65

I dout not but the feare of God before his eies to be.

LORD. Report declares he is a man that to himselfe is nie,<sup>1</sup>

One that favoureth much the world, and sets to much thereby.

<sup>1</sup> Nigh (i.e. a man who is self-seeking).

But this I say of certainty: If hee your Grace succeed

In your absence but for a-while, he wil be warnd indeed 70

No iniustice for to frequent, no partiall iudge to proove,

But rule all things with equitie, to win your Graces love.

KING. Of that he shall a warning have my heasts<sup>1</sup> for to obay;

Great punishment for his offence against him wil I lay.

*[Enter Sisamnes.]*

COUNC. Behold, I see him now agresse<sup>2</sup> and enter into place! 75

SISAM. O puissant prince and mighty king, the gods preserve your Grace!

Your Graces message came to me, your wil purporting forth;

With grateful mind I it receiv'd according to mine oath,

Erecting then my-selfe with speed before your Graces eies,

The tenor of your princely wil from you for to agnise.<sup>3</sup> 80

KING. Sisamnes, this the whole effect the which for you I sent:

Our mind it is to elevate you to great preferment.

My Grace, and gracious Councel eke, hath chose you for this cause, —

In iudgement you do office beare, which have the skil in lawes,

We thinke that you accordingly by iustice rule wil deale, 85

That for offence none shal have cause, of wrong you to appeale.<sup>4</sup>

SISAM. Abundant thanks unto your Grace for this benignity!

To you, his Councel, in like case, with lords of clemency!

What-so your Grace to me permits, if I therein offend,

Such execution then commence — and use it to this end — 90

That all other, by that my deed, example so may takc,

To admonish them to flee the same by feare it may them make!

<sup>1</sup> Commands.

<sup>2</sup> Learn.

<sup>3</sup> Approach.

<sup>4</sup> Accuse.

KING. Then, according to your words, if  
you therein offend,  
I assure you, even from my brest correction  
shall extend.

From Persia I meane to go into the Egypt  
land, 95

Them to convince by force of armes, and  
win the upper hand.

While I therefore absent shall be, I doe you  
full permit,

As governour in this my right, in that  
estate to sit,

For to detect, and eke correct, those that  
abuse my grace.

This is the totall of my wil. Give answer  
in this case! 100

SISAM. Unworthy much, O prince, am I,  
and for this gift unfit;

But, sith that it hath pleas'd your Grace  
that I in it must sit,

I do avouch, unto my death, according to  
my skil,

With equity for to observe your Graces  
mind and wil,

And nought from it to swarve, indeed, but  
sincerely to stay — 105

Els let me tast the penalty, as I before did  
say.

KING. Wel then, of this authoritie I give  
you ful possession.

SISAM. And I will it fulfil, also, as I have  
made profession.

KING. My Councell, then let us depart a  
final stay to make;

To Egypt land now forth with speed my  
voyage will I take. 110

Strike up your drums, us to reioyce to hear  
the warlike sound.

Stay you heere, Sisamnes, iudge, and  
looke wel to your bound! <sup>1</sup>

*Exeunt King, Lord, and Councell.*

SISAM. Even now the king hath me ex-  
told, and set me up aloft;

Now may I weare the bordred guard,<sup>2</sup> and  
lie in downe-bed soft;

Now may I purchase house and land, and  
have all at my wil; 115

Now may I build a princely place, my mind  
for to fulfil;

<sup>1</sup> Bond, agreement.

<sup>2</sup> Ornamental borders on garments.

Now may I abrogate the law as I shall  
thinke it good;

If any-one me now offend, I may demanda  
his blood.

According to the proverbe old, my mouth  
I wil up-make.<sup>1</sup>

Now it doth lie all in my hand to leave, or  
els to take, 120

To deale with iustice to my <sup>2</sup> bound, and so  
to live in hope.

But oftentimes the birds be gone while one  
for nest doth grope.

Doo well or il, I dare avouch some evil on  
me wil speake.

No, truly — yet I do not meane the kings  
precepts to breake;

To place I meane for to returne my duty to  
fulfil. 125

*Exit.*

*Enter the Vice, [Ambidexter,] with an old  
capcase<sup>3</sup> on his head, an olde paille  
about his hips for harnes,<sup>4</sup> a scummer<sup>5</sup>  
and a pollid by his side, and a rake on  
his shoulder.*

AMB. Stand away! stand away! for the  
passion of God!

Harnessed I am, prepared to the field!  
I would have bene content at home to have  
bod,

But I am sent forth with my speare and  
shield.

I am appointed to fight against a snaille, 130  
And Wilken Wren the ancient<sup>6</sup> shal  
beare.

I dout not but against him to prevaile, —  
To be a man my deeds shall declare!

If I overcome him, then a butter-flie takes  
his part.

His weapon must be a blew-specked hen;  
But you shall see me overthrow him with a  
fart. 136

So, without conquest, he shal go home  
agaïne.

If I overcome him, I must fight with a flie;

<sup>1</sup> Please (as with something delicious); see Hey-  
wood's *Proverbs*.

<sup>2</sup> B. me.

<sup>3</sup> Box or chest; cf. hat-box.

<sup>4</sup> Knightly armor.

<sup>5</sup> A long ladle for removing scum from boiling  
liquids. This served for his sword, the pollid for  
his buckler, and the rake for his spear.

<sup>6</sup> Banner.

And a blacke-pudding the flies weapon  
must be.  
At the first blow on the ground he shall lie;  
I wil be sure to thrust him through the  
mouth to the knee! 141  
To conquest these fellows the man I wil  
play.  
Ha, ha, ha! now ye wil make me to smile.

To see if I can all men beguile. 145  
Ha! my name? My name would ye so  
faine know?

Yea, iwis, shal ye, and that with al  
speed! —

I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show.

Al! now I have it! I have it, in-deed!  
My name is Ambidexter. I signifie one 150  
That with both hands finely can play;  
Now with King Cambises, and by-and-by  
gone.

Thus doo I run this way, and that way.  
For while I meane with a souldier to be,  
Then give I a leape to Sisamnes the  
iudge, — 155

I dare avouch you shall his destruction  
see!

To all kinde of estates I meane for to  
trudge.

Ambidexter? Nay, he is a fellow, if ye  
knew all!

Cease for a while; heereafter heare more ye  
shall!

*Enter [as if prepared for the war] three ruffins,  
Huf, Ruf, and Snuf, singing.*

HUF. Gogs flesh and his wounds, these  
warres reioyce my hart! 160

By His wounds, I hope to doo well, for my  
part!

By Gogs hart! the world shall goe hard if I  
doo not shift;

At some olde carles <sup>2</sup> budget I meane for to  
lift.

RUF. By His flesh, nose, eyes, and eares,  
I will venter void of all cares! 165

He is not a souldier that doth feare any  
doubt

If that he would bring his purpose about.

SNUF. Feare that feare list, it shall not  
be I.

<sup>1</sup> A line missing.

<sup>2</sup> Countryman's.

By Gogs wounds, I will make some necke  
stand awry!

If I loose my share, I sweare by Gogs hart,  
Then let another take up my parte! 171

HUF. Yet I hope to come the richest soul-  
dier away.

RUF. If a man aske ye, ye may hap to  
say nay.

SNUF. Let all men get what they can,  
not to leese I hope;

Wheresoever I goe, in eche corner I will  
grope. 175

AMB. What and ye run in the corner of  
some prittie maide?

SNUF. To grope there, good fellow, I will  
not be afraid.

*[They spy Ambidexter.]*

HUF. Gogs wounds, what art thou that  
with us doost mel?

Thou seemest to be a souldier, the truth to  
tel;

Thou seemest to be harnessed — I cannot  
tel how; 180

I thinke he came lately from riding some  
cow.

Such a deformed slave did I never see!

Ruf, doost thou know him? I pray thee,  
tel me!

RUF. No, by my troth, fellow Huf, I  
never see him before!

SNUF. As for me, I care not if I never see  
him more. 185

Come, let us run his arse against the poste!

AMB. A, ye slaves! I will be with you at  
oste! <sup>1</sup>

Ah, ye knaves! I wil teach ye how ye shal  
me deride!

*Heere let him swinge them about.*

Out of my sight! I can ye not abide!

Now, Goodman poutchmouth, I am a slave  
with you? 190

Now have at ye a-fresh, againe, even now!

Mine arse against the poste you will run?  
But I wil make you from that saying to  
turn!

HUF. I beseech ye hartely to be content.

RUF. I insure you, by mine honesty, no  
hurt we ment. 195

<sup>1</sup> Lie at the same inn with you; hence, be familiar  
with you.

Beside that, againe, we do not know what ye are.

Ye know that souldiers their stoutnes will declare;

Therefore, if we have any thing offended, Pardon our rudenes, and it shalbe amended.

AMB. Yea, Gods pittie, begin ye to intreat me? 200

Have at ye once againe! By the masse, I will beat ye!

*Fight againe.*

HUF. Gogs hart, let us kill him! Suffer no longer!

*Draw their swords.*

SNUF. Thou slave, we will see if thou be the stronger!

RUF. Strike of his head at one blow! That we be souldiers, Gogs hart, let him know! 205

AMB. O the passion of God, I have doon! by mine honestie!

I will take your part heerafter, verily.

ALL. Then come, let us agree!

AMB. Shake hands with me, I shake hands with thee.

Ye are full of curtesie, that is the best. 210 And you take great paine, ye are a man-nerly guest.

Why, maisters, doo you not know me? the truth to me tell!

ALL. No, trust us; not very well.

AMB. Why, I am Ambidexter, who[m] many souldiers doo love.

HUF. Gogs hart, to have thy company needs we must prove! 215

We must play with both hands, with our hostes and host,

Play with both hands, and score on the poste; <sup>1</sup>

Now and then, with our captain, for many a delay,

We wil not sticke with both hands to play.

AMB. The honestest man, ye may me trust! 220

*Enter Meretrix, with a staffe on her shoulder.*

MER. What! is there no lads heere that hath a lust

To have a passing trul to help at their need?

HUF. Gogs hart, she is come, indeed! What, Mistres Meretrix, by His wounds, welcome to me!

MER. What wil ye give me? I pray you, let me see. 225

RUF. By His hart, she lookes for gifts by-and-by! <sup>1</sup>

MER. What? Maister Ruf? I cry you mercy!

The last time I was with you I got a broken head,

And lay in the street all night for want of a bed!

SNUF. Gogs wounds, kisse mc, my trull so white! <sup>2</sup> 230

In thee, I sweare, is all my delight!

If thou shouldst have had a broken head for my sake,

I would have made his head to ake!

MER. What? Maister Ambidexter? Who looked for you?

AMB. Mistres Meretrix, I thought not to see you heere now. 235

There is no remedy, — at meeting I must have a kisse!

MER. What, man, I wil not sticke for that, by Gisse!

*Kisse.*

AMB. So now, gramercy! I pray thee be gone!

MER. Nay, soft, my freend; I meane to have one!

*[She kisses him.]*

Nay, soft! I sweare, and if ye were my brother, 240

Before I let go, I wil have another!

*Kisse, kisse, kisse.*

RUF. Gogs hart, the whore would not kisse me yet!

MER. If I be a whore, thou art a knave; then it is quit!

HUF. But hearst thou, Meretrix? With who this night wilt thou lye?

MER. With him that giveth the most money. 245

<sup>1</sup> The door-post in a tavern on which was scored up the reckonings of the guests.

<sup>1</sup> Immediately.

<sup>2</sup> Dear.

HUF. Gogs hart, I have no money in purse, ne yet in clout! <sup>1</sup>

MER. Then get thee hence and packe, like a lout!

HUF. Adieu, like a whore!

*Exit Huf.*

MER. Farwell, like a knave!

RUF. Gogs nailles, Mistres Meretrix, now he is gone,

A match ye shall make straight with me: I wil give thee sixpence to lye one night with thee. <sup>251</sup>

MER. Gogs hart, slave, doost thinke I am a sixpeny iug? <sup>2</sup>

No, wis ye, Iack, I looke a little more smug!

SNUF. I will give her xviii pence to serve me first.

MER. Gramercy, Snuf, thou art not the wurst! <sup>255</sup>

RUF. By Gogs hart, she were better be hanged, to forsake me and take thee!

SNUF. Were she so? that shall we see!

RUF. By Gogs hart, my dagger into her I wil thrust! <sup>1</sup>

SNUF. A, ye boy, ye would doo it and ye durst!

AMB. Peace, my maisters; ye shall not fight. <sup>260</sup>

He that drawes first, I will him smite.

RUF. Gogs wounds, Maister Snuf, are ye so lusty?

SNUF. Gogs sides, Maister Ruf, are ye so crusty?

RUF. You may happen to sec!

SNUF. Doo what thou darest to me! <sup>265</sup>

*Heer draw and fight. Heere she must lay on and coyle <sup>3</sup> them both; the Vice must run his way for feare; Snuf fling down his sword and buckler and run his way.*

MER. Gogs sides, knaves! seeing to fight ye be so rough,

Defend yourselves, for I will give ye both inough!

I will teach ye how ye shall fall out for me! Yea, thou slave, Snuf! no more blowes wilt thou bide? <sup>269</sup>

To take thy heeles a time hast thou spied?

Thou villaine, seeing Snuf has gone away, A little better I meane thee to pay!

*He falleth downe; she falleth upon him, and beats him, and taketh away his weapons.*

RUF. Alas, good Mistres Meretrix, no more! My legs, sides, and armes with beating be sore!

MER. Thou a souldier, and loose thy weapon! <sup>275</sup>

Goe hence, sir boy; say a woman hath thee beaten!

RUF. Good Mistres Meretrix, my weapon let me have;

Take pittie on me, mine honestie to save! If it be knowne this repulse I sustaine,

It will redound to my ignomy and shame. MER. If thou wilt be my man, and waite upon me, <sup>281</sup>

This sword and buckler I wil give thee.

RUF. I will doo all at your commaundement;

As servant to you I wilbe obedient.

MER. Then let me see how before me you can goe. <sup>285</sup>

When I speake to you, you shall doo so: Of with your cap at place and at boord,<sup>1</sup> — "Forsooth, Mistres Meretrix," at every word.

Tut! tut! in the campe such souldiers there be,

One good woman would beat away two or three! <sup>290</sup>

Wel, I am sure customers tarry at home.

Manerly before, and let us be gone!

*Exeunt [with Ruf walking in advance as a gentleman-usher].*

*Enter Ambidexter.*

AMB. O the passion of God! be they heer still or no?

I durst not abide to see her beat them so! I may say to you I was <sup>2</sup> in such a fright,<sup>3</sup>

Body of me, I see the heare of my head stand upright! <sup>296</sup>

When I saw her so hard upon them lay on, O the passion of God! thought I, she wil be with me anon!

I made no more <sup>4</sup> adoo but avoided the thrust,

<sup>1</sup> In my clothes.

<sup>2</sup> Joan, woman of light fame.

<sup>3</sup> Beat.

<sup>4</sup> Table.

<sup>2</sup> B. wis.

<sup>3</sup> B. fight.

<sup>4</sup> B. mare.

And to my legs began for to trust; 300  
And fell a-laughing to my-selfe, when I was  
once gone.

It is wisdom, quoth I, by the masse, to  
save one!

Then into this place I intended to trudge,  
Thinking to meete Sisamnes the iudge.

Beholde where he commeth! I will him  
meet, 305

And like a gentleman I meane him to greet.

*Enter Sisamnes.*

SISAM. Since that the Kings Graces Mai-  
estie in office did me set,  
What abundance of wealth to me might I  
get!

Now and then some vantage I atchive;  
much more yet may I take,

But that I fear unto the king that some  
complaint will make. 310

AMB. Iesu, Maister Sisamnes, you are  
unwise!

SISAM. Why so? I pray thee let me agnise.  
What, Master Ambidexter, is it you?

Now welcome to me, I make God a-vow!

AMB. Iesu, Maister Sisamnes, with me  
you are wel acquainted! 315

By me rulers may be trimly painted.  
Ye are unwise if ye take not time while ye  
may;

If ye wil not now, when ye would ye shall  
have nay.

What is he that of you dare make exclama-  
tion,

Of your wrong-dealing to make explica-  
tion? 320

Can you not play with both hands? and  
turn with the winde?

SISAM. Belceve me, your words draw  
deepe in my minde.

In collour<sup>1</sup> wise unto this day, to bribes I  
have inclined;

More the same for to frequent, of truth I  
am now minded.

Beholde, even now unto me suters doo  
proceed. 325

*[Enter Small Habilitie.]*

SM. HAB. I beseech you heer, good  
Maister Iudge, a poor mans cause  
to tender!

<sup>1</sup> In outward appearance.

Condemne me not in wrongfull wise that  
never was offender.

You know right wel my right it is. I have  
not for to give.

You take away from me my due, that  
should my corps releve.

The commons of you doo complaine from  
them you devocate;<sup>1</sup> 330

With anguish great and grevous words their  
harts do penetrate;

The right you sell unto the wrong, your  
private gain to win;

You violate the simple man, and count it  
for no sinne.

SISAM. Hold thy tung, thou pratling  
knave! and give to me reward,

Els, in this wise, I tell thee truth, thy tale  
wil not be heard. 335

Ambidexter, let us goe hence, and let the  
knave alone!

AMB. Farwell, Small Habilitie, for helpe  
now get you none;

Bribes hath corrupt him good lawes to  
polute.

*Exeunt [Sisamnes and Ambidexter].*

SM. HAB. A naughty man, that will not  
obay the kings constitute! 339

With hevvy hart I wil return, til God re-  
dresse my pain. *Exit.*

*Enter Shame, with a trump blacke, [sounding  
a blast].*

SHAME. From among the grisly ghosts I  
come, from tirants testy train.

Unseemely Shame, of sooth, I am, pro-  
cured to make plaine

The odious facts and shameles deeds that  
Cambises king doth use.

All pietie and vertuous life he doth it cleane  
refuse;

Lechery and drunkennes he doth it much  
frequent; 345

The tigers kinde to imitate he hath given  
full consent;

He nought esteems his Counsel grave ne  
vertuous bringing-up,

But dayly stil receives the drink of damned  
Vices cup;

<sup>1</sup> "Perhaps 'to make calls or demands,' if not a  
misprint for *derogate*." (N.E.D.)



He can bide no instruction, he takes so  
great delight  
In working of iniquitie for to frequent his  
spight. 350  
As Fame doth sound the royal trump of  
worthy men and trim,  
So Shame doth blow with strained blast the  
trump of shame on him.

*Exit [blowing the trumpet].*

*Enter the King, Lord, Prazaspes, and  
Sisamnes.*

KING. My Iudge, since my departure  
hence, have you used iudgement  
right?

If faithful steward I ye finde, the same I  
will requite.

SISAM. No doubt your Grace shal not  
once hear that I have done amis. 355

PRAX. I much reioyce to heare so good  
newes as this.

*Enter Commons Cry running in; speake this  
verse; and goe out againe hastily.*

COM. CRY. Alas! alas! how are the com-  
mons oppressed

By that vile iudge, Sisamnes by name!  
I doo not know how it should be redressed!  
To amend his life no whit he dooth  
frame. 360

We are undoone and thrown out of doore,  
His damnable dealing dooth us so tor-  
ment!

At his hand we can finde no releefe nor suc-  
cour.

God graunt him grace for to repent!

*Run away crying.*

KING. What doleful cries be these, my  
[lord], that sound do in mine eare? 365  
Intelligence if you can give, unto your king  
declare.

To me it seemeth my commons al they doo  
lament and cry

Out of Sisamnes, iudge most cheefe, even  
now standing us by.

PRAX. Even so, O king, it seemd to me, as  
you rehearsall made.

I doubt the iudge culpable be in some re-  
spect or trade.<sup>1</sup> 370

<sup>1</sup> Course, way.

SISAM. Redouted king, have no mistrust!  
No whit your minde dismay!  
There is not one that can me charge, or  
ought against me lay.

*Enter Commons Complaint, with Proofoe and  
Triall.*

COM. COMP. Commons Complaint I rep-  
resent, with thrall of dolfull state.  
My urgent cause erected foorth my greefe  
for to dilate.

Unto the king I wil prepare my miserie to  
tell, 375

To have releefe of this my greefe and fet-  
tered feet so fel.

*[Kneels before Cambises.]*

Redoubted prince and mighty king, myself  
I prostrat heere!

Vouchsafe, O king, with me to beare for  
this that I appeere!

With humble sute I pardon crave of your  
most Royall Grace,

To give me leave my minde to break before  
you in this place. 380

KING. Commons Complaint, keep noth-  
ing back! Fear not thy tale to tel.

What-ere he be within this land that hath  
not used thee wel,

As princes mouth shal sentence give, he  
shal receive the same.

Unfolde the secrets of thy brest, for I extin-  
guish blame.

COM. COMP. God preserve your Royall  
Grace, and send you blisfull daies,  
That all your deeds might stil accord to  
give the god[s] the praise! 386

My complaint is, O mighty king, against  
that iudge you by,

Whose carcles deeds, gain to receive, hath  
made the commons cry.

He, by taking bribes and gifts, the poore he  
doth oppresse,

Taking releefe from infants yong, widows,  
and fatherles. 390

KING *[to Sisamnes]*. Untrustfull traitor  
and corrupt iudge, how likest thou  
this complaint?

Forewarning I to thee did give of this to  
make restraint.

And hast thou doon this divelish deed mine  
ire for to augment?

I sentence give, thou Iudas iudge. Thou shalt thy deed repent!

SISAM. O pusant prince, it is not so! His complaint I deny. 395

COM. COMP. If it be not so, most mighty king, in place then let me dye!

Behold that I have brought with me both Proof and Triall true,

To stand even heere, and sentence give what by him did insue.

PROOF. I, Proof, do him in this appeal: <sup>1</sup> he did the commons wrong;

Uniustly he with them hath delt, his greedy was so strong; 400

His hart did covet in to get, he cared not which way;

The poor did leese their due and right, because they want <sup>2</sup> to pay

Unto him for bribes, indeed, — this was his wanted use;

Whereas your Grace good lawes did make, he did the same abuse.

TRIAL. I, Triall, heer to verifie what Proof dooth now unfolde, 405

To stand against him in his wrong, as now I dare be bolde.

KING. How likest thou this, thou caitive vile? Canst thou the same deny?

SISAM. O noble king, forgive my fact! <sup>3</sup> I yeeld to thy mercy.

KING. Complaint <sup>4</sup> and Proof, redresse will I all this your misery.

Depart with speed from whence you came; and straight commaund by me 410

The execution-man to come before my Grace with haste.

ALL. For to fulfill this your request no time we meane to waste.

*Exeunt they three.*

KING. My lord, before my Grace goe call Otian, this iudges sonne,

And he shal heare and also see what his father hath doon.

The father he shal suffer death, the sonne his roome succeed; 415

And, if that he no better prove, so likewise shall he speed.

PRAX. As your Grace hath commaundment given, I mean for to fulfil.

*Step aside and fetch him.*

KING. Accursed iudge, couldest thou consent to do this cursed ill?

According unto thy demaund, thou shalt, for this thy gilt,

Receive thy death before mine eyes. Thy blood it shalbe spilt. 420

*[Re-enter Praxaspes bringing in Otian.]*

PRAX. Beholde, O king, Sisamnes sonne before you doth appere.

KING. Otian, this is my minde, therefore to me come neere:

Thy father heer for iudgment wrong procured hath his death,

And thou, his son, shalt him succeed when he hath lost his breth;

And, if that thou dost once offend, as thou seest thy father have, 425

In like wise thou shalt suffer death No mercy shal thee save!

OTIAN. O mighty king, vouchsafe your grace my father to remit.

Forgive his fault. His pardon I doo aske of you as yet.

Alas! although my father hath your princely hart offended,

Amends for misse he wil now make, and faults shalbe amended. 430

In-stead of his requested life, pleaseth your Grace take mine!

This offer I as tender childe, so duty doth me binde.

KING. Doo not intreat my grace no more, for he shal dye the death!

Where is the execution-man him to bereave of breath?

*Enter Execution.*

EXEC. At hand, and if it like your Grace, my duty to dispatch, 435

In hope that I, when deede is doone, a good reward shall catch.

KING. Dispatch with sword this iudges life; extinguish fear and cares:

So doon, draw thou his cursed skin strait over both his cares.

I wil see the office done, and that before mine eyes.

EXEC. To doo the thing my king commaunds I give the enterprise. <sup>1</sup> 440

<sup>1</sup> Readiness to engage in a task.

<sup>1</sup> Accuse.  
<sup>2</sup> Deed.

<sup>2</sup> Failed.  
<sup>4</sup> B. Complaints.

SISAM. Otian, my sonne, the king to death  
by law hath me condemned,  
And you in roome and office mine his  
Graces wil hath placed;  
Use iustice, therefore, in this case, and  
yeeld unto no wrong,  
Lest thou do purchase the like death ere  
ever it be long.<sup>1</sup>

OTIAN. O father deer, these words to hear,  
— that you must dye by force, —  
Bedews my cheeks with stilled teares. The  
king hath no remorse. 446

The grevous greefes and strained sighes  
my hart doth breake in twaine,  
And I deplore, most woful childe, that I  
should see you slaine.

O false and fickle frowning dame, that  
turneth as the winde,  
Is this the ioy in fathers age thou me as-  
signest to finde? 450

O dolefull day, unhappy houre, that loving  
childe should see  
His father deer before his face thus put to  
death should be!

Yet, father, give me blessing thine, and let  
me once imbrace

Thy comely corps in foulded arms, and  
kisse thy ancient face:

SISAM. O childe, thou makes my eyes to  
run, as rivers doo, by streame. 455  
My leave I take of thee, my sonne. Be-  
ware of this my beame!<sup>2</sup>

KING. Dispatch even now, thou man of  
death; no longer seem to stay!

EXEC. Come, M[aster] Sisamnes, come on  
your way.

My office I must pay; forgive therefore my  
deed.

SISAM. I doo forgive it thee, my freend;  
dispatch therefore with speed! 460

*Smite him in the neck with a sword to signifie  
his death.*

PRAX. Beholde, O king, how he dooth  
bleed, being of life bereft!

KING. In this wise he shall not yet be left.  
Pull his skin over his eares<sup>3</sup> to make his  
death more vile.

A wretch he was, a cruell theefe, my com-  
mons to beguile!

*Flea him with a false skin.*

OTIAN. What childe<sup>1</sup> is he of natures  
mould could bide the same to see, —  
His father fleced in this wise? Oh, how it  
greeveth me! 466

KING. Otian thou seest thy father dead,  
and thou art in his roome:  
If thou beest proud, as he hath beene, even  
thereto shalt thou come.

OTIAN. O king, to me this is a glasse: with  
greefe in it I view  
Example that unto your Grace I doo not  
prove untrue. 470

PRAX. Otian, convey your father hence to  
tomb where he shall lye.

OTIAN. And if it please your lordship, it  
shall be done by-and-by.

Good execution-man, for need, helpe me  
with him away.

EXEC. I wil fulfill, as you to me did say.

*They take him away.<sup>2</sup>*

KING. My [lord], now that my Grace hath  
seen that finisht is this deed, 475  
To question mine give tentative care, and  
answere make with speed:

Have not I doon a gracious deed, to re-  
dresse my commons woe?

PRAX. Yea, truely, if it please your Grace,  
you have indeed doon so.

But now, O king, in frendly wise I counsel  
you in this, —

Certain vices for to leave that in you  
placed is: 480

The vice of drunkennes, Oh king, which  
doth you sore infect,

With other great abuses, which I wish you  
to detect.

KING. Peace, my lord! What needeth  
this? Of this I will not heare!

To pallace now I will returne, and thereto  
make good cheere.

God Baccus he bestows his gifts, we have  
good store of wine, 485

And also that the ladies be both passing  
brave and fine.

<sup>1</sup> This line omitted in B.

<sup>2</sup> Distress, alluding to the cross. But cf. *N.E.D.*  
*beam*, sb.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> B. *eyes*.

<sup>1</sup> B. *thilde*.

<sup>2</sup> Since there were no stage-curtains, the actors  
had to make some provision for removing each  
"dead" player.

But stay! I see a lord now come, and eke a  
valiant knight.

What news, my lord? To see you heer my  
hart it doth delight.

*Enter Lord and Knight to meet the King.*

LORD. No news, O king; but of duty come  
to wait upon your Grace.

KING. I thank you, my [lord] and loving  
knight. I pray you with me trace.<sup>1</sup>

My lords and knight, I pray ye tel, — I wil  
not be offended, — 491

Am I worthy of any crime once to be repre-  
hended?

PRAX. The Persians much doo praise your  
Grace, but one thing discommend,  
In that to wine subiect you be, wherein you  
doo offend.

Sith that the might of wines effect doth oft  
subdue your brain, 495

My counsel is, to please their harts from it  
you would refrain.

LORD [to Praxaspes]. No, no, my lord! it is  
not so! For this of prince they tel,  
For vertuous prooffe and princely facts  
Cirus he doth excel.

By that his Grace by conquest great the  
Egiptians did convince,  
Of him report abroad doth passe to be a  
worthy prince. 500

KNIGHT. In person of Cresus I answer  
make: we may not his Grace com-  
pare

In whole respect for to be like Cirus, the  
kings father,

In-so-much your Grace hath yet no childe  
as Cirus left behinde,

Even you I meane, Cambises king, in  
whom I favour finde.

KING. Cresus said well in saying so. But,  
Praxaspes, tel me why 505

That to my mouth in such a sort thou  
should avouch a lye,

Of drunkenes me thus to charge! But thou  
with speed shalt see

Whether that I a sober king or els a drunk-  
ard be.

I know thou hast a blisfull babe, wherein  
thou doost delight;

Me to revenge of these thy words I wil go  
wreke this sight: 510

<sup>1</sup> Proceed, go.

When I the most have tasted wine, my bow  
it shalbe bent, —

At hart of him even then to shoote is now  
my whole intent;

And, if that I his hart can hit, the king no  
drunkard is;

If hart of his I doo not kill, I yeeld to thee  
in this.

Therefore, Praxaspes, fetch to me thy  
yongest son with speed. 515

There is no way, I tell thee plaine, but I  
wil doo this deed!

PRAX. Redoubted prince, spare my sweet  
childe. He is mine only ioy!

I trust your Grace to infants hart no such  
thing will imploy.

If that his mother hear of this, she is so  
nigh her flight,

In clay her corps wil soone be shrinde to  
passe from worlds delight. 520

KING. No more adoe! Go fetch me him!  
It shalbe as I say.

And if that I doo speak the word, how dare  
ye once say nay?

PRAX. I wil go fetch him to your  
Grace; but so, I trust, it shall not  
be!

KING. For feare of my displeasure great,  
goe fetch him unto me.

*[Exit Praxaspes.]*

Is he gone? Now, by the gods, I will doo  
as I say! 525

My lord, therefore fill me some wine, I  
hartely you pray;

For I must drinke to make my braine some-  
what intoxicate.

When that the wine is in my head, O,  
trimly I can prate!

LORD. Heere is the cup, with filled wine,  
thereof to take repast.

KING. Give it me to drinke it off, and see  
no wine be wast. 530

*Drink.*

Once againe enlarge this cup, for I must  
tast it stil.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare laughs at this scene in *I Henry IV*, II, iv: "Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyeses' vein."

*Drink.*

By the gods, I think of pleasant wine I  
cannot take my fill!

Now drink is in, give me my bow and  
arrows from sir knight;

At hart of childe I meane to shoot, hoping  
to cleve it right.

KNIGHT. Behold, O king, where he  
doth come, his infant yong in  
hand. 535

[*Re-enter Praxaspes, leading in the Child.*]

PRAX. O mighty king, your Grace behest  
with sorrow I have scand,

And brought my childe fro mothers knee  
before you to appear,

And she thereof no whit doth know that he  
in place is heer.

KING. Set him up, my marke to be! I  
will shoot at his hart.

PRAX. I beseech your Grace not so to doo!  
Set this pretence a-part! 540

Farewel, my deer and loving babe! Come,  
kisse thy father deer!

A greevous sight to me it is to see thee  
slaine even heere.

Is this the gaine now from the king for giv-  
ing counsell good, —

Before my face with such despight to spil  
my sons hart-blood?

O heavy day to me this is, and mother in  
like case! 545

YONG CHILDE. O father, father, wipe your  
face;

I see the teares run from your eye.

My mother is at home sowing of a band.

Alas! deere father, why doo you cry?

KING. Before me as a mark now let him  
stand! 550

I wil shoot at him my minde to fulfill.

YONG CHILDE. Alas, alas, father, wil you  
me kill?

Good Master king, doo not shoot at me;  
my mother loves me best of all.

*Shoot.*

KING. I have despatched him! Down he  
doth fall!

As right as a line his hart I have hit. 555

Nay, thou shalt see, Praxaspes, stranger  
newes yet.

My knight, with speed his hart cut out and  
give it unto me.

KNIGHT. It shalbe doon, O mighty king,  
with all seleritie.

LORD. My lord Praxaspes, this had not  
been but your tung must be walking!  
To the king of correction you must needs  
be talking! 560

PRAX. No correction, my lord, but coun-  
cel for the best.

[*The knight presents the child's heart to the  
king.*]

KNIGHT. Heere is the hart, according to  
your Graces behest.

KING. Beholde, Praxaspes, thy sonnes  
owne hart! O, how well the same  
was hit!

After this wine to doo this deed I thought  
it very fit.

Esteem thou maist right well therby no  
drunkard is the king 565

That in the midst of all his cups could doo  
this valiant thing.

My lord and knight, on mé attend; to  
pallace we will goe,

And leave him heer to take his son when  
we are gone him fro.

ALL. With al our harts we give consent to  
wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt all except Praxaspes.*]

PRAX. A wofull man, O Lord, am I, to see  
him in this case! 570

My daies, I deem, desires their end. This  
deed wil help me hence.

To have the blossoms of my feeld de-  
stroyed by violence!

*Enter Mother.*

[*MOTHER.*] Alas, alas! I doo heare tell the  
king hath kild my sonne!

If it be so, wo worth the deed that ever it  
was doone!

It is even so! My lord I see, how by him  
he dooth weepe. 575

What ment I, that from hands of him this  
childe I did not keepe?

Alas! husband and lord, what did you  
meane to fetch this childe away?

PRAX. O lady wife, I little thought for to  
have seene this day.

MOTHER. O blisful babe! O ioy of womb! Harts comfort and delight! For counce! given unto the king is this thy iust requite? 580  
O hev! day and dolefull time, these mourning tunes to make!  
With blubred eies, into mine armes from earth I wil thee take,  
And wrap thee in mine apron white. But, oh my heavy hart!  
The spiteful pangs that it sustains wold make it in two to part,  
The death of this my sonne to see! O hev! mother now, 585  
That from thy sweet and sugred ioy to sorrow so shouldst bow!  
What greif in womb did I retain before I did thee see!  
Yet at the last, when smart was gone, what ioy wert thou to me!  
How tender was I of thy food, for to preserve thy state!  
How stilled I thy tender hart at times early and late! 590  
With velvet paps I gave thee suck with issue from my brest,  
And danced thee upon my knee to bring thee unto rest.  
Is this the ioy of thee I reap? O king, of tigers brood!  
Oh tigers whelp, hadst thou the hart to see this child's hart-blood?  
Nature inforseth me, alas! in this wise to deplore, 595  
To wring my hands. O welaway, that I should see this houre!  
Thy mother yet wil kisse thy lips, silk-soft, and pleasant white,  
With wringing hands lamenting for to see thee in this plight!  
My lording deer, let us goe home our mourning to augment.  
PRAX. My lady deer, with heavy hart to it I doo consent, 600  
Between us both the childe to bere unto our lordly place.

*Exeunt [bearing the body].*

*Enter Ambidexter. [He addresses the audience.]*

AMB. Indeed, as ye say, I have been absent a long space.

But is not my cosin Cutpurse<sup>1</sup> with you in the meane-time?  
To it! to it, cosin, and doo your office fine!  
How like you Sisamnes for using of me? 605  
He plaid with both hands, but he sped ill-favourdly!  
The king himselfe was godly up trained;  
He professed vertue — but I think it was fained.  
He plaies with both hands, good deeds and ill;  
But it was no good deed Praxaspes sonne for to kill. 610  
As he for the good deed on the iudge was commended,  
For all his deeds els he is reprehended.  
The most evill-disposed person that ever was  
All the state of his life he would not let passe —  
Some good deeds he will doo, though they be but few: 615  
The like things this tirant Cambises doth shew.  
No goodnes from him to none is exhibited,  
But still malediction abroad is distributed;  
And yet ye shall see in the rest of his race  
What infamy he will work against his owne grace. 620  
Whist! no more words! heere comes the kings brother.

*Enter Lord Smirdis, with Attendance and Diligence.*

SMIR. The kings brother by birth am I, issued from Cirus loynes;  
A greefe to me it is to heare of this the king repines.<sup>2</sup>  
I like not well of those his deeds that he dooth still frequent;  
I wish to God that other waies his minde he could content. 625  
Yong I am, and next to him; no moe of us there be.  
I would be glad a quiet realme in this his reign to see.  
ATT. My lord, your good a[nd]<sup>3</sup> willing hart the gods wil recompense,

<sup>1</sup> The audiences, crowded in the yard about the stage, were much troubled by pickpockets, as the early plays abundantly testify.

<sup>2</sup> Feels discontent. B. reads *kings repines*.

<sup>3</sup> Added by Manly.

In that your minde so pensive is for those  
his great offence.

My lord, his Grace shall have a time to  
paire and to amend. 630

Happy is he that can escape and not his  
Grace offend.

DIL. If that wicked vice he could refraine,  
from wasting wine forbere,

A moderate life he would frequent, amend-  
ing this his square.

AMB. My lord, and if your Honor it shall  
please,

I can informe you what is best for your  
ease: 635

Let him alone, of his deeds doo not talke,  
Then by his side ye may quietly walke;

After his death you shalbe king,  
Then may you reforme eche kinde of thing;

In the meane-time live quietly, doo not  
with him deale; — 640

So shall it redound much to your weale.

SMIR. Thou saist true, my freend; that is  
the best.

I know not whether he love me or doo me  
detest.

ATT. Leane from his company all that you  
may.

I, faithfull Attendance, wil your Honor  
obay; 645

If against your Honor he take any ire,  
His Grace is as like to kindle his fire

To your Honors destruction as otherwise.

DIL. Therefore, my lord, take good advise,  
And I, Diligence, your case wil so tender

That to his Grace your Honor shalbe none  
offender. 651

SMIR. I thank you both, intire freends.  
With my Honor stil remaine.

AMB. Beholde where the king doth come  
with his train!

*Enter King, and a Lord.*

KING. O lording deer and brother mine, I  
ioy your state to see,

Surmising much what is the cause you ab-  
sent thus from me. 655

SMIR. Pleaseth your Grace, no absence I,  
but redy to fulfill,

At all assaies, my prince and king, in that  
your Grace me wil.

What I can doo in true defence to you, my  
prince, aright,

In readines I alwaies am to offer foorth my  
might.

KING. And I the like to you againe doo  
heer avouch the same. 660

ALL. For this your good agreement heer,  
now praised be Gods name!

AMB. [to Smirdis]. But heare ye, noble  
prince; harke in your eare:

It is best to doo as I did declare.

KING. My lord and brother Smirdis, now  
this is my minde and wil:

That you to court of mine returne, and  
there to tary still 665

Till my returne within short space your  
Honor for to greet.

SMIR. At your behest so wil I doo till time  
againe we meet.

My leave I take from you, O king; even  
now I doo departe.

*Exeunt Smirdis, Attendance and  
Diligence.*

KING. Farwel, lord and brother mine! far-  
wel with all my hart!

My lord, my brother Smerdis is of youth  
and manly might, 670

And in his sweet and pleasant face my hart  
doth take delight.

LORD. Yea, noble prince, if that your  
Grace before his Honor dye,

He wil succede, a vertuous king, and rule  
with equitie.

KING. As you have said, my lord, he is  
cheefe heire next my Grace,

And, if I dye to-morrow, next he shall suc-  
ceede my place. 675

AMB. And if it please your Grace, O king,  
I heard him say,

For your death unto the god[s] day and  
night he did pray;

He would live so vertuously and get him  
such a praise

That Fame by trump his due deserts in  
honor should upraise;

He said your Grace deserved had the curs-  
ing of all men; 680

That ye should never after him get any  
praise againe.

KING. Did he speake thus of my Grace in  
such despightful wise?

Or els doost thou presume to fill my  
princely eares with lyes?

**LORD.** I cannot think it in my hart that he would report so.

**KING.** How saist thou? Speake the truth: was it so or no? 685

**AMB.** I thinke so, if it please your Grace, but I cannot tell.

**KING.** Thou plaist with both hands, now I perceiue well!

But, for to put al doubts aside, and to make him leese his hope,

He shall dye by dint of swoord or els by choking rope.

Shall he succeed when I am gone, to have more praise then I? 690

Were he father, as brother, mine, I swere that he shal dye!

To pallaice mine I will therefore, his death for to pursue.

*Exit [King with the Lord].*

**AMB.** Are ye gone? Straightway I will follow you.

*[Turning to the audience.]*

How like ye now, my maisters? Dooth not this geere cotten? <sup>1</sup>

The proverbe olde is verified: "soone ripe, and soone rotten!" 695

He wil not be quiet til his brother be kild; His delight is wholly to have his blood spild.

Mary, sir, I tolde him a notable lye!

If it were to doo againe, I durst [not] doo it, I!

Mary, when I had doon, to it I durst not stand; 700

Thereby ye may perceive I use to play with eche hand.

But how now, cosin Cutpursse, with whom play you?

Take heed, for his hand is groping even now!

Cosin, take heed, if you doo secretly grope; If ye be taken, cosin, ye must looke through a rope. 705

*Exit.*

*Enter Lord Smirdis alone.*

[**SMIR.**] I am wandring alone, heere and there to walke;

<sup>1</sup> Prosper, succeed.

The Court is so unquiet, in it I take no ioy.

Solitary to my-selfe now I may talke.

If I could rule, I wist what to say.

*Enter Cruelly and Murder with bloody hands.*

**CRUEL.** My cocquall partner, Murder, come away; 710

From me long thou maist not stay.

**MURD.** Yes, from thee I may stay, but not thou from me;

Therefore I have a prerogative above thee.

**CRUEL.** But in this case we must together abide.

Come, come! Lord Smirdis ! have spide. Lay hands on him with all festination,<sup>1</sup> 716

That on him we may worke our indignation!

*[They lay hands upon him.]*

**SMIR.** How now, my freends? What have you to doo with me?

**MURD.** King Cambises hath sent us unto thee,

Commaunding us straightly, without mercy or favour, 720

Upon thee to bestow our behaviour, With cruelty to murder you and make you away.

**SMIR.** Yet pardon me, I hartely you pray! Consider, the king is a tirant tyrannious,

And all his dooings be damnable and parnitious: 725

Favour me therefore; I did him never offend.

**CRUEL.** No favour at all! Your life is at an end!

Even now I strike, his body to wound.

*Strike him in divers places.\**

Beholde, now his blood springs out on the ground!

*A little bladder of vineger pricket.\**

**MURD.** Now he is dead, let us present him to the king. 730

**CRUEL.** Lay to your hand, away him to bring.

*Exeunt [bearing the body].*

<sup>1</sup> Speed.

<sup>2</sup> In B. this stage direction is opposite line 723.

<sup>3</sup> In B. this stage direction is opposite line 727.



*Enter Ambidexter.*

**AMB.** O the passion of God, yonder is a  
hevy Court!  
**Some** weepes, some wailes — and some  
make great sport.  
**Lord** Smirdis by Cruelty and Murder is  
slaine;  
**But**, Iesus! for want of him how some doo  
complane! 735  
**If** I should have had a thousand pound I  
could not forbear weeping.  
**Now** Iesus have his blessed soule in keep-  
ing!  
**Ah** good Lord! to think on him, how it  
dooth me greave!  
**I** cannot forbear weeping, ye may me be-  
leeve.

*Weep.*

O my hart! how my pulses doo beate, 740  
With sorrowfull lamentations I am in such  
a heate!

**Ah**, my hart, how for him it doth sorrow!

*[He begins to laugh.]*

**Nay**, I have done, in faith, now. And God  
give ye good morrow!

**Ha**, ha! **Weep?** Nay, laugh, with both <sup>1</sup>  
hands to play!

**The** king through his cruelty hath made  
him away; 745

**But** hath not he wrought a most wicked  
deed,

**Because** king after him he should not pro-  
ceed, —

**His** owne naturall brother, and having no  
more, —

**To** procure his death by violence sore?

**In** spite, because his brother should never  
be king, 750

**His** hart, being wicked, consented to this  
thing.

**Now** he hath no more brothers nor kinred  
alive.

**If** the king use this geere still, he cannot  
long thrive.

*Enter Hob and Lob.*

**HOB.** Gods hat, neighbour, come away!  
Its time to market to goe!

<sup>1</sup> B. *but*.

**LOB.** Gods vast,<sup>1</sup> naybor, zay ye zo? 755  
The clock hath stricken vive, ich <sup>2</sup> think,  
by Laken!

**Bum** vay, vrom sleep cham not very well  
waken!

**But**, naybor Hob, naybor Hob, what have  
ye to zel?

**HOB.** Bum troth, naybor Lob, to you I  
chil tel:

**Chave** two goslings, and a chine of porke —  
There is no vatter between this and  
Yorke; — 761

**Chave** a vort of strawberries, and a calves  
head —

**A** zennight zince,<sup>3</sup> to-morrow, it hath been  
deade.

**LOB.** Chave a score of egges, and of butter  
a pound;

**Yesterday** a nest of goodly yong rabbits I  
vound; 765

**Chave** vorty things mo, of more and of  
lesse, —

**My** brain is not very good them to ex-  
presse.

**But**, Gods hat, naybor, wotst <sup>4</sup> what?

**HOB.** No, not wel, naybor; whats that?

**LOB.** Bum vay, naybor, maister king is a  
zhrode <sup>5</sup> lad! 770

**Zo** God help me, and holidam, I think the  
vool <sup>6</sup> be mad!

**Zome** zay he deale cruelly: his brother he  
did kill,

**And** also a goodly yung lads hart-blood he  
did spill.

**HOB.** Vorbod of God, naybor! Has he  
plaid zuch a volish deed?

**AMB.** Goodman Hob and goodman Lob,  
God be your speed! 775

**As** you two towards market doo walke,  
Of the kings cruelty I did heare you talke:

**I** insure you he is a king most vile and  
parnitious, —

**His** dooings and life are odious and vicious.

**LOB.** It were a good deed zome-body  
would break his head. 780

**HOB.** Bum vay, naybor Lob, I chuld <sup>7</sup> he  
were dead!

<sup>1</sup> Fist.

<sup>2</sup> By this time the reader has learned to identify  
this brogue with the stage rustic.

<sup>3</sup> Sennight aince.

<sup>4</sup> Knowest.

<sup>5</sup> Fool.

<sup>6</sup> Shrewd.

<sup>7</sup> I would.

AMB. So would I, Lob and Hob, with all my hart!

[To the audience] Now with both hands will you see me play my parte. —

A, ye whorson traitorly knaves, Hob and Lob, out upon you, slaves! 785

LOB. And thou calst me knave, thou art another!

My name is Lob, and Hob my next naybor.

AMB. Hob and Lob! a, ye cuntry patches! <sup>1</sup>

A, ye fooles! ye have made wrong matches! Ye have spoken treason against the kings Grace!

790

For it I will accuse ye before his face; Then for the same ye shalbe martered.

At the least ye shalbe hangd, drawne, and quartered!

HOB. O gentleman, ye shal have two peare-pyes, and tel not of me!

LOB. By God, a vat gooce <sup>2</sup> chil give thee. I think no hurt, by my vathers soule I zware! 796

HOB. Chave lived wel all my life-time, my naybors among;

And now chuld be loth to come to zuch wrong —

To be hanged and quartered — the greefe would be great!

LOB. A foule evil on thee, Hob! Who bid thee on it treat? 800

Vor it was thou that first did him name.

HOB. Thou lyst like a varlet and thou zaist the zame!

It was zuch a foolish Lob as thou.

LOB. Speak many words, and, by Cods nailles <sup>3</sup> I vow,

Upon thy pate my staffe I will lay! 805

AMB. [aside]. By the masse, I will cause them to make a fray. —

Yea, Lob, thou saist true: all came through him.

LOB. Bum vay, thou Hob, <sup>4</sup> a little would make me thee <sup>5</sup> trim!

Give thee a zwap on thy nose till thy hart ake!

HOB. If thou darest, doo it! Els, man, cry creke! <sup>6</sup> 810

I trust, before thou hurt me, With my staffe chil make a Lob of thee!

*Heer let them fight with their staves, not come neer an-other by three or foure yardes; the Vice set them on as hard as he can; one of their wives come out, and all to-beat the Vice; he run away.*

*Enter Marian-may-be-good, Hobs wife, running in with a broome, and parte them.*

MARIAN. O the body of me! husband Hob, what meane ye to fight?

For the passion of God, no more blowes smite!

Neighbours and freends so long, and now to fall out? 815

What! in your age to seeme so stout?

If I had not parted ye, one had kild another.

LOB. I had not cared, I swere by Gods Mother!

MARIAN. Shake hands againe at the request of me;

As ye have been freends, so freends still be.

HOB. Bum troth, cham content and zaist word, neighbour Lob. 821

LOB. I am content; agreed, neighbor Hob!

*Shake hands and laugh hartily one at another.*

MARIAN. So, get you to market; no longer stay.

And with yonder knave let me make a fray.

HOB. Content, wife Marian; chill doo as thou doost say. 825

But busse me, ich pray thee, at going away!

*Exeunt Hob, Lob.*

MARIAN. Thou whorson knave, and prickeard boy, why didst thou let them fight?

If one had kild another heer, couldst thou their deaths requite?

It beares a signe by this thy deed a cowardly knave thou art,

Els wouldst thou draw that weapon thine, like a man, <sup>1</sup> them to parte. 830

AMB. What, Marian-may-be-good, are you come prattling?

Ye may hap get a box on the care with your talking!

If they had kild one another, I had not cared a pease.

<sup>1</sup> B. knave.

<sup>1</sup> Fools.

<sup>2</sup> Goose.

<sup>3</sup> By God's nailles.

<sup>4</sup> B. Hod.

<sup>5</sup> B. ye.

<sup>6</sup> Confess yourself beaten; give up.

*Heer let her swinge him in her brome; she gets him down, and he her down, — thus one on the top of another make pastime.*

MARIAN. A, villain! my-selfe on thee I must ease!

Give me a box on the care? that will I try. Who shalbe maister, thou shalt see by-and-by! 836

AMB. O, no more! no more, I beseech you hartily!

Even now I yeeld, and give you the maistry.

*Run his way out while she is down.*

MARIAN. A, thou knave! doost thou throw me down and run thy way? If he were heere againe, oh, how I would him pay! 840  
I will after him; and, if I can him meet, With these my nailes his face I wil greet.

[Exit.]

*Enter Venus leading out her sonne, Cupid, blinde: he must have a bow and two shafts, one headed with golde and th' other headed with lead.*

VENUS. Come foorth, my sonne. Unto my words attentive cares resigne; What I pretend, see you frequent, to force this game of mine.

The king a kinswoman hath, adorn'd with beauty store; 845

And I wish that Dianas gifts they twain shal keep no more,

But use my silver sugred game their ioyes for to augment.

When I doo speak, to wound his hart, Cupid my son, consent.

And shoot at him the shaft of love that beares the head of golde,

To wound his hart in lovers wise, his greefe for to unfolde. 850

Though kin she be unto his Grace, that nature me expell,

Against the course thereof he may in my game please me wel.

Wherefore, my sonne, doo not forget; forth-with pursue the deed!

<sup>1</sup> B. the.

CUPID. Mother, I meane for to obay as you have whole decreed;

But you must tel me, mother deere, when I shal arrow draw, 855

Els your request to be attaind wil not be worth a straw;

I am blinde and cannot see, but stil doo shoot by gesse, —

The poets wel, in places store, of my might doo expresse.

VENUS. Cupid my son, when time shall serve that thou shalt do this deed,

Then warning I to thee wil give; but see thou shoot with speed. 860

*Enter a Lord, a Lady, and a Waiting-maid.*

LORD. Lady deer, to king a-kin, forthwith let us proceed

To trace abroad the beauty feelds, as erst we had decreed.

The blowing buds whose savery sents our sence wil much delight,

The sweet smel of musk white-rose to please the appetite,

The chirping birds whose pleasant tunes therein shal hear record,<sup>1</sup> 865

That our great ioy we shall it finde in feeld to walk abroad,

On lute and cittern there to play a heavenly harmony:

Our eares shall heare, hart to content, our sports to beautify.

LADY. Unto your words, most comely lord, my-selfe submit doo I;

To trace with you in feeld so green I meane not to deny. 870

*Heere trace up and downe playing [on the lute and cittern].*

MAID. And I, your waiting-maid, at hand with diligence will be,

For to fulfil with hart and hand, when you shal commaund me.

*Enter King, Lord, and Knight.*

KING. Come on, my lord and knight; abroad our mirth let us imploy.

Since he is dead, this hart of mine in corps I feel it ioy.

Should brother mine have raigned king when I had yeelded breth?

<sup>1</sup> Warble.

A thousand brothers I rather had to put  
them all to death.

But, oh beholde, where I doo see a lord and  
lady faire!

For beauty she most worthy is to sit in  
princes chaire.

VENUS. Shoot forth, my son! Now is the  
time that thou must wound his hart.

CUPID. Content you, mother; I will doo  
my parte. 880

*Shoote there; and goe out, Venus and Cupid.*

KING. Of truth, my lord, in eye of mine  
all ladies she doth excell.

Can none reporte what dame she is, and to  
my Grace it tell?

LORD. Redouted prince, pleaseth your  
Grace, to you she is a-kin,

Cosin-iarmin,<sup>1</sup> nigh of birth, by mothers  
side come in.

KNIGHT. And that her waiting-maiden is,  
attending her upon. 885

He is a lord of princes court, and wil be  
there anon.

They sport themselves in pleasant feeld, to  
former used use.

KING. My lord and knight, of truth I  
speak: my hart it cannot chuse

But with my lady I must speake and so  
expresse my minde.

*[He calls to the lady and her attendants.]*

My lord and ladyes, walking there, if you  
wil favour finde, 890

Present your-selves unto my Grace, and by  
my side come stand.

FIRST LORD. We wil fulfil, most mighty  
king, as your Grace doth com-  
maund.

KING. Lady deere, intelligence my Grace  
hath got of late,

You issued out of mothers stocke and kin  
unto my state.

According to rule of birth you are cosin-  
iarmin mine; 895

Yet do I wish that farther of this kinned I  
could finde;

For Cupid he, that eylesse boy, my hart  
hath so enflamed

With beauty you me to content the like  
cannot be named;

<sup>1</sup> Cousin-german.

For, since I entred in this place and on you  
fixt mine eyes,

Most burning fits about my hart in ample  
wise did rise. 900

The heat of them such force doth yeeld, my  
corps they scorch, alas!

And burns the same with wasting heat, as  
Titan doth the gras.

And, sith this heat is kindled so and fresh in  
hart of me,

There is no way but of the same the  
quencher you must be.

My meaning is that beauty yours my hart  
with love doth wound; 905

To give me love minde to content; my hart  
hath you out found;

And you are she must be my wife, els shall  
I end my daies.

Consent to this — and be my queen, to  
weare the crown with praise!

LADY. If it please your Grace, O mighty  
king, you shall not this request.

It is a thing that Natures course doth ut-  
terly detest, 910

And high it would the god[s] displease, —  
of all that is the woorst.

To graunt your Grace to marry so, it is not  
I that durst.

Yet humble thanks I render now unto you,  
mighty king,

That you vouchsafe to great estate so  
gladly would me bring.

Were it not it were offence, I would it not  
deny, 915

But such great honor to atchive my hart I  
would apply.

Therefore, O king, with humble hart in this  
I pardon crave;

My answer is: in this request your minde  
ye may not have.

KING. May I not? Nay, then, I will! by  
all the gods I vow!

And I will marry thee as wife. This is mine  
answere now! 920

Who dare say nay what I pretend? Who  
dare the same withstand

Shal lose his head, and have reporte as  
traitor through my land.

There is no nay. I wil you have, and you  
my queene shalbe!

LADY. Then, mighty king, I crave your  
Grace to heare the words of me:

Your counsel take of lordings wit, the  
lawes aright peruse; 925

If I with safe may graunt this deed, I will it  
not refuse.

KING. No, no! What I have said to you,  
I meane to haue it so.

For counsell theirs I mean not, I, in this  
respect to goe;

But to my pallaice let us goe, the mariage  
to prepare;

For, to avoid my wil in this, I can it not  
forbeare. 930

LADY. O God, forgive me, if I doo amisse!  
The king by compulsion inforceth me  
this.

MAID. Unto the gods for your estate I  
will not cease to pray,

That you may be a happy queen, and see  
most ioyfull day.

KING. Come on, my lords; with gladsome  
harts let us reioyce with glee! 935

Your musick shew to ioy this deed at the  
request of me!

BOTH. For to obey your Graces words our  
Honors doo agree.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ambidexter.*

AMB. O the passion of me! Mary, as ye  
say, yonder is a royal court!

There is triumphing, and sporte upon  
sporte,

Such loyall lords, with such lordly exercise,  
Frequenting such pastime as they can de-  
vise, 941

Running at tilt, iusting, with running at  
the ring,

Masking and mumming, with eche kinde of  
thing,

Such daunsing, such singing, with musicall  
harmony, —

Beleeue me, I was loth to absent their com-  
pany. 945

But wil you beleeue? Iesu, what hast they  
made till they were married!

Not for a milion of pounds one day longer  
they would haue tarried!

Oh! there was a banquet royall and super-  
excellent!

Thousands and thousands at that banquet  
was spent.

I muse of nothing but how they can be  
married so soone; 950

I care not if I be married before to-morrow  
at noone,

If mariage be a thing that so may be had.

*[To one in the audience.]*

How say you, maid? to marry me wil ye be  
glad?

Out of doubt, I beleeeve it is some excellent  
treasure, —

Els to the same belongs abundant pleasure.  
Yet with mine eares I have heard some  
say: 956

"That ever I was married, now cursed be  
the day!"

Those be they [that] <sup>1</sup> with curst wives be  
matched.

That husband for haukes meat <sup>2</sup> of them is  
up-snatched,

Head broke with a bedstaffe, face all to-be-  
scratched, 960

"Knaue!" "slave!" and "villain!" a  
coylde <sup>3</sup> cote now and than, —

When the wife hath given it, she wil say,  
"Alas, good man!"

Such were better unmarried, my maisters,  
I trow,

Then all their life after be matched with a  
shrow.

*Enter Preparation.*

PREP. With speed I am sent all things to  
prepare, 965

My message to doe as the king did declare.  
His Grace doth meane a banquet to make,

Meaning in this place repast for to take.  
Wel, the cloth shalbe laid, and all things in  
redines,

To court to return, when doon is my busi-  
nes. 970

AMB. A proper man and also [a] <sup>4</sup> fit  
For the kings estate to prepare a banquet!

PREP. What, Ambidexter? Thou art not  
unknownen!

A mischeefe on all good faces, so that I  
curse not mine owne!

Now, in the knaves name, shake hands  
with me. 975

<sup>1</sup> B. omits; supplied from A.

<sup>2</sup> Hawk's meat, something snatched up greedily.

<sup>3</sup> Beaten.

<sup>4</sup> Supplied from A.

AMB. Wel said, goodman pouchmouth;  
your reverence I see.

I will teach ye, if your manners no better  
be!

A, ye slave! the king doth me a gentleman  
allow;

Therefore I looke that to me ye should  
bow.

*Fight.*

PREP. Good Maister Ambidexter, pardon  
my behaviour; 980

For this your deeds you are a knave, for  
your labour!

AMB. Why, ye stale counterly <sup>1</sup> villain,  
nothing but "knave"?

*Fight.*

PREP. I am sorry your maistership of-  
fended I have;

Shake hands, that betweene us agreement  
may be.

I was over-shot with my-selfe, I doo see.  
Let me have your helpe this furniture to  
provide. 986

The king from this place wil not long abide.

*Set the fruit on the boord.*

AMB. Content; it is the thing that I  
would wish.

I my-selfe wil goe fetch one dish.

*Let the Vice fetch a dish of nuts, and let them  
fall in the bringing of them in.*

PREP. Clenly, Maister Ambidexter; for  
faire on the ground they lye. 990

AMB. I will have them up againe by-and-  
by.

PREP. To see all in redines I will put you  
in trust;

There is no nay, to the court needs I must.

*Exit Preparation.*

AMB. Have ye no doubt but all shalbe  
wel.

Mary, sir, as you say, this geer dooth ex-  
cell! 995

All things is in a readines, when they come  
hither, —

The kings Grace and the queene both to-  
gether.

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the Counter (prison); jail-bird.

*[To the audience.]*

I beseech ye, my maisters, tell me, is it not  
best

That I be so bolde as to bid a guest?

He is as honest a man as ever spurd  
cow, — 1000

My cosin Cutpurse, I meane; I beseech ye,  
iudge you.

Beleeve me, cosin, if to be the kings guest ye  
could be taken,

I trust that offer will never be forsaken.

But, cosin, because to that office ye are not  
like to come,

Frequent your exercises — a horne on your  
thum,<sup>1</sup> 1005

A quick eye, a sharpe knife, at hand a re-  
ceiver.

But then take heed, cosin, ye be a clenly  
convayour.

Content your-selfe, cosin; for this banquet  
you are unfit,

When such as I at the same am unworthy  
to sit.

*Enter King, Queene, and his traine.*

KING. My queen and lords, to take re-  
past, let us attempt the same. 1010

Heer is the place; delay no time, but to our  
purpose frame.

QUEENE. With willing harts your whole  
behest we minde for to obey.

ALL. And we, the rest of princes traine,  
will doo as you doo say.

*Sit at the banquet.*

KING. Me think mine eares doth wish the  
sound of musicks harmony;

Heer, for to play before my Grace, in place  
I would them spy. 1015

*Play at the banquet.*

AMB. They be at hand, sir, with sticke  
and fiddle;

They can play a new daunce, called Hey-  
diddle-diddle.

KING. My queene, perpend. What I  
pronounce, I wil not violate,

<sup>1</sup> A casing of horn was worn over the thumb by the cutpurse, apparently to resist the sharp edge of the knife in cutting purses. *Horn-thumb* became a cant-term for a cutpurse.

But one thing which my hart makes glad I  
minde to explicate: <sup>1</sup>

You know in court uptrained is a lyon very  
yong; 1020

Of one litter two whelps <sup>2</sup> beside, as yet not  
very strong.

I did request one whelpe to see and this  
yong lyon fight;

But lion did the whelpe convince by  
strength of force and might.

His brother whelpe, perceiving that the  
lion was too good,

And he by force was like to see the other  
whelp his blood, 1025

With force to lyon he did run, his brother  
for to helpe.

A wonder great it was to see that freend-  
ship in a whelpe!

So then the whelps between them both the  
lyon did convince.

Which thing to see before mine eyes did  
glad the hart of prince.

*At this tale tolde, let the Queene weep.*

QUEENE. These words to heare makes  
stilling teares issue from christall  
eyes. <sup>3</sup> 1030

KING. What, doost thou meane, my  
spouse? to weep for losse of any  
prise?

QUEENE. No, no, O king; but, as you see,  
freendship in brothers whelp:

When one was like to have repulse, the  
other yeelded helpe.

And was this favour shewed in dogs, to  
shame of royall king?

Alack, I wish these eares of mine had not  
once heard this thing! 1035

Even so should you, O mighty king, to  
brother beene a stay,

And not, without offence to you, in such  
wise him to slay.

In all assaies it was your part his cause to  
have defended,

And, who-so-ever had him misused, to have  
them reprehended.

But faithfull love was more in dog then it  
was in your Grace. 1040

<sup>1</sup> Explain, unfold.

<sup>2</sup> Dogs were often pitted against animals, especially bears, in England.

<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare gives an amusing parody of this scene in *I Henry IV*, II, iv.

KING. O cursed caitive, vicious and vile!  
I hate thee in this place!

This banquet [now] <sup>1</sup> is at an end; take all  
these things away.

Before my face thou shalt repent the words  
that thou dost say.

O wretch most vile! didst thou the cause of  
brother mine so tender

The losse of him should greeve thy hart, —  
he being none offender? 1045

It did me good his death to have — so will  
it to have thine!

What freendship he had at my hands, the  
same even thou shalt finde.

I give consent, and make a-vow, that thou  
shalt dye the death!

By Cruels sword and Murder fel even thou  
shalt lose thy breth.

Ambidexter, see with speed to Cruelty ye  
goe; 1050

Cause him hither to approche, Murder  
with him also.

AMB. I am redy for to fulfil,

If that it be your Graces will. <sup>2</sup>

KING. Then nought oblight <sup>3</sup> my message  
given; absent thy-selfe away.

AMB. Then in this place I will no longer  
stay. 1055

[*whispering to the Queen*] If that I durst, I  
would mourne your case;

But, alas! I dare not, for feare of his  
Grace.

*Exit Ambidex.*

KING. Thou cursed Iill! by all the gods I  
take an othe and sweare,

That flesh of thine these hands of mine in  
peeeces small could tere!

But thou shalt dye by dent of sword: there  
is no freend ne fee 1060

Shall finde remorse at princes hand to save  
the life of thee!

QUEENE. O mighty king and husband  
mine, vouchsafe to heare me speak,

And licence give to spouse of thine her  
patient minde to breake.

For tender love unto your Grace my words  
I did so frame;

For pure love doth hart of king me violate  
and blame. 1065

<sup>1</sup> Supplied by Manly.

<sup>2</sup> B. has lines 1052-53 as one. I follow Manly's division.

<sup>3</sup> Forget.

And to your Grace is this offence that I  
should purchase death?

Then cursed time that I was queene to  
shorten this my breth!

Your Grace doth know by mariage true I  
am your wife and spouse,

And one to save anothers helth at troth-  
plight made our vowes;

Therefore, O king, let loving queen at thy  
hand finde remorse, 1070

Let pitie be a meane to quench that cruell  
raging force,

And pardon, plight from princes mouth,  
yeeld grace unto your queen,

That amity with faithfull zeal may ever be  
us between.

KING. A, caitive vile! to pitie thee my  
hart it is not bent;

Ne yet to pardon your offence it is not mine  
intent. 1075

FIRST LORD. Our mighty prince, with  
humble sute of your Grace this I  
crave,

That this request it may take place, your  
favour for to have.

Let mercy yet abundantly the life of  
queen preserve,

Sith she in most obedient wise your Graces  
will doth serve.

As yet your Grace but while with her hath  
had cohabitation, 1080

And sure this is no desert <sup>1</sup> why to yeeld  
her indignation.

Therefore, O king, her life prolong, to ioy  
her daies in blisse!

SECOND LORD. Your Grace shal win im-  
mortall fame in graunting unto  
this.

She is a queene whose goodly hue <sup>2</sup> excelles  
the royall rose,

For beauty bright Dame Nature she a large  
gift did dispose. 1085

For comelines who may compare? Of all  
she beares the bell.<sup>3</sup>

This should give cause to move your Grace  
to love her very wel.

Her silver brest in those your armes to sing  
the songs of love, —

Fine qualities most excellent to be in her  
you prove;

<sup>1</sup> Deserving.

<sup>2</sup> Takes precedence.

<sup>3</sup> Complexion.

A precious pearle of prise to prince, a iewell  
passing all! 1090

Therefore, O king, to beg remorse on both  
my knees I fall;

To graunt her grace to have her life, with  
hart I doo desire.

KING. You villains twain! with raging  
force ye set my hart on fire!

If I consent that she shall dye, how dare ye  
crave her life?

You two to aske this at my hand dooth  
much enlarge my strife. 1095

Were it not for shame, you two should dye,  
that for her life do sue!

But favour mine from you is gone; my  
lords, I tell you true.

I sent for Cruelty of late; if he would come  
away,

I would commit her to his hands his cruell  
part to play.

Even now I see where he dooth come; it  
dooth my hart delight. 1100

*Enter Cruelty and Murder.*

CRUEL. Come, Murder, come; let us goe  
foorth with might;

Once againe the kings commaundement we  
must fulfill.

MURD. I am contented <sup>1</sup> to doo it with a  
good will.

KING. Murder and Cruelty, for both of  
you I sent,

With all festination <sup>2</sup> your offices to fre-  
quent. 1105

Lay holde on the queene; take her to your  
power,

And make her away within this houre!  
Spare for no feare; I doo you full permit.

So I from this place doo meane for to  
flit.<sup>3</sup>

BOTH. With couragious harts, O king, we  
will obay. 1110

KING. Then come, my lords, let us de-  
part away.

BOTH THE LORDS. With hevvy harts we  
will doo all your Grace dooth say.

*Exeunt King and Lord[s].*

CRUEL. Come, lady and queene; now are  
you in our handling;

In faith, with you we will use no dandling.

<sup>1</sup> B. *contented*.

<sup>2</sup> Speed.

<sup>3</sup> Betake myself.



MURD. With all expedition I, Murder,  
will take place; 1115

Though thou be a queene, ye be under my  
grace.

QUEENE. With patience I will you both  
obay.<sup>1</sup>

CRUEL. No more woords, but goe with us  
away!

QUEENE. Yet, before I dye, some psalme  
to God let me sing.

BOTH. We be content to permit you that  
thing. 1120

QUEENE. Farwell, you ladies of the court,  
With all your masking hue!

I doo forsake these brodered gardes <sup>2</sup>

And all the fashions new,  
The court and all the courtly train 1125

Wherin I had delight;  
I banished am from happy sporte,

And all by spitefull spite;

Yet with a ioyfull hart to God

A psalme I meane to sing, 1130

Forgiving all [men] <sup>3</sup> and the king  
Of eche kinde of thing.

*Sing,<sup>4</sup> and exeunt.*

*Enter Ambidexter weeping.*

AMB. A, a, a, a! I cannot chuse but  
weepe for the queene!

Nothing but mourning now at the court  
there is secne.

Oh, oh! my hart, my hart! O, my bum  
will break! 1135

Very greefe so torments me that scarce I  
can speake.

Who could but weep for the losse of such a  
lady?

That cannot I doo, I sweare by mine hon-  
estie.

But, Lord! so the ladies mourne, crying  
"Alack!" 1139

Nothing is worne now but onely black:  
I beleeeve all [tho] <sup>5</sup> cloth in Watling Street  
to make gowns would not serve, —

If I make a lye, the devill let ye sterve!  
All ladies mourne, both yong and olde;

<sup>1</sup> B. interchanges this word and its rhyme-mate  
*away*.

<sup>2</sup> Ornamental borders on garments.

<sup>3</sup> Supplied by Manly.

<sup>4</sup> The song is lost.

<sup>5</sup> Supplied by Hazlitt.

There is not one that weareth a points  
woorth of golde.

There is a sorte for feare for the king doo  
pray 1145

That would have him dead, by the masse, I  
dare say.

What a king was he that hath used such  
tiranny!

He was akin to Bishop Bonner,<sup>1</sup> I think  
verily!

For both their delights was to shed  
blood,

But never intended to doo any good. 1150

Cambises put a iudge to death, — that was  
a good deed, —

But to kill the yong childe was worse to  
proceed,

To murder his brother, and then his owne  
wife, —

So help me God and holidom, it is pitie of  
his life!

Heare ye? I will lay twenty thousand  
pound 1155

That the king himselfe dooth dye by some  
wound;

He hath shed so much blood that his will be  
shed.

If it come to passe, in faith, then he is sped.

*Enter the King, without a gowne, a swoord  
thrust up into his side, bleeding.*

KING. Out! alas! What shal I doo? My  
life is finished!

Wounded I am by sodain chaunce; my  
blood is minished. 1160

Gogs hart, what meanes might I make my  
life to preserve?

Is there nought to be my helpe? nor is there  
nought to serve?

Out upon the court, and lords that there  
remaine!

To help my greefe in this my case wil none  
of them take paine?

Who but I, in such a wise, his deaths  
wound could have got? 1165

As I on horseback up did leap, my sword  
from scabard shot,

And ran me thus into the side — as you  
right well may see.

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, who, by  
his cruel persecution of Protestant martyrs during  
Queen Mary's Reign, became odious.

A marvels chaunce unfortunate, that in  
this wise should be!  
I feele my-selfe a-dying now; of life bereft  
am I;

And Death hath caught me with his dart,  
for want of blood I spy. 1170

Thus, gasping, heer on ground I lye; for  
nothing I doo care.

A iust reward for my misdeeds my death  
doth plaine declare.

*Heere let him quake and stir.*

AMB. How now, noble king? Pluck up  
your hart!

What! will you dye, and from us depart?  
Speake to me and ye be alive! 1175

He cannot speak. But beholde, how with  
Death he doth strive.

*[The king dies.]*

Alas, good king! Alas, he is gone!  
The devill take me if for him I make any  
mone.

I did prognosticate of his end, by the  
masse! 1179

Like as I did say, so is it come to passe.  
I wil be gone. If I should be found heere,  
That I should kill him it would appeer.

For feare with his death they doo me  
charge,

Farwell, my maisters, I will goe take barge;

I meane to be packing; now is the tide;  
Farwell, my maisters, I will no longer  
abide! 1186

*Exit Ambidexter.*

*Enter three Lords.*

FIRST LORD. Beholde, my lord[s], it is even  
so as he to us did tell!

His Grace is dead, upon the ground, by  
dint of sword most fel.

SECOND LORD. As he in saddle would have  
lept, his sword from sheath did goe,  
Goring him up into the side, — his life was  
ended so. 1190

THIRD LORD. His blood so fast did issue  
out that nought could him prolong;  
Yet, before he yeilded up the ghost, his  
hart was very strong.

FIRST LORD. A iust reward for his mis-  
deeds the God above hath wrought,  
For certainly the life he led was to be  
counted nought.

SECOND LORD. Yet a princely buriall he  
shall have, according to his estate;  
And more of him heere at this time we have  
not to dilate. 1196

THIRD LORD. My lords, let us take him  
up, and carry him away!

BOTH. Content we are with one accord to  
doo as you doo say.

*Ezeunt all [bearing out the body of Cambises].*

## EPILOGUE

Right gentle audience, heere have you perused  
     The tragicall history of this wicked king.  
 According to our duty, we have not refused,  
     But to our best intent exprest everything.  
     We trust none is offended for this our dooing.  
 Our author craves likewise, if he have squared amisse,  
 By gentle admonition to know where the fault is. 7

His good will shall not be neglected to amend the same.  
     Praying all to beare, therefore, with this simple deed  
 Untill the time serve a better he may frame.  
     Thus yeelding you thanks, to end we decreed  
     That you so gently have <sup>1</sup> suffered us to proceed,  
 In such patient wise as to heare and see.  
 We can but thank ye therfore; we can doo no more, we! 14

As duty bindes us, for our noble Queene let us pray,  
     And for her Honorable Councel, the truth that they may use,  
 To practise iustice and defend her Grace eche day;  
     To maintain Gods woord they may not refuse,  
     To correct all those that would her Grace and Graces lawes abuse;  
 Beseeching God over us she may raigne long,  
 To be guided by truth and defended from wrong. 21

Amen, quod Thomas Preston.<sup>2</sup>

*Imprinted at London by Edward Allde.*

<sup>1</sup> B. *huue*.

<sup>2</sup> B. *Prestou*.

THE FAMOUS VICTORIES OF HENRY THE FIFTH<sup>1</sup>  
CONTAINING THE HONOURABLE BATTELL OF AGIN-COURT: AS IT  
WAS PLAID BY THE QUEENES MAIESTIES PLAYERS

London: Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598

*Enter the young Prince, Ned, and Tom.*

HENRY THE FIFTH. Come away, Ned and Tom.

BOTH. Here, my lord.

HEN. 5. Come away, my lads. Tell me, sirs, how much gold haue you got? 5

NED. Faith, my lord, I haue got fife hundred pound.

HEN. 5. But tell me, Tom, how much hast thou got?

TOM. Faith, my lord, some foure hundred pound. 11

HEN. 5. Foure hundred pounds! Brauely spoken, lads! But tell me, sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part of me to rob my fathers receiuers? 1

NED. Why no, my lord; it was but a tricke of youth.

HEN. 5. Faith, Ned, thou sayest true. But tell me, sirs, whereabouts are we?

TOM. My lord, we are now about a mile off London. 21

HEN. 5. But, sirs, I maruell that Sir

<sup>1</sup> Officers appointed to receive money due.

John Old-castle comes not away. Sounds!<sup>1</sup>  
see where he comes. 24

*Enters Iockey.*

How now, Iockey? what newes with thee?

IOCKEY. Faith, my lord, such newes as passeth! For the towne of Detfort is risen with hue and crie after your man, which parted from vs the last night and has set vpon and hath robd a poore carrier.<sup>2</sup> 30

HEN. 5. Sownes! the vilaine that was wont to spie out our booties?

IOCK. I, my lord, euen the very same.

HEN. 5. Now, base-minded rascal to rob a poore carrier! Wel, it skills not; [35] Ile saue the base vilaines life i[f] I may. But tel me, Iockey, whercabout be the receiuers?

Ioc. Faith, my lord, they are hard by; but the best is we are a horse-backe and they be a-foote, so we may escape them. 41

HEN. 5. Wel, i[f] the vilaines come, let

<sup>1</sup> By God's wounds.

<sup>2</sup> One who conveyed goods and parcels on a certain route at certain times.

<sup>1</sup> *The Famous Victories*, written before 1588, is of importance as being our earliest extant history, or chronicle play, a type which later became exceedingly popular as a result of the victory over the Spanish Armada. It is also of interest as being the inspiration for Shakespeare's splendid trilogy, *I Henry IV*, *II Henry IV*, and *Henry V*. Sir John Oldcastle, sometimes called Jockey, was the original of Sir John Falstaff (whom Shakespeare first named Oldcastle); and Ned and the other "evil companions" who were gathered with the young Prince at "the old taverne in Eastcheape," find their counterpart in Ned, Poins, and the rest, of the famous Boar's Head. From *Tarlton's Jestes* we learn that the immortal Dick Tarlton, "the lord of mirth," who died in 1588, assumed the clown's part of Dericke; possibly he created the rôle. The play must have been a favorite with theatre-goers; Nash, in *Pierce Penilesse* (1592), speaks of it in terms that imply its popularity. The text as we have it seems to have been cut down and otherwise mangled for traveling purposes, but this has not seriously affected its power to entertain.

The play was entered in the Stationers' Registers in May, 1594; our earliest edition (A.) bears the date, 1598. Another edition was published in 1617. I have reproduced the text of the 1598 quarto from Farmer's photographic facsimile of the copy in the Bodleian Library. In the original many lines are set as though they were verse (as is often the case with plays printed from prompt copies); I have chosen to print these as prose. And, of course, I have modernized the punctuation and the use of capital letters, and have added in brackets, a few stage-directions.

me alone with them! But tel me, Iockey, how much gots thou from the knaues? For I am sure I got something, for one [45 of the vilaines so belamed me about the shoulders as I shal feele it this moneth.

LOCK. Faith, my lord, I haue got a hundred pound. 49

HEN. 5. A hundred pound! Now brauely spoken, Iockey. But come, sirs; laic al your money before me. [*They lay down the money.*] Now, by heauen, here is a braue shewe! But, as I am true gentleman, I wil haue the halfe of this spent [55 to-night! But, sirs, take vp your bags, here comes the receiuers. Let me alone.

*Enters two Receiuers.*

ONE. Alas, good fellow, what shal we do? I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be hangd. But looke, here is the yong Prince. What shal we doo? 61

HEN. 5. How now, you vilaines! What are you?

ONE RECEI. Speake you to him.

OTHER. No, I pray speake you to him.

HEN. 5. Why, how now, you rascals! why speak you not? 67

ONE. Forsooth, we be — pray speake you to him.

HEN. 5. Sowens, vilains, speak, or Ile cut off your heads! 71

OTHER. Forsooth, he can tel the tale better then I.

ONE. Forsooth, we be your fathers receiuers. 75

HEN. 5. Are you my fathers receiuers? Then I hope ye haue brought me some money.

ONE. Money? Alas, sir, we be robd!

HEN. 5. Robd! How many were there of them? 81

ONE. Marry, sir, there were foure of them; and one of them had Sir Iohn Old-castles bay hobbie, and your blacke nag. 84

HEN. 5. Gogs wounds! How like you this, Iockey? Blood, you vilaines! my father robd of his money abroad, and we robd in our stables! But tell me, how many were of them? 89

ONE RECEI. If it please you, there were foure of them; and there was one about the bignesse of you; — but I am sure

I so belamd him about the shoulders that he wil feele it this month. 94

HEN. 5. Gogs wounds, you lamd them faierly — so that they haue carried away your money. But come, sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?

BOTH RECEI. I beseech your Grace, be good to vs. 100

NED. I pray you, my lord, forgiue them this once.

[HEN. 5.] Well, stand vp, and get you gone. And looke that you speake not a word of it — for, if there be, sownes! Ile hang you, and all your kin! 106

*Exit Purseuant[s].*

HEN. 5. Now, sirs, how like you this? Was not this brauely done? For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it, I haue so feared them with words. Now, whither shall we goe? 111

ALL. Why, my lord, you know our old hostes at Feuersham.

HEN. 5. Our hostes at Feuersham! Blood, what shal we do there? We [115 haue a thousand pound about vs, and we shall go to a pettie ale-house? No, no. You know the olde tauerne in Eastcheape; there is good wine: — besides, there is a pretie wench that can talke well; for [120 I delight as much in their toongs as ary part about them.

ALL. We are readie to waite vpon your Grace. 124

HEN. 5. Gogs wounds, "wait"? we will go altogether; we are all fellowes. I tell you, sirs, and the king my father were dead, we would be all kings. Therefore, come away!

NED. Gogs wounds, brauely spoken, Harry! 131

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Enter Iohn Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Costermonger, [the watch].*

JOHN COB. All is well here; all is well, maisters.

ROBIN. How say you, neighbour Iohn Cobler? I thinke it best that my [135 neighbour, Robin Pewterer, went to Puding Lane End, and we will watch here at

Billingsgate Ward. How say you, neighbour Robin? how like you this? 139

ROBIN. Marry, well, neighbours; I care not much if I goe to Pudding Lanes End. But, neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me, make haste; and if I heare any ado about you, I will come to you.

*Exit Robin.*

LAW. Neighbor, what newes heare you of the young Prince? 146

JOHN. Marry, neighbor, I heare say he is a toward young Prince; for if he me[e]t any by the hie-way he will not let <sup>1</sup> to talke with him; — I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these taking fellows.<sup>2</sup> 151

LAW. Indeed, neighbour, I heare say he is as liuely a young Prince as euer was.

JOHN. I, and I heare say if he vse it long, his father will cut him off from the crowne. But, neighbour, say nothing of that! 156

LAW. No, no, neighbour, I warrant you!

JOHN. Neighbour, me-thinkes you begin to sleepe. If you will, we will sit down; for I thinke it is about midnight. 161

LAW. Marry, content, neighbour; let vs sleepe. [*They fall asleep.*]

*Enter Dericke rousing.*

DERICKE. Who!<sup>3</sup> who, there! who, there! 165

*Exit Dericke. Enter Robin.*

ROBIN. O neighbors, what meane you to sleepe, and such ado in the streetes?

AMBO. How now, neighbor, whats the matter?

*Enter Dericke againe.*

DERICKE. Who, there! who, there! who, there! 171

COBLER. Why, what ailst thou? here is no horses.<sup>4</sup>

DERICKE. O alas, man, I am robd! Who there! who there! 175

ROBIN. Hold him, neighbor Cobler.

<sup>1</sup> Hesitate.

<sup>2</sup> A highwayman, thief.

<sup>3</sup> An exclamation to attract attention; *Isaiah*, lv, 1: "Ho, every one that thirsteth."

<sup>4</sup> Compare the modern call to horses, "Whoa, there!" and Thomas Heywood's *Fortune by Land and Sea* (Pearson ed., 1874, vi, 384): "Come, Ile teach ye *hayte*, and *ree*, *gee* and *whoe*."

ROBIN. Why, I see thou art a plaine clowne.

DERICKE. Am I a clowne? Sownes, maisters, do clownes go in silke ap- [180] parell? I am sure all we gentlemen-clownes in Kent scant go so well. Sownes! you know clownes very well! Heare you, are you Maister Constable? And you be, speake, for I will not take it at his [185] hands.

JOHN. Faith, I am not Maister Constable; but I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here. 189

DERICKE. Is not Maister Constable here? Well, it is no matter. Ile haue the law at his hands.

JOHN. Nay, I pray you, do not take the law of vs.

DER. Well, you are one of his beastly officers. 196

JOHN. I am one of his bad officers.

DER. Why, then, I charge thee looke to him! 199

COBLER. Nay, but heare ye, sir; you seeme to be an honest fellow, and we are poore men; and now tis night, and we would be loth to haue any thing adoo; therefore, I pray thee, put it vp. 204

DER. First, thou saiest true; I am an honest fellow — and a proper, handsome fellow, too! and you seeme to be poore men; therefore I care not greatly. Nay, I am quickly pacified. But, and you chance to spie the theefe, I pray you laie hold on him. 211

ROBIN. Yes, that we wil, I warrant you.

DER. [*to the audience*]. Tis a wonderful thing to see how glad the knaue is, now I haue forgien him. 215

JOHN. Neighbors, do ye looke about you. How now, who's there?

*Enter the Theefe.*

THEEFE. Here is a good fellow. I pray you, which is the way to the old tauerne in Eastcheape? 220

DER. Whoope hollo! Now, Gads Hill, knowest thou me?

THEEF. I know thee for an asse.

DER. And I know thee for a taking fellow upon Gads Hill in Kent. A bots light vpon ye! 226

THEEF. The whorson vilaine would be knockt.

DER. Villaine! Maisters,<sup>1</sup> and ye be men, stand to him, and take his weapon from him. Let him not passe you! 231

*[They lay hands on him.]*

JOHN. My friend, what make you abroad now? It is too late to walke now.

THEEF. It is not too late for true men to walke. 235

LAW. We know thee not to be a true man.

THEEF. Why, what do you meane to do with me? Sownes, I am one of the kings liege people. 240

DER. Heare you, sir, are you one of the kings liege people?

THEEF. I, marry am I, sir! What say you to it?

DER. Marry, sir, I say you are one of the kings filching people. 246

COB. Come, come, lets haue him away.

THEEF. Why, what haue I done?

ROBIN. Thou hast robd a poore fellow, and taken away his goods from him. 250

THEEFE. I neuer sawe him before.

DER. Maisters, who comes here?

*Enter the Vintners boy.*

BOY. How now, good-man Cobler.

COB. How now, Robin. What makes thou abroad at this time of night? 255

BOY. Marrie, I haue beene at the Counter;<sup>2</sup> I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like!

COBLER. What is that, Robin? what is the matter? 260

BOY. Why, this night, about two houres ago, there came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store; and then they sent for a noyse<sup>3</sup> of musitians, and [265] were very merry for the space of an houre; then, whether their musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flue against the wals; and then they drew [270] their swordes and went into the streete and fought, and some tooke one part and some

tooke another; but for the space of halfe an houre there was such a bloodie fray as passeth! And none coulde part them, vn- [275] till such time as the Maior and Sheriffe were sent for; and then, at the last, with much adoo, they tooke them; and so the yong Prince was carried to the Counter; and then, about one houre after, there [280] came a messenger from the Court in all haste from the king for my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe — but for what cause I know not.

COBLER. Here is newes indeede, Robert! 286

LAW. Marry, neighbour, this newes is strange indeede! I thinke it best, neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe first.

THEEFE. What meane you to doe with me? 291

COBLER. We mean to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the sessions day.

THEEF. Then, I pray you, let me go to the prison where my maister is. 296

COB. Nay, thou must go to the country prison, to Newgate. Therefore, come away.

THEEF *[to Dericke]*. I prethie, be good to me, honest fellow. 301

DER. I, marry, will I; Ile be verie charitable to thee — for I will neuer leaue thee til I see thee on the gallowes. 304

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Enter Henry the Fourth, with the Earle of Ezeter, and the Lord of Oxford.*

OXF. And please your Maiestie, heere is my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe of London to speak with your Maiestie.

K. HEN. 4. Admit them to our presence.

*Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe.*

Now, my good Lord Maior of London, [309] the cause of my sending for you at this time is to tel you of a matter which I haue learned of my Councell. Herein I vnderstand that you haue committed my sonne to prison without our leau<sup>s</sup> and li- [314] cense. What! althogh he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a prince, and my

<sup>1</sup> A. *Maisters vilaine*.

<sup>2</sup> A prison in London.

<sup>3</sup> Band (of musicians).

sonne, and not to be halled to prison by  
euery subiect. 319

MAIOR. May it please your Maiestie to  
giue vs leaue to tell our tale?

KING HEN. 4. Or else God forbid!  
Otherwise you might thinke me an vn-  
equall iudge, hauing more affection to my  
sonne then to any rightfull iudgement. 325

MAIOR. Then I do not doubt but we  
shal rather deserue commendations at your  
Maiesties hands then any anger.

K. HEN. 4. Go too, say on. 329

MAIOR. Then, if it please your Mai-  
estie, this night betwixt two and three of  
the clocke in the morning my lord the yong  
Prince, with a very disordred companie,  
came to the old tauerne in Eastcheape; [334  
and whether it was that their musicke  
liked them not, or whether they were over-  
come with wine, I know not, but they  
drew their swords, and into the streete they  
went; and some tooke my lord the [339  
yong Princes part, and some tooke the  
other; but betwixt them there was such a  
bloodie fray for the space of halfe an houre  
that neither watchmen<sup>1</sup> nor any other  
could stay them; till my brother, the [344  
Sheriffe of London, and I were sent for;  
and, at the last, with much adoo, we staid  
them. But it was long first, which was a  
great disquieting to all your louing sub-  
iects thereabouts. And then, my [349  
good lord, we knew not whether your  
Grace had sent them to trie vs whether we  
would doe iustice, or whether it were of  
their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot  
tell. And, therefore, in such a case, [354  
we knew not what to do; but, for our own  
safeguard, we sent him to ward; where he  
wanteth nothing that is fit for his Grace  
and your Maiesties sonne. And thus,  
most humbly beseeching your Maiestie to  
thinke of our answer. 360

HEN. 4. Stand aside vntill we haue  
further deliberated on your answer.

*Exit Maior [and Sheriff].*

HEN. 4. Ah, Harry! Harry! now  
thrice-cursed Harry, that hath got- [364  
ten a sonne which with greefe will end his  
fathers dayes! Oh, my sonne, a prince

<sup>1</sup> The watch.

thou art, I, a prince, indeed — and to de-  
serue imprisonment! And well haue they  
done, and like faithfull subiects. Dis-  
charge them, and let them go. 370

L. EXE. I beseech your Grace, be good  
to my lord the yong Prince.

HEN. 4. Nay, nay, tis no matter; let  
him alone. 374

L. OXF. Perchance the Maior and the  
Sheriffe haue bene too precise in this mat-  
ter.

HEN. 4. No, they haue done like faith-  
full subiects. I will go my-selfe to dis-  
charge them and let them go. 380

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Lord Chiefe Iustice, Clarke of the  
Office, Tayler, Iohn Cobler, Dericke, and  
the Theefe.*

JUDGE. Tayler, bring the prisoner to the  
barre.

DER. Heare you, my lord; I pray you  
bring the bar to the prisoner. 384

*[The theefe is led to the bar.]*

JUDGE. Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

THEEFE. Here it is, my lord.

JUDGE. Clearke of the Office, reade his  
inditement.

CLEARKE. What is thy name? 389

THEEFE. My name was knowne before  
I came here, and shall be when I am gone, I  
warrant you.

JUDGE. I, I thinke so; but we will know  
it better before thou go. 394

DER. Sownes, and you do but send to  
the next iaille we are sure to know his  
name; for this is not the first prison he hath  
bene in, Ile warrant you.

CLEARKE. What is thy name? 399

THEEF. What need you to aske, and  
haue it in writing?

CLEARKE. Is not thy name Cutbert  
Cutter? <sup>1</sup>

THEEFE. What the diuell need you ask,  
and know it so well? 405

CLEARKE. Why then, Cutbert Cutter, I  
indite thee, by the name of Cutbert Cutter,  
for robbing a poore carrier the 20 day of  
May last past, in the fourteen yere of [409

<sup>1</sup> A cutthroat, highway robber.



the raigne of our soueraigne lord King Henry the Fourth, for setting vpon a poore carrier vpon Gads Hill, in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said carrier, and taken his goods from him — 414

DER. Oh, maisters, stay there! Nay, lets neuer belie the man! for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but hee hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great rase<sup>1</sup> of ginger that [419 Bouncing Besse with the iolly buttocks should haue had. That greues me most.

IUDGE. Well, what sayest thou? Art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

THEEFE. Not guiltie, my lord. 424

IUDGE. By whom wilt thou be tride?

THEEFE. By my lord the young Prince, or by my-selfe, whether you will.

*Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.*

HEN. 5. Come away, my lads. Gogs wounds, ye villain! what make you [429 heere? I must goe about my businesse my-selfe and you must stand loytering here?

THEEFE. Why, my lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe.

HEN. 5. Haue they bound thee, villain? Why, how now, my lord? 435

IUDGE. I am glad to see your Grace in good health.

HEN. 5. Why, my lord, this is my man. Tis maruell you knew him not long [439 before this. I tell you, he is a man of his hands.<sup>2</sup>

THEEFE. I, Gogs wounds, that I am! Try me, who dare. 443

IUDGE. Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging him to be your man.

HEN. 5. Why, my lord, what hath he done?

IUD. And it please your Maiestie, he hath robbed a poore carrier. 450

DER. Heare you, sir; marry, it was one Dericke, Goodman Hobblings man, of Kent.

HEN. 5. What! wast you, button-breech? Of my word, my lord, he did it but in iest. 455

DER. Heare you, sir, is it your mans

qualitie to rob folks in iest? In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest.<sup>1</sup>

HEN. 5. Well, my lord, what do you meane to do with my man? 460

IUDG. And please your Grace, the law must passe on him according to iustice; then he must be executed.<sup>2</sup>

HEN. 5. Why, then, belike you meane to hang my man? 465

IUDGE. I am sorie that it falles out so.

HEN. 5. Why, my lord, I pray ye, who am I? 468

IUD. And please your Grace, you are my lord the yong Prince, our king that shall be after the decess of our soueraigne lord King Henry the Fourth, whom God graunt long to raigne!

HEN. 5. You say true, my lord. And you will hang my man? 475

IUDGE. And like your Grace, I must needs do iustice.

HEN. 5. Tell me, my lord, shall I haue my man? 479

IUDGE. I cannot, my lord.

HEN. 5. But will you not let him go?

IUD. I am sorie that his case is so ill.

HEN. 5. Tush! case me no casings! Shal I haue my man? 484

IUDGE. I cannot, nor I may not, my lord.

HEN. 5. Nay, and "I shal not," say — and then I am answered!

IUDGE. No. 489

HEN. 5. No! Then I will haue him.

*He giueth him a boxe on the eare.<sup>3</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> In reality.

<sup>2</sup> Lines 458-63 are repeated in A., with the error of *test* for the *earnest* of line 458.

<sup>3</sup> In *Tarlton's Jest* is recorded the following anecdote: "At the Bull [inn] at Bishope-gate was a play of Henry the fift, wherein the iudge was to take a box on the eare: and because he was absent that should take the blow, Tarlton himselfe, ever forward to please, tooke upon him to play the same iudge, besides his owne part of the clowne: and Knel then playing Henry the fift, hit Tarlton a sound boxe indeed, which made the people laugh the more because it was he. But anon the iudge goes in, and immediately Tarlton in his clownes clothes comes out, and askes the actors, 'What newes?' 'O,' saith one, 'hadst thou been here, thou shouldest haue seene Prince Henry hit the iudge a terrible box on the eare.' 'What, man!' said Tarlton, 'strike a iudge!' 'It is true, yfaith,' said the other. 'No other like,' said Tarlton; 'and it could not be but terrible to the iudge, when the report so terrifies me that me thinkes the blow remains still on my cheek that it burnes againe!' The people laught at this mightily."

<sup>1</sup> Root.

<sup>2</sup> A man of valor (with, perhaps, a sly glance at his skill as a highwayman).

NED [*drawing his sword*]. Gogs wounds, my lord, shal I cut off his head?

HEN. 5. No; I charge you, draw not your swords; but get you hence; prouide a noyse of musitians. Away, be gone! 495

*Exeunt Ned and Tom.*<sup>1</sup>

JUDGE. Well, my lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

HEN. 5. Nay, and you be not, you shall haue more! 499

JUDGE. Why, I pray you, my lord, who am I?

HEN. 5. You! who knowes not you? Why, man, you are Lord Chiefe Iustice of England. 504

JUDGE. Your Grace hath said truth; therefore in striking me in this place you greatly abuse me; and not me onely but also your father, whose liuely person here in this place I doo represent. And [509 therefore to teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fleete<sup>2</sup> untill we haue spoken with your father.

HEN. 5. Why, then, belike you meane to send me to the Fleete! 514

JUDGE. I, indeed; and therefore, carry him away.

*Exeunt Hen. 5. with the officers.*

JUDGE. Iayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe vntil the next sises.

IAY. At your commandement, my Lord, it shalbe done. 520

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Dericke and Iohn Cobler.*

DER. Sownds, maisters, heres adoo when princes must go to prison! Why, Iohn, didst euer see the like?

IOHN. O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like! 525

DER. Why, Iohn, thou maist see what princes be in choller. A iudge a boxe on the eare! Ile tel thee, Iohn, O Iohn, I would not haue done it for twentie shillings. 530

IOHN. No, nor I. There had bene no way but one with vs — we should haue bene hangde. 533

DER. Faith, Iohn, Ile tel thee what: thou shalt be my Lord Chiefe Iustice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire; and Ile be the yong Prince, and hit thee a boxe on the eare; and then thou shalt say, "To teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fleete." 540

IOHN. Come on; Ile be your iudge! But thou shalt not hit me hard?

DER. No, no.

[*John Cobler takes his place in the Judge's seat.*]

IOHN. What hath he done? 544

DER. Marry, he hath robd Dericke.

IOHN. Why, then, I cannot let him go.

DER. I must needs haue my man.

IOHN. You shall not haue him! 548

DER. Shall I not haue my man? Say "no," and you dare! How say you? Shall I not haue my man?

IOHN. No, marry, shall you not!

DER. Shall I not, Iohn?

IOHN. No, Dericke. 554

DER. Why, then, take you that [*boxing his ears*] till more come! Sowndes, shall I not haue him?

IOHN. Well, I am content to take this at your hand. But, I pray you, who am I?

DER. Who art thou? Sownds, doost not know thy self? 561

IOHN. No.

DER. Now away, simple fellow. Why, man, thou art Iohn the Cobler. 564

IOHN. No, I am my Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.

DER. Oh, Iohn; masse! thou saist true, thou art indeed. 568

IOHN. Why, then, to teach you what prerogatiues mean, I commit you to the Fleete.

DER. Wel, I will go; but, yfaith, you gray-beard knaue, Ile course you! 573

*Exit. And straight enters again.*

Oh Iohn, come, come out of thy chair. Why, what a clown weart thou to let me hit thee a box on the eare! And now thou seest they will not take me to the Fleete. I thinke that thou art one of these Woren-day<sup>1</sup> clownes. 579

<sup>1</sup> A. *Exeunt the Theefe.*

<sup>2</sup> A well-known prison.

JOHN. But I maruell what will become of thee.

DER. Faith, Ile be no more a carrier.

JOHN. What wilt thou doo, then? 583

DER. Ile dwell with thee, and be a cobler.

JOHN. With me? Alasse, I am not able to keepe thee. Why, thou wilt cate me out of doores. 588

DER. Oh Iohn! No, Iohn; I am none of these great slouching fellows that deuoure these great peeces of beefe and brewes. Alasse, a trifle serues me — a woodcocke, a chicken, or a capons legge, or any such little thing serues me. [594

JOHN. A capon! Why, man, I cannot get a capon once a yeare — except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house; for we coblers be glad of a dish of rootes. 598

DER. Rootes! why, are you so good at rooting? Nay, cobler, wee le haue you ringde.<sup>1</sup>

JOHN. But, Dericke, though we be so poore, 602

Yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fire,<sup>2</sup> With nut-browne ale that is full stale, Which wil a man quaille and laie in the mire.

DER. A bots on you! and be but for your ale, Ile dwel with you. Come, lets away as fast as we can. 608

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.*

HEN. 5. Come away, sirs. Gogs wounds, Ned! didst thou not see what a boxe on the eare I tooke my Lord Chiefe Iustice? 612

TOM. By Gogs blood, it did me good to see it. It made his teeth iarre in his head!

*Enter Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

HEN. 5. How now, Sir Iohn Old-Castle, what newes with you?

IOH. OLD. I am glad to see your Grace at libertie. I was come, I, to visit you in prison. 619

HEN. 5. To visit me! Didst thou not know that I am a princes son? Why, tis

<sup>1</sup> As pigs are ringed in the nose to keep them from rooting.

<sup>2</sup> A crab apple, toasted in the fire and dropped into a mug of ale to warm and flavor the drink.

inough for me to looke into a prison, though I come not in my-selfe. But heres [623 such adoo now-a-dayes — heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the diuel and all. But I tel you, sirs, when I am king we will haue no such things. But, my lads, if the old king, my father, were dead, we would be all kings. 629

IOH. OLD. Hee is a good olde man; God take him to his mercy the sooner!

HEN. 5. But, Ned, so soone as I am king, the first thing I wil do shal be to put [633 my Lord Chiefe Iustice out of office, and thou shalt be my Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.

NED. Shall I be Lord Chiefe Iustice? By Gogs wounds, Ile be the brauest Lord Chiefe Iustice that cuer was in England!

HEN. 5. Then, Ned, Ile turne all these prisons into fence-schooles,<sup>1</sup> and I will endue<sup>2</sup> thee with them, with landes to maintaine them withall. Then I wil haue [643 a bout<sup>3</sup> with my Lord Chiefe Iustice. Thou shalt hang none but picke-purses, and horse-stealers, and such base-minded villaines; but that fellow that will stand by the high-way side courageously [648 with his sword and buckler and take a purse — that fellow, giue him commendations! Beside that, send him to me, and I will giue him an annuall pension out of my exchequer to maintaine him all the dayes of his life. 654

IOH. Nobly spoken, Harry! We shall neuer haue a mery world til the old king be dead. 657

NED. But whither are ye going now?

HEN. 5. To the Court; for I heare say my father lies verie sicke.

TOM. But I doubt he wil not die.

HEN. 5. Yet wil I goe thither; for the breath shal be no sooner out of his mouth but I wil clap the crowne on my head. 664

IOCKEY. Wil you goe to the Court with that cloake so full of needles?

HEN. 5. Cloake, ilat-holes, needles, and all was of mine owne deuising; and therefore I wil weare it. 669

TOM. I pray you, my lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

<sup>1</sup> Schools of fencing.

<sup>2</sup> A. about. A fencing match.

<sup>3</sup> Endow.

HEN. 5. Why, man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns til the crowne be on my head. 674

IOE. Or that euery needle might be a prick to their harts that repine at your doings. 677

HEN. 5. Thou saist true, Iockey. But thers some wil say the yong Prince will be "a well toward yong man" — and all this geare, that I had as leeuie they would breake my head with a pot as to say any such thing. But we stand prating [683 here too long; I must needs speake with my father. Therefore, come away.

[*They cross over to the King's palace.*]

PORTER. What a rapping keep you at the kings court-gate?

HEN. 5. Heres one that must speake with the king. 689

POR. The king is verie sick, and none must speak with him.

HEN. 5. No? You rascall, do you not know me? 693

POR. You are my lord the yong Prince.

HEN. 5. Then goe and tell my father that I must, and will, speake with him.

NED [*drawing his sword*]. Shall I cut off his head? 698

HEN. 5. No, no. Though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to doo here. What! you are in my fathers Court. 702

NED. I will write him in my tables; for so soone as I am made Lord Chiefe Iustice I will put him out of his office.

*The trumpet sounds.*

HEN. 5. Gogs wounds, sirs, the king comes. Lets all stand aside. 707

*Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.*

HEN. 4. And is it true, my lord, that my sonne is alreadie sent to the Fleete? Now, truly, that man is more fitter to rule the realme then I; for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he, by one word, hath caus'd him to be ruled. Oh my [713 sonne! my sonne! no sooner out of one prison but into another? I had thought once-whiles I had liued to haue scene this noble realme of England flourish by thee,

my sonne; but now I see it goes to ruine and decaie. 719

*He wepeth.*

*Enters Lord of Oxford.*

OX. And please your Grace, here is my lord your sonne that commeth to speake with you. He saith he must, and wil, speake with you. 723

HEN. 4. Who? my sonne Harry?

OXF. I, and please your Maiestie.

HEN. 4. I know wherefore he cometh. But looke that none come with him.<sup>1</sup> 728

OXF. A verie disordered company, and such as make verie ill rule in your Maisties house.

HEN. 4. Well, let him come; but looke that none come with him. 733

*He goeth.*

OXF. And please your Grace my lord the king sends for you.

HEN. 5. Come away, sirs; lets go all together.

OXF. And please your Grace, none must go with you. 739

HEN. 5. Why, I must needs haue them with me; otherwise I can do my father no countenance:<sup>2</sup> therefore, come away.

OXF. The king your father commaunds there should none come. 744

HEN. 5. Well, sirs, then be gone — and prouide me three noyse of musitians.

*Exeunt knights.*

*Enters the Prince, with a dagger in his hand.*

HEN. 4. Come, my sonne; come on, a Gods name! I know wherefore thy [748 comming is. Oh, my sonne, my sonne! what cause hath euer bene that thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde and reprobate company which abuseth youth so manifestly? Oh, my sonne, [753 thou knowest that these thy doings wil end thy fathers dayes.

*He weepes.*

I, so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to ap-

<sup>1</sup> This line may be corrupt, caught by the printer from line 733. We should expect a question.

<sup>2</sup> Show him no dignity, proper respect.

proach the presence of thy sick father in that disguised sort. I tel thee, my sonne, [758 that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke but it is a prick to my heart, and neuer an ilat-hole but it is a hole to my soule; and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I know not, but by coniecture. 763

*He weepes.*

HEN. 5. [*aside*]. My conscience accuseth me. [*He kneels.*] Most soueraign lord, and welbeloued father, to answere first to the last point, that is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this [768 dagger shall be arme against your life, no! Know, my beloued father, far be the thoughts of your sonne — "sonne," said I? an vnworthie sonne for so good a father! — but farre be the thoughts of any such [773 pretended mischief. And I most humbly render it to your Maesties hand. And liue, my lord and soueraigne, for euer! And with your dagger-arme show like vengeance vpon the bodie of — "that, [778 your sonne," I was about say, and dare not; ah, woe is me therefore! — that, your wilde slaue. Tis not the crowne that I come for, sweete father, because I am vnworthie. And those vilde and repro- [783 bate companions<sup>1</sup> — I abandon and vtterly abolish their company for euer! Pardon, sweete father! pardon! the least thing and most desire. And this ruffianly cloake I here teare from my backe, [788 and sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mischief. Pardon me, sweet father! pardon me! Good my Lord of Exeter, speak for me. Pardon me! pardon, good father! Not a word? [793 Ah, he wil not speak one word! A, Harry, now thrice vnhappy Harry! But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life; and, when I haue done, I wil laie me downe and die. 799

*Exit.*

HEN. 4. Call him againe! Call my sonne againe!

[*Re-enter the Prince.*]

HEN. 5. And doth my father call me

<sup>1</sup> A. company.

again? Now, Harry, happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe! 804

[*He kneels.*]

HEN. 4. Stand vp, my son; and do not think thy father but at the request of thee, my sonne, I wil pardon thee. And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant. 808

HEN. 5. Thanks, good my lord. And no doubt but this day, euen this day, I am borne new againe.

HEN. 4. Come, my son and lords, take me by the hands. 813

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Dericke [shouting at John Cooler's wife within].*

DER. Thou art a stinking whore! and a whorson stinking whore! Doest thinko Ile take it at thy hands?

*Enter Iohn Cobler, running.*

JOHN. Derick, D[ericke], D[ericke], hearesta? <sup>1</sup> Oh, <sup>2</sup> D[ericke], neuer [818 while thou liuest vse that! Why, what wil my neighbors say and thou go away so?

DER. Shees a narrant whore; and Ile haue the lawe on you, Iohn.

JOHN. Why, what hath she done? 823

DER. Marry, marke thou, Iohn. I wil proue it, that I wil!

JOHN. What wilt thou proue?

DER. That she cald me in to dinner — Iohn, marke the tale wel, Iohn — and [828 when I was set, she brought me a dish of rootes and a peece of barrel-butter therein. And she is a verie knaue, and thou a drab if thou take her part. 832

JOHN. Hearستا, Dericke? is this the matter? Nay, and it be no worse we wil go home againe, and all shall be amended.

DER. Oh Iohn, hearesta, Iohn? is all well?

JOHN. I, all is wel. 838

DER. Then Ile go home before, and breake all the glasse windows.

[*Exeunt Dericke and Iohn.*]

*Enter the King with his lords.*

HEN. 4. Come, my lords. I see it

<sup>1</sup> Hearst thou.

<sup>2</sup> A. Do.

bootes me not to take any phisick, for all the phisicians in the world cannot cure [843 me; no, not one. But, good my lords, remember my last wil and testament concerning my sonne; for truly, my lordes, I doo not thinke but he wil proue as valiant and victorious a king as euer raigned in England. 849

BOTH. Let heuen and earth be witness betweene vs if we accomplish not thy wil to the vttermost. 852

HEN. IV. I giue you most vnfaigned thanks, good my lords. Draw the curtaines, and depart my chamber a while; and cause some musicke to rocke me a-sleepe. 857

*He sleepeeth. Exeunt Lords.*

*Enter the Prince.*

HEN. 5. Ah, Harry, thrice vnhappy, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father! I wil goe. Nay, but why doo I not go to the chamber of my sick father to comfort the melancholy soule of his bodie? [*He approaches the sleeping king.*] His soule, said I? Here is his bodie, indeed, but his soule is whereas it needs no bodie. Now, thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much! And could not I craue [868 pardon for all? Oh my dying father! Curst be the day wherein I was borne, and accused be the houre wherein I was begotten! But what shal I do? If weeping teares, which come too late, may suffice the negligence, neglected to some, I wil weepe day and night vntill the fountaine be drie with weeping. 873

*Exit [with the crown].*

*Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.*

EXE. Come easily, my lord, for waking of the king. 878

HEN. 4. [*waking*] Now, my lords?

OXF. How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

HEN. 4. Somewhat better after my sleepe. But, good my lords, take off [883 my crowne. Remoue my chaire a little backe, and set me right.

AMBO. And please your Grace, the crown is taken away. 887

HEN. IV. The crowne taken away! Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deed. No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it to depriue my sonne. They that would do it now would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death. 894

*Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.*

OXF. Here, and please your Grace, is my lord the yong Prince with the crowne.

HEN. 4. Why, how now, my sonne! I had thought the last time I had you [898 in schooling I had giuen you a lesson for all; and do you now begin againe? Why, tel me, my sonne, doest thou thinke the time so long that thou wouldest haue it before the breath be out of my mouth? 903

HEN. 5. Most soueraign lord and wel-beloued father, I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy soule of your bodie; and finding you at that time past all recouerie, and dead, to my thinking [908 — God is my witness — and what should I doo, but with weeping tears lament the death of you, my father? And after that, seeing the crowne, I tooke it. And tel me, my father, who might better take it [913 then I, after your death? But, seeing you liue, I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands; and the happiest man aliuie that my father liue[s]. And liue, my lord and father, for cuer! 918

*[He kneels.]*

HEN. 4. Stand, vp my sonne. Thine answer hath sounded wel in mine eares; for I must need confesse that I was in a very sound sleep, and altogether vnmindful of thy comming. But come neare, [923 my sonne, and let me put thee in possession whilst I liue, that none depriue thee of it after my death.

HEN. 5. Well may I take it at your Maiesties hands; but it shal neuer touch my head so long as my father liues. 929

*He taketh the crowne.*

HEN. 4. God giue thee ioy, my sonne! God bless thee, and make thee his seruant, and send thee a prosperous raigne! For God knowes, my sonne, how hardly I came

by it, and how hardly I haue maintained it. 935

HEN. 5. Howsoeuer you came by it I know not; but now I haue it from you, and from you I wil keepe it. And he that [938] seekes to take the crowne from my head, let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine, or I will pearce him to the heart, were it harder then brasse or bolliion. 943

HEN. IV. Nobly spoken, and like a king! Now trust me, my lordes, I feare not but my sonne will be as warlike and victorious a prince as euer raigned in England. 948

L[ORDES] AMBO. His former life shewes no lesse.

HEN. 4. Wel, my lords, I know not whether it be for sleep, or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death, but I am [953] verie much giuen to sleepe. Therefore, good my lords, and my sonne, draw the curtaines; depart my chamber; and cause some musicke to rocke me a-sleepe. 957

*Exeunt omnes.*

*The King dieth.*

*Enter the theefe.*

THEEFE. Ah, God, I am now much like to a bird which hath escaped out of the cage; for so soone as my Lord Chiefe Iustice heard that the old king was dead he was glad to let me go for feare of my lord the yong Prince. But here comes [963] some of his companions. I wil see and I can get any thing of them for old acquaintance.

*Enter Knights raunging.*

TOM. Gogs wounds, the king is dead!

IOH. Dead! then, Gogs blood, we shall be all kings! 969

NED. Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.

TOM [*to the thief*]. Why how, are you broken out of prison? 973

NED. Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes! <sup>1</sup>

IOC. Why, what wil become of thee now? Fie vpon him, how the rascall stinkes! 978

THEEF. Marry, I wil go and serue my maister againe.

TOM. Gogs blood, doost think that he wil haue any such scab'd knaue as thou art? What, man! he is a king now. 983

NED [*giving him money*]. Hold thee. Heres a couple of angels <sup>1</sup> for thee. And get thee gone, for the king wil not be long before he come this way. And hereafter I wil tel the king of thee. 988

*Exit Theefe.*

IOC. Oh, how it did me good to see the king when he was crowned! Me-thought his seate was like the figure of heauen, and his person like vnto a god. 992

NED. But who would haue thought that the king would haue changde his countenance so?

IOC. Did you not see with what grace he sent his embassage into France to tel the French king that Harry of England [998] hath sent for the crowne, and Harry of England wil haue it?

TOM. But twas but a litle to make the people beleue that he was sorie for his fathers death. 1003

*The Trumpet sounds.*

NED. Gogs wounds, the king comes! Lets all stand aside.

*Enter the King with the Archbishop and the Lord of Oxford.*

IOC. How do you, my lord?

NED. How now, Harry? [*The King frowns vpon him.*] Tut, my lord, put [1008] away these dumpes. You are a king, and all the realme is yours. What, man! do you not remember the old sayings? You know I must be Lord Chiefe Iustice of England. Trust me, my lord, me- [1013] thinks you are very much changed. And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes beleue the death of your father greeces you — and tis nothing so. 1017

HEN. 5. I prethee, Ned, mend thy manners, and be more modester in thy

<sup>1</sup> Gold coins, with a value of about ten shillings.

<sup>1</sup> The prisons were foul, and we have many allusions to the evil smell of persons confined therein.

tearmes; for my vnfeined greefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering and dissembling talke. Thou saist I am changed; so I am, indeed; and so must thou be, and [1023 that quickly, or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.

Ioc. Gogs wounds, how like you this? Sownds! tis not so sweete as musicke.

TOM. I trust we haue not offended your Grace no way. 1029

HEN. 5. Ah, Tom, your former life greuees me, and makes me to abandon and abolish your company for euer. And therefore, not vpon pain of death to approach my presence by ten miles space. Then, if I heare wel of you, it may be I will do somewhat for you; otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands then at any other mans. And therefore, be [1038 gone! we haue other matters to talke on.

*Exeunt knights.*

Now, my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, what say you to our embassage into France? 1042

ARCHB. Your right to the French crowne of France came by your great grandmother Izabel, wife to King Edward the Third, and sisher to Charles, the French king. Now, if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil, then [1048 must you take your sword in hand and conquer the right. Let the vsurped Frenchman know, although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil not; for your countrymen are willing with purse and men to [1053 aide you. Then, my good lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne that Scotland hath bene in league with France by a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence, I thinke it therefore best to conquere [1058 Scotland; and then I think that you may go more easily into France. And this is all that I can say, my good lord.

HEN. 5. I thanke you, my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. What say you, my good Lord of Oxford? 1064

OXF. And<sup>1</sup> please your Maiestie, I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this: — "He that wil Scotland win must first with France begin," according [1068

to the old saying. Therefore, my good lord, I thinke it best first to inuade France; for in conquering Scotland you conquer but one, and conquere France, and conquere both. 1073

*Enter Lord of Exeter.*

EXE. And please your Maiestie, my Lord Embassador is come out of France.

HEN. 5. Now trust me, my lord, he was the last man that we talked of. I am glad that he is come to resolute vs of our answer. Commit him to our presence. 1079

*Enter Duke of Yorke.*

YORK. God saue the life of my soueraign lord the king!

HEN. 5. Now, my good lord the Duke of Yorke, what newes from our brother the French king? 1084

YORKE. And please your Maiestie, I deliuered him my embassage, whereof I tooke some deliberation. But for the answer, he hath sent my Lord Embassador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony, Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen to bring the embassage.

HEN. 5. Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges into our presence. [1093

*Enter Archbishop of Burges.*

Now, my Lord Archbishop of Burges, we do learne by our Lord Embassador that you haue our message to do from our brother the French king. Here, my good lord, [1097 according to our accustomed order, we giue you free libertie and license to speake with good audience.

ARCHB. God saue the mightie King of England! My lord and maister, the [1102 most Christian King Charles the Seuenth, the great and mightie King of France, as a most noble and Christian king not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content to yeeld somewhat to your vnreason- [1107 able demaunds — that, if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare, with his daughter, the said Ladie Katheren, in marriage, and some crownes which he may wel spare not hurting of his kingdome, he is con- [1112 tent to yeeld so far to your vnreasonable desire.

<sup>1</sup> A. And and.



HEN. 5. Why then, belike your lord and maister thinks to puffe me vp with fifty thousand crowns a yere? No! [1117 Tell thy lord and maister that all the crownes in France shall not serue me, except the crowne and kingdome it selfe! And perchance hercafter I wil haue his daughter. 1122

ARCHB. And it please your Maiestie, my Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well with this present.

*He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis-balles.<sup>1</sup>*

HEN. 5. What, a gilded tunne! I pray you, my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it. 1128

YORKE. And it please your Grace, here is a carpet, and a tunne of tennis-balles.

HEN. 5. A tunne of tennis-balles! I pray you, good my Lord Archbishop, what might the meaning thereof be? 1133

ARCHB. And it please you, my lord, a messenger, you know, ought to keepe close his message — and specially an ambassador. 1137

HEN. 5. But I know that you may declare your message to a king; the law of armes allowes no lesse.

ARCHB. My Lord [Prince Dolphin], hearing of your wildnesse before [1142 your fathers death, sent you this, my good lord, meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis-court then a field, and more fitter for a carpet then the camp. 1146

HEN. 5. My Lord Prince Dolphin is very pleisant with me! But tel him that in-steed of balles of leather we wil toss him balles of brasse and yron — yea, such balles as neuer were tost in France. The proudest tennis-court shall rue it! I, [1152 and thou, Prince of Burges, shall rue it! Therefore, get thee hence; and tel him thy message quickly, least I be there before thee. Away, priest! be gone! 1156

ARCHB. I beseech your Grace to deliuer me your safe conduct vnder your broad seale emanuel.

HEN. 5. Priest of Burges, know that the hand and seale of a king, and his word, is all onc. And, in-steed of my hand [1162

and seale I will bring him my hand and sword. And tel thy lord and maister that I, Harry of England, said it; and I, Harry of England, wil performe it! My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct [1167 under our broad seale emanuel.

*Exeunt Archbishop and the Duke of Yorke.*

Now, my lords, to armes! to armes! For I vow by heauen and earth that the proudest French-man in all France shall rue [1171 the time that euer these tennis-balles were sent into England. My lord, I wil that there be provided a great nauy of ships with all speed at South-Hampton, for there I meane to ship my men; for I would [1176 be there before him, if it were possible. Therefore come — but staie; I had almost forgot the chiefeest thing of all with chafing with this French Embassador. Call in my Lord Chiefe Iustice of England. 1181

*Enters Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.*

EXE. Here is the king, my lord.

IUSTICE. God preserue your Maiestie!

HEN. 5. Why, how now, my lord? what is the matter?

IUSTICE. I would it were vnknowne to your Maiestie. 1187

HEN. 5. Why, what aile you?

IUST. Your Maiestie knoweth my griefe well. 1190

HEN. 5. Oh, my lord, you remember you sent me to the Fleete, did you not?

IUST. I trust your Grace haue forgotten that.

HEN. 5. I, truly, my lord; and for reuengement I haue chosen you to be [1196 my Protector ouer my realme, until it shall please God to giue me speedie returne out of France.

IUST. And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnworthie of so high a dignitie. 1201

HEN. 5. Tut, my lord! you are not vnworthie, because I thinke you worthie; for you that would not spare me, I thinke, wil not spare another. It must needs be so. And therefore, come, let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse. 1207

*Exeunt omnes.*

<sup>1</sup> A. repeats this stage-direction before and after the speech of the Archbishop.

*Enter a Capitaine, Iohn Cobler and his wife.*

CAP. Come, come; there's no remedie. Thou must needs serue the king.

JOHN. Good Maister Capitaine, let me go. I am not able to go so farre. 1211

WIFE. I pray you, good Maister Capitaine, be good to my husband.

CAP. Why, I am sure he is not too good to serue the king. 1215

JOHN. Alasse, no — but a great deale too bad; therefore, I pray you, let me go.

CAP. No, no; thou shalt go.

JOHN. Oh, sir, I haue a great many shooes at home to cobbler.

WIFE. I pray you, let him go home againe. 1222

CAP. Tush, I care not. Thou shalt go.

JOHN. Oh wife, and you had bene a louing wife to me this had not bene; for I haue said many times that I would go away, and now I must go against my will. 1227

*He weepeth.*

*Enters Dericke [with a pot-lid for a shield].*

DER. How now, ho! Basillus manus<sup>1</sup> for an old codpeece! Maister Capitaine, shall we awaye? Sownds! how now, Iohn? What, a crying? What make you [1231 and my dame there? *[To the wife:]* I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at, now we are gone.

WIFE. Ile tell you! Come, ye clog-head! What do you with my poulid? [1236 Heare you, will you haue it rapt about your pate?

*She beateth him with her potlid.*

DER. Oh good dame!

*Here he shakes her.<sup>2</sup>*

And I had my dagger here I wold worie you al to pecces, that I would! 1241

WIFE. Would you so? Ile trie that.

*She beateth him.*

DER. Maister Capitaine, will ye suffer her? Go too, dame! I wil go backe as far as I can; but, and you come againe — Ile clap the law on your backe, thats [1246

<sup>1</sup> A common phrase, corrupted from the Spanish greeting, *besár los manos* (to kiss the hands); here used as nonsense.

<sup>2</sup> A. prints this as a part of Dericke's speech.

flat! Ile tell you, Maister Capitaine, what you shall do: presse her for a souldier! I warrant you she will do as much good as her husband and I too.

*Enters the Theefe.*

Sownes! who comes yonder? 1251

CAP. How now, good fellow; doest thou want a maister?

THEEFE. I, truly, sir.

CAP. Hold thee, then. I presse thee for a souldier to serue the king in France.

DER. How now, Gads! What, doest knowes,<sup>1</sup> thinkest? 1258

THEEFE. I, I knew thee long ago.

DER. Heare you, Maister Capitaine.

CAP. What saist thou? 1261

DER. I pray you, let me go home againe.

CAP. Why, what wouldst thou do at home? 1265

DER. Marry, I haue brought two shirts with me, and I would carry one of them home againe; for I am sure heele steale it from me, he is such a filching fellow.

CAP. I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee. Come, lets away. 1271

DER. Come, Maister Capitaine, lets away. Come, follow me.

JOHN. Come, wife, lets part louingly.

WIFE. Farewell, good husband. 1276

*[They embrace.]*

DER. Fie, what a kissing and crying is here! Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe? Why, Iohn, come away! Doest thinke that we are so base-minded to die among Frenchmen? Sownes, [1281 we know not whether they will laie<sup>2</sup> us in their church or no. Come, M[aster] Cap tain, lets away.

CAP. I cannot staie no longer; therefore, come away. 1286

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the [French] King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord High Constable of France.*

KING. Now, my Lord High Constable, what say you to our embassage into England?

<sup>1</sup> Know us.

<sup>2</sup> Bury.

CONST. And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing untill my Lords [1291] Embassadors be come home. But yet methinks your Grace hath done well to get your men in so good a readinesse for feare of the worst. 1295

KING. I, my lord, we haue some in a readinesse; but if the king of England make against vs we must haue thrice so many moe.

DOLPHIN. Tut, my lord; although the king of England be yong and wilde- [1301] headed, yet neuer thinke he will be so unwise to make battell against the mightie king of France.

KING. Oh, my sonne, although the king of England be yong and wilde- [1306] headed, yet neuer thinke but he is rulde by his wise counsellors.

*Enter Archbishop of Burges.*

ARCH. God saue the life of my soueraign lord, the King! 1310

KING. Now, my good Lord Archbishop of Burges, what news from our brother, the English king?

ARCHB. And please your Maiestie, he is so far from your expectation that nothing will serue him but the crowne and [1316] kingdome it-selfe. Besides, he bad me haste quickly least he be there before me. And, so far as I heare, he hath kept promise; for they say he is alreadie landed at Kidcocks in Normandie vpon the [1321] Riuer of Sene, and laid his siege to the garrison-towne of Harfew.

KING. You haue made great haste in the meantime, haue you not?

DOLPHIN. I pray you, my lord, how did the king of England take my presents? 1327

ARCHB. Truly, my lord, in verie ill part. For these your balles of leather he will toss you balles of brasse and yron. Trust me, my lord, I was verie affraide of him, [1331] he is such a hautie and high-minded prince. He is as fierce as a lyon.

CON. Tush! we will make him as tame as a lambe, I warrant you.

*Enters a Messenger.*

MESSEN. God saue the mightie King of France! 1337

KING. Now, messenger, what newes?

MESSEN. And it please your Maiestie, I come from your poore distressed towne of Harfew, which is so beset on euery [1341] side, if your Maiestie do not send present aide the towne will be yeldest to the English king.

KING. Come, my lords, come! Shall we stand still till our country be [1346] spoyled vnder our noses? My lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickardies, and Danes be sent for with all speede. And you, my Lord High Constable, I make generall ouer all my whole armie; Mon- [1351] sieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,<sup>1</sup> Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment.

DOLP. I trust your Maiestie will bestow some part of the battell on me. [1356] I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

KING. I tell thee, my sonne, although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life, I should thinke my-selfe quite [1361] conquered, and the English-men to haue the victorie.

DOL. Why, my lord and father, I would haue the pettie king of England to know that I dare encounter him in any ground of the world. 1367

KING. I know well, my sonne; but at this time I will haue it thus. Therefore, come away. 1370

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enters Henry the Fifth, with his lords.*

HEN. 5. Come, my lords of England. No doubt this good lucke of winning this towne is a signe of an honourable victorie to come. But, good my lord, go and speake to the captaines with all speed, to number the hoast of the French- [1376] men, and by that meanes we may the better know how to appoint the battell.

YORKE. And it please your Maiestie, there are many of your men sicke and diseased, and many of them die for want of victuals. 1382

<sup>1</sup> *Qy. bowse, crossbows.* According to Holinshed, Lord Rambures was "maister of the crossbowes," and this officer played a conspicuous part in the battle.

HEN. 5. And why did you not tell me of it before? If we cannot haue it for money we will haue it by dint of sword; the lawe of armes allow no lesse. 1386

OXF. I beseech your Grace to graunt me a boone.

HEN. 5. What is that, my good lord?

OXF. That your Grace would giue me the euantgard<sup>1</sup> in the battell. 1391

HEN. 5. Trust me, my Lord of Oxford, I cannot; for I haue already giuen it to my vncke, the Duke of York. Yet I thanke you for your good will. *A trumpet sounds.* How now, what is that? 1396

YORKE. I thinke it be some herald of armes.

*Enters a Herald.*

HERALD. King of England, my Lord High Constable, and others of the noblemen of France, sends me to defie thee [1401 as open enemy to God, our countrey, and vs; and hereupon they presently bid thee battell.

HEN. 5. Herald, tell them that I defie them as open enemies to God, my [1406 countrey, and me, and as wronfull vsurpers of my right. And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell, tell them that I thinke they know how to please me. But, I pray thee, what place hath my Lord Prince Dolphin here in battell? 1412

HERALD. And it please your Grace, my lord and king, his father, will not let him come into the field. 1415

HEN. 5. Why, then he doth me great iniurie. I thought that he and I shuld haue plaid at tennis together; therefore I haue brought tennis-balles for him — but other manner of ones then he sent me. And, Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin [1421 that I haue inured<sup>2</sup> my hands with other kind of weapons then tennis-balles ere this time a day, and that he shall finde it, ere it be long. And so, adue my friend. And tell my lord that I am readie when he [1426 will.

*Exit Herald.*

Come, my lords. I care not and I go to our captaines; and Ile see the number of

<sup>1</sup> The foremost part of the army. <sup>2</sup> Practised.

the French army my selfe. Strike up the drumme! 1431

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter French Souldiers.*

1. SOUL. Come away, Jack Drummer! Come away all, and me will tel you what me wil doo. Me wil tro<sup>1</sup> one chance on the dice who shall haue the king of England and his lords. 1436

2. SOUL. Come away, Jacke Drummer, and tro your chance; and lay downe your drumme.

*Enter Drummer.*

DRUM. Oh, the braue<sup>2</sup> apparel that the English-mans hay broth ouer! I wil tel you what me ha donne. Me ha [1442 prouided a hundreth trunkes, and all to put the fine parel of the English-mans in.

1. SOUL. What do thou meane by "trunkes"? 1442

2. SOUL. A shest, man, a hundred shests. 1448

1. SOUL. Awce, awce, awce.<sup>3</sup> Me wil tel you what: me ha put fise children<sup>4</sup> out of my house, and all too litle to put the fine apparel of the English-mans in. 1452

DRUM. Oh, the braue, the braue apparel that we shall haue anon! But come, and you shall see what me wil tro at the kings drummer and fife. [*He throws the dice.*] Ha! me ha no good lucke. Tro you. 1458

3. SOL. Faith, me wil tro at the Earle of Northumberland, and my Lord a Wilowby with his great horse, snorting, farting — oh braue horse! [*He throws the dice.*]

1. SOL. Ha! Bur Ladie, you ha reasonable good lucke. Now I wil tro at the king himselfe. [*He throws the dice.*] Ha! me haue no good lucke.

*Enters a Captaine.*

CAP. How now! what make you here so farre from the campe? 1468

2. SOL. Shal me tel our captaine what we haue done here?

DRUM. Awce, awce. 1471

*Exeunt Drum[mer] and one Souldier.*

<sup>1</sup> Throw.  
<sup>2</sup> Out (yes).

<sup>3</sup> Magnificent.  
<sup>4</sup> Children.

2. SOL. I wil tel you what we <sup>1</sup> haue donne. We haue bene troing our shance on the dice; but none can win the king.

CAP. I thinke so. Why, he is left behind for me! And I haue set three or foure chaire-makers a worke to make a [1477 new disguised chaire to set that womanly king of England in, that all the people may laugh and scoffe at him.

2. SOUL. Oh braue captaine! 1481

CAP. I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pite, to see the poore king — why, who euer saw a more flourishing armie in France in one day then here is? Are not here all the peeres of France? Are not here the Normans, with their frie [1487 hand-gunnes and flaunching <sup>2</sup> curtlexes? Are not here the barbarians, with their bard <sup>3</sup> horses and lanching speares? Are not here Pickardes, with their crosbowes and piercing dartes? The Henues, <sup>4</sup> [1492 with their cutting glaues <sup>5</sup> and sharpe carbuckles? <sup>6</sup> Are not here the lance-knights of Burgondie? And, on the other side, a site of poore English scabs! Why, take an English-man out of his warme bed [1497 and his stale drinke but one moneth, and, alas! what wil become of him? But giue the Frenchman a reddish <sup>7</sup> roote, and he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life.

*Exit.*

2. SOUL. Oh, the braue apparel that we shall haue of the English-mans! 1503

*Exit.*

*Enters the King of England and his Lords.*

HEN. 5. Come, my lords and fellowes of armes. What company is there of the French-men? 1506

OXF. And it please your Maiestie, our captaines haue numbred them, and, so

<sup>1</sup> A. *who*.

<sup>2</sup> Flaunting? (showy, gay).

<sup>3</sup> Covered with bards, protective plates of armor set with spikes.

<sup>4</sup> Men of Hainault.

<sup>5</sup> Swords, or halberds.

<sup>6</sup> Originally a carbuncle borne in a shield; here, apparently, the pointed spike in the centre of the shield.

<sup>7</sup> Radish.

neare as they can iudge, they are about threescore thousand horsemen and fortie thousand footemen. 1511

HEN. 5. They threescore thousand [horsemen], and we but two thousand! They fortie <sup>1</sup> thousand footemen, and we twelue thousand! They are a hundred thousand, and we fourteen <sup>2</sup> thousand! Ten to one! My lords and louing [1517 countrymen, though we be fewe, and they many, feare not. Your quarrel is good, and God wil defend you. Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either haue a valiant victorie, or a honourable [1522 death! Now, my lords, I wil that my vncl, the Duke of Yorke, haue the auant-gard in the battell; the Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford, the Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham, the Earle of [1527 Huntington I wil haue beside the army, that they may come fresh vpon them; and I my-selfe, with the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Gloster wil be in the midst of the battell. [1532 Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Wilowby and the Earle of Northumberland, with their troupes of horsmen, be continually running like wings on both sides of the army — my Lord of Northumberland- [1537 land on the left wing. Then I wil that euery archer prouide him a stake of a tre, and sharpe it at both endes; and, at the first encounter of the horsemen, to pitch their stakes downe into the ground [1542 before them, that they may gore themselves vpon them; and then, to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly altogether, and so discomfit them. 1546

OXF. And it please your Maiestie, I wil take that in charge, if your Grace be therewith content.

HEN. With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford. And go and prouide quickly. 1552

OXF. I thanke your Highnesse.

*Exit [the Earl of Oxford].*

HEN. 5. Well, my lords, our battels are ordeined, and the French making of bon-

<sup>1</sup> A. *threescore*, possibly caught by the printer from the second line above.

<sup>2</sup> A. *fortie*.

fires, and at their bankets. But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them. 1557

*The trumpet soundes.*

Soft, heres comes some other French message.

*Enter Herald.*

HERALD. King of England, my Lord High Constable and other of my lords, considering the poore estate of thee and [1562 thy poore country-men, sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome. Perhaps thou maist agree better cheape<sup>1</sup> now then when thou art conquered. 1566

HEN. 5. Why then, belike, your High Constable sends to know what I wil giue for my ransome? Now trust me, Herald, not so much as a tun of tennis-bals — no, not so much as one poore tennis-ball! Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the [1572 field to feed crows then euer England shall pay one penny ransome for my bodie.

HERALD. A kingly resolution!

HEN. 5. No, Herald; tis a kingly resolution, and the resolution of a king. Here, take this for thy paines. 1578

*Exit Herald.*

But stay, my lords; what time is it?

ALL. Prime,<sup>2</sup> my lord.

HEN. 5. Then is it good time, no doubt, for all England praith for vs. [1582 What, my lords! me-thinks you looke cheerfully vpon mee. Why then, with one voice, and like true English hearts, with me throw vp your caps, and for England cry, "[Saint] George!" And God and [Saint] George helpe vs! 1588

*Strike, Drummer.<sup>3</sup> Excunt omnes.*

*The French-men crie within, "S[aint] Dennis! S[aint] Dennis! Mount Ioy! S[aint] Dennis!"*

*The Battell [within].*

*Enters King of England, and his Lords.*

HEN. 5. Come, my lords, come! By

<sup>1</sup> Make a better bargain.

<sup>2</sup> The first of the Day Hours of the church, beginning at 6 A.M., or at sunrise.

<sup>3</sup> The imperative form of the stage-directions indicate that the printer was setting up from a prompt-copy of the play.

this time our swords are almost drunke with French blood. But, my Lords, which of you can tell me how many of our army be slaine in the battell? 1593

OXF. And it please your Maiestie, there are of the French armie slaine aboue ten thousand twentie-sixe hundred, whereof are princes and nobles bearing ban- [1597 ners; besides, all the nobilitie of France are taken prisoners. Of your Maiesties armie are slaine none but the good Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fiew or six and twentie common souldiers. 1602

HEN. 5. For the good Duke of Yorke, my vnckle, I am heartily sorie, and greatly lament his misfortune. Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs doth make me much reioyce. But, staie; here comes another French message. 1608

*Sound, Trumpet.*

*Enters a Herald, and kneeleth.*

HER. God saue the life of the most mightie conqueror, the honourable King of England! 1611

HEN. 5. Now, Herald, me-thinks the world is changed with you now. What! I am sure it is a great disgrace for a Herald to kneele to the king of England! What is thy message? 1616

HER. My lord and maister, the conquered king of France, sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

HEN. 5. Herald, his greetings are welcome; but I thanke God for my health. Well, Herald, say on. 1622

HERALD. He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie to giue him leaue to go into the field to view his poore country-men, [and] that they may all be honourably buried. 1627

HEN. 5. Why Herald, doth thy lord and maister send to me to burie the dead? Let him bury them, a Gods name! But, I pray thee, Herald, where is my Lord Hie Constable, and those that would haue had my ransome? 1633

HERALD. And it please your Maiestie, he was slaine in the battell.

HEN. 5. Why, you may see — you will make your selues sure before the [1637 victorie be wonne. But, Herald, what

castle is this so neere adioyning to our campe?

HERALD. And it please your Maiestie, tis cald the Castle of Agincourt. 1642

HEN. 5. Well then, my lords of England, for the more honour of our Englishmen, I will that this be for-euer cald The Battell of Agincourt. 1646

HERALD. And it please your Maiestie, I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.

HEN. 5. What is that, Herald? say on.

HER. And it please your Maiestie, my lord and maister craues to parly with your Maiestie. 1653

HEN. 5. With a good will — so some of my nobles view the place for feare of trecherie and treason.

HERALD. Your Grace needs not to doubt that. 1658

*Exit Herald.<sup>1</sup>*

HEN. 5. Well, tell him, then, I will come. Now, my lords, I will go into the field my-selfe to view my countrymen, and to haue them honourably buried; for [1662 the French king shall neuer surpasse me in curtesie whiles I am Harry, King of England. Come on, my lords.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enters Iohn Cobler, and Robbin Pewterer.*

ROBIN. Now, Iohn Cobler, didst thou see how the king did behaue himselfe? 1667

JOHN. But, Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie the king had? To see how the French-men were kild with the stakes of the trees!

ROBIN. I, Iohn, there was a braue pollicie! 1673

*Enters an English souldier, roming.*

SOUL. What are you, my maisters?

BOTH. Why, we be English-men.

SOUL. Are you English-men? then change your language, for the kings [1677 tents are set a fire, and all they that speake English will be kild. *[Exit soldier.]*

<sup>1</sup> A. prints this stage-direction a line above.

JOHN. What shal we do, Robin? Faith, Ile shift,<sup>1</sup> for I can speake broken French.

ROBIN. Faith, so can I. Lets heare how thou canst speak. 1683

JOHN. Commodeuales,<sup>2</sup> Monsieur.

ROBIN. Thats well. Come, lets be gone. *[Exeunt.]*

*Drum and trumpet sounds.*

*Enters Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman, and takes him prisoner.*

DERICKE. O, good Mounser! 1687

FRENCHMAN. Come, come, you vil-leaco!

DER. O, I will, sir, I will.

FRENCHMAN. Come quickly, you peasant! 1692

DER. I will, sir. What shall I giue you?

FRENCH. Marry, thou shalt giue me one, to, tre, foure hundred crownes.

DER. Nay, sir, I will giue you more; I will giue as many crowns as wil lie on your sword. 1698

FRENCH. Wilt thou giue me as many crowns as will lie on my sword?

DER. I, marrie, will I. I, but you must lay downe your sword, or else they will not lie on your sword. 1703

*Here the Frenchman laies downe his sword, and the clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe.*

DER. Thou villaine! darest thou looke vp?

FRENCH. O, good Mounsier, comp-artue! <sup>3</sup> Monsieur, pardon me! 1707

DER. O, you villaine! now you lie at my mercie. Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short el? <sup>4</sup> O, villaine! Now I will strike off thy head. 1711

*Here, whiles he turnes his backe, the Frenchman runnes his wayes.*

DER. What, is he gone? Masse, I am

<sup>1</sup> I'll manage to get along.

<sup>2</sup> Does John try to say *comment-alles-vous*? Cf. line 1642.

<sup>3</sup> Is this based on some form of *compartir*, show compassion?

<sup>4</sup> "To measure with a short ell" was a proverbial phrase meaning to deal unfairly. Dericke refers to the Frenchman's sword as a short ell measuring rod.

glad of it. For, if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd again, and then I should haue beene spilt.<sup>1</sup> But I will away to kill more Frenchmen. [*Exit.*]

*Enters King of France, King of England, and attendants.*

HEN. 5. Now, my good brother of France, I am comming into this land was not to shed blood, but for the right of my countrey; which if you can deny, I am content peaceably to leaue my siege and to depart out of your land. 1722

CHARLES. What is it you demand, my louing brother of England?

HEN. 5. My secretary hath it written. Read it. 1726

SECRETARY. Item, that immediately Henry of England be crowned King of France.

CHARLES. A very hard sentence, my good brother of England.

HEN. 5. No more but right, my good brother of France! 1733

FRENCH KING. Well, read on.

SECRET. Item, that after the death of the said Henry the crowne remaine to him and his heires for-euer. 1737

FRENCH KING. Why then, you do not onely meane to dispossesse me, but also my sonne!

HEN. 5. Why, my good brother of France, you haue had it long inough. [1742 And as for Prince Dolphin, it skills not though he sit beside the saddle.<sup>2</sup> Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be!

FRENCH KING. You are very peremptorie, my good brother of England. 1747

HEN. And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.

CHARLES. Why then, belike all that I haue here is yours!

HEN. 5. I, euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches. 1753

CHARLES. I, for by this hote beginning we shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

HEN. 5. It is as you please. Here is my resolution. 1757

CHARLES. Well, my brother of Eng-

land, if you will giue me a coppie we will meete you againe to-morrow.

HEN. 5. With a good will, my good brother of France. Secretary, de- [1762 liuer him a coppie.

*Exit King of France and all their attendants.*<sup>1</sup>

My lords of England, go before, and I will follow you.

*Exeunt Lords.*

*Speakes to himselfe.*

HEN. 5. Ah, Harry! thrice vnhappie Harry! Hast thou now conquered [1767 the French king, and begins a fresh supply with his daughter? But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue which hath sought to win her fathers crowne? Her fathers crowne, said I? No, it is mine owne. 1773

I, but I loue her, and must craue her — Nay, I loue her, and will haue her!

*Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.*

But here she comes. How now, faire Ladie Katheren of France, what newes? 1777

KATHREN. And it please your Maiestie, my father sent me to know if you will debate<sup>2</sup> any of these unreasonable demands which you require. 1781

HEN. 5. Now trust me, Kate, I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this; for none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it, if it were possible. But tell me, sweete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue? 1787

KATE. I cannot hate, my good lord, therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue.

HEN. 5. Tush, Kate! but tell me in plaine termes, canst thou loue the King of England? I cannot do as these [1792 countries do that spend halfe their time in wooing. Tush, wench, I am none such. But, wilt thou go ouer to England?

KATE. I would to God that I had your Maiestie as fast in loue as you haue [1797 my father in warres! I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke untill you had related<sup>3</sup> all these vnreasonable demands.

<sup>1</sup> Ruined, killed.

<sup>2</sup> "To abandon oneself to despair?" (*N.E.D.*)

<sup>1</sup> A. prints this stage-direction two lines above.

<sup>2</sup> Abate, reduce.

<sup>3</sup> Qy. debated, abated (cf. l. 1779).



HEN. 5. Tush, Kate! I know thou wouldst not vse me so hardly. But tell me, canst thou loue the King of England? 1803

KATE. How should I loue him that hath dealt so hardly with my father?

HEN. 5. But Ile deale as easily with thee as thy heart can imagine, or [1807 tongue can require. How saist thou? What! will it be?

KATE. If I were of my owne direction I could giue you answere; but seeing I stand at my fathers direction, I must first know his will. 1813

HEN. 5. But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean season?

KATE. Whereas I can put your Grace in no assurance, I would be loth to put you in any dispaire. 1818

HEN. 5. Now, before God, it is a sweete wench!

*She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.*

KAT. I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world that is beloued of the mightie King of England! 1823

HEN. 5. Well, Kate, are you at hoast <sup>1</sup> with me? Sweete Kate, tel thy fater from me that none in the world could sooner haue perswaded me to it then thou; and so tel thy fater from me. 1828

KAT. God keepe your Maiestie in good health.

*Exit Kat.*

HEN. 5. Farwel, sweet Kate. In faith, it is a sweet wench! But if I knew I [1832 could not haue her fathers good wil, I would so rowse the towers ouer his cares that I would make him be glad to bring her me upon his hands and knees. 1836

*Exit King.*

*Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes.*

DER. How, now! Sownes, it did me good to see how I did triumph ouer the French-men!

*Enters Iohn Cobler rouing, with a packe full of apparell.*

IOHN. Whoope, Dericke! How doest thou?

DER. What, Iohn! Comedeuales? aliuie yet? 1843

IOHN. I promise thee, Dericke, I scapte hardly; for I was within halfe a mile when one was kild!

DER. Were you so? 1847

IOHN. I, trust me. I had like bene slaine.

DER. But, once kild — why it tis nothing. I was foure or fife times slaine. 1850

IOHN. Foure or fife times slaine! Why, how couldst thou haue beene aliuie now?

DER. O Iohn, neuer say so! For I was cald "the bloodie souldier" amongst them all. 1855

IOHN. Why, what didst thou?

DER. Why, I will tell thee, Iohn. Euery day whan I went into the field I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose and make my nose bleed; and then I wold go into the field. And when [1861 the captaine saw me, he would say, "Peace, a bloodie souldier!" and bid me stand aside. Whereof I was glad. But marke the chance, Iohn: I went and stood behinde a tree — but marke then, Iohn — [1866 I thought I had beene safe; but on a sodaine there steps to me a lustic tall French-man; now he drew, and I drew; now I lay here, and he lay there; now I set this leg before, and turned this back- [1871 ward — and skipped quite ouer a hedge; and he saw me no more there that day! And was not this well done, Iohn?

IOHN. Masse, Dericke, thou hast a wittie head. 1876

DER. I, Iohn, thou maist see, if thou hadst taken my counsel. But what hast thou there? I thinke thou hast bene robbing the French-men. 1880

IOHN. I-faith, Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell <sup>1</sup> to carry home to my wife.

DER. And I haue got some shooes; for Ile tel thee what I did: when they were dead, I would go take off all their shooes.

IOHN. I, but Dericke, how shall we get home? 1887

DER. Nay, sownds, and they take thee they wil hang thee. O, Iohn, neuer do so! If it be thy fortune to be hangd, be hangd in thy owne language, whatsoeuer thou doest! 1892

<sup>1</sup> On friendly terms.

<sup>1</sup> Apparell.

JOHN. Why, Dericke, the warres is done; we may go home now.

DER. I, but you may not go before you aske the king leaue. But I know a way to go home and aske the king no leaue. 1897

JOHN. How is that, Dericke?

DER. Why, Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes funeral must be carried into England, doest thou not? 1901

JOHN. I, that I do.

DER. Why, then, thou knowest weele go with it.

JOHN. I, but Dericke, how shall we do for to meet them? 1906

DER. Sownds, if I make not shift to meet them, hang me! Sirra, thou knowst that in euery towne there wil be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke. Now I wil go to the clarke and sexton, and [1911 keepe a talking and say, "O, this fellow rings well!" And thou shalt go and take a peece of cake. Then Ile ring, and thou shalt say "Oh, this fellow keeps a good stint!" And then I will go drinke [1916 to thee all the way. But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home, because we haue not a French word to cast at a dog by the way. 1920

JOHN. Why, what shall we do, Dericke?

DER. Why, Iohn, Ile go before and call my dame whore; and thou shalt come after and set fire on the house.<sup>1</sup> We may do it, Iohn, for Ile proue it — because we be souldiers. 1926

*The trumpets sound.*

JOHN. Dericke, helpe me to carry my shooes and bootes.

*[Exeunt Dericke and John.]*

*Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants.*

HEN. 5. Now, my good brother of France, I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your answer. 1931

FR. KING. I, my wellbeloued brother of England. We haue viewed it ouer with

our learned counsell, but cannot finde that you should be crowned king of France. 1935

HEN. 5. What! not king of France? Then nothing! I must be king. But, my louing brother of France, I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me when I came last to parley; the French-men had better a raked the bowels out of their [1941 fathers carkasses then to haue fiered my tentes. And if I knew thy sonne, Prince Dolphin, for one, I would so rowse him as he was neuer so rowsed! 1945

FR. KING. I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie in this matter. But if this please you, that immediately you be proclaimed and crowned Heire and Regent of France, not king, because I my-selke was once crowned king. 1951

HEN. 5. Heire and Regent of France? That is well. But that is not all that I must haue.

FR. KING. The rest my secretary hath in writing. 1951

SECRET. *[reads]*. Item, that Henry, King of England, be crowned Heire and Regent of France during the life of King Charles; and after his death the crowne with all rights to remaine to King Henry of England, and to his heires foreuer. 1962

HEN. 5. Well, my good brother of France, there is one thing I must needs desire.

FR. KING. What is that, my good brother of England? 1967

HEN. 5. That all your nobles must be sworne to be true to me.

FR. KING. Whereas they haue not sticke with greater matters, I know [1971 they wil not sticke with such a trifle. Begin you, my Lord Duke of Burgondie.

HEN. 5. Come, my Lord of Burgondie; take your oath vpon my sword. 1975

BURGON. I, Philip, Duke of Burgondie, sweare to Henry, King of England, to be true to him, and to become his leaguer-man; and that if I, Philip, heare of any forraigne power comming to inuade the said Henry, or his heires, then I, the said Philip, [1981 to send him word, and aide him with all the power I can make. And thereunto I take my oath.

*He kisseth the sword.*

<sup>1</sup> Soldiers and apprentices assumed the liberty of setting fire to houses of ill-fame.

HEN. 5. Come, Prince Dolphin, you  
must sweare too. 1986

*He kisseth the sword.*

HEN. 5. Well, my brother of France,  
there is one thing more I must needs re-  
quire of you.

FR. KING. Wherein is it that we may  
satisfie your Maiestie? 1991

HEN. 5. A trifle, my good brother of  
France: I meane to make your daughter  
Queene of England, if she be willing, and  
you therewith content. How saist thou,  
Kate? canst thou loue the King of Eng-  
land? 1997

KATE. How should I loue thee, which  
is my fathers enemy?

HEN. 5. Tut! stand not vpon these  
points. Tis you must make vs [2001

friends. I know, Kate, thou art not a  
litle proud that I loue thee. What, wench,  
the King of England!

FRENCH KING. Daughter, let nothing  
stand betwixt the King of England and  
thee. Agree to it. 2007

KATE. I had best whilst he is willing,  
least when I would he will not. I rest at  
your Maiesties commaund. 2010

HEN. 5. Welcome, sweet Kate! But,  
my brother of France, what say you to it?

FRENCH KING. With all my heart I like  
it. But when shall be your wedding day?

HEN. 5. The first Sunday of the next  
moneth, God willing. 2016

*Sound Trumpets.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS

A PLEASANT CONCEYTED COMEDIE OF  
*GEORGE A GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD*<sup>1</sup>

AS IT WAS SUNDRY TIMES ACTED BY THE SERUANTS OF THE RIGHT  
 HONOURABLE THE EARLE OF SUSSEX.

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at  
 his shop neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

EDWARD, King of England.

EARL OF WARWICK, attending King Edward.

JAMES, King of Scotland, invading English territory.

LORD HUMES, attending King James.

EARL OF KENDALL, rebelliously seeking the crown of England.

LORD BONFIELD,  
 SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING,  
 SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, } Kendall's  
 supporters.  
 MUSGROVE, Keeper of one of King Edward's strongholds.

CUDDY, his son.

GEORGE A GREENE, the pinner of Wakefield.

JENKIN, a clown, servant to George a Greene.

WILY, a boy, servant to George a Greene.

GRIME, the father of Bettris.

WOODROFFE, the justice of Wakefield.

ROBIN HOOD, the outlaw.

SCARLET, } Robin Hood's men.  
 MUCH, }

JOHN TAYLOR, post of King James.

NED A BARLEY, a small boy, son of Jane a Barley.

JANE A BARLEY.

BETTRIS, daughter to Grime, beloved by George a Greene.

MAID MARIAN, beloved by Robin Hood.

Townsmen, Shoemakers, Soldiers, etc.]

<sup>1</sup> Our first reference to *George a Greene* is in 1593, when Henslowe records its performance, as an old play, at the Rose by the Earl of Sussex' Men who were temporarily occupying that playhouse. The exact date of its composition is a matter of conjecture, but the year 1588 would not be far wrong. Its authorship is also a matter of conjecture. The Devonshire copy of the first quarto (now in the Huntington Library) has on the title-page two notes in early seventeenth century hands: "Written by . . . a minister, who act[ed] the pinner part in it himself. Teste W. Shakespea[re]"; and below: "Ed. Iuby saith that the play was made by Ro. Gree[n].e." Juby was an eminent Elizabethan actor; but the two notes seem to be contradictory, for, so far as we know, Robert Greene was never a minister, and there is no evidence that he was an actor. Little faith can be put in anonymous scribbles of this character, yet there is some internal evidence supporting the attribution of the play to Greene. Unquestionably the original text has been cut down for use in provincial traveling, occasioned, we may suppose, by the plague raging from 1592 to 1594; and it may be that this mutilation explains why Greene's characteristics as a writer are not more evident in the extant version. On the other hand, the play has a virility not found in Greene.

The play was entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1595, but the earliest edition we have was issued in 1599. I have reproduced the text of this edition (A.) from The Malone Society Reprints. As a result of the mutilation of the text for traveling purposes, the verse is often corrupt, and sometimes it is hard to distinguish between the verse and prose. I have followed, in the main, the line arrangement adopted by J. C. Collins (*The Plays and Poems of Robert Greene*, 1905). I have also modernized the punctuation and the use of capital letters, and I have added, in brackets, stage-directions.

A PLEASANT CONCEYTED COMEDIE OF  
*GEORGE A GREENE*, THE PINNER<sup>1</sup> OF WAKEFIELD

[Near Brad'ford.]

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the Lord Bonfild [and] Sir Gilbert Armstrong; and [enter later] Iohn [Taylor].*

EARLE OF KENDALL. Welcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen!

L[ord] Bonfild, and Sir Gilbert Armstrong both,

And all my troupes, euen to my basest groomc,

Courage and welcome, for the day is ours!

Our cause is good — it is for the lands auayle; 5

Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good!

OMNES. We will, my lord!

KENDALL. As I am Henrie Momford, Kendals Earle,

You honour me with this assent of yours. And here vpon my sword I make protest 10

For to relieue the poore, or dye my-selfe. And know, my lords, that Iames, the King

of Scots,

Warres hard vpon the borders of this land.

[Enter John Taylor.]

Here is his post. — Say, Iohn Taylour, What newes with King Iames? 15

IOHN. Warre, my lord! Tall<sup>2</sup> and good newes, I trow;

For King Iam[il]e vovwes to meete you the 26 of this month,

God willing; marie, doth he, sir.

KENDALL. My friends, you see what we haue to winne. —

Well, Iohn, commend me to King Iames, 20 And tell him, I will meete him the 26 of this month,

And all the rest. And so, farewell.

*Exit Iohn.*

<sup>1</sup> An officer whose duty is to impound stray beasts.

<sup>2</sup> Seemly, excellent. A. has *tell*, and Dyce and Collins emend to *I tell*.

Bonfild, why standst thou as a man in dumps?

Courage! for, if I winne, Ile make thee duke.

I, Henry Momford, will be king my selfe; And I will make thee Duke of Lancaster, 26 And Gilbert Armstrong Lord of Doncaster.

BONFILD. Nothing, my lord, makes me amazde<sup>1</sup> at all,

But that our souldiers findes our victuals scant.

We must make hauoecke of those countrey swaynes; 30

For so will the rest tremble and be afraid, And humbly send prouision to your campe.

GILB. My Lord Bonfild giues good aduice. They make a scorne, and stand vpon the

king;

So what is brought is sent from them perforce. 35

Aske Mannering else.

KEND. What sayest thou, Mannering?

MAN. When-as I shew'd your high commission,

They made this answere — Onely to send prouision for your horses. 40

KEND. Well, hye thee to Wakefield; bid the towne

To send me all prouision that I want, Least I, like martiall Tamberlaine, lay

waste Their bordering countries,

And leauing none alieue that contradicts my commission. 45

MAN. Let me alone, my lord; Ile make them

Vayle their plumes! For whatsoere he be, The proudest knight, iustice, or other, that

gaynsayeth Your word, Ile clap him fast, to make the rest to feare.

KEND. Doe so, Nick. Hye thee thither presently; 50

<sup>1</sup> Perplexed.

And let vs heare of thee againe tomorrow.

MAN. Will you not remoooue, my lord?

KEND. No; I will lye at Bradford all this night,

And all the next. — Come, Bonfield, let vs goe

And listen out <sup>1</sup> some bonny lasses here. 55

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Wakefield.*]

*Enter the Iustice, a Townesman, George a Greene, and Sir Nicholas Mannering with his Commission.*

IUSTICE. M[aster] Mannering, stand aside whilest we conferre what is best to doc. [*Mannering stands to one side.*] Townesmen of Wakefield, the Earle of Kendall here hath sent for victuals; [60 and in ayding him we shewe our selues no lesse than traytours to the King. Therefore let me heare, townesmen, what is your consents.

TOWNES. Euen as you please, we are all content. 66

IUSTICE. Then — M[aster] Mannering, we are resolu'd.

[*Mannering advances.*]

MAN. As howe? 69

IUSTICE. Marrie, sir, thus. We will send the Earle of Kendall no victuals, because he is a traytour to the king, and in ayding him we shewe our selues no lesse.

MAN. Why, men of Wakefield! are you waxen maddc,

That present danger cannot whet your wits 75

Wisely to make prouision of your selues? The earle is thirtie thousand men strong in power,

And what towne soeuer him resist He layes it flat and leuell with the ground. Ye silly men, you seeke your owne decay!

Therefore send my lord such prouision as he wants, 81

So he will spare your towne, and come no neerer

Wakefield then he is.

IUSTICE. Master Mannering, you haue your answere.

You may be gone. 85

MAN. Well, Woodroffe — for so I gesse is thy name — Ile make thee curse thy ouerthwart deniall; and all that sit vpon the bench <sup>1</sup> this day shall rue the houre they haue withstood my lord's commission.

IUSTICE. Doe thy worst, we feare thee not.

MAN. See you these scales? Before you passe the towne 92

I will haue all things [that] <sup>2</sup> my lord doth want,

In spite of you!

GEORGE A GREENE. Proud dapper Iacke, vayne bonnet to the bench <sup>3</sup> 95

That represents the person of the king;

Or, sirra, Ile lay thy head before thy feete.

MAN. Why, who art thou?

GEORGE. Why, I am George a Greene, True liegeman to my king, 100

Who scornes that men of such esteeme as these

Should brooke the braues of any trayterous squire.

You of the bench, and you, my fellowe-friends,

Neighbours we, subiects all vnto the king, We are English borne, and therefore Ed-

wards friends, 105

Voude vnto him euen in our mothers wombe,

Our mindes to God, our hearts vnto our king.

Our wealth, our homage, and our carcasses, Be all King Edwards. Then, sirra, we haue

Nothing left for traytours but our swordes, Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, and

dye 111

Against you, before we send you any victuals.<sup>4</sup>

IUSTICE. Well spoken, George a Greene!

TOWNES. Pray let George a Greene speake for vs.

GEORGE. Sirra, you get no victuals here — 115

<sup>1</sup> The bench where persons sit in some official capacity.

<sup>2</sup> Added by Collins.

<sup>3</sup> I follow Collins' rearrangement of lines 95-96.

<sup>4</sup> A. arranges lines 111-12 to end with "bloods" and "victuals." I follow Dyce's rearrangement.

<sup>1</sup> Secure tidings of.

Not if a hoofe of beefe would saue your liues.

MAN. Fellowe, I stand amazde at thy presumption.

Why, what art thou that darest gaynsay my lord,

Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?

Why, my friend, I come not barely of my selfe; 120

For, see, I haue a large commission.

GEORGE. Let me see it, sirra. [*Takes the Commission.*] Whose seales be these?

MAN. This is the Earle of Kendals seale at armes;

This, Lord Charnel Bonfield's; 125  
And this, Sir Gilbert Armestrongs.

GEORGE. I tell thee, sirra, did good King Edwards sonne seale a commission against the king his father, thus would I teare it in despite of him, 130

*He teares the Commission.*

Being traytour to my soueraigne.

MAN. What! hast thou torne my lords commission? Thou shalt rue it — and so shall all Wakefield. 134

GEORGE. What! are you in choler? I will giue you pilles to coole your stomacke! Seest thou these seales? Now, by my fathers soule, which was a yeoman when he was aliue, eate them, or eate my daggers point, proud squire! 140

MAN. But thou doest but iest, I hope.

GEORGE. Sure that shall you see before we two part.

MAN. Well, and there be no remedie, so, George. [*Swallows one of the seals.*] One is gone. I pray thee, no more nowe.

GEORGE. O sir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt. [*Mannerling swallows the other seals.*] So, sir; nowe you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall, although I [150 haue rent his large commission, yet of curtesie I haue sent all his seales backe againe by you.

MAN. Well, sir, I will doe your arrant.

*Exit [Mannerling].*

GEORGE. Nowe let him tell his lord [155 that he hath spoke with George a Greene,

right<sup>1</sup> pinner of merrie Wakefield towne, that hath phisicke for a foole, pilles for a traytour that doeth wrong his soueraigne. Are you content with this that I haue done? 161

IUSTICE. I,<sup>2</sup> content, George;  
For highly hast thou honourd Wakefield toune

In cutting of proud Mannerling so short.  
Come; thou shalt be my welcome ghest to-day; 165

For well thou hast deseru'd reward and fauour.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Outside the "hold" kept by Musgrave.*]<sup>3</sup>

*Enter olde Musgrave and yong Cuddie his sonne.*

CUDDIE. Nowe, gentle father, list vnto thy sonne;

And for my mothers loue,  
That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye,

Graunt one petition that I shall demaund.

OLDE MUSGROVE. What is that, my Cuddie? 171

CUDDIE. Father, you knowe the ancient enmitie of late

Betweene the Musgroues and the wily Scottes,

Whereof they haue othe  
Not to leaue one aliue that strides a launce.

O, Father, you are olde, and, wanyng, age vnto the graue. 176

Olde William Musgrave, which whilome was thought

The brauest horseman in all Westmerland,  
Is weake, and forst to stay his arme vpon a staffe,

That earst could wield a launce. 180

Then, gentle father, resigne the hold to me;

Giue armes to youth, and honour vnto age.

MUS. Auaunt, false hearted boy! My ioynts doe quake

<sup>1</sup> Dyce emends to *hight*.

<sup>2</sup> Aye.

<sup>3</sup> "Handoun, or Sandon Castle, off wch Sr William Musgrave and his soon Cuddy had the keepinge." — *The Famous History of George a Greene*, chap. vi. This prose romance was apparently the source of the play, or closely related to the source.

Euen with anguish of thy verie words!  
 Hath William Musgroue seene an hundred  
 yerer? 185  
 Haue I bene feard and dreaded of the  
 Scottes  
 That when they heard my name in any  
 roade <sup>1</sup>  
 They fled away, and posted thence amaine,  
 And shall I dye with shame nowe in mine  
 age?  
 No, Cuddie, no. Thus resolute I: — 190  
 Here haue I liu'd, and here will Musgroue  
 dye.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Before Grime's house.*]

*Enter Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armestrong,  
 M. Grime, and Bettris his daughter.*

BON. Now, gentle Grime, God a mercy  
 for our good chere!  
 Our fare was royall, and our welcome  
 great.  
 And sith so kindly thou hast entertained  
 vs,  
 If we returne with happie victorie 195  
 We will deale as friendly with thee in re-  
 compence.

GRIME. Your welcome was but dutie,  
 gentle lord;  
 For wherefore haue we giuen vs our wealth  
 But to make our betters welcome when  
 they come?

[*Aside.*] O, this goes hard when traytours  
 must be flattered! 200  
 But life is sweete, and I cannot withstand  
 it.

God, I hope, will reuenge the quarrell of my  
 king.

GILB. What said you, Grime?

GRIME. I say, Sir Gilbert, looking on my  
 daughter

I curse the houre that ere I got the girle;  
 For, sir, she may haue many wealthy sut-  
 ers, 206

And yet she disdaines them all to haue  
 Poore George a Greene vnto her husband.  
 BONFILD. On that, good Grime, I am

talking with thy  
 Daughter; 210

<sup>1</sup> Hostile incursion on horseback, foray.

But she in quirkes and quiddities <sup>1</sup> of loue  
 Sets me to schoole, she is so ouerwise. —  
 But, gentle girle, if thou wilt forsake  
 The pinner and be my loue, I will aduance  
 thee high.

To dignifie those haire of amber hiew, 215  
 Ill grace them with a chaplet made of  
 pearle,

Set with choice rubies, sparkes,<sup>2</sup> and dia-  
 monds,

Planted vpon a veluet hood, to hide that  
 head

Wherein two saphires burne like sparkling  
 fire.

This will I doe, faire Bettris, and farre  
 more, 220

If thou wilt loue the Lord of Doncaster.

BETRIS. Heigh ho! my heart is in a  
 higher place —

Perhaps on the earle, if that be he [*point-  
 ing*];

See where he comes, or angrie, or in loue,  
 For why <sup>3</sup> his colour looketh discon-  
 tent. 225

KENDALL [*entering*]. Come, Nick, followe  
 me.

*Enter the Earle of Kendall [and] Sir Nicholas  
 Mannering.*

BONFILD. Howe nowe, my lord! what  
 newes?

KENDALL. Such newes, Bonfild, as will  
 make thee laugh

And fret thy fill to heare how Nick was  
 vsde. 229

Why, the iustices stand on their termes.<sup>4</sup>

Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words;  
 He layd the lawe vnto the iustices

With threatning braues, that one lookt on  
 another

Ready to stoope, but that a churle came in,  
 One George a Greene, the pinner of the

towne, 235  
 And with his dagger drawne layd hands on  
 Nick,

And by no beggers <sup>5</sup> swore that we were  
 traytours,

Rent our commission, and vpon a braue

<sup>1</sup> Verbal subtleties and quibbles.

<sup>2</sup> Precious stones.

<sup>3</sup> Because.

<sup>4</sup> Stipulations.

<sup>5</sup> A proverbial phrase, "by no mean oaths."



Made Nick to eate the seales or brooke the stabbe.

Poore Mannering, afraid, came posting  
hither straight. 240

BETRIS [*aside*]. Oh loucly George, fortune  
be still thy friend!

And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy  
minde

In all accords, euen to thy hearts desire!

BONFILD. What sayes faire Bettris?

GRIMES. My Lord, she is praying for  
George a Greenc. 245

He is the man, and she will none but him.

BONFILD. But him! why, looke on me, my  
gille.

Thou knowest that yesternight I courted  
thee,

And swore at my returne to wedde with  
thee.

Then tell me, loue, shall I haue all thy  
faire? <sup>1</sup> 250

BETRIS. I care not for earle, nor yet for  
knight,

Nor baron that is so bold;

For George a Greene, the merrie pinner,  
He hath my heart in hold.

BONFILD. Bootlesse, my lord, are many  
vaine replies. 255

Let vs hye vs to Wakefield, and send her  
the pinner's head.

KEND. It shall be so. — Grime, gram-  
ercie.

Shut vp thy daughter; bridle her affects;  
Let me not misse her when I make returne.

Therefore looke to her as to thy life, good  
Grime. 260

GRIME. I warrant you, my Lord.

KEN. [*aside to Bettris*]. And, Bettris, leaue  
a base pinner, for to loue an earle.

*Ex. Grime and Bettris.*<sup>2</sup>

Faine would I see this pinner, George a  
Greene.

It shall be thus:

Nick Mannering shall leade on the battell,  
And we three will goe to Wakefield in some  
disguise. 266

But howsoever, Ile haue his head today!

*Ex. omnes.*

[*Before Sir Iohn a Barley's castle.*]

*Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes, with  
Souldiers, and Iohnie.*

KING. Why, Iohnie, then the Earle of  
Kendall is blithc,

And hath braue men that troupe along  
with him?

IOHNIE. I, marie, my liege, and hath good  
men 270

That come along with him;

And vowes to meete you at Scrasblesea,  
God willing.

KING. If good S[aint] Andrew lend King  
Iam[i]e leaue,

I will be with him at the pointed day.

But, soft! — Whose pretie boy art thou?

*Enter Iane a Barleys sonne.*

NED. Sir, I am sonne vnto Sir Iohn a  
Barley, 276

Eldest and all that ere my mother had;

Edward my name.

IAME. And whither art thou going, pretie  
Ned?

NED. To seeke some birdes, and kill them,  
if I can. 280

And now my scholmaster is also gone,

So haue I libertie to ply my bowe;

For when he comes, I stirre not from my  
booke.

IAMES. Lord Humes, but marke the vis-  
age of this child!

By him I gesse the beautie of his mother;  
None but Læda could breede Helena. 286

Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy  
mother?

Ned. Nought <sup>1</sup> but her selfe and houshold  
seruants, sir.

If you would speake with her, knocke at  
this gate.

IAMES. Iohnie, knocke at that gate. 290

*Enter Iane a Barley vpon the walles.*

IANE. O, I am betraide! What multi-  
tudes be these?

IAMES. Feare not, faire Iane, for all these  
men are mine —

And all thy friends, if thou be friend to  
me.

I am thy louer, Iames, the King of Scottes.

<sup>1</sup> A. *Not*; corrected by Nicholson.

<sup>1</sup> Beauty.

<sup>2</sup> A. prints the stage-direction after line 261.

That oft haue sued and wooed with many  
letters, 295

Painting my outward passions with my pen  
When-as my inward soule did bleede for  
woe.

Little regard was giuen to my sute;  
But haply thy husbands presence wrought  
it.

Therefore, sweete Iane, I fitted me to time,  
And, hearing that thy husband was from  
home, 301

Am come to craue what long I haue de-  
sired.

NED. Nay, soft you, sir! You get no  
entrance here,

That seeke to wrong Sir Iohn a Barley so,  
And offer such dishonour to my mother.

IAMES. Why, what dishonour, Ned? 306

NED. Though young,  
Yet often haue I heard my father say,  
"No greater wrong than to be made  
cuckold."

Were I of age, or were my bodie strong, 310  
Were he ten kings, I would shoote him to  
the heart

That should attempt to giue Sir Iohn the  
horne. —

Mother, let him not come in.  
I will goe lie <sup>1</sup> at lockie Millers house.

[*He starts away.*]

IAMES. Stay him. 315

IANE. I, well said, Ned! Thou hast giuen  
the king

His answer.

For were the ghost of Cesar on the earth,  
Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his hon-  
our,

He should not make me wrong my husband  
so. 320

But good King Iames is pleasant, as I gesse,  
And meanes to trie what humour I am in;  
Else would he neuer haue brought an hoste  
of men

To haue them witnes of his Scottish lust.

IAMEE. Iane, in faith, Iane — 325

IANE. Neuer reply; for I protest by the  
highest

Holy God,  
That doometh iust reuenge for things  
amisse,

<sup>1</sup> Live, spend the night.

King Iames, of all men, shall not haue my  
loue.

IAMES. Then list to me: Saint Andrewe be  
my boote, 330

But Ile rase thy castle to the veric ground,  
Vnlesse thou open the gate and let me in!

IANE. I feare thee not, King Iamie. Doe  
thy worst!

This castle is too strong for thee to scale;  
Besides, tomorrow will Sir Iohn come  
home. 335

IAMES. Well, Iane, since thou disdainst  
King Iame's loue,

Ile drawe thee on with sharpe and deepe  
extremes;

For, by my fathers soule, this brat of thine  
Shall perish here before thine eyes, 339

Vnlesse thou open the gate and let me in.

IANE. O deepe extremes! My heart be-  
gins to breake!

My little Ned lookes pale for feare. —  
Cheare thee, my boy; I will doe much for  
thee.

NED. But not so much as to dishonour me.

IANE. And if thou dyest, I cannot liue,  
sweete Ned. 345

NED. Then dye with honour, mother, dy-  
ing chaste.

IANE. I am armed.

My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame,  
Ioynes victorie by vertue. Nowe, King  
Iames,

If mothers teares cannot alay thine ire, 350  
Then butcher him, for I will neuer yeeld.

The sonne shall dye before I wrong the  
father.

IAMES. Why, then, he dyes.

*Allarum within. Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER. My Lord, Musgroue is at  
hand.

IAMES. Who? Musgroue! The deuill he  
is! Come, 355

My horse!

*Exeunt omnes [below].*

[*Skirmish within.*]

*Enter olde Musgroue with King Iames pris-  
oner.*

MUS. Nowe, King Iames, thou art my  
prisoner.

IAMES. Not thine, but Fortunes prisoner.

*Enter Cuddie.*

CUDDIE. Father, the field is ours! Their  
colours we

Haue seized, 360  
And Humes is slayne; I slewe him hand to  
hand.

MUS. God and Saint George!

CUDDIE. O father, I am sore athirst!

IANE. Come in, young Cuddie, come and  
drinke thy fill.

Bring in King Iame with you as a ghest;  
For all this broile was cause he could not  
enter. 366

*Exeunt omnes.*

[Near George a Greene's wheat close outside  
Wakefield.]

*Enter George a Greene alone.*

GEORGE. The sweete content of men that  
liue in loue

Breedes fretting humours in a restlesse  
minde;

And fansie,<sup>1</sup> being checkt by fortunes  
spite,

Growes too impatient in her sweete de-  
sires; — 370

Sweete to those men whome loue leades on  
to blisse,

But sowre to me, whose happe is still  
amisse.

*Enter the Clowne.*

IENKIN. Marie, amen, sir!

GEORGE. Sir, what doe you crye,  
"Amen" at? 375

IENKIN. Why, did not you talke of loue?

GEORGE. Howe doe you knowe that?

IENKIN. Well, though I say it that  
should not say it, there are fewe fellows in  
our parish so nettled with loue as I haue  
bene of late. 381

GEOR. Sirra, I thought no lesse when  
the other morning you rose so earely to goe  
to your wenches. Sir, I had thought you  
had gone about my honest busines. 385

IENKIN. Trow, you haue hit it! For,  
master, be it knowne to you, there is some

<sup>1</sup> Love.

good-will betwixt Madge, the sousewife,<sup>1</sup>  
and I. Marie, she hath another louver.

GEORGE. Canst thou brooke any riualls  
in thy loue? 391

IEN. A rider! no, he is a sow-gelder and  
goes afoote. But Madge pointed to meete  
me in your wheate close.

GEORGE. Well, did she meete you  
there? 396

IEN. Neuer make question of that!  
And first I saluted her with a greene  
gowne,<sup>2</sup> and after fell as hard a wooing as if  
the priest had bin at our backs to haue  
married vs. 401

GEORGE. What, did she grant?

IEN. Did she graunt? Neuer make  
question of that! And she gaue me a shirt  
coler wrought ouer with no counterfet  
stuffe. 406

GEORGE. What, was it gold?

IEN. Nay, twas better than gold.

GEORGE. What was it? 409

IEN. Right Couentrie-blew. We \* had  
no sooner come there but wot you who  
came by?

GEORGE. No; who?

IEN. Clim, the sow-gelder.

GEORGE. Came he by? 415

IEN. He spide Madge and I sit to-  
gether. He leapt from his horse, laid his  
hand on his dagger, and began to swaere.  
Now I, seeing he had a dagger, and I noth-  
ing but this twig in my hand, I gaue [420  
him faire words and said nothing. He  
comes to me and takes me by the bosome.  
"You hoorson slaue," said he, "hold my  
horse; and looke he take no colde in his  
feete." "No, marie, shall he, sir," [425  
quoth I; "Ile lay my cloake vnderneath  
him." I tooke my cloake, spread it all  
along, and his horse on the midst of it.

GEORGE. Thou clowne! didst thou set  
his horse vpon thy cloake? 430

IEN. I; but marke how I serued him.  
Madge and he was no sooner gone downe  
into the ditch, but I plucked out my knife,

<sup>1</sup> Souse consisted of the feet, head, and other  
parts of the hog ground up and made into some-  
thing like a jelly. A sousewife, or seller of souse,  
was looked upon with disdain.

<sup>2</sup> Rolled her in the grass so that her gown became  
green; a proverbial phrase.

<sup>3</sup> A. Who.

cut foure hoales in my cloake, and made his horse stand on the bare ground. 435

GEORG. Twas well done. Now, sir, go and suruay my fields; if you finde any cattell in the corne, to pound<sup>1</sup> with them.

IEN. And if I finde any in the pound, I shall turne them out. 440

*Exit Ienkin.*

*Enter the Earle of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, Sir Gilbert, all disguised, with a traine of men [placed in ambush].*

KEND. Now we haue put the horses in the corne, let vs stand in some corner for to heare what brauing tearmes the pinner will breathe when he spies our horses in the corne. 445

*Enter Ienkin<sup>2</sup> blowing of his horne.*

IEN. O master, where are you? We haue a prise.

GEORG. A prise! what is it?

IEN. Three goodly horses in our wheate close. 450

GEORGE. Three horses in our wheat close! Whose be they?

IENKIN. Marie, thats a riddle to me. But they are there — veluet horses,<sup>3</sup> and I neuer sawe such horses before. As [455 my dutie was, I put off my cappc, and said as followeth: "My masters, what doe you make in our close?" One of them, hearing me aske what he made there, held vp his head and neighed, and, after his [460 maner, laught as heartily as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle. "My masters," said I, "it is no laughing matter; for, if my master take you here, you goe as round as a top to the pound." Another vnto- [465 ward iade, hearing me threaten him to the pound and to tell you of them, cast vp both his heeles and let such a monstrous great fart, that was as much as in his language to say: "A fart for the pound, and a fart [470 for George a Greene!]" Nowe I, hearing this, put on my cap, blew my horne, called them all iades, and came to tell you.

GEORGE. Nowe, sir, goe and driue me those three horses to the pound. 475

IENKIN. Doe you heare? I were best to take a constable with me.

GEORGE. Why so?

[IENKIN.] Why, they, being gentlemen's horses, may stand on their reputation, and will not obey me. 481

GEORGE. Goe doe as I bid you, sir.

IENKIN. Well, I may goe.

*The Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonfield, and Sir Gilbert Armstrong, meete them.*

KEND. Whither away, sir?

IENKIN. Whither away? I am going to put the horses in the pound. 486

KEND. Sirra, those thrce horses belong to vs, and we put them in; and they must tarric there, and eate their fill. 489

IENKIN. Stay, I will goe tell my master. — Heare you, master; we haue another prise! Those three horses be in your wheate close still, and here be three geldings more.

GEORGE. What be these? 495

IENKIN. These are the masters of the horses.

GEORGE. Nowe, gentlemen — I know not your degrees, but more you cannot be,<sup>1</sup> vnlesse you be kings — why wrong [500 you vs of Wakefield with your horses? I am the pinner, and before you passe you shall make good the trespassse they haue done. 504

KEND. Peace, saucie mate! Prate not to vs: I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen.

GEORGE. Why, sir, so may I, sir, although I giue no armes.

KEND. Thou! Howe art thou a gentleman? 510

IENKIN. And such is my master, and he may giue as good armes as euer your great grandfather could giue.

KEND. Pray thee, let me heare howe.

IENKIN. Marie, my master may [515 giue for his armes the picture of Aprill in a greene ierkin, with a rooke on one fist and an horne<sup>2</sup> on the other: but my master giues his armes the wrong way, for he giues the horne on his fist; and your grand- [520

<sup>1</sup> The enclosure where strayed beasts were kept until redeemed.

<sup>2</sup> A. *Jacke*; possibly the name of the actor who assumed the rôle of Jenkin.

<sup>3</sup> With velvet caparisons.

<sup>1</sup> More than "gentlemen."

<sup>2</sup> Does he refer to the cornucopia?

father, because he would not lose his armes, weares the horne on his owne head.<sup>1</sup>

KEND. Well, pinner, sith our horses be in, in spite of thee they now shall feede their fill, and eate vntill our leasures serue to goo. 526

GEORGE. Now, by my fathers soule, were good King Edwards horses in the corne, they shall amend the scath, or kisse the pound; much more yours, sir, whatsoere you be! 531

KEND. Why, man, thou knowest not vs. We do belong to Henry Momford, Earle of Kendal; men that, before a month be full expirde, will be King Edwards betters in the land. 536

GEORG. King Edwards better[s]! Reb-ell, thou liest!

*George strikes him.*

BONFILD. Villaine, what hast thou done? Thou hast stroke an earle. 540

GEOR. Why, what care I? A poore man that is true is better then an earle, if he be false. Traitors reape no better fauours at my hands. 544

KEND. I, so me thinks; but thou shall deare aby<sup>2</sup> this blow. — Now or neuer, lay hold on the pinner!

*Enter all the ambush.*

GEORG. Stay, my lords. Let vs parlie on these broiles. "Not Hercules against two," the prouerbe is, nor I against so [550 great a multitude. — *[Aside]* Had not your troupes come marching as they did, I would haue stopt your passage vnto London: but nowe Ile flie to secret policie.

KEND. What doest thou murmure, George? 556

GEORGE. Maric, this, my lord: I muse, if thou be Henrie Momford, Kendals Earle, that thou wilt doe poore G[eorge] a Greene this wrong, euer to match me with a troupe of men. 561

KEND. Why doest thou strike me, then?

GEOR. Why, my lord, measure me but by your selfe: had you a man had [565 seru'd you long, and heard your foe misuse

you behinde your backe and would not draw his sword in your defence, you would cashere him. Much more, King Edward is my king; and, before Ile heare him [570 so wrong'd, Ile die within this place, and maintaine good whatsoeuer I haue said. And, if I speake not reason in this case, what I haue said Ile maintaine in this place. 575

BON. A pardon, my lord, for this pinner; for, trust me, he speaketh like a man of worth.

KEND. Well, George, wilt thou<sup>1</sup> leaue Wakefelde and wend with me, Ile freely put vp all and pardon thee. 581

GEORG. I, my lord, considering me<sup>2</sup> one thing — you will leaue these armes and follow your good king. 584

KEN. Why, George, I rise not against King Edward, but for the poore that is oppressed by wrong; and if King Edward will redresse the same, I will not offer him disparagement, but otherwise; and so let this suffice. Thou hear'st the reason why [590 I rise in armes; nowe, wilt thou leaue Wakefelde and wend with me, Ile make thee captaine of a hardie band, and, when I haue my will, dubbe thee a knight.

GEORGE. Why, my lord, haue you any hope to winne? 596

KEND. Why, there is a prophecie doeth say that King Iames and I shall meete at London, and make the king vaile bonnet to vs both.<sup>3</sup> 600

GEO. If this were true, my lord, this were a mighty reason.

KEN. Why, it is a miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile. 604

GEORGE. Well, my lord, you haue almost turned me. — Ienkin, come hither.

IENKIN. Sir?

GEORGE. Goe your waies home, sir, and driue me those three horses home vnto my house; and powre them downe a bushell of good oates. 611

<sup>1</sup> If thou wilt.

<sup>2</sup> Rewarding, remunerating.

<sup>3</sup> "When hec was but a child a wysard had prophesye off him that Richard [in the play changed to King Edward] and hee should meete in London, and the kinge shoold theare vayne his bonnet unto him; weh prediction of the suthsayer proved after to bee trewe, but not as he" . . . *The Famous Hystory off George a Greene*, chap. iv.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the horns of the cuckold.

<sup>2</sup> Pay for.

IENKIN. Well, I will. [*Aside.*] Must I  
give these scurvie horses oates?

*Exit Ienkin.*

GEOR. Will it please you to commaund  
your traine aside? 615

KEND. Stand aside.

*Exit the traine.*

GEORGE. Nowe list to me: here in a  
wood, not farre from hence, there dwels an  
old man in a caue alone, that can foretell  
what fortunes shall befall you, for he [620  
is greatly skilfull in magike arte. Go you  
three to him early in the morning and ques-  
tion him: if he saies good, why, then, my  
lord, I am the formost man! We will  
march vp with your campe to London. 625

KEND. George, thou honourest me in  
this. But where shall we finde him out?

GEORGE. My man shall conduct you to  
the place. But, good my lords, tell me  
true what the wise man saith. 630

KEND. That will I, as I am Earle of  
Kendal.

GEORGE. Why, then, to honour G[earge]  
a Greene the more, vouchsafe a peece of  
beefe at my poore house. You shall [635  
haue wafer cakes your fill, a peece of beefe  
hung vp since Martilmas:<sup>1</sup> — if that like  
you not, take what you bring, for me!

KEND. Gramercies, George.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Before Grime's House.*]

*Enter George a Greenes boy, Wily, disguised  
like a woman, to M. Grimes.*

WILY. O, what is loue! It is some  
mightie power, 640

Else could it neuer conquer G[earge] a  
Greene.

Here dwels a churle that keepes away his  
loue.

I know the worst — and if I be espied,  
Tis but a beating. And if I by this meanes  
Can get faire Bettris forth her fathers  
dore,<sup>2</sup> 645

It is enough.

Venus, for me, and all the Gods above,<sup>1</sup>  
Be aiding to my wily enterprise!

*He knocks at the doore.*

*Enter Grime.*

GRI. How now! Who knocks there?  
What would you haue?

From whence came you? Where doe you  
dwell? 650

WILY. I am, forsooth, a semsters maide  
hard by,

That hath brought worke home to your  
daughter.

GRIME. Nay, are you not some craftie  
queane

That comes from George a Greene, that  
rascall,

With some letters to my daughter? 655  
I will haue you searcht.

WILY. Alas, sir, it is Hebrue vnto me  
To tell me of George a Greene, or any  
other!

Search me, good sir,  
And if you finde a letter about me, 660  
Let me haue the punishment that is due.

GRIME. Why are you muffed? I like you  
the worse  
For that.

WILY. I am not, sir, asham'd to shew my  
face,

Yet loth I am my cheekes should take the  
aie — 665

Not that I am charie of my beauties  
hue,

But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach  
sore.

[*He takes the handkerchief from before his  
mouth.*]<sup>2</sup>

GRIME. A pretie wench, of smiling counte-  
nance!

Olde men can like, although they cannot  
loue —

I,<sup>3</sup> and loue, though not so briefe as you?  
men can. 670

Well, goe in, my wench, and speake with  
my daughter.

<sup>1</sup> A. and all goes alone. Dyce and Collins read:  
of all the Gods alone; Greg suggests: and all gods a  
loue.

<sup>2</sup> "Holdinge her handkercher beefore mouthes as  
troubled with a payne in her teethe." — *The Famous  
History off George a Greene*, chap. ix.

<sup>3</sup> Aye.

<sup>1</sup> Martinmas, November 11.

<sup>2</sup> I.e. enable her to escape.

*Exit [Wily].*

I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,  
Being a mightie man, as still he is,  
Yet for to be a traitor to his king 674  
Is more then God or man will well allow.  
But what a foole am I to talke of him!  
My minde is more heere of the pretie lasse.  
Had she brought some fortie pounds to  
towne

I could be content to make her my wife.  
Yet I haue heard it in a prouerbe said, 680  
"He that is olde and marrics with a lasse,  
Lies but at home, and prooues himselfe an  
asse."

*Enter Bettris in Wilies apparell to Grime,  
[holding her handkerchief before her  
mouth].*

How now, my wench! How ist? What,  
not a word? —

Alas, poore soule, the tooth-ach plagues her  
sore. —

Well, my wench, here is an angel<sup>1</sup> for to  
buy thee pinnes. 685

And I pray thee vse mine house;  
The oftner, the more welcome. Farewell.

*Exit.*

BETRIS. O blessed loue, and blessed for-  
tune both!

But, Bettris, stand not here to talke of loue,  
But hie thee straight vnto thy George a  
Greene. 690

Neuer went roe-bucke swifter on the  
downes

Then I will trip it till I see my George.

*[Exit Bettris.]*

*[Before the cave of the old magician, near  
Wakefield.]*

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, [ord] Bonfield,  
Sir Gilbert, and Ienkin the clowne.*

KEND. Come away, Ienkin.

IEN. Come; here is his house. *[Calling.]*  
Where be you, ho?

GEORG *[within]*. Who knocks there? 695

KEND. Heere are two or three poore men,  
father,

Would speake with you.

GEORG. Pray, giue your man leaue to  
leade me forth.

KEND. Goe, Ienkin, fetch him forth.

IEN. Come, olde man. 700

*Enter George a Greene disguised.*

KEND. Father, heere is three poore men  
come to question

Thee a word in secrete that concernes their  
liues.

GEORGE. Say on, my sonnes.

KEND. Father, I am sure you heare the  
newes

How that the Earle of Kendal wars against  
the king. 705

Now, father, we three are gentlemen by  
birth,

But yonger brethren that want reuenues,  
And for the hope we haue to be preferd,  
If that we knew that we shall winne,

We will march with him; 710  
If not, we will not march a foote to London  
more.

Therefore, good father, tell vs what shall  
happen,

Whether the king or the Earle of Kendal  
shall win.

GEORGE. The king, my sonne.

KEND. Art thou sure of that? 715

GEORGE. I, as sure as thou art Henry  
Momford,

The one [ord] Bonfield, the other Sir Gilbert.

KEND. Why this is wondrous, being  
blinde of sight,

His deepe perseuerance<sup>1</sup> should be such to  
know vs!

GILB. Magike is mightie, and foretelleth  
great matters. 720

In-deede, father, here is the earle come to  
see thee;

And therefore, good father, fable not with  
him.

GEORGE. Welcome is the earle to my  
poore cell,

And so are you, my lords. But let me  
counsell you

To leaue these warres against your king,  
And liue in quiet. 726

KEND. Father, we come not for aduice in  
warre,

<sup>1</sup> A gold coin with a value of about ten shillings.

<sup>1</sup> Perceuerance, power of perceiving.

But to know whether we shall win or leese.

GEORGE. Lose, gentle lords, but not by  
good King Edward;

A baser man shall giue you all the foile. 730

KEND. I, marie, father, what man is that?

GEORGE. Poore George a Greene, the pinner.

KEND. What shall he?

GEORGE. Pull all your plumes, and sore  
dishonour you.

KEND. He! As how? 735

GEORG. Nay, the end tries all. But so it  
will fall out.

KEND. But so it shall not, by my honor!  
Christ!

Ile raise my campe, and fire Wakefield  
towne,

And take that seruile pinner, George a  
Greene,

And butcher him before King Edwards  
face. 740

GEORGE. Good my lord, be not offended;  
For I speake no more then arte reueales to  
me:

And for greater prooffe,  
Giue your man leaue to fetch me [out] <sup>1</sup> my  
staffe.

KEND. Ienkin, fetch him his walking  
staffe. 745

[*Jenkin goes in and brings out George's staff.*]

IEN. Here is your walking staffe.

GEORGE. Ile proue it good vpon your car-  
cases

A wiser wisard neuer met you yet,  
Nor one that better could foredoome your  
fall.

Now I haue singled you here alone, 750  
I care not, [I], <sup>2</sup> though you be three to one.

[*Throws off his disguise.*]

KEND. Villaine, hast thou betraid vs?

GEORGE. Momford, thou liest! neuer was I  
traitor yet;

Onely deuis'd this guile to draw you on  
For to be combatants. 755

Now conquere me, and then march on to  
London!

But [it] <sup>3</sup> shall goe hard, but I will holde you  
taske.<sup>4</sup>

GILB. Come, my lord, cheerely. Ile kill  
him hand to hand.

KEND. A thousand pound to him that  
strikes that stroke!

GEORG. Then giue it me, for I will haue  
the first. 760

*Here they fight. George kills Sir Gilbert, and  
takes the other two prisoners.*

BONFILD. Stay, George! we doe appeale.<sup>1</sup>

GEORGE. To whom?

BON. Why, to the king;

For rather had we bide what he appoynts,  
Then here be murthered by a seruile  
groome. 765

KEND. What wilt thou doe with vs?

GEORG. Euen as Lord Bonfild wis[h]t,

You shall vnto the king;

And, for that purpose, see where the Iustice  
is placed.

*Enter Iustice.*

IUST. Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be  
al your threats? 770

Euen as the cause, so is the combat fallen,  
Else one could neuer haue conquerd  
three.

KEND. I pray thee, Woodroffe, doe not  
twit me.

If I haue faulted, I must make amends.

GEORG. Master Woodroffe, here is not a  
place for many 775

Words.

I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his souldiers,  
That euery man may goe home vnto his  
owne house.

IUSTICE. It shall bee so. What wilt thou  
doe, George?

GEORG. Master Woodroffe, looke to your  
charge; 780

Leaue me to myselfe.

IUST. Come, my Lords.

*Exit all but George.*

GEORG. Here sit thou, George, wearing a  
willow wreath,

As one despairing of thy beautilous loue.

Fie, George! No more! 785

Pine not away for that which cannot be.

I cannot ioy in any earthly blisse

So long as I doe want my Bettris.

<sup>1</sup> Added by Nicholson. <sup>2</sup> Added by Collins.

<sup>3</sup> Collins changes *But* to *It*.

<sup>4</sup> *Qy. faste.*

<sup>1</sup> Appeal to a higher judge.



*Enter Ienkin.*

IEN. Who see a master of mine?

GEORGE. How now, sirrha! whither away?

IEN. Whither away? why, who doe you take me to bee? 791

GEORG. Why Ienkin, my man.

IEN. I was so once, in-deede, but now the case is altered.

GEORGE. I pray thee, as how?

IEN. Were not you a fortune-teller to day?

GEORGE. Well, what of that? 796

IEN. So sure am I become a iugler.

What will you say if I iuggle your sweete heart?

GEORGE. Peace, prating losell! Her ielous father

Doth wait ouer her with such suspitious eyes, 800

That, if a man but dally by her feete,  
He thinks it straight a witch<sup>1</sup> to charme his daughter.

IEN. Well, what will you giue me if I bring her hither?

GEORGE. A sute of greene, and twentie crownes besides.

IEN. Well, by your leaue, giue me roome.

*[He draws a magician's circle.]*

You must giue me something that you haue lately worne.<sup>2</sup> 806

GEORGE. Here is a gowne; will that serue you?

*[Throws him the gown used in the impersonation of the old man.]*

IENKIN. I, this will serue me. Keepe out of my circle,

Least you be torne in peeces by shee deuils.

Mistres Bettris, once! twice! thrice! 810  
*He throwes the gowne<sup>3</sup> in, and she comes out.*

Oh, is this no cunning?

GEORGE. Is this my loue, or is it but her shadow?

IENKIN. I, this is the shadow, but heere is the substance.

GEORGE. Tell mee, sweete loue, what good fortune

Brought thee hither? 815

<sup>1</sup> Here, as often, masculine.

<sup>2</sup> A regular device in witchcraft.    <sup>3</sup> A. ground.

For one it was that fauoured George Greene.

BETTRIS. Both loue and fortune brougt me to my George,

In whose sweete sight is all my hearts content.

GEOR. Tell mee, sweete loue, how came thou from thy fathers?

BETTRIS. A willing minde hath man slips in loue: 82

It was not I, but Wily, thy sweete boy.

GEOR. And where is Wily now?

BETTRIS. In my apparell, in my chamber still.

GEOR. Ienkin, come hither. Goe t Bradford,

And listen out<sup>1</sup> your fellow Wily. — 82

Come, Bettris, let vs in,

And in my cottage we will sit and talke.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*[London: the Court of King Edward.]*

*Enter King Edward, the King of Scots, Lord Warwicke, yong Cuddy, and their traine.*

EDWARD. Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard,

Seeing a league of truce was late confirmed Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered 830

You should make such inuasion in my land The voves of kings should be as oracles,

Not blemisht with the staine of any breach Chiefly where fealtie and homage willet it

IAMES. Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh; 83

My conscience grieues me for my deepe misdeede.

I haue the worst; of thirtie thousand men There scapt not full fve thousand from the field.

EDWARD. Gramercie, Musgroue, else i had gone hard.

Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part

IAMES. But had not his olde father, William Musgroue, 841

Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here.

A stronger man I seldome felt before.

But one of more resolute valiance

<sup>1</sup> Seek information concerning.

Treads not, I thinke, vpon the English  
ground. 845

EDWARD. I wot wel, Musgroue shall not  
lose his hier.<sup>1</sup>

CUDDIE. And it please your Grace, my  
father was

Fīue score and three at midsommer last  
past;

Yet, had King Iamie bene as good as  
George a Greene,

Yet Billy Musgroue would haue fought  
with him. 850

EDWARD. As George a Greene! I pray  
thee, Cuddie,

Let me question thee.

Much haue I heard, since I came to my  
crowne,

Many in manner of a prouerbe <sup>2</sup> say,  
"Were he as good as G[eorge] a Green, I  
would strike him sure." 855

I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, canst thou in-  
forme me

What is that George a Greene?

CUDDIE. Know, my lord, I neuer saw the  
man,

But mickle talke is of him in the coun-  
try.

They say he is the pinner of Wakefield  
towne; 860

But for his other qualities, I let alone.

WAR. May it please your Grace, I know  
the man too wel.

EDWARD. Too well! Why so, Warwicke?

WAR. For once he swingde me till my  
bones did ake.

EDWARD. Why, dares he strike an earle?

WARW. An earle, my lord! nay, he wil  
strike a king, 866

Be it not King Edward.

For stature he is framde

Like to the picture of stoute Hercules,  
And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.

The boldest earle or baron of your land 871  
That offereth scath vnto the towne of

Wakefield,

George will arrest his pldge vnto the  
pound;

And who-so resisteth beares away the  
blowes,

For he himselfe is good inough for three.

<sup>1</sup> Hire, reward.

<sup>2</sup> The phrase quoted was a common proverb.

EDWARD. Why, this is wondrous! My  
L[ord] of Warwicke, 876

Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.  
But leauing him, what shall we do, my  
lord,

For to subdue the rebels in the north?

They are now marching vp to Doncaster.

*Enter one with the Earle of Kendal prisoner.*

Soft! who haue we there? 881

CUDDIE.<sup>1</sup> Here is a traitour, the Earle of  
Kendal.

EDWARD. Aspiring traitour! how darst  
thou once

Cast thine eyes vpon thy soueraigne

That honour'd thee with kindenes and  
with fauour? 885

But I will make thee buy this treason  
deare.

KEND. Good my lord —

EDWARD. Reply not, traitor. —

Tell me, Cuddy, whose deede of honour

Wonne the victorie against this rebell? 890

CUDDY. George a Greene, the pinner of  
Wakefield.

EDWARD. George a Greene! Now shall I  
heare newes

Certaine what this pinner is.

Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.

CUD. Kendall and Bonfild, with Sir Gil-  
bert Armstrong, 895

Came to Wakefield towne disguised,

And there spoke ill of your grace;

Which George, but hearing, feld them at  
his feete;

And, had not rescue come into the place,  
George had slaine them <sup>2</sup> in his close of  
wheate. 900

EDWARD. But, Cuddy, canst thou not tell  
Where I might giue and grant some thing  
That might please, and highly gratifie the  
pinner's thoughts?

CUDDIE. This at their parting George did  
say to me: 904

"If the king vouchsafe of this my seruice,  
Then, gentle Cuddie, kneele vpon thy knee,  
And humbly craue a boone of him for me."

<sup>1</sup> This, with the following speeches, is inconsistently put into the mouth of Cuddie, possibly as a result of the cutting of the play and the elimination of one actor. In the prose story we read: "Justyce Grymes arrived lykewyse and presented, as from George a Greene, the Earle of Kendall." In the play it should be Justice Woodroffe. <sup>2</sup> A. Mm.

EDWARD. Cuddie, what is it?

CUDDIE. It is his will your Grace would  
pardon them,  
And let them liue, although they haue of-  
fended. 910

EDWARD. I think the man striueth to be  
glorious.

Well, George hath crau'd it, and it shall be  
graunted,

Which none but he in England should haue  
gotten.

Liue, Kendall — but as prisoner;  
So shalt thou end thy dayes within the  
tower. 915

KEND. Gracious is Edward to offending  
subjects.

JAMES. My Lord of Kend, you are wel-  
come to the court.

EDWARD. Nay, but "ill come," as it fals  
out now;

I, "ill come," in-deede, were it not for  
George a Greene.

[*Edward mockingly bows to James and the  
Earl of Kendall.*]

But, "gentle king" — for so you would  
auerre — 920

And "Edwards betters," I salute you  
both,

[*He mockingly vails bonnet to them.*] 1

And here I vowe, by good Saint George,  
You wil gaine but litle when your summes  
are counted!

I sore doe long to see this George a  
Greene.

And for because I neuer saw the north, 925  
I will forthwith goe see it;

And for that to none I will be knowen,  
We will disguise our selues and steale  
downe secretly,

Thou and I, King Iames, Cuddie, and two  
or three,

And make a merrie iourney for a moneth.  
Away, then, conduct him to the tower. 931

Come on, King Iames, my heart must  
needes be merrie,

If fortune make such hauocke of our  
foes.

*Ex. omnes.*

<sup>1</sup> Thus fulfilling the prophecy. Cf. lines 597-600.

[*Sherwood Forest.*] 1

*Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet,  
and Much, the Millers sonne.*

ROBIN. Why is not louely Marian blithe  
of cheere?

What ayles my lemman,<sup>2</sup> that she gins to  
lowre? 935

Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad?

MARIAN. Nothing, my Robin, grieues me  
to the heart

But whensoever I doe walke abroad  
I heare no songs but all of George a Greene;

Bettris, his faire lemman, passeth me. 940  
And this, my Robin, gaules my very soule.

ROBIN. Content [thee].<sup>3</sup> What wreakes  
it vs though George a

Greene be stoute,  
So long as he doth proffer vs no scath?

Enuie doth seldome hurt but to it selfe. 945  
And therefore, Marian, smile vpon thy  
Robin.

MARIAN. Neuer will Marian smile vpon  
her Robin,

Nor lic with him vnder the green wood  
shade,

Till that thou go to Wakefield on a greene,  
And beate the pinner for the loue of me.

ROBIN. Content thee, Marian; I will ease  
thy grieve; 951

My merrie men and I will thither stray.  
And heere I vow that, for the loue of thee,  
I will beate George a Greene, or he shall  
beate me.

SCARLET. As I am Scarlet, next to Little  
Iohn, 955

One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,  
So will I wend with Robin all along,

And try this pinner what he dares [to] do.  
MUCH. As I am Much, the millers sonne,  
That left my mill to go with thee — 960

And nill repent that I haue done;  
This pleasant life contenteth me —

In ought I may, to doe thee good,  
Ile liue and die with Robin Hood.

MARIAN. And, Robin, Marian she will goe  
with thee, 965

To see faire Bettris how bright she is of  
blee.

<sup>1</sup> The place is stated in the prose romance, *The Famous History of George a Greene*, chap. xii.

<sup>2</sup> Sweetheart.

<sup>3</sup> Supplied by Dyce.

ROBIN. Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin.

[*He turns to his followers.*]

Bend vp your bowes, and see your strings be tight,

The arrowes keene, and euery thing be ready;

And each of you a good bat on his necke, Able to lay a good man on the ground. 971

SCARLET. I will haue Frier Tuckes.

MUCH. I will haue Little Iohns.

ROBIN. I will haue one made of an ashen planke,<sup>1</sup>

Able to beare a bout or two. — 975

Then come on, Marian, let vs goe!

For before the sunne doth shew the morning day,

I wil be at Wakefield to see this pinner, George a Greene.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*The town of Bradford.*]

*Enter a Shoemaker sitting vpon the stage at worke. Ienkin to him [with a staff on his shoulder].*

IEN. My masters, he that hath neither meate nor money,

And hath lost his credite with the alewife, For anything I know may goe supperlesse to bed. 981

But, soft! who is heere? Here is a shoemaker.

He knowes where is the best ale. —

Shoomaker, I pray thee tell me,

Where is the best ale in the towne? 985

SHOOMAKER. Afore, afore; follow thy nose;

At the signe of the eggeshell.<sup>2</sup>

IENKIN. Come, shoomaker, if thou wilt,

And take thy part of a pot.

SHOOMAKER. Sirra, downe with your staffe! 990

Downe with your staffe!

IENKIN. Why, how now! is the fellow mad?

I pray thee tell me, why should I hold downe my staffe?

SHOOMA. You wil downe with him, will you not, sir?

IENKIN. Why, tell me wherefore? 995

SHOO. My friend, this is the towne of merry Bradford,<sup>1</sup>

And here is a custome held

That none shall passe with his staffe on his shoulders

But he must haue a bout with me;

And so shall you, sir. 1000

IENKIN. And so will I not, sir!

SHOO. That wil I try. Barking dogs bite not the sorest.

IENKIN [*aside*]. I would to God I were once well rid of him.

SHOOMA. Now, what! will you downe with your staffe?

IENKIN. Why, you are not in earnest, are you? 1005

SHOOMA. If I am not, take that.

[*Strikes him with his staff.*]

IENKIN. You whoorsen cowardly scabbe, It is but the part of a clapperdudgeon<sup>2</sup>

To strike a man in the streete.

But darest thou walke to the townes end with me? 1010

SHOOMAKER. I, that I dare do! But stay till I lay in my

Tooles, and I will goe with thee to the townes end

Presently.

IENKIN [*aside*]. I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.

SHOOM. Come, sir; wil you go to the townes end now, sir? 1015

IENKIN. I, sir; come.

[*They cross over to the other end of the stage.*]

Now we are at the townes end. What say you now?

SHOOMAKER. Marry, come let vs euen haue a bout.

IENKIN. Ha! stay a little! Hold thy hands, I pray thee!

SHOOM. Why whats the matter? 1020

IENKIN. Faith, I am vnder-pinner of a towne,

And there is an order, which if I doe not keepe,

<sup>1</sup> A. *plunke*; emend. by Mitford.

<sup>2</sup> The sign of the ale-house.

<sup>1</sup> A. *Wakefield*.

<sup>2</sup> A term of insult, of unknown origin.

I shall be turned out of mine office.

SHOOMAKER. What is that, sir?

IENKIN. Whensoever I goe to fight with  
any bodie, 1025

I vse to flourish my staffe thrise about my  
head

Before I strike — and then shew no fauour.

SHOOMAKER. Well, sir, and till then I will  
not strike thee.

IENKIN. Wel, sir, here is once, twice: —  
here is my hand;

I will neuer doe it the third time. 1030

SHOOMAKER. Why, then I sec we shall not  
fight.

IENKIN. Faith, no. Come, I will giue  
thee two pots

Of the best ale, and be friends.

SHOOMAK. Faith, I see it is as hard to get  
water out of a flint,

As to get him to haue a bout with me; 1035

Therefore I will enter into him for some  
good cheere. —

My friend, I see thou art a faint-hearted  
fellow,

Thou hast no stomacke to fight;

Therefore let vs go to the alehouse and  
drinke.

IENKIN. Well, content. Goe thy wayes,  
and say thy prayers 1040

Thou scapst my hands today.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[Near George a Greene's house, Wakefield.]

*Enter George a Greene and Bettris.*

GEORGE. Tell me, sweet loue: how, is thy  
minde content?

What, canst thou brooke to liue with  
George a Greene?

BETRIS. Oh, George, how little pleasing  
are these words! 1044

Came I from Bradford for the loue of thee  
And left my father for so sweet a friend.

Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

*Enter Robin Hood and Marian, and  
his traine.*

GEORGE. Happy am I to haue so sweet a  
loue. —

But what are these come trasing<sup>1</sup> here  
along?

<sup>1</sup> Proceeding.

BETRIS. Three men come striking  
through the corne, 1050  
My loue.

[George runs towards the trespassers.]

GEORGE. Backe againe, you foolish trau-  
ellers!

For you are wrong, and may not wend this  
way.

ROBIN HOOD. That were great shame!  
Now, by my soule, proud sir, 1055

We be three tall<sup>1</sup> yeomen, and thou art but  
one. —

Come, we will forward in despite of him.

GEORGE. Leape the ditch, or I will make  
you skip!

What, cannot the hie-way serue your turne,  
But you must make a path ouer the corne?

ROBIN. Why, art thou mad? Dar'st thou  
incounter three? 1061

We are no babes, man; looke vpon our  
limmes.

GEO. Sirra, the biggest lims haue not the  
stoutest hearts.

Were ye as good as Robin Hood and his  
three mery men,

Ile driue you backe the same way that ye  
came. 1065

Be ye men, ye scorne to incounter me all at  
once;

But be ye cowards, set vpon me all three,  
And try the pinner what he dares per-  
forme!

SCARLET. Were thou as high in deedes  
As thou art haughtie in wordes, 1070

Thou well mightest be a champion for the  
king;

But emptie vessels haue the loudest  
sounds,

And cowards prattle more than men of  
worth.

GEORGE. Sirra, darest thou trie me?

SCARLET. I, sirra, that I dare. 1075

*They fight, and George a Greene beats him.*

MUCH. How now! what! art thou downe?  
Come, sir, I am next.

*They fight, and George a Greene beates him.*

ROBIN HOOD. Come, sirra, now to me.  
Spare me not,

<sup>1</sup> Stout.

For Ile not spare thee!

GEORGE. Make no doubt I will be as lib-  
erall to thee. 1080

*They fight; Robin Hood stays.*

ROBIN HOOD. Stay, George! for here I doo  
protest,

Thou art the stoutest champion that euer I  
layd

Handes vpon.<sup>1</sup>

GEORGE. Soft you, sir! by your leaue, you  
lye;

You neuer yet laid hands on me. 1085

ROBIN HOOD. George, wilt thou forsake  
Wakefield,

And go with me?

Two lieries will I giue thee euerie yeere,  
And fortie crownes shall be thy fee.

GEORGE. Why, who art thou? 1090

ROBIN HOOD. Why, Robin Hood.

I am come hither with my Marian

And these my yeomen for to visit thee.

GEORGE. Robin Hood! Next to King  
Edward

Art thou leefte to me. 1095

Welcome, sweet Robin! Welcome, mayd  
Marian!

And welcome, you my friends!

Will you to my poore house?

You shall haue wafer cakes your fill, 1099

A peece of beefe hung vp since martlemas,

Mutton, and veale. If this like you not,  
Take that you finde, or that you bring, for  
me.

ROBIN HOOD. Godamercies, good George;  
Ile be thy ghest to day.

GEORGE. Robin, therein thou honourest  
me. 1105

Ile leade the way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Bradford.*]

*Enter King Edward and King Iames dis-  
guised, with two staues [on their shoul-  
ders].*

EDWARD. Come on, King Iames. Now  
wee are

Thus disguised,

There is none, I know, will take vs to be kings.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Robin Hood plays. In the prose story the Robin Hood legend is much further developed.

I thinke we are now in Bradford, 1110  
Where all the merrie shoomakers dwell.

*Enter a Shoemaker.*

SHOOMAKER. Downe with your staues,  
my friends!

Downe with them!

EDWARD. Downe with our staues? I pray  
thee, why so?

SHOOMAKER. My friend, I see thou art a  
stranger heere, 1115

Else wouldest thou not haue questiond of  
the thing.

This is the towne of merrie Bradford,  
And here hath beene a custome, kept of olde,  
That none may beare his staffe vpon his  
necke,

But traile it all along throughout the  
towne, 1120

Vnlesse they meane to haue a bout with me.

EDWARD. But heare you, sir, hath the king  
Granted you this custome?

SHOOMAKER. King or kaisar, none shall  
passe this way,

Except King Edward; 1125

No, nor the stoutest groome that haunts  
his court.

Therefore downe with your staues!

EDWARD. What were we best to do?

IAMES. Faith, my lord, they are stoute  
fellowes;

And because we will see some sport, 1130  
We will traile our staues.

EDWARD. Heer'st thou, my friend?

Because we are men of peace, and traucellers,  
We are content to traile our staues.

SHOOMAKER. The way lyes before you; go  
along. 1135

*Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene,  
disguised.*

ROBIN HOOD. See, George, two men are  
passing

Through the towne,

Two lustie men, and yet they traile their  
staues.

GEORGE. Robin, they are some pesants  
Trickt in yeomans weedes. — Hollo, you

two traucellers! 1140

EDWARD. Call you vs, sir?

GEORGE. I, you! Are ye not big inough  
to beare

Your bats vpon your neckes,  
But you must traile them along the  
streetes?

EDWAR. Yes, sir, we are big inough; but  
here is a custome 1145

Kept, that none may passe, his staffe vpon  
his necke,

Vnless he traile it at the weapons point.  
Sir, we are men of peace, and loue to sleepe  
In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes  
is best.

GEORGE. Base minded pesants, worth-  
lesse to be men! 1150

What! haue you bones and limmes to  
strike a blow,

And be your hearts so faint you cannot fight?  
Wert not for shame I would shrub your  
shoulders well,

And teach you manhood against another  
time.

SHOOM. Well preacht, sir Iacke! Downe  
with your staffe! 1155

EDWAR. Do you heare, my friends? and  
you be wise,

Keepe downe your staues,  
For all the towne will rise vpon you.

GEORGE. Thou speakest like an honest  
quiet fellow!

But heare you me: In spite of all the  
swaines 1160

Of Bradford town, beare me your staues  
vpon your necks —

Or, to begin withall, Ile baste you both so  
well,

You were neuer better basted in your liues.

EDWARD. We will hold vp our staues.

*George a Greene fights with the Shoormakers,  
and beates them all downe.*

GEORGE. What, haue you any more? 1165  
Call all your towne forth, cut and longtaile.

*The Shoormakers spy George a Greene.*

SHOOMAKER. What, George a Greene! is  
it you?

A plague found<sup>1</sup> you!

I thinke you long'd to swinge me well.

Come, George, we wil crush a pot before  
we part. 1170

GEORGE. A pot, you slaue? we will haue  
an hundred!

<sup>1</sup> Confound.

Heere, Will Perkins; take my purse,  
Fetch me a stand<sup>1</sup> of ale, and set [it] in the  
market-place,

That all may drinke that are athirst this day;  
For this is for a fee to welcome Robin  
Hood 1175

To Bradford towne.

*They bring out the stande of ale, and fall a  
drinking.*

Here, Robin, sit thou here; for thou art the  
best man

At the boord this day.

You that are strangers, place your selues  
where you will.

Robin, heer's a carouse to good King Ed-  
wards selfe. 1180

And they that loue him not, I would we had  
The basting of them a litle!

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke with other noble  
men, bringing out the Kings garments;  
then George a Greene and the rest kneele  
downe to the King.*

EDWARD. Come, masters, all fellowes!

Nay, Robin, you are the best man at the  
boord to-day;

Rise vp, George. 1185

GEORGE. Nay, good my liege, ill-nurturd  
we were, then.

Though we Yorkeshire men be blunt of  
speech,

And litle skild in court or such quaint fash-  
ions,

Yet nature teacheth vs duetie to our king;  
Therefore, I humbly beseech you, pardon  
George a Greene. 1190

ROBIN. And, good my lord, a pardon for  
poore Robin;

And for vs all a pardon, good King Ed-  
ward.

SHOOMAKER. I pray you, a pardon for the  
shoomakers.

EDWARD. I frankly grant a pardon to  
you all.

And, George a Greene, giue me thy hand!  
There is none in England that shall doe  
thee wrong. 1196

Euen from my court I came to see thy selfe;  
And now I see that fame speakes nought  
but truth.

<sup>1</sup> Cask, barrel.

GEORGE. I humbly thanke your royall  
Maiestie.

That which I did against the Earle of  
Kendal, 1200

It was but a subiects duetie to his soueraigne,  
And therefore little merit[s] such good words,  
EDWARD. But ere I go, Ile grace thee with  
good deeds.

Say what King Edward may performe,  
And thou shalt haue it, being in Englands  
bounds. 1205

GEORGE. I haue a louely lemman,  
As bright of blee as is the siluer moone;  
And olde Grimes, her father, will not let  
her match

With me, because I am a pinner,  
Although I loue her, and she me, dearely.

EDWARD. Where is she? 1211

GEORGE. At home at my poore house,  
And voves neuer to marrie vnlesse her  
father

Giue consent; which is my great griefe, my  
Lord.

EDWARD. If this be all, I will dispatch it  
straight; 1215

Ile send for Grime and force him giue his  
grant.

He will not denie King Edward such a sute.

*Enter Ienkin, and speaks.*

[IENKIN.] Ho! who saw a master of mine?  
Oh, he is gotten into company — and <sup>1</sup> a  
bodie should rake

Hell for companie. 1220

GEORGE. Peace, ye slaue! see where King  
Edward is?

EDWARD. George, what is he?

GEORGE. I beseech your Grace pardon  
him; he is my man.

SHOOMAKER. Sirra, the king hath bene  
drinking with vs,

And did pledge vs too. 1225

IENKIN. Hath he so? Kneele; I dub you  
“gentlemen.”

SHOOMAKER. Beg it of the king, Ienkin.

IENKIN. I wil. — I beseech your worship  
grant me one thing.

EDWARD. What is that?

IENKIN. Hearke in your eare. 1230

*He whispers the King in the eare.*

<sup>1</sup> If.

EDWARD. Goe your wayes, and do it.

IENKIN. Come! downe on your knees! I  
haue got it.

SHOOMAKER. Let vs heare what it is first.

IENKIN. Mary, because you haue  
drunke with the king, and the king [1235  
hath so graciously pledgd you, you shall  
be no more called shoomakers, but you and  
yours, to the worlds ende, shall be called  
“the trade of the gentle craft.”

SHOOMAKER. I beseech your Maiestie  
reforme <sup>1</sup> this which he hath spoken. 1241

IENKIN. I beseech your worship con-  
sume this which he hath spoken.

EDWARD. Confirme it, you would say.  
— Well, he hath done it for you; it is suffi-  
cient. — Come, George, we will goe to  
Grime, and haue thy loue. 1247

IENKIN. I am sure your worship will  
abide; for yonder is comming olde Mus-  
groue and mad Cuddie his sonne. — [1250  
Master, my fellow Wilie comes drest like a  
woman, and master Grime will marrie  
Wilie. Heere they come.

*Enter Musgroue and Cuddie, and master  
Grime, Wilie, Mayd Marian, and  
Beltris.*

EDWARD. Which is thy old father, Cud-  
die? 1254

CUDDIE. This, if it please your Maiestie.

EDWARD. Ah, old Musgroue, rise <sup>2</sup> vp!  
It fits not such gray haire to kneele.

MUSGROUE. Long liue my soueraigne!  
Long and happie be his dayes!

Vouchsafe, my gracious lord, a simple gift  
At Billy Musgroues hand. 1261

King Iames at Meddellom Castle gaue me  
this;

This wonne the honour, and this giue I  
thee.

*[He hands him a sword.]*

EDWARD. Godamercie, Musgroue, for  
this friendly gift.

And, for thou feldst a king with this same  
weapon, 1265

This blade shall here dub valiant Musgroue  
knight.

<sup>1</sup> Re-establish, renew.

<sup>2</sup> A. kneele, possibly caught by the printer from  
the line below.



MUSG. Alas, what hath your highnes done? I am poore.

EDW. To mend thy liuing take thou Meddellom Castle,

The hold <sup>1</sup> of both. And if thou want liuing, complaine;

Thou shalt haue more to mainetaine thine estate. 1270

George, which is thy loue?

GEORGE. This, if please your Maiestie.

EDWARD. Art thou her aged father?

GRIME. I am, and it like your Maiestie.

EDWAR. And wilt not giue thy daughter vnto George? 1275

GRIME. Yes, my lord, if he will let me marrie

With this louely lasse.

EDWARD. What sayst thou, George?

GEORGE. With all my heart, my lord, I giue consent.

GRIME. Then do I giue my daughter vnto George. 1280

WILIE. Then shall the mariage soone be at an end.

[Throws off his disguise.]

Witnesse, my lord, if that I be a woman! For I am Willie, boy to George a Greene, Who for my master wrought this subtil shift.

EDWARD. What! is it a boy? What sayst thou to this, Grime? 1285

GRIME. Mary, my lord, I thinke this boy hath

More knauerie than all the world besides. Yet am I content that George shall both haue

My daughter and my lands.

EDWARD. Now, George, it rests I gratifie thy worth. 1290

And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee, In full possession, halfe that Kendal hath; And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe, I giue it frankly vnto thee for euer.

Kneele downe, George. 1295

GEORGE. What will your Maiestie do?

EDWARD. Dub thee a knight, George.

<sup>1</sup> I imagine that Edward appoints him to be keeper of Meddellon Castle, as well as Handoun (or Sandon) Castle. The line, however, may be corrupt.

GEORGE. I beseech your Grace, grant me one thing.

EDWARD. What is that?

GEORGE. Then let me liue and die a yeoman still. 1300

So was my father, so must liue his sonne. For tis more credite to men of base degree To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.

EDWARD. Well, be it so, George.

IAMES. I beseech your Grace dispatch with me,<sup>1</sup> 1305

And set downe my ransome.

EDWARD. George a Greene, set downe the King of Scots

His ransome.

GEORGE. I beseech your Grace pardon me; It passeth my skill. 1310

EDWARD. Do it; the honor's thine.

GEORGE. Then let King Iames make good Those townes which he hath burnt vpon the borders;

Giue a small pension to the fatherlesse, Whose fathers he caus'd murdered in those warres; 1315

Put in pledge for these things to your Grace;

And so returne.

[EDWARD.]<sup>2</sup> King Iames, are you content?

IAMIE. I am content, and like <sup>3</sup> your Maiestie,

And will leaue good castles in securitie.

EDWARD. I craue no more. — Now, George a Greene, 1321

Ile to thy house. And when I haue supt, Ile go to Aske,<sup>4</sup>

And see if Iane a Barley be so faire

As good King Iames reports her for to be.

And for the ancient custome of "Vaile Staffe," keepe it still; 1325

Clayme priuiledge from me:

If any aske a reason why, or how,

Say, English Edward vaild his staffe to you.

[Exeunt omnes.]

<sup>1</sup> Dispose of my case.

<sup>2</sup> A. omits speaker's name, and runs the line into George's speech. Corrected by Dyce.

<sup>3</sup> If it please.

<sup>4</sup> A town in Yorkshire.







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